A Course of Reading.

The chief source of information to an educated man, and the chief influence that rules him for better or for worse, is reading; and so immense is the number of books, even in our own language, and so vast the quantity of the current literature of the day, that it becomes a very important question for us, who are educated. And even we, who remember that professional men, and all others following special pursuits, as men of science, historians and teachers, will naturally seek those books which shall supply particular information, and therefore be of special interest to themselves. Of this kind of reading I do not propose to speak, but only of that which is of general interest, of that which concerns men as men—in one word, of literature.

And here it may be remarked that the claims of science have become so paramount in recent times that a college course of studies the calmer delights of literature are too apt to be overlooked, while in the active life of the world, business and politics almost altogether frighten the gentle muses from our minds and our hearts, the hilt and pan­gent paragraphs of the newspaper being almost the only literary aliment of the man of the world. It is to direct you to something more refined and enobling that I would now draw your attention. Every reader, every lover of books, who is only a part of the general reader, not a writer of books, must give their attention either to what is absolutely injurious or at least to what is useless! Others of those who are the only literary aliment of the man of the world.

History, then a poem, then a novel or a treatise on science almost altogether frigliten the gentle muses of the mind. It is to direct you to something more refined and enobling that I would now draw your attention. Every reader, every lover of books, who is only a part of the general reader, not a writer of books, must give their attention either to what is absolutely injurious or at least to what is useless. Others, and thus lose all the pleasure and advantage he might derive from his reading. Prose deals with the fact, while poetry reveals the true, the beautiful and the good in that mysterious world of the imagination which seems so fair but which is always so near. With respect to poetry it is a common fallacy with young persons that it is a light, trifling species of composition, with which no one has any concern who is interested in the serious business of life. But it is just those hard, matter-of-fact workers who would be most benefited by the graceful and benign influence of poetry; and it is remarkable that many of the strongest minds, lawyers, men of science, statesmen and warriors, seek relief and even a renewal of their vigor in the sweet and spiritual visions of the poets.

When you have gone so far the whole field will be opened to you. You will tempt you with his clear limpid style to go into the world, meeting guides. Meanwhile a thousand pleasant experiences being biography, while travels, voyages, descriptions of manners and customs, memoirs and even political and philosophical writings may all be ranged under the same head.

History is closely connected. Those of course have the largest share of attention in our course of reading, and here especially it is necessary that we should follow a definite plan in selecting our books. For to form a taste for poetry will soon learn them for your own poetical and prose writers.

Poets and poetry are themselves divided into various subdivisions. Of the different kinds of poetry, graceful and benign influence of poetry; and it is remarkable that many of the strongest minds, lawyers, men of science, statesmen and warriors, seek relief and even a renewal of their vigor in the sweet and spiritual visions of the poets. It is to direct you to something more refined and enobling that I would now draw your attention. Every reader, every lover of books, who is only a part of the general reader, not a writer of books, must give their attention either to what is absolutely injurious or at least to what is useless. Others, and thus lose all the pleasure and advantage he might derive from his reading. Prose deals with the fact, while poetry reveals the true, the beautiful and the good in that mysterious world of the imagination which seems so fair but which is always so near. With respect to poetry it is a common fallacy with young persons that it is a light, trifling species of composition, with which no one has any concern who is interested in the serious business of life. But it is just those hard, matter-of-fact workers who would be most benefited by the graceful and benign influence of poetry; and it is remarkable that many of the strongest minds, lawyers, men of science, statesmen and warriors, seek relief and even a renewal of their vigor in the sweet and spiritual visions of the poets.

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to you, and that is the lives of literary men themselves; for those are books that will teach you of the makers of books, letting you into the very secret of the writer's mind and heart, and thus giving you a truer knowledge of books themselves. Such a work is Irving's Life of Goldsmith or Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and especially of Shakespeare.

Autobiography is a charming variety of this species of literature, all the more so on account of its rarity, few men whose lives are of interest being willing to become their own biographers. Circumstances, however, will call forth more delightful works of this kind, in which the author lets us into the world of his own private thought and action. Such a book is Dr. Franklin's Autobiography, one of the most enchanting books ever put into the heads of a poor boy, and one which has served thousands of youths to struggle up the road of honor despite of every opposing obstacle. A book of quite a different nature, but even more heroic in its way, and appealing to the very highest and purest sympathies of the intellect and the heart, is Dr. Newman's Apologia. If one wishes to know that it is to be a real man let him read this book, and if he does not find his soul stirred to its very depths let him be sure that there is nothing great in him. Another reason why anything Dr. Newman says may be relied on in our attention is the fact that he writes the purest and noblest, the simplest, clearest and strongest English that was ever written, unless it be that of Shakespeare himself. He can write a three-page essay on the subject of a word, and every reader will take from this word a knowledge that is a thoroughly good English style need go no farther than Dr. Newman, an author who is as simple and as elegant as Goldsmith while he is as vigorous and full of thought as Bacon. An author of equal elegance and even more harmony, but perhaps not so severe strength, is Archibhp Manning; while an exceeding richness, softness and sweet beauty characterize the writings of the saintly Faber. Indeed we may look in vain, through the whole range of English literature, for authors of purer and nobler style or whose writings contain matter of more value and interest in almost every department of English literature, including history, essay, and fiction, besides also poetry, philosophy and theology.

It would seem that these three great authors should be read in connection with one another; for it is remarkable that in their genius they appear severely to represent the mental, the moral, and the spiritual nature of man, Newman the heart, Faber the heart, and Manning the soul; so that you may expect to find Newman more precise, Faber more sympathetic, and Manning more imaginative. Certainly he does not pass these qualities in an eminently different degree, but that I would thus indicate the most marked characteristics of three of the most gifted literary men of modern times, three of the purest, noblest, and most charming of English writers.

But this department of history and biography is so entertaining and at the same time so extensive, that we might continue for hours to discourse upon it before exhausting its treasures.

If historical and biographical writings profess to instruct, but succeed in pleasing at the same time, it may be said that the essay professes to please, but succeeds also in instructing. An essay therefore is a short composition, often of not more than two or three pages, written in a light or grave but always happy style, and generally upon some familiar topic, in which the author at once entertains your fancy and informs your understanding. Perhaps the most eminent author in this species of literature whose writings can be said to constitute almost altogether of essays. But although Addison's style was once considered the perfection of English prose, it is now pretty generally agreed that "too long drawn out," that he lacks the vigor, clarity and simplicity requisite for perfection in style. In richness of beauty, however, he is surpassed by no author, unless it be our own exquisite Irving, whose Sketch-Book is an example of mountain of delight. Yet Irving's Sketch-Book is one of those perfect books which never tire us, whose style may be studied as a model of all that is beautiful in prose, and whose pages are as beautiful and as harmonious as Alarabian streams to reach the fountain of laughter and tears. A book of more luxuriant oriental beauty by the same author is The Alhambra, while The Conquest of Granada has all the glory of arms, of chivalric romance, and of the Spanish air, of woodland and of martial music. His Voyages of Columbus is the prose epic of modern times, and his Life of Washington the complete drama of the Revolution. America may well be proud of its greatest author.

More simple than either Addison or Irving, while he rivals the latter in beauty and pathos, and approaches the former in humor, satire and the discrimination of character, is the pure and elegant muse of Oliver Goldsmith. Some have also claimed perfection for his style, and in certain respects, not to say in some generalities it is remarkable that he writes. It is evident that, like Addison's and Irving's, it is on the whole somewhat hagiograph and therefore not fitted for the more earnest uses of literature. With Milton and Shakespeare he moves more heavily, and with Dr. Johnson he moves more lightly, but perhaps slightly morbid, and not appealing to so wide a circle of sympathies, is Charles Lamb, the gentle author of the essays of Elia and one of the most lovely and purest of all the great writers of the English tongue. Another celebrated writer of essays, the first, in the language, is Bacon, whose little book of short essays on the most familiar subjects, as Friendship, Gardening, Studies, etc., seems to have been borrowed from the school of humanity. Those who wish to see how much clear thought can be clothed in a few simple English words should study this book. I say "study," not that Bacon's language is at all dry, on the contrary it is clear, rich, and animated, but so great is the flood of thought that fills his sentences almost to overflowing that "read" seems hardly the proper word to express our passage over his richly-laden pages. In terseness and vigor of style these essays of Bacon have never been surpassed; but they want something of the airy lightness and freedom of Dr. Newman. A class of writers very nearly akin to the essayist are the reviewers. Being an essay is not always being a book, on the merits of a book, or it may be an examination into the life and writings of another author. The number of this class of writers, who are some of the most estimable that English ever called to her service, is of course very great, the most eminent of recent times being Macaulay, Jeffrey, and Carlyle. Carlyle is a blunt and somewhat coarse writer, but a man of great intellectual power and good critical judgment. Macaulay, said to be the most brilliant of English authors, lacks depth and sincerity, and has no heart; he pays more attention to the arrangement of his phrases than to the greatness of his conclusions; he is nevertheless one of the most eloquent and fascinating of English reviewers. Jeffrey, noted for the severity of his judgments, is notwithstanding his prejudices, undoubtedly the most trustworthy of critics. An enthusiastic admirer of Jeffrey has said that Macaulay excels in reviewing, Carlyle in criticizing, and Jeffrey in both; and I would add that it seems to me that Jeffrey has a rather subtle but brilliant mind, that Jeffrey has a hard heart but a sound head, and that Carlyle, though pretending to be rough and surly, has a heart that is almost tender.

The last developed of the great departments of literature, and the one to which both the writers and the readers of recent times have given most attention, is fiction. In this department, literature would seem to have returned in a circle to its own origin, thus adding another verification to the proverb that there is nothing new under the sun; for the first form of every great literature was the drama; now the same form is the most productive garb of the most exacting and most subtle.

But with the poets fiction was but the frame-work to support the fair structure of truth and beauty that Shakespeare's genius loves to dwell upon. Modern fiction has seldom attained any such high quality; in its story is of interest for its own sake and not for that which it teaches, no such love of deep wisdom and the eternal harmony of things animates either the novelist or the reader of even the best book. In accordance with its form, its highest aim is something more prosaic than beauty, something less wise than the great truth that underlies all human action; it reaches not below the surface, and has much the same relation to poetry that expediency has to justice, that time has to eternity.

And yet fiction is capable by its form of doing much good, and, in fact, has done much good. Some of the noblest works in this department of literature rising almost to the dignity and value of poetry; and it has this advantage over poetry, that being ordinary and unpretentious it is not above the comprehension of the dullest reader; even as the mind that lacks breadth, cleanness, elevation and generosity, may not be able to grasp freely the expanse of numbers, even as the mind that perceives the bold process of addition in arithmetic, or have sufficient cunning to follow the mechanical election in algebra.

But although this is the general character of the greater and most honest writers of fiction, advised the novel-reader to peruse the last chapter first, so that the agony of plot might be over at once, and then if it was thought worth while, the story may be read. The greatest and most honest writers of fiction, advised the novelist-reader to peruse the last chapter first, so that the agony of plot might be over at once, and then if it was thought worth while, the story may be read. Here the contrast with poetry is very great. The poet gives you the substance of his story and the object of his poem at once and in the fewest words possible, as if to be done with all agility of plot and straining after effect, whereas the novel-writer is thought to excel in proportion as he is able to deceive his reader and lead him away from his true design. It was with this view in view that Thackeray, one of the greatest and most honest writers of fiction, advised the novel-reader to peruse the first chapter first, not only for it for the practical duties of life but to make him see, think, and think himself and truthful thinking. This is due to the moral strain of the mind to catch the plot, so less than the fact that most fiction presents us with more or less utter falsity of character and a continuous series of lies.

But it is especially because it deals with false in real life that the novel is injurious. The poet's characters and incidents may not be such as may exist in the world, being in accordance with what we know of nature and especially with human nature; while the poet gives us what he knows to be true, but what he imagines should be true. The poet takes the world as he finds it, the novelist fakes the world to suit himself.

But although this is the general character of the great bulk of modern fiction, yet there are in this department a few works of real excellence, and meriting the title of works of art. These better works may be classified with regard to the object the writer had in view in their composition. The highest quality should be ascribed to those written with the poet's object, that is, the presentation of truth and beauty as these really exist in nature and in man. Such a work, if wrought by the greatest genius and under the most favoring circumstances, would deserve the name of a classic. It is in the literature of the world, taking its place beside the poems of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, and I do not know that any such perfect prose poem has ever appeared; works of such high excellence, however, that is works of wonderful truth to
nature, but designed especially to accomplish some good end rather than written simply for the sake of beauty and nature, have been produced at rare intervals. Bacon's essays, Pope's sonnets, and Shakespeare's sonnets are a wonderful picture of the age of chivalry, and designed to inspire a love for that splendid epoch, and in Spanish the Don Quixote of Cervantes, designed to ridicule the romances that had outlived their time: also in Italian The Betrothed of Manzoni, designed to show the triumph of goodness over evil at a time when the worst voices of the feudal system disfigured the fair face of Italy, and in our own country the novels of Cooper reviving the history of the Indians and the early pioneers of the West. In England Thackeray wrote to ridicule cant and to vitiate the uses of his time, while Dickens wrote to help the poor. But neither Dickens, Thackeray nor Cooper, however excellent in some respects, can ever take the high mark rightfully assigned to the great masters—to Scott, Cervantes and Manzoni.

I have said nothing of the periodical literature of the day, for every one now reads this to such an extent, at least in New York, that I need not discourage the reading of it than encourage any one to give it more attention. We waste too much time on the newspaper. There is enough of trash in it to make any man and avoid it. Millions are presented, and often without any decency, and these you should be thrown aside. There are, besides, papers without any principle, and often without any decency, and these you should avoid. Among things, to our shame as a people, must be placed the leading daily paper of New York city, as well as one of those in Chicago. The popularity of such papers depends partly on our standing as a literary, and perhaps I should say, a moral people. A good magazine also should form a part of the reading of any one who wishes to be well informed on the social, religious, political, literary and scientific topics of the day. Such magazines are numerous and well conducted, many of them characterized by the purest taste and appealing to the noblest sympathies of the intellect, and it should be the pride of every educated Catholic that in the Catholic World he has such a magazine; nor should he let his admiration rest there, but read it and be profited by it. We are desirous to read good novels and avoid bad ones, there can be no better guide than a good magazine. In its reviews and criticisms he may learn to know a book before he buys it, and this itself of course would be sufficient reason to induce him to read the monthly every mouth as a good and true friend his favorite and trustworthy magazine.

Now to be more practical. The chief object of this discourse has been, first to distinguish the different kinds of literatures and literary writers, and secondly to impress upon your minds the importance, giving chief attention to the different kinds of literature and literary writers, and secondly to impress upon your minds the correctness in choosing as your counsellors and guides.

For history and biography let the truthfulness of the author be your only guide. You can go to other authors for beauty of style, but if your history does not give you the truth without any errors or omissions, without any false coloring whatever, you may perhaps let him live on your shelf for reference, but never take him to your heart; for the truth is your guide. The truths of history must be the foundation of all just thought in you. Arnold's History of Rome, Newman's Lectures on the Turks, and J. B. Robert-son's Lectures on Modern History, will introduce this subject; and you will find there will guide you to the most trustworthy authors to follow afterwards.

For poetry read the great poets first; for the greater are the simple. There are undoubtedly Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Homer and Dante are now almost perfectly rendered into English by our own great poets, Bryant and Longfellow, while Shakespeare speaks to you in his own superb English. Chaucer is certainly the second of English poets, and, although his language is now half obsolete, it will well repay your study, especially the prologue to the Canterbury Tales. When you can appreciate the Parodies Lost you will find in it a treasure of learning and poetry, and Milton's shorter poems are as suggestive one of Bacon's essays. Avoid Pope till you have read better poets; he has spoiled more writers than any other great poet, for great he surely is. Of Dryden read only what he wrote towards the end of his life. There are plenty of pugilists and epigs, don't touch them; for of them it may be said, as was so well said of Byron's poetry, though there may be a gem here and there, yet so many diamonds are so large that you need not sole the dance. Dryden was not poke in this filet to obtain a pearl or two all covered with slime. Three other pure, cheerful and unobtrusive poets are Scott, Wordsworth and Tennyson; no fear of selling your hands on their pages. For Essay go to Bacon, Addison, Goldsmith and Charles Lamb.

For Fiction, read Goldsmith's Vicar, and sparingly of Scott; these with Manzoni's Betrothed and Cervantes' Don Quixote will form your taste, and guide you to a few, a very few more good fictitious. But avoid the great body of romances of the day as you would avoid bad whisky, or any other nasty, villainous thing, for they will eat out the purity of your heart and soul, and also enfeeble your mind.

In conclusion, let me say that every one who is ambitious of becoming a master of good English should always have near him one or two books which he reads often, reads and re-reads, that the purity, force and melody of the author may indelibly sink into the organization of his mind. The same book will not serve every one for this purpose, for the style of each one should be guided by an author whose peculiar genius his own temperament. Where he must have a few books from which one may select. First, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, who cannot fail to have something in his unparalleled style to suit the needs of every one. For the thoughtful, full mind, Bacon's Essays are a treasure; for the genial soul, Charles Lamb, for the poet's heart, Tennyson; Eliot, for the Irving's Sketch-Book; for the impassioned orator, Burke's orations will be an inspiration; for one poetically inclined, Milton's Lydidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, or the Hymn on the Nativity, Spenser's First Book of the Faery Queen, or his Epithalamium, Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality, or Landor's, Kent's Eve of St. Agnes, or Cowper's Night Thoughts. In Memoriam, or Longfellow's Evangeline, will excite to enthusiasm; while he that wishes to know the sterling, pithy English that clares straight to the core of its subject will give his nights and days to the Apologia of Newman.

Thus daily consulting some master-piece you will have a guide to check your own faults and to encourage you when you have done well. In this there will be on your part no servile imitation, but a noble emulation, which will teach you and also to write your native language and its literature, and thus furnish you with a never-failing source of the purest intellectual pleasure.

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English Harmonious.

Editor Scholastic: Simon has relapsed again. From "English undedled" he subtilized to "English and other harmonious." He illustrates the play-word of the school-girls, "Simon says wig-wag." I notice, too, that in true English style, he considers himself as having settled the question, waves away, with delightful complacency, any farther discussion, and concludes the argument. But if Simon has done with me I have done with him.

Whatever Simon may think of my glitter and grandiloquence, he, I am gratified to see, is driven to his fancies and his quotations. His quotations, like all the rest of his outgoings, are unfortunate, and his translations are worse than his quotations. Simon has a knowledge of the English language, after a fashion. He has none of the Latin, to speak of, and probably thinks I have none.

Whether Horace ever said one thing or another about the Greek literature is not to the purpose in this discussion, but an utterer of facts Horace never said what Simon says he did, and never could have said it. The author of the Secular Hymn never could have spoken in disparage-ment of the Greek poets and the Latin language, in the opposite of what Simon says he did. Simon treats Horace as he did me. In both instances he suppresses the context. Only me he envies. Horace he murders. How do I sustain these assertions?

In one of the passages quoted by Simon, Horace is speaking in praise not of the Greek language, but of the careful metre observed by the Greek poets in one particular species of verse, and in the other he is speaking in contempt of Greek tragedy. Both the quotations are taken from the Art of Poetry, a metrical letter addressed by the poet to the Senator Piso and his two sons, and the purpose of the letter is supposed to have been to represent the difficulties of poetical composition in such a manner as to discourage the elder of the sons from attempting the composition of verses, a pursuit for which, in his opinion of his father, he had no vocation.

In the passage first in order in the poem, which begins at verse number two hundred and fifty-one (251), the poet is giving the Pisos some idea of the Iambic verse. He affirms that the Latin poets—"I am afraid these things are, if not impossible, at least the contrary of what Simon says he did. Simon treats Horace as he did me. In both instances he suppresses the context. Only me he envies. Horace he murders. How do I sustain these assertions?

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friends in this particular the carefulness of the Greek poets:

Vos exemplaria Graea
Novem versets muta, variantur duos.

Which is as much as to say: "Make the Greek poets, in this respect, the object of your daily and nightly reference."

This certainly falls far short of deceiving his poetic disciples to despise Latin poetry. Such counsel would have supposed Horace incapable of insulting himself.

But Simon's injustice towards Horace is more manifest as we go on.

If any one will take the trouble to consult the "Art of Poetry," at line two hundred and eighty-seven (285), and to compare it with Simon's quotation, he will find that Simon has committed two grave faults: He has stopped in the middle of a sentence at a comma; and he has given exactly the reverse of the true translation.

His reason for stopping at the comma may be inferred. Had he given the full sentence—and still better the full passage—he would have diminished his chances of impressing upon his superficial readers and of escaping with impunity from the censure of his more learned ones.

In this passage, as I have said, Horace was speaking in contempt of Greek tragedy. He had just narrated how Thespis mounted his orators on carts, there with faces smeared with lens of wine, to sing and act,—how Eoisbyus used the stage and placed upon it the dignity garb of the pouch and the basinet, the actor full of loud talk and vehement gesture—and how to this succeeded the old comedy, in which the liberty of the chorus degenerated into license and extravagance. And then he says: "The Latin poets have left nothing untried, nor is this their least honor that they dared to depict the Greek footsteps (Simon, shall I listen and to celebrate the history of their own country, whether in scenes calling for the noble garb of the pretexts or the more humble of the toga. For Latium, (he continues) in the liberty of the chorus degenerated into license and extravagance. And then he says: "The Latin poets have left nothing untried, nor is this their least honor that they dared to depict the Greek footsteps."

The Horace places Latin verse only next to Latin prose, and he avers that all that is needful to make the Latin pen as powerful as the Latin sword is more careful verification on the part of the readers and of escaping with impunity from the censure of their more learned ones.

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position, as far as exercise 80, inclusive; Bul­

nold's First and Second Latin Book, from page 80 to page 213; Caesar's First Book.

Second Grammar—Bullions' Latin Grammar, all through Etymology; Arnold's Exercise Book, to page 171; History Sura, 43 chapters.

Eighth Latin—Bullions' Grammar, declensions, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, active voice of the regular verbs, all four conjugations; Arnold's First and Second Latin Book, to page 59.

First Greek is combined with the Ancient Liter­

ture classes.

Third Greek—Memorabilia: all the first two books, and to the end of chapter vii in the third; no review. All of Kilburn's Syntax; reviewed. Kilburn and Baskin, from viii to xi inclusive.

Fourth Greek—Bullions' Grammar to the verbs in s; Greek Exercises, Oellendorff to page 150, Translation, Ambascula, three first chapters.

Fifth Greek—Bullions' Greek Grammar, 127 pages; Greek Exercises, Kendrick, 290 pages.

The classes of English Literature and Rhetoric, belonging to the Classical Course, will be exam­

ined with those of the Scientific Course, by the

Scientific Course.

Class of Mental Philosophy—Logic, Theodicy, Psychology.

English Literature—Pope to Scott.

First Rhetoric—Hart, from the chapter on "Diction" to the chapter on "Invention.”

Second Rhetoric—Text-book; Hart's Compo­
sition, and History to verbalism, and twelve com­positions reviewed. All.

History—From Theodosius the Great to Third

Greek. Chemistry—from page 105 to end; Barker's.

Chemistry—Optics, Magnetism, Electricity; Peck's Ganot.

Zoology—The Classes of Fishes, Insects, Mol­
lusks, and Reptiles; Pennel's Manual.

Botany—Influence; the Flower; Evolution; Morphology of the parts of the flower; Systems of Botany; Gray's Lessons.

Mineralogy—Physical and Chemical properties of Minerals; Classification and Description of Minerals; Dana's Manual.


Astronomy—To Central Forces.

Trigonometry—The subject; also Measurement and Navigation.

Surveying—All Gillespie's shortened course as laid down on page 8 of text-book. Use of Chain, Compass, Transit and Level. Surveys made by the method of Progression and Radiation. Leveling and Profile Drawing. Plats of Botanic Garden, Cedar Grove Cemetery, etc.

First Geometry—Locomia. All Solid Geometry.

Second Geometry—Locomia. All Plane Geome­

try.

First Algebra—From Reversion of Series to end of Robinson's University Algebra. May be exam­

ined on any subject treated by the author.

Second Algebra—All practical examples from Quadratics of more than one unknown quantity, page 202, to the end of the text-book.

Third Algebra—Robinson's New University, from "Involution" to "Theory of Quadratics."

Fourth Algebra—Robinson's Elementary, from beginning to "Involution."

Christian Doctrine.—This important branch of

studies will have a special written and oral exami­

nations.

LANGUAGES.

Second German (Senior)—1, Ahn's German Grammar, beginning to Syntax; 2, Ahn's Exercise Book, 100 exercises; 3, Ahn's German Reader, 23 reading lessons; 4, German Letter-writing.

Second German (Junior)—1, Ahn's German Grammar, beginning to Syntax; 2, Ahn's Exercise Book, 87 exercises; 3, Drites Schulbuch, 60 pages; 4, German Letter-writing.

Third German (Junior)—1, Ahn's German Grammar, beginning to Syntax; 2, Ahn's Exercise Book, 60 exercises; 3, Ahn's German Reader, 23 lessons; 4, German Pennmanship.

Fourth German (Junior)—This class has trans­

lated 88 exercises of Ahn's Practical Text-Book, including Pronouns, Possessive Pronouns, Adje­

tives, Comparison of Adjectives.

Fourth German (Senior)—40 exercises of Ahn's practical and easy method of learning German. Exercises and Translation.

Second French (Senior)—50 first exercises of Faquelle's French Course, 15 chapters of Poly­

graphy and Atlas.

Second French (Junior) First Division—To page 129 of Faquelle. Second Division, to page 30 in Faquelle's Course.

Drawing and Painting—Examined at the studio by a special committee.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

June 14—B. W. Drake, T. Ireland, C. M. Proo­

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.

June 15—E. McMahon, C. Faxon, A. Wether­

bee, D. Siazar, C. Clark, W. Dee.

29th Annual Commencement

Of the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana, June 25 and 26, 1872.

POEMS—ORATIONS—DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS BY THE THEATRAL AND SINGING SOCIETIES.

Thespian and Saint Cecilia Societies—A Grand Cantata by the Vocal Classes—Overtures and Sym­
phony by the Notre Dame Orchestra—Marches, etc., by the Cornet Band.

TUESDAY.

PROGRAME.


7½—Breakfast.

4½—Regatta on St. Joe­

seph's Lake.

4—Banquet of Alumni. 6—Supper.

9¾—Meeting of Alumni. 6¾—Entertainment.

PART FIRST.

Overture—"Tarantella"—M. D. O. Band Overture—"Martha"—(Photo)—N. D. U. Orchestra Greek Address—"From the Ohio River—From the Mississippi—To the Atlantic—From the Great Plains—To the Pacific—From the Saint Lawrence—To the Gulf—From the Rocky Mountains—To the Alps—From the Alps—To the Bosphorus—From the Bosphorus—To the Nile—From the Nile—To the Dead Sea—From the Dead Sea—To the Euphrates—From the Euphrates—To the Nile—From the Nile—To the St. Lawrence—From the St. Lawrence—To the Ohio River. Oratorio, by the Vocal Classes.

PART SECOND.

SMALL CONCERT.

Programming.

10—Small Band concert.

10—Oratorio—"Mass in D Minor"—(Sorel). 10¾—Grand Finale—"The Lord's Prayer."
ST. CELIANIUS BANQUET.

This festivity, which has been well denominated "The Banquet of the Season," at Notre Dame, took place on the afternoon of Saturday, June 10th, at half-past three in the Senior Refectory of the University.

A large number of guests, (in addition to the forty-two Philanthropists and twenty-five Philopoets, who were the "founders of the feast," and shown to table, their entrance being welcomed by the cheering strains of the Junior Orchestra. Among the invited on this occasion we observed Very Rev. W. Corby, S.S.C., Provincial, and President of the University; Rev. A. Lemozser, S.S.C., Vice-President; Rev. P. Condón, S.S.C., Prefect of Discipline; Rev. N. H. Gillespie, S.S.C.; Rev. T. Cooloras, S.S.C.; Rev. T. V. T. Y. Vignier, S.S.C.; Rev. O. Benette, S.S.C., of Lowell; Rev. D. J. Spillard, S.S.C., of South Bend; Rev. J. T. Toohey, S.S.C., late of New Orleans; Profs. Bend, Fidell, all of the Order of the Holy Cross; Profs. Howard, Banes, Clark, Van de Velde, Edwards, Conn, and Stace, of Notre Dame University; Prof. G. A. Van Veiler, P.H.A., of Laporte; Mears, Palmer and Bonney, of South Bend, and Mr. W. C. McMichael, of the AVE MARIA. Prof. Lyons officiated as host, in his quality of President of the Association, and we may here be permitted to remark that the success of this splendid banquet is mainly due to the energy and public spirit of that gentleman. The beautiful arrangement of the tables, no less than the richness and variety of the viands that covered them in profusion, excited the encomiums of all present.

After due justice had been done to the solids, Prof. Lyons produced the mystic goblet of the Eucharistic rites, which was said to contain a golden symbol of eternity (13 carats fine, and beautifully ornamented) to fall to the lot of the happy finder, and be to the finder the Meter Musicae. The happy finder in the present instance proved to be Master Mark M. Foote, of Burlington, Iowa.

After some more beautiful music and an appro­priate song, the toasts of the day were read by the graceful toast-master, Mr. C. Dodge, and re­sponded to as follows:

1. Pope Plus the Ninth. Cruz de Cruce. The great, glorious, yet humble servant of Christ, King. He may still continue to rule the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of God, upon earth, and for us to be the living example of all virtues to all the nations of the world. B r i d y et phylly responded to by Very Rev. Father Corby, S.S.C., Provincial and President of the University.

2. The University of Notre Dame. Our beloved Alma Mater. Days spent under her care form the brightest pages in the history of our lives, and their recollections always find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of her children. May she long live to lead the youth of the community through the paths of virtue, scattering her blessings broadcast over the land, and when time ends may the seeds she has sown blossom in eternity.

Rev. Father Lemozser responded to this toast in his usual elegant and dignified style. We regret that we are unable to quote the exact expressions of this and subsequent speeches, as all were extemp­oraneously spoken, and no short-hand reporter was present.

3. Our Boys: The Hope of the Land, the pride of every one. May their actions always be worthy of their noble Alma Mater, reflecting credit both on her and on them, and may they so act as to make our country in the future truly the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Responded to by Rev. Father Condón, in the genial and hearty style for which he is distinguished.

4. College Reminiscences. Pictures of gold in frames of silver. When once we are scattered, miles away from one another, may the bellowed "Olden Days," and College customs bind us together in spirit, rolling back the tide of years, recalling the loved faces of our old companions, and again supplying the "Olden days" we have so often and fondly thought of.

The Rev. Editor of the Scholastic, on being called upon for a response to this toast, turned over the privilege to his honorable friend Mr. Carr, the well-chosen terms of whose reply gave testimony to the judiciousness of the selection.

5. The Literature of the Present Day. May all that is good in it be perfected, and all that is evil removed.

Responded to by Rev. Father Colorin in his response to this toast, took occasion to make a brief review of current literature, and to draw instructive conclusions thereon.

6. Our Country: "Columbia, the gem of the Ocean." Our hearts, our hopes are all with them.

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, the tears, Our faith, triumph that our tears Are all with them—/our lot is their lot.

Responded by W. O'Lourke, on being called upon, re­sponded to this toast in a strain of glowing elo­quence that did justice both to the subject and to the reputation of the speaker.

From the motor of civilization—the lever by which the world is moved. May it crush out evil, establish the right, always do justice, cultivate the beautiful, advocate the good and uphold the true; and though long and toilsome may be the hour, let "Labor omnis sit" be its motto, always and forever.

Responded to in a neat speech by Prof. T. E. Howard, A.M.

8. The President and Faculty of Notre Dame: May they be blessed in their glorious mission, and "teach the young idea how to shoot" with ever increasing vigor, as year by year pass over their venerable heads.

Prof. M. A. J. Basen, A.M., answered this senti­ment with becoming gravity, concluding with an appropriate compliment to Bro. Benoit.

9. The Holy Angels' Society, the worthy compan­ion of the Archconfraternity: May it in the future have as many pupils members as it has had in the past, and in its turn continue to pass its motto, "Labor omnis sit," into the hands of the Mayor of the Junior Department.

Responded to by Mr. P. C. Bigelow, S.S.C.

10. Our Sister Literary Societies: May their future equal their past. May their members individually and collectively, fully attain their object; may they dwell together in unity, friendship and harmony.

Responded to by Prof. Stace.

11. The Archconfraternity: the pioneer Society of Notre Dame. The magnetic needle in the compass of our college life which ever and always points the true way for us, with no variation, no eccentricity. May we all live to follow out to the end the line it determines for us.

In the absence of Very Rev. Father Granger the response to this toast was made by Mr. T. F. O'Mahony. The company then dispersed, equally satisfied with each other and their kind entertain­ers; and thus closed the Twelfth Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Our Minims.

It is human to have occasionally a bit of fun, and when you find a man who is incapable of being moved by anything of a ribble nature, you may consider you will not be a very common person. We have heard of such an one as an advocate for the "utter depravity of nature," or he is so sanctified that his thoughts are occupied with objects beyond this world. The friends of the "Little Minims" are fond of fun, and they know from former trials that the Minims understand exactly how to please their patrons.

As soon, then, as it became known that the entertainment on the evening of the 17th was to be given by the Minims, every one was on the "qui vive," even the staid, stern, grave, and sedate professors were noticing praticing specimen hilarity and releasing several embryo "hoo-hahs" for the occasion, for vital being practical men they knew that such accomplishments would be of service to them when the occasion would require it—and here practice, like "bottom" in a race-horse, told.

At the appointed time all the happy inmates of Notre Dame repaired to Washington Hall, and among the visitors we noticed several old friends; we could not ascertain the names of all who graced the occasion; among others we saw Mrs. John and Mrs. D. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cox and Mrs. J. Hogan of Chicago, Prof. Tvers and Iney, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, the Minims Summers, Mr. Tadlock and lady, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dasher of Chicago, Mr. T. J. Stanton, student of Chicago, now of South Bend, and Prof. Von Weller of Laporte. The N. D. U. C. Band opened the exercises by giving one of their many choice pieces. It is needless to say that they did well.

This was succeeded by the overture to the opera of "Dame Blanche," superbly rendered by the excellent "Junior Orchestra," which added to theProgramme, which was well sustained throughout.

Mr. Tipto, a gay and festive boarder, E. Raymond
Mr. Squabble, a dangerous boarder, A. Morton
Mr. Gobble, a greedy boarder, Charlie Beck
Mr. Booze, a tipsy boarder, D. Green
Mr. Snooze, a sleepy boarder, A. Morton
Mr. T. J. Stanton, late President, Rev. J. C. Carrier; Vice-President, A. J. Stace; Recording Secretary, T. F. Keenan.

Music—Quickstep, N. D. U. C. Band
March for Retiring—Quickstep, N. D. U. C. Band

Head and Foot.

MRS. SLOUCH'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

On a Deplorable State of Affairs.

A SOTOMA OF TWO ACTS.

Characters:

Mrs. Slouch, Mayor of the City of Tomberville.
Mr. Tipto, a gay and festive boarder.
Mr. Squabble, a dangerous boarder.
Mr. Gobble, a greedy boarder.
Mr. Hubble, a pushball boarder.
Mr. Booze, a tipsy boarder.

Mr. T. J. Stanton, late President, Rev. J. C. Carrier; Vice-President, A. J. Stace; Recording Secretary, T. F. O'Mahony; Treasurer, J. D. McCormick; Librarian, N. S. Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, M. H. Keeley.

The Association has had five meetings this session, the last of which, held on the 16th, was very beautifully characterized by two facts, the first, the delivery of an eloquent and deeply profound lecture by the Rev. President on the "Cosmical light of the first day of Creation;" the second, the discussion of an important charter presented to the Association of its membership.

There is at the disposal of the Association a library of ten or twelve thousand volumes; in this library it is fast in advance of any one of its sister societies.

This year it has greatly increased the number of our roll-book, we have two fine Campilas. Can you believe it? Firsts still lives and is with us.

As soon as you see us. We are sure you will saunter around these awful puns. But we bring boys out of the Myers of demoralizing with our steady boys. We can't pun on Heckert, Teddy nor McCormack, but as to the other names—are they Witnesses? Next year you may hear from us again.

For our officers we have:

Director—Rev. A. Granger.
President—P. C. Bigelow.
Vice-President—H. H. Hunt.
Secretary—J. Stace.
Assistant Secretary—W. Meyers.
Librarian—A. McCormack.
Assistant Librarian—P. V. McMinnell.
Censor—M. Weldon.
Assistant Librarian—J. Devine.
Yours, etc.,
W. B. P. Brennan, Secretary.

MUSKOWA, IOWA, June 14, 1873.

Messes. G. Codd and others of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation to the Twelfth Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society at the University is at hand. I return your most sincerest thanks for your kind attention; but I am sorry to say that business of an important nature prevents me from being present. Still I hope that the banquet will nevertheless be the worse for my absence, and that the members may partake of it with an undisturbed appetite.

May your noble Association increase and flourish for many years to come, and may the members, in years to come, recall to their memory the hours and the days spent in union and harmony. Please tender to all the members my best wishes for their welfare.

With feelings of profound respect, I remain,

Truly yours,
A. B. Oechtering, Pastor St. Joseph's.

The Scientific Association.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: We herewith transmit to you for publication in the Scholastic a semi-annual report of the Notre Dame Scientific Association.

This Association dates the period of its birth sometimes in the year 1893, from which time it has been more or less actively employed in carrying on and upward its primary purpose, namely, the interchange and advancement of scientific knowledge.

This year the Association was not reorganized until the 28th of February. The whole of the first session being lost, therefore, to the Association, and a part of the second, it could not be properly expected that it would accomplish much in the limited time remaining; save to perfect its organization and lay broad and deep for itself a permanent basis of action for its future labors. We are conscious of its having successfully done this.

Our officers are as follows:

President, Rev. J. C. Carrier; Vice-President, Prof. A. J. Stace; Recording Secretary, T. F. O'Mahony; Treasurer, J. D. McCormick; Librarian, N. S. Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, M. H. Keeley.

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Yours, etc.,
W. B. P. Brennan, Secretary.
its members over that of former years, possessing and does foster active members, five Juliors and nine Seniors, all energetic and determined young men. In fine, if the same zeal which is manifested by the present officers and members for the advancement of the Association actuates those to whom its interests will be confided in the future, we are persuaded that it will soon be recognized by all as the banner Association of Notre Dame. The earnestness of the vocalists, Miss Gobert, of Paris, sung with exquisite grace and musical skill the following songs: "Cavatine de Robert le Diable" ("Abyrabet"), "La Rolla Havant," and "La Calomie." (Tradier). Prof. Van de Velde, the celebrated violinist of Belgium, accompanied Miss Jenny Huys, the accomplished pianist of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, in the following duets: "Souvenir de Spa" (Fantasie par F. Serras), "Souvenir d'Espagne" (G. Peake), "Cuca Asisa" (Joseph Lilet).

The Association has done well, and we predict for it a brilliant future.

E. MARSHALL, Secretary.

Philosophian Association.

The tenth, ninth, and elevent regular meetings were held respectively, May 37th, June 4th and June 10th. Speeches and Declamations were held respectively. May 37th, June 4th and June 9th, the time of the meetings was taken up in hearing general visions were present, and every one was delighted with the entertainment. The examination in the Academic course and languages will commence this week and close next month. W. Walker, of the Senior Class, will be given in the next number of the Scholastic and in the Catalogue of 1871-2.

SYL. D Boldly.


The Cadeus have maintained their organization and have held their meetings regularly, at which many declamations have been made. The second entertainment was given on Tuesday, June 13th, 1872. The officers for the session were as follows:

President—H. Faxon. Vice-President—J. C.開始.