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Yosemite.

THIN star-foam drifts athwart the upper deep,
And into an azure night the moon wears slow
With broad-lit sail, through shimmering crests of
snow

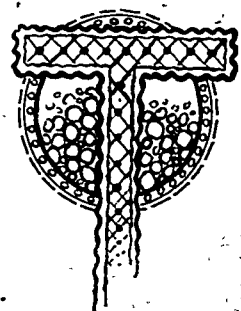
On mountain waves, frost-fixed in sunward leap.
As angels fell, with long reluctant sweep,
Before her prow to earth the cataracts flow,
Till white-limbed naiads, through the mists below,
Chant lulling weirds where golden lilies sleep.
Some night again there shall I haply pass
From gloom to gleam upon the flowerful grass,
Between those world-walls gray that bear the sky;
In Merced see the rising planets' birth,
Earth reach for Heaven's embrace, Heaven stoop to
Earth,
Yea, start to hear God breathe i' the dark nearby.

A. O'M.

Leo XIII. and the Sciences.

REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

 RUE philosopher and true lover
of science that he is, Leo XIII.
sees that there can be no con-
flict between science and religion;
that the Church, far from
having anything to apprehend
from the advancement of science,
has, on the contrary, much to gain;
that far from being opposed to true scientific
progress, she is naturally inclined to further
such progress, if for no other reason than that
thus she greatly contributes to her own power
and usefulness.

"Reason," declares the Pontiff in his encyclical on *Human Liberty*, "plainly teaches that verities divinely revealed and natural truths can never be in real conflict with one another; that whatever is at variance with revealed truth is, by that very fact, false. For this reason, therefore, the Divine magisterium of the Church is so far from impeding scientific research and advancement, or in anywise retarding the progress of enlightenment, that it brings to them rather an abundance of light and the security of its protection.

But, while addressing himself to the world in general, he never loses sight of those who, by their calling, should be teachers and leaders. We have seen what a deep interest he always evinced, while bishop, in the education of those who were destined to be the future levites of his diocese; how he wished them to be learned, not only in sacred, but in profane science as well. As Sovereign Pontiff, this interest in ecclesiastical students is intensified, and his desire to see them become proficient in all the higher branches of knowledge is stronger and more ardent. As scholars and thinkers, he wishes the priests of the Church to be in the front rank of the intellectual movement of the time, and he lets no occasion pass without dilating on the supreme importance of culture and erudition among the clergy in this period of scepticism and polemics.

In an encyclical to the bishops of Italy he writes: "Grave are the reasons, and common to every age, that ask many and great adornments of virtues in priests. But this our age earnestly demands more and greater. In fact, the defence of the Catholic faith, in which priests ought to labor with special industry, and which in these times is so much more necessary, requires no common or average learning, but a training

various and exquisite, which may embrace not only sacred but philosophical studies, and may be well stored in the handling of physical and historical subjects. For the error of the men seeking to sap the foundations of Christian wisdom that is to be rooted out is multiplex. And very often the contest is to be with men clever in devices, obstinate in dispute, and who have gathered their resources from all kinds of science. . . .

"Labor, then; venerable brethren, so far as you can, that the youth who graduate in sacred studies may not only be better trained for the investigation of nature, but also well instructed in those arts which relate to the investigation, the interpretation or the authority of the Sacred Writings."

The same idea is expressed no less unequivocally in a letter addressed to the Bishop of Catania, regarding the course of studies to be pursued in the great Benedictine College of St. Anselm, in Rome. Besides the usual ecclesiastical studies in such institutions, the illustrious Pontiff desires that special attention be given to the study of philosophy and of the physical and mathematical sciences. "The character of our age," avers the Pope, "demands this, because such studies are rendered more than necessary by the movement in their favor, and what is worse, by the prevalence of error now so rampant. Philosophy is necessary to defend the truths of reason and faith; the physical sciences and mathematics are required in order that this domain be not left entirely in the possession of the enemy who contrives to draw from it a goodly supply of arms with which to attack many truths, both revealed and natural."

In his latest encyclical, however, addressed to the hierarchy of the United States, His Holiness speaks even more forcibly and eloquently. Indeed, all that he has hitherto written on the subject which is so dear to his heart seems to find a culmination in one paragraph of this noble document. With the precision and fervid earnestness of a St. Augustine and a Bossuet, he affirms that "An education cannot be deemed complete, which takes no notice of the modern sciences. It is obvious that in the existing keen competition of talents and widespread, and in itself noble and praiseworthy, passion for knowledge, Catholics ought not to be followers, but leaders. It is necessary, therefore, that they should cultivate every refinement of learning, and zealously train their minds to the discovery of the truth and the

investigation, so far as possible, of the entire domain of nature."

Catholics ought not to be followers, but leaders. This is the dominating, the all-pervading idea of the Pope who has been characterized—and how appropriately!—as *Lumen in Cælo*—Light in Heaven. True to the traditions handed down by his illustrious predecessors; true to the teachings and the lofty aspirations of Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Augustine, Albertus Magnus and the Angel of the Schools, Leo XIII. desires that the Church should ever be as a city of light on a mountain, to be seen from afar, and that her ministers should, one and all, be torch-bearers not only of the Gospel but of science as well.

But Leo XIII. does more than exhort and advise and encourage. This alone were a great thing, considering the exalted position he occupies and the powerful influence he wields. He not only recommends but acts. He is not only a patron of art, science and literature, but he is the founder of learned societies and famed universities. The universities of Freiburg, Ottawa and Washington owe their existence to him. The school of scientific philosophy at Louvain is his creation. The Catholic universities of Paris, Toulouse and the American College at Rome owe a debt of gratitude to him for favors received. In addition to all this he founded in the Vatican a school of palæography, and inaugurated and equipped what is now justly regarded as one of the best astronomical and meteorological observatories in the world—the great observatory of the Vatican. Nor is this all. Yielding to the universal desire of scholars, he opened the secret archives of the Vatican and placed their precious records at the disposition of the world of learning. "Catholic, Protestant and Jew, men of all nations, may now examine the records of the Papacy for the last six hundred years—the reports of its legates and nuncios, the drafts of the Papal replies and directions, the expenses of the Papal administration, the secrets of many a knotty problem in the national histories of Europe, and the mechanism of the missionary activity of the Roman Church."

When Leo XIII. threw open the secret archives of the Vatican, he had in mind solely the cause of truth. He had no fear lest something should be discovered which would reflect unfavorably on the Papacy, or that revelations would be made which would affect the prestige and sully the fair name of the Church. Truth before every other consideration was his fore-

most thought. The Church has been before the world for nineteen centuries and she has nothing to be ashamed of, neither has she anything to fear or conceal. She wishes to be as an open book which those who run may read. Far from dreading disclosure she courts investigation, and even challenges it when such a process is designed to subserve the cause of truth.

Not long since the chief of the corps engaged in preparing certain of the Vatican manuscripts for the press, thought it would be better to eliminate from them certain discreditable circumstances connected with the history of the Church. But before acting on this impression he sought instructions from the Pope. The reply of Leo XIII. was characteristic: "Publish everything," he said, "suppress nothing for the sake of policy, even though it may reflect upon the conduct of ecclesiastics. If the Gospels were to be written at the present time there would be those who would suggest that the treachery of Judas and the dishonesty of St. Peter should be omitted, in order not to offend tender consciences."

The noble Pontiff's letter to Cardinals de Luca, Pitra and Hergenroether on "Historical Studies" is another proof, if any were needed, of the truth of these assertions. A short quotation from this splendid document admirably exhibits the mind of the Pope, and indicates, in a few words, what are the duties and rules of the true historian. He says, "Barren narrative should be opposed by laborious and careful research; prudence of judgment should take the place of rashness of views; levity of opinion should yield to a proved knowledge of facts. Every effort should be made by consulting the original documents to unmask forgery and refute falsehood. Historiographers should ever bear in mind that *the first law of history is to dread uttering a falsehood; the next is, not to fear stating the truth; lastly, the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity.*"

Truly, these are declarations that every historian may ponder with profit. Would that such rules were always followed! How soon would not the entire science of history be transformed and ennobled! In perusing these simple yet weighty statements one is forcibly reminded of the advice given to the historian Janssen by Pius IX.: "Never let your love of the Roman Church," said the sainted Pontiff, "allow you in the least to detract from the truth." Could anything be more disinterested, more beautiful, more sublime?

It is the glory of the Popes that they have ever been the patrons and the promoters of science, art and literature, as well as the exponents and supporters of religion and morality. History tells of more than a hundred universities whose foundation is due directly or indirectly to the inspiring and stimulating action of the Papacy. Of these, no fewer than sixty-six had their origin before the Reformation, while the others have been founded since. The erudite Innocent III. laid the foundations of the celebrated University of Paris; Clement V. inaugurated that of Orleans; Nicholas IV. that of Montpellier; John XXII. and Eugene IV. that of Angers, whilst scores of other universities, which have so long been the honor and pride of Europe, were called into existence by still other successors of the Fisherman.

But brilliant as is the record of the most famous of his predecessors, Leo XIII. is the peer, if not the superior, of the best of them, in the great work he has achieved in the cause of education and science. Gregory the Great, Leo IV. and Leo XIII. are specially distinguished for their zeal for the instruction of youth; Leo X. is renowned for having been at the head of the renaissance of art and literature; Silvester II., the learned Gerbert; and Pius II., the accomplished Æneas Sylvius, are celebrated for the variety and extent of their attainments. Leo XIII. walks in their footsteps and has the same claim to distinction. Like Nicholas V., he has a special affection for men of learning, and is never tired of showing his appreciation of true scholarship. Like Urban VIII., he is known as a poet of a high order, and, like Gregory XIII., he will ever be remembered for his invaluable services to the science of astronomy. Pius VII. and Gregory XVI. advanced the cause of art and archæology by their extension of the Vatican Museum; Sixtus V. made the library of the Vatican the wonder of the world. Leo XIII. has enlarged and improved both these magnificent institutions, and made them a hundredfold more valuable by placing their priceless treasures at the disposal of students and scholars. The world was astonished when it saw Lascaris teaching Greek on the Esquiline, in the shadow of the Palace of Leo X.; it was no less astonished and gratified when the humble Barnabite Monk, Padre Denza, one of the most eminent of contemporary astronomers presented himself before the International Congress at Paris as the representative of Leo XII., and offered, as the director of the Vatican observatory, to take part in the herculean task of

preparing a photographic map of the heavens. Voltaire rendered due homage to Benedict XIV. when he pronounced him the most learned man of the eighteenth century; Castelar but forestalled the verdict of history when he declared that Napoleon Bonaparte and Leo XIII. are the two greatest men of the nineteenth.

No, it is not science that Leo XIII. dreads; it is ignorance. It is not truth which he fears; it is superficiality and error. Far from impeding research, or checking progress, or repressing the soarings of genius, he would encourage them and give them wings to essay loftier flights. He knows that to study the works of the Creator is to study the Creator Himself in the manifestations of His power and wisdom and love. He realizes that the reverent cultivation of the physical sciences must of necessity lead to a better understanding of that magnificent poem of creation in which the Divine perfections are exhibited in such passing beauty and splendor. And when these sciences are applied to the practical arts of life, to industry, to agriculture, to engineering, to navigation, to the general welfare of the human family, he is the first one to see that they thereby recount the glory of God, and declare how the hand of Omnipotence has placed the forces and elements of nature at the disposal of His creatures.

Far from seeing in science an enemy of faith, Leo XIII. recognizes in it an invaluable auxiliary. Like the great Origen, he regards it as "a prelude and introduction to Christianity." Like the great author of the Hexapla, he gently chides those timid souls who hold science in suspicion as "children who have a dread of phantoms," and, like this same prodigy of the early Church, he would make "music and mathematics, geometry and grammar"—the whole circle of the sciences—serve as a rampart for the defence of the Holy City, the precious depositary of revealed truth. He remembers that all the great men of science were of strong religious convictions as well as men of profound knowledge, and that they found nothing in their studies and discoveries which is irreconcilable with the truths of revelation. Copernicus in the preface to his "*De Orbium Cœlestium Revolutionibus*," Kepler in the fifth book of his "*Harmonice Mundi*," Newton in his "*Principia*," Linnæus in his "*Systema Naturæ*," Euler in his "*Letters sur quelques Sujets de Physique et Philosophie*," Cuvier in his "*Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe*," Barrande in his "*Système Silurien de la Bohême*," Lenormant in his "*Historie Ancienne de l'Orient*,"

De Rossi in his "*Roma Sotteranea Christiana*," to name but a few of the Agamemnons of science, have demonstrated in the most convincing manner that the teachings of faith and the teachings of nature, far from being antagonistic, are ever in perfect accord, and far from generating confusion in the mind of the true investigator, are seen by him in their proper relations and in their sublime harmony.

No, I repeat it, Leo XIII. does not fear science and the universal diffusion of knowledge, even the highest knowledge of which the human mind is capable. He does not fear progress and civilization and culture. Knowledge, progress, culture, religion, morality, he loves with an inborn, abiding, overmastering love, and his life-work is the best evidence of how zealously, assiduously and effectively he has labored in the interests of one and all. He does not, indeed, believe with Renan and his admirers that "science will always furnish man with the only means he has for ameliorating his lot." By no means. But it is not because he loves science less, but because he loves religion and morality more. Far from minimizing the value of science, or the necessity of progress, he champions and demands both the one and the other. With the great St. Vincent of Lerins, he says in effect: "Let there be progress, therefore; a widespread and eager progress in every century and epoch, both of individuals and of the general body, of every Christian, of the whole Church; a progress in intelligence, knowledge and wisdom, but always within their natural limits and without sacrifice of the identity of Catholic teaching, feeling and opinion."

These noble sentiments give color and unity to all his official acts; they constitute the burden of his allocutions and encyclicals; they characterize and ennoble his incessant labors in the cause of intellectual and social advancement. Judging him by his life-work, and especially by his love for science, for culture, for truth and religion, Leo XIII. seems to have chosen as his motto the beautiful and pregnant words of Clement of Alexandria: "Let science be accompanied by faith; let faith be illumined by science"—πιστή τοῦτον ἡ γνώσις, γνωστή δὲ ἡ πίστις.—From the *C. U. Bulletin*.

"THE nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet yet ceaseless energy."

Varsity Verse.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

WHEN summer comes, with joyous spring
To usher back the birds that sing,
And brooks and rills begin to flow,
Then heart and mind with pleasures glow:—
The meadow-lark's true notes will ring,
The swallow's ever on the wing,
Cold winds no longer nip and sting,
But gentle breezes softly blow,
When summer comes.

The locust's bloom, a stainless thing!
Its clusters, rich in odors, bring
A freshness new to hearts once slow;—
Aye, nature speaks to friend and foe
To teach them what they owe their King,
When summer comes.

W. C. H.

A REQUIEM.

Over the deep, over the deep,
All of the good souls go.
Pray for them, but do not weep;
They have crossed the valley of grim death-sleep,
And out from the world of work they sweep,
And they are happy, I know.

Cover his face, the lad is dead;
His bones will crumble to dust;
His lips are shrivelled and grey as lead,
And his eyes are glassy and dull in his head,
Let him sleep, with the coral for a bed,
He'll be happy there I trust.

One at his head and one at his feet,
A round and heavy shot.
His corpse is clothed with a winding-sheet,
Over his bones sail many a fleet;
But his soul is before the Judgment-seat,
Before his God, I wot.

He has gone far over the deep,
Pray for his soul, but do not weep;
For he is happy, I know.

E. J. M.

THAT PORTRAIT THERE.

That portrait there is all that's left to me
Of one who used to stand beside my knee,
And fondly look into my face, and call
Me mother; oft I peep into the hall
And to think to hear his gentle revelry,
And see upon his face a look of glee
Far different from that look of dignity
That there bedecks his brow; my little all—
That portrait there.

I often marvel if mortality
Were not man's lot, what joy 'twould be
To us; lack of forebodings that appal—
Alas, the shadows of a dream must fall
And I must link with an eternity,
That portrait there.

E. E. B.

WHO KNOWS?

In spring-time, light-blue hill-flowers grow,
When Autumn comes they pass away,
In life's fair spring, when hearts are gay,
Love comes, but does it ever go?

E. J. M.

The Dramas of Bulwer Lytton.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

To the great actor-manager, William Charles Macready, we are indebted for many things which have gone far to bring about what is best in the present condition of the English stage. He brought to the theatre an appreciation of the works of men of thought and literary ability, thus greatly narrowing the breach between the stage and letters. He gave to the people of his time, in the characters which he personated, a refined, disciplined, intellectual art, an echo of which has reached even our own generation. Indirectly, and which is more to the point, he inspired Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton to cease making novels for a time and turn his attention to writing for the stage. Bulwer-Lytton, or more correctly speaking, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Baron, was a firm personal friend of the actor's, and his technical knowledge of the stage was due in great part to his association with Macready. It was for him that Lytton wrote his early plays, and it was he who created the familiar rôles of Richelieu and Claude Melnotte. The result of this combination to our own modern stage is a very great drama, "Richelieu," a somewhat lesser one is "The Lady of Lyons," and a very keen, kindly satirical comedy, "Money." These plays are standing well the test of time, and the former bids fair to represent its generation for many periods to come.

Bulwer-Lytton is a man of our own century and the facts of his life are well known. He was the most prolific writer of his generation, or of any succeeding one, for that matter, and his versatility, too, was very great. He appeared to the world as a novelist, dramatist, poet, politician, essayist, theorizer, and won a fair measure of success and distinction in each rôle. I think, however, that his fame in the future will rest chiefly on his dramas. It is true that in these, as well as in his novels, he falls short in the delicate and true drawing of character; but in its place he supplies wonderfully complete pictures, with the strength and power of an artist, and in the comedies great power of satirizing, but not bitterly, the follies and passions of the world. In addition, his knowledge of stage-craft, without which no dramatist, however great otherwise, may hope to succeed, was greater than that of any other playwright not himself an actor.

Lord Lytton never had to say with Alfred Evelyn: "I am ambitious, and poverty drags me down"; for his life was one of plenty, and his work may be said to have resulted, in a great measure, from an "eager love of fame and a chivalrous emulation of whatever was famous," qualities which were characteristic of the man. He also speaks in the preface to one of his juvenile poems, of a habit of his never to leave anything unfinished. This is evidently the explanation of his untiring production which, considering his other interests in life, was really marvellous.

It was in 1836 that Lytton's maiden effort in the realms of the drama came into existence. The "*Duchesse de la Vallière*," a drama in blank verse, was brought out at Covent Garden in the year following, with a rather poor cast, with the exception of Macready, who played the Marquis. Even his efforts did not save the piece, which was withdrawn after nine performances. During the next few years Lord Lytton gave up novel-writing and devoted his whole time and attention to his plays. In rapid succession came the three works by which he is best known, and which, I think, will live when his fiction is forgotten. Of these the "*Lady of Lyons*" came first, and was the result of an impatient exclamation from Macready when he was one day talking with the author. He said: "Oh! that I could get a play like the '*Honeymoon*.'" It was less than a month after this occurrence, that the manuscript of the play was handed to the actor as a gift. It was brought out anonymously with Macready as Claude Melnotte, and scored instantaneous success, and secured a popularity which has not yet departed from it, nor will while love and passion are themes which interest humanity.

In addition to the artistic reasons for this undertaking—pique at a former failure and the authors—inbred passion for fame in new fields had much to do with the play's composition. In its preface he himself says: "In this attempt I was mainly anxious to see whether or not, after the comparative failure of the '*Duchesse de la Vallière*,' certain critics had truly declared that it was not in my power to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect." The success which attended the effort, vindicated his confidence in himself.

The French Republican era is the background for the drama, than which it would be difficult to find one more picturesque or better suited to the characters of the persons involved. These latter are not flesh-and-blood human

beings, nor have they anything approaching the broad human interest which Shakspeare's creations bring to us. Moreover, the satire is drawn rather strong for a serious drama, but, as a whole, the play is interesting, vivid, poetic and, above all, dramatic. The development and outcome of the struggle in Claude's breast brought about by his love and ambition, and following these the humiliation and scorn to which he was subjected—the tortures of a lordly soul in a plebeian body, are masterfully drawn. Pauline, although not a great character, is a very delightful one and has had charms for many great actresses.

The author's medium of expression is mainly prose, but in the impassioned passages blank verse is used. When Claude, in the guise of an Italian prince, and in pursuance of his revenge has been accepted by Pauline, they are alone together and she, who loves him dearly asks her lover to describe his home by the Lake of Como and he answers:

"My own dear love!

A palace lifting to eternal Summer,
Its marble walls, from out a glassy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translate the poetry of hearts like ours!
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet birds,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
In the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?"

Imagine the peasant's son of noble aspirations and glimpses of unrealized worlds, who in his own character had been spurned and despised, so close that her breath burned his cheek, to her who was the beginning and end of life to him, yet doubting her love. In the beginning, scornful—love and revenge struggling for the mastery—he looks into her eyes and the world is a dream. Spurred by the ecstasy of passion—whether love or hate he hardly knows—his lofty, unbridled soul leaps to heights of fancy which are, for the moment, his only reality and reaches sublimity by its very extravagance. It is no wonder that such a creation interpreted by the finished artist Macready, who could well bring out the mingled fierceness, hate and pathos of the peasant-soldier, was a triumph of art, and placed Lytton in the first rank of English dramatists of the century.

In the year following this production came "Richelieu," in which Mr. Macready, as the Cardinal, achieved again a triumph of art. "Richelieu" I consider, the greatest drama written by an Englishman since Shakspeare. If Lord Lytton were compelled to choose between "Richelieu," on the one hand and the remainder of his writings on the other, for the perpetuation of his name, it had been well for him to think long before rejecting the former. Every great actor since Macready has found a portion of his highest inspiration in depicting the cardinal-statesman who practically made a great nation.

Lord Lytton's first and best comedy was written and produced at Covent Garden in 1840. His friend Macready was again the principal figure in the cast as the high-minded, but world-wearied Evelyn. Although its men and women are often caricatures, not characters, the work is a very keen, yet kindly satire upon society as its author saw it, and compares favorably with the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Its exposition may be found in Alfred Evelyn's words: "Vices and Virtues are written in a language which the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are Failure and Success." No one can deny that this is a melancholy fact, and in real life the finale is not always happy, as the playwright, in deference to public opinion and the box office, is compelled to make it.

"Not so Bad as We Seem"—the author's only other comedy of note—has a peculiar history and owes its origin to interesting circumstances. They came about one evening in the author's home at Knebworth Hall, where were gathered a number of artists and men of letters who had taken part in some amateur theatricals. Among them was Charles Dickens. Lord Lytton and his guests were discussing the establishment of an institution to be called "The Guild of Art and Literature" to aid their less fortunate brothers of the pen and pencil, as it was put. The host said to those assembled: "Undertake to act a play yourselves and I engage to write it." It was written and produced in May 1851 in the presence of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, in the Piccadilly house of the Duke of Devonshire, and its object of securing money for charity was accomplished. The original cast contained the names of such men as Charles Dickens in the leading part; Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, Wilkie Collins, John Forster and Augustus Egg.

When Mr. Macready retired from the active exercise of his profession, Lord Lytton gave up his literary connection with the stage until 1868 nearly thirty years after his early success. In that year he rewrote "The Sea Captain" which had appeared in the same year with "Richelieu." The new version had only a moderate success, and this was the case in a still lesser degree with "Walpole," a drama in rhymed verse.

The last of Lord Lytton's plays to reach the stage was one called "Darnley" which his son found, after the author's death in 1873, among unpublished manuscripts. It had evidently been written many years before and was without the fifth and concluding act. The difficult task of completing the work was entrusted to Mr. Coghlan, and the play was performed in 1877 at the Covent Theatre. In the cast were Mr. John Hare, who is now playing in New York, and Ellen Terry.

Among Lord Lytton's papers were several unpublished and unacted dramas which never saw the light owing to Macready's retirement from the stage, both, circumstances greatly to be regretted. As it is, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has contributed his mite toward the gayety of nations and the English stage is better for his having lived and written.

After Something of an Interval.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

It all happened in a year and a day: and the change was so sudden—though half-expected—that any man other than Harry Graham would not have borne up under the shock. To have loved as Harry did, and to return and find the one whom you loved and who loved you grown seemingly cold; was no small sorrow. But he—though it changed him much—showed no signs of a broken spirit. After the first sting, he was impassive, though he was never again the light-hearted boy he was before his betrothed jilted him.

It came about in this way. Edith Murray was a sweet, unaffected girl before her father had come into the large fortune his brother left him. She had often longed for satin gowns and jewels without number, but she seemed to think they were only dreams which would never come true, and she took them to be such. Had she known beforehand what was to come, per-

haps she would have hesitated; as it was, her heart throbbed with love and joy when Harry slipped the diamond ring on her finger, the night before he went away. And after he had gone, she used to think of him, many times during the day, and the time when she would become his wife. There would have been no story, had not the money come. However, it did come, and it dazzled her, and there crept in upon her the thought that, after all, he was not so grand as he had seemed at first. She made her *début*—which was a most stirring affair—and was so swallowed up in the busy whirl of society that her old life and her old self were forgotten.

Well—strange that she was so changed who was so sensible!—she began to look upon those who did not live in palatial mansions and have private carriages, as far below her. And Harry—he was one of that class. “If he were only rich or famous,” she said, “but he isn’t.” And her heart grew cold towards him.

He had strange misgivings that there would be a difference; but he never imagined that what did occur was even possible. “I am to blame,” he said, “she is rich and beautiful and there are better men than I.” He was half-hopeful, half-expectant that her wealth would not turn her away from him.

She never looked more beautiful than when he saw her standing just before the stained window in the richly furnished drawing-room. She received him coldly—even more so than when only a friend greets another friend. She took the step which ruined her happiness and his, and he left her without even saying “good-bye.” He was calm, but his teeth were firmly set and his face pale, as if he were trying with all his strength not to show his grief. He was not heart-broken; he was too strong for that. But surely his heart was turned to stone, for he left home and friends and went away—no one knew whither.

After she had seen him go down the steps, Edith realized what she had lost. She tried to forget, and went to the piano, but the music was blurred and her fingers were stiff. She tried to read, but the tears came into her eyes and she could not see the words. Then she gave up and buried her face in the pillows on the divan and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was to go to an anniversary ball that night, but it was forgotten. She grew calmer, of course, as the days went by, though she wept many times. And this—all this was on account of wealth.

After three years had passed, she had grown taller and more stately, but the ruddiness had gone out of her cheeks. With all this, she was more beautiful than ever before. There was an air of quiet sadness about her and in her deep, black eyes. Her girl friends almost worshipped her; society was at her feet. There had been many chances for her to make a brilliant marriage, and her father and mother wished her to do so; but she had always said “no.”

Two more nights and her visit to her friend, Berenice Galworth, would be at an end. One of them was fast coming, for the room was already growing dark. She sat before the fireplace, watching the flickering flames, while Berenice at the piano strove to interest herself in a new march.

“Oh, dear!” she said, “I never can get that chord. I’m going to give it up. I’ll never look at that march again.”

She drew a chair up to the fireplace and sat down by Edith.

“I wish the time would pass a little faster. I wonder if there will be any new people at the reception? Do you think so?”

“I don’t know. But where is it to be? I had almost forgotten that there was to be any,” answered Edith.

“Forgotten? Really, Edith, you are the queerest girl. And you, too, the one most sought for in all the city. If you can’t remember Mrs. Berwick better than that I’m not going to tell you. She would never forgive you, if you did not come. But, Edith won’t you play that nocturne; its delightfully romantic here with this gloomy room and the shadows and all that.”

After she had finished Berenice continued: “Isn’t that beautiful. I’d be always playing, if I could do so well as that. But I’m going up to look at my gown. Mamma says it is lovely.”

They were among the last to arrive at the reception, and more than once good Mrs. Berwick’s face had worn an anxious look, when some one entered, and it was not Edith. Deeper and deeper grew the frown on Mrs. Berwick’s face as the moments dragged on, but suddenly her face beamed with smiles as she went forward to meet Edith and Berenice.

“I am so glad you came. I was beginning to fear you would not. I should never have forgotten it. Everything would have been so dull.”

“To be frank, Mrs. Berwick,” Edith replied, “Berenice mentioned it this afternoon or it had almost slipped my mind.”

“Edith,” whispered Berenice, clinging to her arm, “this is grand. I’m going off to look for

the new people, so don't expect to see me again till it's time to go."

And Berenice flitted away into the crowd; Edith stayed with Mrs. Berwick for a time, till Jack Ashton came up.

"I knew you would be here," she said to him, extending her hand, "but I hoped that you would bring some one with you to-night. You surely have a dear friend,—your chum; or, are you different from the others?"

"Oh, no! I have not forgotten to bring him; for I have a friend as well as you have Berenice. Look there in the other corner. That is he almost smothered in the mob who are anxious to wedge in a word for him to hear. This is his first night, but he has a name; and fame, you know, is worth money with writers like him.

"Couldn't you dive in and pull him out of the corner for my sake? What does he write for?"

"Oh! everything," said Jack, "under the name of Melrose. He's quiet—and a woman-hater."

"Melrose! Why, I've seen many of his stories. There, he is free now."

She could not see how Jack's friend looked; his back was towards her; but he was tall, well-built and graceful. While Jack Ashton threaded his way across the room she was crowded with acquaintances, so that when Jack introduced his friend as Mr. Graham—not Melrose, as she expected, for it was only a *nom de plume*—and left him with her, she turned rather suddenly; and then she started and gave a little gasp, for it was Harry Graham.

"You are ill," he said, without faltering or changing color, "come, I shall find you a more quiet place."

Half-dazed and hardly knowing what had happened, she put her arm in his and he led her to an empty alcove.

"I have been long wishing to see you," he said calmly, "for I had heard much about you. That is why I came here to-night, just to get a glimpse of you. I would not have gone had Jack told me to whom he wanted to take me. I trust you will forgive me."

"No, no," she said, "I have been wishing it all my life; but it is so sudden and unexpected that I can hardly endure it. One night long ago I told you a lie; God has punished me for it every day since then; I have waited patiently to tell you. Now I ask you will *you* forgive?"

He stood for a moment, with his eyes cast down, scornful and proud as she had been three years ago. He loved her as much as ever, but she

had turned him away—had made him suffer. "Yes," he said slowly, without raising his eyes, "it has been hard, but I forgive you." Then he looked at her. Her fair, beautiful face was stained with tears. In a moment she was in his arms, sobbing, now, for joy. And Jack Ashton accepted the inevitable with very good grace; and vowed that he would take to the writing of romances himself.

The Bachelor of Arts.

Theodore Roosevelt has the place of honor in the March *Bachelor of Arts*. "The Monroe Doctrine" is his text, and he takes strong ground in its defence. "Even if in time past," he declares, "we had been so blind to the national honor and welfare as are the men who at the present day champion the anti-American side of the Venezuela question, it would now be necessary for statesmen who were both far-sighted and patriotic to enunciate the principles for which the Monroe Doctrine stands. In other words, if the Monroe Doctrine did not already exist it would be necessary to create it."

Mr. Roosevelt's Americanism has never been questioned, and it is supremely right that *The Bachelor*, the representative college-man's magazine, should print his views on a question so vital to the life of our nation. Mr. Roosevelt is a patriot—not of the sort, however, who welcome every opportunity to publish their wild yearnings for gore and glory—but a sober citizen, with a conscience and the ability to choose his point of view. His essay is a calm study of the question, though, underneath it all, the fire of patriotism is glowing, and his arguments are vastly comforting to young men who do not need to be convinced that the Monroe Doctrine is emphatically an American principle. Mr. Roosevelt appends three letters on the question—one by an American, another by a member of the House of Commons, the third by an Englishman residing in New York.

Lyman Weeks sketches the rise of the "Universities of France and Spain"; Sherwin Cody continues his pictures of the life of Dublin collegians; Winifred Johnes makes a study of "The Collegian in Literature"; Charles Bulkley Hubble realizes for us "A Berkshire Type"; and Edward Uffington Valentine discourses joyfully of the *burschen* of Heidelberg. His pictures of German student life, full of fun and frolic, will read to the average American student who drops his Calculus to take a fleeting glance into the *Bachelor*, like a chapter from the history of Altruria. Edward Sanford Martin and Walter Camp are unusually entertaining. It is easy for a reader of their "Editorial Notes" to keep in touch with the Eastern colleges.

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The Lætare Medal.

The ritual of the Catholic Church is a year-long poem replete with beauty and significance. The slightest ceremony she uses is full of dignity and mystic meaning to a student of her ways. Her watchword is "Sursum corda," and her every action has one end in view—the uplifting of the hearts and minds of men to God, the consecration of their labors to His glory. There is a human side to her ceremonial; the tension never becomes too great, there is no pain without its alleviation. And so, on the mid-Sunday of Lent, there is a momentary lift in the gloom in which the Church is shrouded during the penitential season. For a little space the altars glow with flowers; the candles are lighted in their old places, and a note of joy creeps into the wailing music of the time of sorrow and prayer. "Lætare," sings the Church, in remembrance of the deliverance of God's chosen people from the captivity "by the waters of Babylon,"—the figure and the prototype of that greater Redemption which was sealed on the first Easter morning in the garden near Golgotha.

To-day, then, is Lætare Sunday—the day on which the Pope blesses, every year, a golden rose of priceless workmanship and sends it,

with his benediction, to the Catholic, of all Europe, whom he deems most worthy of honor and reward. Sometimes it goes to kings or princes,—until the Reformation, it was never bestowed on any but the royal "cousins" of the Pontiff, but the Ages of Faith have gone and customs have changed—sometimes to religious communities, to churches or cities, which have made the world their debtor. It falls not often to the lot of churchmen; for the Holy Father has many other ways of rewarding ecclesiastics who have made notable achievements in art or science, or the knowledge of the ways of helping their fellow-men to live better, wider and more human lives. The conferring of the "golden rose" upon a faithful son of the Church is the highest honor the Pope can pay him; and because it has never been bestowed unworthily, it is the best-prized decoration a Catholic may hope to obtain.

The Lætare Medal, founded in 1883 by the University of Notre Dame, to encourage Catholic laymen to battle ever for the truth, is the American counterpart of the Papal "golden rose." The man who was chosen to wear the medal for 1896 is Major-General William Stark Rosecrans, than whom there was no braver or more able commander in the civil war. His career has been a noble and unselfish one and the wisdom of the Trustees cannot but be apparent to everyone. General Rosecrans has deserved well of his country, and it is a real pleasure to see his worthiness emphasized by his selection as the fourteenth recipient of the honor.

Two years ago the medal was conferred upon Mr. Augustin Daly, America's greatest theatrical manager, for the service he had done the cause of morality and art, by striving to raise the stage from the level of panderer to popular tastes, to that of teacher of purity and truth. Archbishop Corrigan, in the name of the University, presented the medal to Mr. Daly; and his speech on that occasion was such an admirable exposition of the origin of the medal, and the reasons for founding it, that we make no apology for printing it here:

"Before presenting the Lætare Medal, which the University of Notre Dame sends to our worthy friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. Augustin Daly, you will permit me to recall to your minds the meaning of Lætare Sunday, to which the medal owes its origin. Holy Mother Church, with a parent's fond solicitude, is ever mindful of the weakness of her children; and so, even in the midst of the penitential season of Lent, after we have accomplished half our painful journey, she causes a gleam of sunshine to fall across our path, in order to reward our past fidelity and to encourage us to persevere in our good resolutions until the glory of the Resurrection.

"This break in the gloom of penitential austerity occurs on the fourth Sunday of Lent, and is known as Lætare Sunday, being so called from the words of the Prophet Isaias with which the Mass of the day begins—'Rejoice O Jerusalem.' The allusion is to the joy of the people of Israel when they emerged from the captivity of Babylon and returned once more to the holy city of Sion. For us the spiritual allusion is that by the Blood of our Saviour, to be shed during Passiontide, we, too, are to be redeemed from the captivity, not of Babylon but of sin, and to be made partakers, not of an earthly but of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"This is mystically signified, moreover, by a golden rose, or, more correctly, by a cluster of roses springing from a single twig which the Sovereign Pontiff is wont to bless on this day, and to send as a gift either to some illustrious sanctuary or to some distinguished champion of the faith. In mystical language the rose represents our Saviour who, in His human nature, calls Himself the 'Flower of the field and the Lily of the Valley.' He is designated as the rose—the rose, particularly in Italy, is taken as the harbinger of spring, therefore a symbol of the Resurrection—as the rose dominates by its beauty all other flowers; and, as gold is a symbol sovereignty, by a golden rose, thereby signifying King of kings and Lord of lords.

"According to an old ceremonial of the year 1573, which I hold in my hand, the Holy Father, in bestowing the golden rose, says: 'Receive from our hands this rose by which is designated the joy of the earthly and of the heavenly Jerusalem, the Church, namely, militant and triumphant, by which is manifested to all the faithful of Christ that most beautiful flower which is both the joy and the crown of all the saints. Receive this rose, most beloved son, who, according to the world, art noble, valiant and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the overflowing

clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen.'

"The origin of this ceremony is almost lost in the night of ages, but it seems certain that it was introduced before the days of Pope Leo IX. who ruled the Church from 1049–1054. From that time a cluster of golden roses, with petals of diamonds, formed with all the delicacy of the jeweler's art, has been solemnly blessed every year, although the offering is not made annually, but only from time to time

as a favorable opportunity presents itself.

"This allusion to the meaning and history of the golden rose sufficiently indicates the purpose of the University of Notre Dame in founding a Lætare Medal to be bestowed every Lætare Sunday on some child of the Church who has distinguished him or herself in literature, art or science, or in his benefactions to humanity."

The medal itself is simple and beautiful. From a broad golden bar which bears the words "Lætare Medal" in purple enamel depends a massive disk of finest gold with raised edges and sunken centre. It is a bit of art work which any goldsmith might be proud to claim as his creation. Though in general the design never changes, each medal is unique, because the artist, each year, strives to epitomize



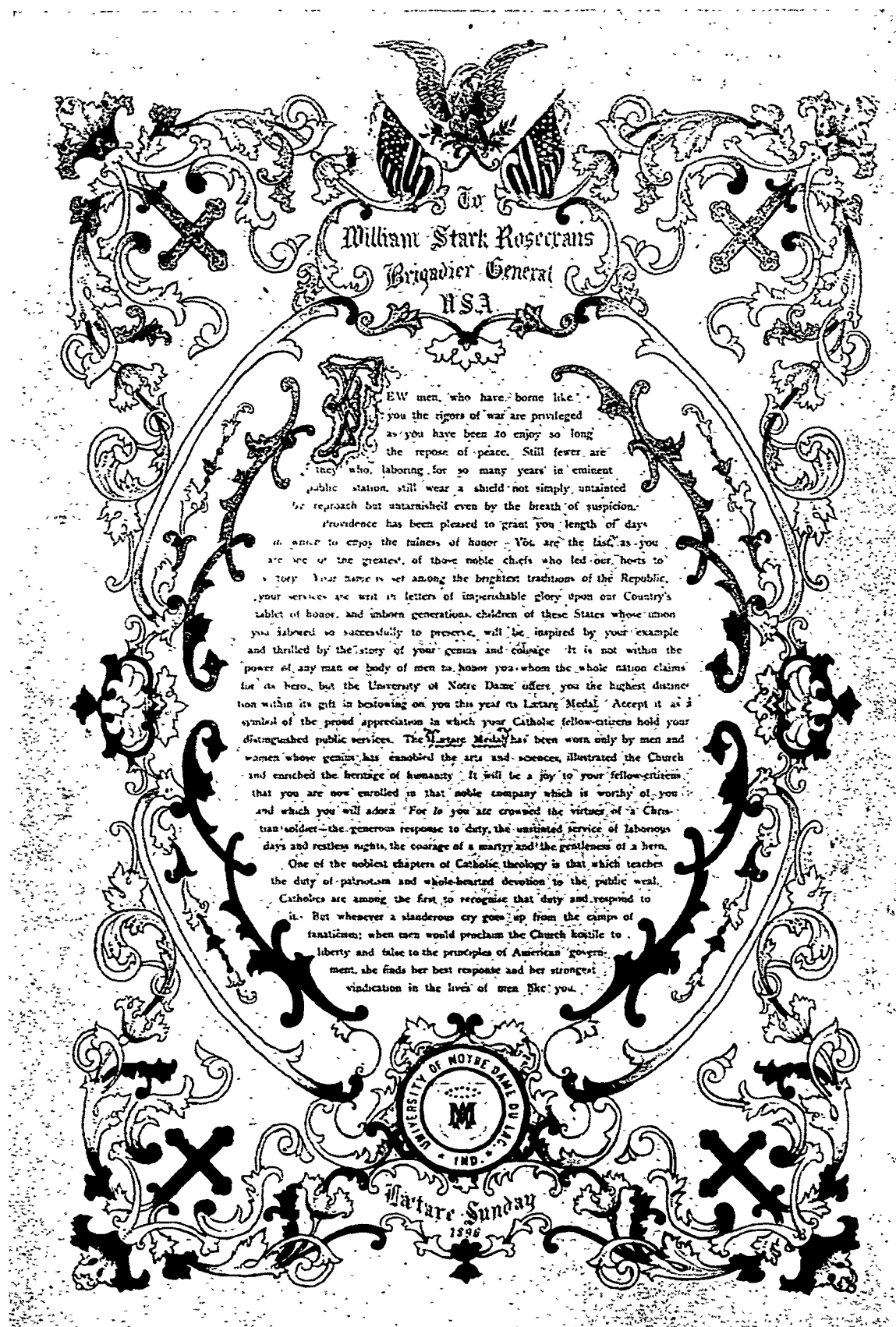
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM STARK ROSECRANS.

mize the career of him to whom it is awarded. This year's medal bears on the obverse the usual legend—*Magna Est Veritas et Prævalet*—in purple enamel, while the central field is taken up by the escutcheon of our country within a laurel wreath, all in high relief. The red-white-and-blue shield is worked out with exquisite delicacy in enamel and precious stones. The reverse of the disk is much the

same. Another inscription "Presented by the University of Notre Dame" in black-enamelled letters, circles about the centre, on which is engraved General Rosecrans' name. The address which accompanies the medal is on parch-

whose chaste beauty cannot be rendered in black-and-white.

The presentation of the medal to General Rosecrans will be made this afternoon, by Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles, in whose diocese



ment and was printed by the University Press and illuminated by the Sisters of St. Mary's Academy. The illumination is exquisitely done. The national colors are used in a very effective way, and the whole is a strikingly beautiful piece of work. The cuts we print do but scant justice to either the medal or the address,

the General resides. Archbishop Riordan, '66, of San Francisco has been asked to represent the University, but it is doubtful whether he will be able to be present. We copy the address which goes with the medal.

"Few men who have borne like you the rigors of war are privileged as you have been to enjoy

so long the repose of peace. Still fewer are they who, laboring for so many years in eminent public station, still wear a shield not simply untainted by reproach but untarnished even by the breath of suspicion.

"Providence has granted you length of days in which to enjoy the fulness of honor. You are the last, as you are one of the greatest, of those noble chiefs who led our hosts to victory. Your name is set among the brightest traditions of the Republic; your services are writ in letters of imperishable glory upon our Country's tablet of honor; and unborn generations, children of these States whose union you labored so

company which is worthy of you and which you will adorn. For in you are crowned the virtues of a Christian soldier—the generous response to duty, the unstinted service of laborious days and restless nights, the courage of a martyr and the gentleness of a hero.

"One of the noblest chapters of Catholic theology is that which teaches the duty of patriotism and whole-hearted devotion to the public weal. Catholics are among the first to recognize that duty and respond to it. But whenever a slanderous cry goes up from the camps of fanaticism; when men would proclaim the Church hostile to liberty and false to the prin



successfully to preserve, will be inspired by your example and thrilled by the story of your genius and courage. It is not within the power of any man or body of men to honor you whom the whole nation claims for its hero; but the University of Notre Dame offers you the highest distinction within its gift, in bestowing on you this year its Lætare Medal. Accept it as a symbol of the proud appreciation in which your Catholic fellow-citizens hold your distinguished public services. The Lætare Medal has been worn only by men and women whose genius has ennobled the arts and sciences, illustrated the Church and enriched the heritage of humanity. It will be a joy to your fellow-citizens that you are now enrolled in that noble

principles of American government, she finds her best response and her strongest vindication in the lives of men like you."

The Lætare Medal has a short but impressive history. John Gilmary Shea, whose fame as the historian of the American Church all but dwarfs his reputation as scholar, bibliographer and student of Indian dialects, was the first to receive the medal. This was in 1883, before Dr. Shea's monumental work had been completed, but the Trustees of the University were quick to note his ceaseless energy and unselfish devotion to his self-appointed task. He lived to accomplish his end; and his History will long be the wonder and envy of scholars and savants of every land.

Patrick Keeley, the foremost Catholic architect of his time, was chosen, the following year, to wear the medal. He had given his life to the raising of temples to God, and a nobler choice could not have been made. Eliza Allen Starr, poet and artist, was the third medalist; and those who had seen her single-hearted efforts to teach men to know and love the beautiful and true, did not wonder that her labors had won recognition, and that honors had been added unto her who had never sought anything but the good of her fellows.

In decorating General John Newton, whose death was recorded but a few months ago, the trustees of the University gave evidence of the catholicity of their tastes. General Newton had achieved distinction during the civil war, but it is as the engineer in charge of the removal of Hell Gate in New York harbor that he will be remembered. It was the scientist rather than the commander that the University honored.

It is not set down in any book who was the medalist of the year 1887. The medal was awarded, but the man chosen by the trustees declared that he was unable to accept it. He was a convert, and his fame was national; but he had vowed to refuse any ecclesiastical distinction which might be offered to him. It was a sacred thing—his vow, a self-inflicted punishment, for some deed of his past life which he thought especially irreligious, and his wishes, as a matter of course, were respected. And so there is one blank on the Honor-Roll, one medal which has never found its owner.

This is, however, the one break in the chain. Commendatore P. V. Hickey, the editor of the *Catholic Review*, of New York, received it in recognition of the yeoman service done the Church by his paper. He was the first journalist put upon the list—though, indeed, Doctor Shea eked out his slender income by writing for the Catholic press. Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, whose stories have delighted thousands of Catholic readers, won the coveted honor in 1889. Some one has called her the "Jane Austen of America," and the title is an admirable one, so far as literary methods go. Mrs. Dorsey's tales are in many manners, and it would be hard to choose any one of her novels as typical; but they are all aglow with faith and love, and their influence cannot be overestimated.

Mrs. Dorsey was not the last woman to be honored; but a quintet of men separated her from last year's choice, Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, who was even before Mrs. Dorsey in the field

of Catholic fiction. In 1890, Hon William J. Onahan, of Chicago, was approved of by the Committee. Mr. Onahan is neither a novelist, a journalist, nor a man of science; but he is one of the ablest of our Catholics who are content with being good citizens and loyal sons of the Church. It was at Mr. Onahan's suggestion that the Catholic Educational Exhibit was determined upon, and he has been prominent in every movement which has stirred the American Church. The Holy Father has, more recently, conferred upon him a distinction rarely attained by an American.

Daniel Dougherty, whose oration at the opening of the Catholic Congress at Baltimore, in 1890 was a wonderful effort, was chosen in the following year. Henry F. Brownson, the son of the greatest of American philosophers, received the medal in 1892. Mr. Brownson has long been known as one of our most capable publicists, and his translation of Tarducci's "Columbus" is an admirable piece of work. A journalist won the honor in 1893, and all America applauded the selection of Patrick Donahoe, the founder of the *Pilot*, as the eleventh recipient of the medal. Mr. Donahoe is easily the oldest Catholic journalist in America, and his life has been given to the spreading of the Truth and the uplifting of his race. Many an Irishman has felt the grateful tears on his lashes as he read the brave and hopeful words of Mr. Donahoe and caught the infection of his enthusiasm. No paper in the world has a set of supporters more loyal than the *Pilot's*, and the superb confidence they repose in its utterances must be a constant joy to the heart of its veteran editor.

The University did a daring thing in 1894. The Church and the stage are traditionally hostile; and yet the Lætare Medal for that year went to a dramatist-manager, Mr. Augustin Daly. It was not simply because Mr. Daly's troupe of players was unapproachable, either in this country or in England, that the trustees decided to confer the Lætare Medal upon him. It was because he had made a gallant, up-hill fight against everything that was vulgar and indecent, because he had won the battle and had forced other managers to take ground with him, that Mr. Daly was the twelfth medalist. He had ideals and he worked up to them; he raised the standard of theatrical performances, purged the theatre of vice and made it an ally, not an enemy, of God's Church.

Last year the medal was awarded to Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier whose life-work was finished

a decade ago. Her "Blakes and Flannigans" is almost a classic in its way, but the effects of her influence will outlive the best of her books. Her works lack some of the qualities we value to-day; but they were written to satisfy a very pressing want, and they served their purpose admirably. How great was Mrs. Sadlier's influence for good only God knows; but she was in very truth a savior of her race; and it was but fitting that in her old age she should receive the laurel that was hers by right.

This, then, is the history of the Lætare Medal. It is surely an honorable one, for it would be no easy task to select a more representative body of laymen than the group of medallist. Art, science and letters in turn had been crowned; it remained for the Trustees of the University to recognize civic virtue—the patriotism and devotion to duty that sent a million men into the field, when the life of our Republic was threatened, ready to serve their country with their every ability, willing to die, if need be, that the Union of our forefathers might be preserved. In honoring the hero of Corinth, Stone River and Chickamanga, Notre Dame does herself a greater honor.

Major-General William Stark Rosecrans—his Brandeburgian forefathers pronounced it "Rosakrontz"—has played many and various rôles during the seventy-seven years of his life. He can fairly lay claim to the title of American, for his ancestors were burghers of New Amsterdam before that thriving Dutch village fell into English hands. His father was something of a soldier, giving up a prosperous business to serve in our second war with England as adjutant of one of General Harrison's light-horse brigades. Perhaps it was Captain Rosecrans' war-record that stirred the military instincts of his son; but at any rate, when that young man was eighteen years of age he began his studies at West Point in 1842. He was graduated fifth in a class of fifty-six, and he elected to enter the Engineer Corps. After a year's service at Fortress Monroe, he was ordered back to the Academy to teach Engineering and Philosophy. In 1847 he took charge of the work of fortifying Newport harbor and finished the task in five years. He was justly regarded as one of the most brilliant men in the service. And when, in 1853, his failing health determined him to retire, the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, endeavored dissuade to him. But overwork had broken him down, and his resignation was reluctantly accepted in April, 1854, and Lieu-

tenant Rosecrans returned to Cincinnati.

The next eight years of his life were busy ones. He had always been a man of affairs, and even before his appointment to the Military Academy, he had shown considerable sagacity in business life. His versatility was something wonderful—he was at once an architect and consulting engineer, a chemist, geologist and manager of various industrial enterprises. He developed the coal lands of Western Virginia, dug a canal to bring the product to market, and invented a method of manufacturing coal-oil, or kerosene.

Then came the outbreak of the Rebellion and the fall of Fort Sumter, and Mr. Rosecrans forgot everything but his duty to his country. He offered his services to Governor Dennison, and was appointed chief engineer of Ohio, with the rank of colonel; and on the next day, June 10th, 1861, was given the command of the 23d Ohio Volunteers. His rise was very rapid. His commission as a brigadier-general of the regular army came within a fortnight, and he joined McClellan in Western Virginia, taking provisional command of one of his brigades.

His first battle was fought July 11, at Rich Mountain, where he won a decisive victory over General Garnett, capturing eleven hundred prisoners, their camp and stores. East of the mountains, the battle of Bull Run had been lost, and McClellan, summoned to Washington, left Rosecrans in charge. Before the middle of September, General Rosecrans had cleared western Virginia of rebel troops, signally defeating General Floyd at Carnifex Ferry, September 10, and thwarting Lee's attempt to occupy that region. For this he received a vote of thanks from the legislatures of Ohio and West Virginia.

Soon afterwards he was ordered to report to General Halleck, before Corinth, where he commanded Gen. Paine's and Gen. Stanley's divisions of the army of the Mississippi. On the 17th of June, 1862, he relieved General Pope in the command of the army of the Mississippi. With four brigades he defeated General Price at Iuka, occupied Corinth, and made a spirited defence of that place, against the combined armies of Generals Price and Van Dorn and the commands of Villepigue, Lovell and Breckenridge. The battle lasted for two days, but on the afternoon of October 4th, the enemy broke and fled. General Rosecrans pursued the routed rebels for forty miles, when he was recalled by General Grant and again took up his headquarters at Corinth.

Meanwhile, affairs had gone badly with Gen-

eral Buell and the Army of the Cumberland, and it was determined to transfer Rosecrans to that department. He took command on the 27th of October, and at once began one of the most brilliant and decisive campaigns of the war. He found the army a wreck; fully one-third of the enlisted men and officers were absent from their regiments and the remaining seventy thousand were poorly equipped or inefficient, without stores or camp-equipage, lacking cavalry and poorly disciplined. But General Rosecrans threw himself into the work with characteristic energy, and his enthusiasm wrought wondrous changes in the *morale* of his command.

On the 30th of December, he took the field against General Bragg, and after four days of heavy fighting drove him from his position on Stone River, gaining a remarkable victory. Again and again during this battle the General was in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, rallying them when broken. He seemed ubiquitous; whenever the blue lines wavered he thundered to the weak spot with reinforcements, and the tide of battle turned. Fear was unknown to him; he apparently valued his life less than that of his merest subaltern and more than once it was his bravery that saved the Union ranks from rout. Stone River was a personal triumph, and it was characteristic of the man that he should give the greatest credit to his subordinates. His official report of the battle concludes with the Catholic cry of thanksgiving, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam."

Stone River was but the beginning. It required just two weeks for him to manœuvre Bragg out of central Tennessee, taking him in flank again and again, compelling him to abandon position after position, until at length Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, was captured. Re-enforced by Gen. Longstreet, Bragg made a stand at Chickamauga, and attempted the capture of the approaches to Chattanooga. On the second day of the battle, a misinterpreted order made a breach in the Union line of battle, and Rosecrans was compelled to withdraw to Chattanooga. General Thomas made a magnificent stand, repulsing attack after attack and left the field at night, in good order. Though it was a nominal victory for Bragg, Chickamauga was anything but a Federal defeat, and, but for the unfortunate mistake of Gen. Wood, the result would have been far different.

Relieved of his command on the 23d of October, General Rosecrans was ordered to St.

Louis, the headquarters of the Department of the Missouri. His last campaign resulted in the expulsion of Gen. Price from Missouri, after which he was stationed at Cincinnati until March 28, 1867, when he resigned from the army.

This brief outline of his record as a soldier would be incomplete without some mention of the personal qualities that make him a great soldier. He was brave to rashness, generous to a fault; it is little wonder that he was the idol of his staff. An able and conscientious executive, a tireless worker, and a skilful general, he deserves not a little of the credit of the success of the Union arms in the West, even though robbed of it at the very moment of victory by the blunder of one of his aides. A consistent Catholic—his conversion dates from his school-days at "the Point"—his life has been as pure as his aims were high. He was never a patriot "for revenue only," and if he had known more of the methods of politician, his fame might, to-day, be greater. Honor and truth, love of God and country were his ideals, and he has lived up to them.

Since the war General Rosecrans has refused repeated offers of political preferment, devoting himself to his professional duties as an engineer. He was Minister to Mexico in the late "sixties," served one term as a Congressman from California, and was President Cleveland's first Register of the Treasury. His honors are all deserved, and in conferring upon him the Lætare Medal, Notre Dame only recognizes the worth that must be apparent to every student of his career.

List of Excellence.

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