A Morning in Heidelberg—A German Market—Women and Dogs—Saint benches. The market-women sit or stand along the sides of the square, around them baskets of vegetables and fruits. Both venders and purchasers are females, and their tongues waggle continually. The former chatter to advertise their goods, the latter to buy as cheaply as possible. On extra pleading occasions lengthy and warm debate, and for closeness of bargains these women have no equals. Men, perhaps, feel that they should have but a slim chance at this important meeting of business-like dames, and therefore no men come to market. As one poor fellow endeavored to drive through this crowded square, during one of my visits to the market, his horse shied and upset several baskets. Instantly four or five stalwart country women were on their feet, and it was most amusing to see them and hear the abuse showered on that solitary man. It is possible I did not see all the commodities for sale at market, as an abominable smell from sauerkraut, pickled fish and animated cheese kept me a moderate distance from their baskets. Peasant women moved about the market place, bearing high baskets on their heads. They are strong, heavily-built people, and remarkably straight. Some assert that this arrow-like straightness, which is characteristic of German and Italian female peasants, results from carrying burdens upon the head. Very probably this is true, since they must walk erect to keep the load well balanced, and moreover it would be impossible to support upon the head a burden almost as heavy as the bearer unless the shoulders are thrown back and the head kept erect, because in that position the body is strongest for such purposes.

Here old and young women toil like slaves. It really saddens me when I see these good-hearted, faithful creatures from morning till night doing their drudgery which, if Europe's standing-army system were abolished, would be performed by men. However, I believe it is out-door labor which makes German women live so long. This country has an immense number of old dames, who are ever at work, and seem never to wear out. Throughout Germany many as many yellow, shrivelled-up old women are seen laboring that a person might be led to think either that they do not die or else that they breathe their last while at work. Dogs in Germany are beasts of burden, and they and the women share the tourist's pity. Both are treated rather badly, but there is this privilege accorded the pet-coat class that is denied the canine race: women are allowed full use of their tongues, whereas the dogs are always muzzled. Dogs wear harness, and draw carts which contain weighty loads. A good price is paid in Berlin assured me that he once saw in the same city, on Potzdamer Strasse, a dog and a woman drawing a small wagon in which sat an able-bodied man, most probably
the woman's husband, who seemed perfectly contented and was smoking his pipe.

Of course I visited St. Ursula's Chapel. It is located on the Ursula Plazt, in the northern portion of Cologne. This time-honored structure contains St. Ursula's reliquary, and the ashes of her companions martyred with her. Round the wall are a series of oil-paintings commemorating St. Ursula's history. On one side is a slabber statue of St. Ursula with a dove resting near her feet. Among these creative people our Saint's history has not escaped being mingled with fable, and St. Ursula has become the heroine of a somewhat romantic legend. It may be stated briefly in this manner: Ursula, the daughter of a British king, was a perfect model of virtues, and her distinguished personal charms were in keeping with the purity of her heart; her wooers were numerous, but as she had consecrated herself to heaven by a vow of virginity, she refused all earthly love. The reasons given for her leaving Britain are various. Some versions maintain that she went on a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. However, I have chosen another explanation of her departure for unknown lands. Among those who sought Ursula's hand was Comon, son of Agrippinus, King of Cologne. This offer also would have been declined by the pious maiden had not a heavenly messenger warned her in a dream that her vow did not bind, as God willed that she should bring these pagan rulers and their people to a knowledge of Himself.

The vow had been made to please her Lord, and as He required a sacrifice of her will she most readily consented. Accordingly Ursula, and eleven thousand blooming virgins selected from all parts of Britain, clad in white, the emblem of innocence, set out from their native land, and in due time sailed up the Rhine. Through continual receiving from a second apparition, they passed Cologne and continued to ascend the river in order to visit the tombs of Peter and Paul. That band of holy maidens crossed the Alps, proceeded to Rome, and after receiving the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, they returned to Cologne. King Agrippinus, Comon, and many subjects were so moved by St. Ursula's exhortations that they desired to be admitted into the new religion, and were therefore baptized. Before Ursula was wedded to Comon, Attila and his Huns took Cologne, and put all its inhabitants, including Ursula and her companions, to the sword. Thus Ursula did not cease to be a virgin, espoused to Christ, while she led her bridgroom and many others into the Christian fold and won the crown of martyrdom for herself and companions.

Both prelates and laymen reject the wonderful portion of this legend, and few if any admit the fabulous number of the virgins. Several theories have been advanced to show how 'eleven thousand' was mistaken for the real number. The one which seems best founded is and most widely accepted maintains that our Saint had only eleven companions, and this error grew out of reading the in-scription "S. Ursula et XI M V" as St. Ursula and Eleven Thousand Virgins, whereas it should be interpreted St. Ursula and eleven martyred virgins. The Roman Martyrology, which usually recites the history of those saints of whom it takes notice, only has written the words "St. Ursula and her Companions, Virgins, Martyrs." All in this connection which learned historiographers agree is absolutely historical is that St. Ursula was a British princess, that she, together with many Christian maidens, suf-fered martyrdom near Cologne, about the middle of the fifth century, at the hands of barbarians,—probably Huns under Attila. It is evident the legend has not perverted but simply embellished these main facts, and over the gaps a thin veil woven from uncertain traditions and poetical resources has been spread. Moreover, when that extravagantly colored veil is lifted there is no reason for refusing to believe those historical facts. No one would think of rejecting the biblical history of the Creation merely because it differs in parts from the cosmogonies of Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, and Chinese, nor would any one set up the allegorical description of that event. All in the Holy Bible is the pure fount of truth. In like manner it is plain that not only the legend affords no ground for disputing the facts of St. Ursula's life, but indeed corroborates her history. When I consider how early her martyrdom occurred, and circumstances surrounding it; when I reflect upon what must have been the sanctity of her life, and how strong a temptation was presented poetic genius to enrich her biography with marvellous creations; when I remember that she was martyred in a land where the very air seems surcharged with fable, and that the circumstances of her life and death were confided to a people who live among spectres, witches, goblins, fairies—it seems to me remarkable that this legend has not strayed farther from truth and has not assumed a more extravagant character.

On Friday morning, the 33d of August, I took leave of Cologne and boarded the steamer "Deutscher Kaiser" for Mayence. Many travellers coming out of Switzerland and France imagine they can get a good idea of the beauties of the river by a steamboat-trip down the Rhine. When they discovered their mistake. A fast steamer's motion is accelerated by the rapidity of the current, and one is carried so swiftly that he catches just a glimpse of charming scenes which vanish behind almost the same instant they are descried in front. A trip of the kind is invariably unsatisfactory, and those whose knowledge of the Rhine's beauties is limited to such a trip not unfrequently under-estimate what has been thus imperfectly seen. If after coming down they should then go up the stream, they would receive very different impressions.

While moving through the flat country between Cologne and Bonn, we met immense rafts of lumber—provided and passed many very large tugs drawing lines of six or seven freighted schooners. Before steam was utilized on the Rhine as a motive power for vessels, they were towed up the river by horses, as they are now on canals. We pass on the right Bonn, famous for its University and as the birth-place of Beethoven, and enter a gorge where begins that picturesque and charming scenery which extends from Godesbergh to Bingen. We are carried past the Seven Mountains on the left, and prominent among them, close to the river, is Drachenfels, or the Dragon's Rock. It is thus called according to the legend that in a cavern on the mountain's side was once the den of a monster serpent, the terror of the surrounding country. In vul
nervous Siegfried killed this ferocious beast, and erected a castle whose ruins crown the mountain. A red wine made from grapes which grow on the sides of Drachenfels is called "Dragon's Blood." Not far on the right-hand side is the lofty and precipitous Rolandseck, bearing on its summit a crumbling arch—the last remains of the brave Roland's Castle. Just below, on Nonnenwerth Island, nests now, as then, amongst fruit and shade trees a Convent's white walls, glistening in the sunshine, peeping forth modestly, reminding us that this emerald isle was once the sanctuary to which Charlemagne's heroic yet heart-broken knight, from his castle on the Rolandseck, often and lingeringly gazed in search of his beloved bride, Hildegunde, as the masts moved about performing their devotions. In the general suppression of religious houses in Prussia, Nonnenwerth was included, and no longer do angelic virgins hymn Jehovah's praises within its ancient cloister. How unjust is the Prussian Government in persecuting those men and women whose life is devoted to their Maker's service and to deeds of benevolence for the welfare of humanity! What an outrage that pious religious should be ruthlessly driven from their monastic homes hallowed by saintly associations and endeared by the memory of centuries!

The steamer's upper deck was crowded with passengers, the majority of whom were English and American. On all sides I heard expressions of delight at the scenery around us. I myself was excessively enthusiastic; and no wonder, since the panorama now was ever intensely beautiful and occasionally almost sublime. The river winds along between chains of hills, which at times completely, wall in the Rhine, as the Palisades do the Hudson; then again, a series of rugged peaks are seen, and between them narrow and savage ravines. Frequently, though, crags give place to slanting hills, over which vines, loaded with clusters of grapes, climb to the very top. Often in the midst of the craggy or steep and woody mountains lie smiling villas, embedded in fruit orchards and richly cultivated gardens. Many towns adorn both banks, while at short distances headlands and ridges are capped with grim storied castles and ruins. This is a rough sketch—only a few strokes—of the Rhine's course through its Highlands.

We passed the historic ruins of Hammerstein, the towns of Andernach and Neuweid, and when well around a long bend there described by the river we beheld the Gibraltar of the Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein Fortress; and, opposite, Coblenz covering an angle formed by the confluence of the picturesque and wildly romantic Moselle and the Rhine.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall,Black with the miner's blast, upon her heightsYet shows of what she was, when shell and ballRebounding idly on her strength did light:At a tower of victory! from whence the flightOf baffled foes was watch'd along the plain;But peace destroy'd what war could never blight.And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain."

This fortress has since then been restored, and Ehrenbreitstein's stronghold bids fair to defy her assailants in the future as it had in the past. This mighty fortification stands on a precipitous eminence almost four hundred feet above the water, and can only be approached from one side. The bridge of boats opened; we move through, under the high railroad bridge, and city and fortress disappear behind us. We are now within the middle Highlands, and here the Rhine may boast of charms not equally possessed by any river on earth. The Hudson is, I think, of all the rivers I have seen, the most like the Rhine—nay more, I believe that in natural beauty along the entire course our Hudson is peerless; yet it has no ruins, legends, or vineyards. Along the Rhine now, on almost every mountain stands a castle or mouldering ruin—sometimes two or three being in sight at once, and to each is attached a fascinating legend. Soon, on the right, the black-eagle banner was seen fluttering over the highest tower of Stolzenfels Castle. It is owned by Emperor William, but, like the majority of royal residences in Europe, is very seldom tenanted by the sovereign. This ancient restored chateau is perched upon the brow of a steep, shrub-covered hill more than three hundred feet high, while immediately in the background mountains rise several hundred feet higher. Elaborate architectural ornamentation, a handsome Gothic chapel, loopholed battlements, bartizans, angular and pinnacled ramparts, numerous turrets and towers, either square, pentagonal or hexagonal, of different heights, combine to make this externally one of the most beautiful castles in Europe. Two or three miles further on is the Königstuhl, a vaulted octagonal hall, provided with stone seats for the seven Electors who assemble there to discuss important matters of state and elect an emperor.

Two more curves and we are carried below the rectangular walls of the quaint old town of Boppard, and in view of Sternberg and Liebenstein, called the "Two Brothers." These ruins surmount two adjoining naked peaks, and, close by, several other conical peaks loom up, opening between them rocky glens, and give to this spot a gloomy grandeur. A short distance beyond, famous cherry-tree orchards embosom the hamlet of Salzig. On our left we see the Cat and the Mouse, and on our right the majestic ruin of Rheinfels. The scenery has become grand, the river narrow, the valley contracted; the bang-bang of a gun and the echoes which it awakens reminds us that this mountain above is Lurlei Berg, an immense rock, without castle or ruin, its front re-embarking in shape the human countenance. Lurlei was once the abode of a lovely siren whose bewitching charms and sweet voice enticed towards her many an amorous knight or spellbinding booral till they met their doom in whirling rapids at her feet. These rocks in the channel were once seven maidens of Schönburg, but the Rhine-God changed them into stony masses, in punishment for cruelly disdaining the affection of their lovers. Oberwesel is delightfully situated, with its high round tower, at this extremity; and at the farther end, on the crest of a lofty eminence, are the crumbling towers of Schönburg. A little ways up the river, on the left, the remains of Gutenfels cling to the summit of a barren peak and frown down on the town of Kaub, spread in the narrow space at the water's edge. Gutenfels belonged to the Counts Palatine, and here it is said the fair Guta or Beatrice of Falkenstein was wooed and won by Richard of Cornwallis, elected Emperor after the death of Conrad IV. In mid-channel, the six-sided Palais, with its turrets and pentagonal tower, looks like a dismal prison. A small cell is shown inside, where, as a
tradition reports, the Countesses Palatine gave birth to their children. Some of our passengers remarked a resemblance between this and the Chateau of Chillon. We passed on our right Bacharach, i.e., the Altar of Bacchus, and the "Deutscher Kaiser" hurried on among the rugged heights which continue to enclose the Rhine. Many of these age-blackened ruins were strongholds of robber barons, and were dismantled by Rudolph of Hapsburg. Rheinstein Castle, a stately pile rebuilt in mediæval style, stands on the brink of a perpendicular cliff in the midst of a romantic landscape. Rheinstein's magnificent aspect cannot fail to excite admiration. Ehrenfels Castle appeared next on the left; in front of it, on an island, the Mouse Tower, wherein, according to the legend, Bishop Hatto was, on account of his evil deeds, eaten up by myriads of ferocious mice.

The valley has gradually widened, and the scenery grows milder as we approach Bingen.

My first school declamation was that pathetic lyric beginning "The soldier of the legend"—Bingen on the Rhine—and often in boyish fancy had I rambled over the vintage slopes of calm Bingen; therefore it affords me great pleasure to view what my imagination had frequently pictured. The river Nahe, which empties into the Rhine at Bingen, separates Hesse Darmstadt from Prussia. As we lose sight of Bingen, we skirt the vineyards of Rheingau whose luxuriant grapes make the best Rhine wines. Passing Petersau island, where Louis Debonnaire died, we at last reach Mayence. Ahead of us is a bridge of boats; also seven water mills, anchored to seven buttresses, the only remnants of a bridge which Charlemagne caused to be thrown across the river. As the sinking sun illuminated with a ruby glow the steeples and windows of Mayence, we landed on its handsome quay.

Supper over, I retired to my room to note the occurrences of the trip, but soon becoming lost in dream-like reverie my pen remained idle. Fiction and facts, warlike deeds and fairy fables suggested during the day, crowdedrences of the trip, but soon becoming lost in dream-like

...
The Cockney's show of "Daniel in the Lions' Den." looking on large part of our knowledge is to be considered as nutriment, or tending. They consider their time wasted; they lament that space forbids giving the entire college newspaper of the higher order. An editorial in its walk we took on that breezy morning week before last. God as intellectual exercise; and we should no more lament over its great progress in their studies. We reproduce the following:

We speak of the so-called "advanced" theory of Evolution in the sense in which he, Huxley, Spencer, the time—he will be apt to get sick of the Evolution Theory. "What then is the smattering, the imperfect and superficial knowledge that does deserve so much contempt? A slight and superficial knowledge is justly considered the place of more full and exact knowledge. Such an acquaintance with chemistry and anatomy, for instance, as would be creditable and not useless to a lawyer; and such an acquaintance with law as would be suitable for him, would be a most discreditatable smattering for a lawyer."

"Let then a man keep in mind his life in which he criticizes himself. If he does not intend to engage in further scientific studies, but intends to lead what is commonly called a "practical life," we think he has at least the slightest idea of his enemies recognize as the only barrier of any consequence. His enemies are disposed to take the Evolution Theory for what it is not always represented by its advocates, but after all, he would be a man of rashness to think that it is the cure for all this is the Catholic Church, "which even recognises as the only barrier of any consequence that opposes the advance of paganism in the science of philosophy."—Coup d'Etat.

If a person reads only Spencer's First Principles, he will, no doubt, be disposed to take the Evolution Theory for what it is not always represented by its advocates, but after all, he would be a man of rashness to think that it is the cure for all this is the Catholic Church, "which even recognises as the only barrier of any consequence that opposes the advance of paganism in the science of philosophy."—Coup d'Etat.

**The Notre Dame Scholastic** contains a review of an article entitled "Half-hours with the Modern Philosopher." Judging from the style he would assume that the writer had been with them more than "half-hours," for he rides through the level of lesser philosophers from Bacon to Mills, and even touches the mighty shields of Locke and Comte. When he comes to deal with the doctrine of evolution he is evidently exhausted, and like the statesman of old, he exclaims, "Let no man complain of strong language." He describes evolution as a doctrine that has passed the age of a Creator, begotten doubt and nihilism in philosophy, anarchy in politics, and in morals would sanctify all that is vile and impure. How a man could write this after reading part first of Spencer's First Principles seems doubtful; but the mystery is cleared when it is learned that the writer had been with them more than "half-bours;" for he proceeds: "Starting revelations about the human voice have been made by a French physician. Careful experiments convinced him that both among animals and among men the voice is high pitched in the lower races. The ancient also (he says) had more shrill voices than later generations—a fact which he ascertained by means of the phonograph. If we add to these voices the consideration that in the individual, too, the voice gradually changes from a high pitch to a low pitch, we would feel it useful (as a corollary of the Darwinian law that the race) that in course of time tenors and sopranos are destined to take the place of more full and exact knowledge. Such an acquaintance with science and anatomy, for instance, as would be creditable and not useless to a lawyer; and such an acquaintance with law as would be suitable for him, would be a most discreditatable smattering for a lawyer."

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—Prof. Luigi Gregori has kindly consented to favor us with an occasional article on art. We are pleased to note the artist's kindly interest in our journal and heartily wish that others near home would imitate his good example in this respect.

COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

Composition in painting is the expressive idea of any subject made visible by representations of bodies. It is the expressive idea, for it does not suffice to have conceived the subject which is to be represented, but it requires that its expression be fully equal to that which the appearance of distinct bodies shows. In order to attain success in these representations they should be founded on the same principles that govern the teacher or student of oratory or elocution which is both valuable and beautiful, of the facts already conveyed. Appelle, eminent in allegories, gives us an example, which might render it more evident, more pathetical, and more elevated. In allegorical composition, on which work the inventive faculties are particularly brought into play, it is allowable to introduce all that can express with nobility and clearness the meaning that is meant to be conveyed. Appelle, eminent in allegories, gives us an example, which is both valuable and beautiful, of the facts already mentioned. Having been accused of rebellion against king Polomeo, by the painter Antifilo, he was condemned to death; the sentence was not executed, however, his innocence having become known. The vile calumniator was condemned to be his slave, and they gave him one hundred talents. He represented this fact in an allegorical painting which he called "Calummy." He pictured Antifilo, with the ears of a donkey, between the figures of Ignorance and Suspicion, in the art of extending his hand to Calumny which, escorted by Envy, and served by Deceit and Falsity, comes emblazoned with fierce aspect, holding in her left hand a lighted torch, and with the right hand holding by the hair a youth who, with entreating action, seemed imploring testimony from heaven of his innocence. On the other side is pictured Repentance with sorrowful appearance, dressed in a dark and ragged robe; turning his head, he looks at Truth, who, joyful as well as modest, wished to mention. But this manner requiring too great a labor, they abbreviated it by marking only the principal events or points, for instance; to express a bad or unstable character they represented a man with his feet in water, and afterwards surrounded the figure by hieroglyphics. This happened before the Egyptians and Assyrians knew how to draw the letters that introduced the alphabetical writing with which we preserve and make visible oratory and figures of elocution in all their force and beauty. Pictorial representations not only aim to show human actions but all that is visible in the universe. To accomplish this in a worthy and acceptable manner, it is necessary that we should be guided by certain rules so that knowing the principles of art, one cannot err; it being the highest art that gives reasons and principles by which we may follow the truths of nature, and by nature is meant not only the external forms, but the internal effects and intrinsic properties of whatever can be imitated.

TRUTH OF COMPOSITION.

It is certain that the first office of the artist is to plan the subjects as nature represents them. It is well, then, to establish a foundation, to regulate the truths of the art of representation in order to give a clear idea of the subject and have it express nothing other than what it is meant for. Art should then imitate most closely and rigidly the images of bodies, and their various natures, so that the ideas produced may be able to persuade and surprise the beholders with a delight which renders them satisfied.

DIVISION OF HEROIC COMPOSITION AND THE USE OP IT.

Heroic composition in painting is divided in historical and allegorical. The historical represents facts as they are; the allegorical are figurative representations which put us in possession of a truth or an idea intended to be expressed. To the true in history it is permissible to add that which might likely have happened or is believed probably to have taken place. Additions of this kind oftentimes serve to clothe the subject with a certain grandeur and clearness, idealizing in its most admirable and acceptable form a certain truth or fact that might have occurred, thus embellishing the idea with all the accessory circumstances that might render it more evident, more pathetical, and more elevated. In allegorical composition, on which work the inventive faculties are particularly brought into play, it is allowable to introduce all that can express with nobility and clearness the meaning that is meant to be conveyed. Appelle, eminent in allegories, gives us an example, which is both valuable and beautiful, of the facts already mentioned. Having been accused of rebellion against king Polomeo, by the painter Antifilo, he was condemned to death; the sentence was not executed, however, his innocence having become known. The vile calumniator was condemned to be his slave, and they gave him one hundred talents. He represented this fact in an allegorical painting which he called "Calummy." He pictured Antifilo, with the ears of a donkey, between the figures of Ignorance and Suspicion, in the art of extending his hand to Calumny which, escorted by Envy, and served by Deceit and Falsity, comes emblazoned with fierce aspect, holding in her left hand a lighted torch, and with the right hand holding by the hair a youth who, with entreating action, seemed imploring testimony from heaven of his innocence. On the other side is pictured Repentance with sorrowful appearance, dressed in a dark and ragged robe; turning his head, he looks at Truth, who, joyful as well as modest,
and modest as well as beautiful, comes to save Innocence. The meaning and ideas of the artist are here depicted very clearly in allegorical form. He wished to represent his rival as a suspicious character, and making his ignorance a slave to calumny, torments his enemy until Truth, discovering innocence, exposes the crime. It is very necessary in allegory that the artist should place his whole mind on the nature of the object which he desires to symbolize. In moral subjects and abstractions it is generally preferable to represent particular facts; as for instance, in love of country it might be represented by Decio, who throws himself into a crater for the sake of his country. The spirit of the true love of justice, by Brutus, who condemned his own sons to death for the crime of rebellion, etc., etc.

To conclude, in any fact or action to be represented in painting, either real or ideal, it is necessary to adopt an interpretation that can be readily understood by all.

—Books are like men, patronage often takes the place of merit, and merit can never get along without patronage. A thousand circumstances totally foreign to the merit of a book make its reputation. If the work appears under favorable circumstances; for instance, if it flatters the pride of a sect, of a party or a nation; if it attacks powerful men; if passion is interested in praising it, by an almost unanimous consent it will be praised to the skies, and amidst the thunders of applause contradiction is not heard; and when men begin to hear, the time for sober thought is past.

There is not, at least in France, a greater reputation than that of Montesquieu, but in this respect no one was more lucky; everything was united in his favor. A powerful sect absolutely yearned to adopt him, and offered him glory as an incentive; the English even consented to pay him in current praise for his chapter on their constitution, and with the modesty it would have made, losts because it is made. . . .

All that can be said on the destiny of literary reputations, disappears before the two examples which England presents in the persons of her two principal poets, Milton and Shakespeare. No one thought of the merit of Milton, when Addison, taking up the speaking-trumpet of Great Britain, cried out from the top of London Tower: "Ye Roman authors and Grecian authors, yield to us!" If he had spoken modestly, if he had only found beauties in Paradise Lost, he would not have made the least impression; but this cutting decision which displaced Homer and Virgil, struck the English: every one said, how is this! we possessed the first epic poem in the world and no one thought of it! The reputation of Milton then became a national property, a fixed fact. Every one knows the reply of Pope to Voltaire, who asked why Milton had not put his poems in rhymes: "because he could not." In a post-scriptum to his Odyssey Pope makes this observation: "In the places even where clearness is most indispensable Milton uses transpositions and constructions so forced that he can only be understood after a second or third reading."

Chesterfield, who was possessed of taste, talent and knowledge, regarded Paradise Lost as one of the most troublesome consequences of Original Sin. "Of all the characters of Milton," wrote he to his son, "I declare that I only know the man and the woman; but I beg of you not to denomine me to our solid divines." However, if the slowness of fame made the shade of this great poet impatient, he has since been well rewarded. Dr. Newton, one of the last commentators on Milton, says expressly, that every man of taste and genius must own that Paradise Lost is the most excellent of modern productions, as the Bible is the most perfect of ancient.

The lot of Shakespeare is far more happy and extraordinary. He himself had not, as we know, the least pretension to renown. . . . No one thought of him, and it is a most extraordinary thing that in England the merit of the two greatest poets of the nations is a discovery. I do not know a more curious piece of writing than the preface of Dr. Johnson on his tragedies. This great critic grants the poet all the defects imaginable; faults in the plans, false
wit, immorality, faulty expressions, grossness, indelicacy, buffoonery, redundance, a never-ending play upon words, etc. There cannot be in the literature of any nation a critic who shows more clearly the influence of circumstances on the reputation of authors. The dry passages of Homer are easily understood, but that the first of tragic poets should habitually offer a collection of all imaginable defects, is what is inconceivable. Other poets paint an ideal nature, Shakespear alone describes true nature, universal nature, in one word, natural nature! Do not laugh at Dr. Johnson, he was one of the best critics England ever produced. He did not believe one word of the fine things he said of Shakespear... it was simply necessary to defend the national dogmas.

Oh! the wonderful destiny of books! we can never cease admiring it. Seneca once said: "some have renown and others merit." What he said of men, we have at least as much right to say of the productions of the human mind. In our day it is particularly necessary to be on our guard against the reputation of books, for the past 150 years will be forever noted in history as the great era of humbuggery of all kinds, but especially in usurped reputation.

Since our last issue another one of our old companions has passed from our midst. We grieve to record the death of Alexander Korty, of the Senior class of '80-'81.

About eight months ago he was attacked with that dread disease, consumption, growing worse each day until death came to his relief. Deceased was 20 years of age, industrious and full of bright promise. His death is a sad blow to a loving family. He was much beloved by everybody, and the sympathy of many friends go out to the stricken in their deep sorrow.

Local Items.

—Many students wish to know who our "funny man" is.
—"Buttercup" sits next to "Primrose." Where are our botanists?
—Who would not belong to the German table? Oh, that feast!
—"Morality" is booked for a wrestling match with "Charley Ross."
—"Fatty from Boston" says the last SCHOLASTIC was giving us a gag.
—"Open the gate!" said the boy, when the farmer's dog was after him.
—I wonder if anybody told the leader of the "big four" how to pronounce option or summary?
—Mr. Smith is painting a life-size portrait of Master J. Studebaker, son of Clem. Studebaker, Esq., of South Bend.
—The mail at Notre Dame is unusually heavy this week. Prof. Lyons' "Library of Catholic Poets" is doing a rushing business.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for 1882 is now ready. It surpasses all its predecessors of the past seven years. See contents in present number.

—The SCHOLASTIC Ed. is indebted to D. C. Smith, of the Philopatrian Society, for his kindly thoughtfulness. The pineapple cheese was a splendid one.
—A half-length portrait in oil of the late Rev. P. Dillon, second President of Notre Dame, has been secured by Prof. Lyons for the St. Cecilia Society room.
—Yesterday a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ford for the repose of the soul of the late Col. Duster, who died Dec. 16th, 1873. R.I.P.

—A certain representative of the Keystone State had better leave off some of his tricks. Such actions as we witnessed Sunday afternoon would be unpardonable in a Minim.

—We have been told that Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Vice-President Toohey are making a thorough examination through all the classes in the Senior, Junior and Min departments. Prof. Lyons is doing a rushing business.
—The members of the Englossian and St. Cecilia Associations have tendered Rev. Father Zahm a unanimous vote of thanks for favors at their last Entertainment. The St. Cecilians and Philopatrians also tender their sincere thanks to Rev. President Walsh for favors received on St. Cecilia's day.

—The Minims have a "boss" refectory all to themselves, and from the fact that they remain there several minutes after the Seniors and Juniors leave their refectories, we conclude that the small boys are faithfully adhering to the advice given by Very Rev. Father General at their first dinner there on the 30th ult.

—Through the kindness of Mr. J. D. Coleman, the Curator of the Museum is indebted to Messrs. J. and W. J. Coleman for a valuable collection of Colorado ores. The collection embraces a number of choice specimens of silver and gold ores from several of the recently discovered mines in Colorado, and make quite an addition to the Cabinet of Mineralogy.

—A heavy snow-storm on Saturday, a heavy rain-storm Sunday, and great big caterpillars crawling round trying to lift up the windows and get in. Oh! what a country, where you can have all kinds of weather in the calendar at short notice! You can go skating one day and the next you can chase butterflies around the fields.

—The annual retreat for the students opened on Monday evening last and closed on Thursday. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was preached by Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C. The attendance was quite large and the time and opportunity given for relaxation from temporal affairs and an attention to spiritual needs seemed to be thoroughly appreciated.

—The Sorins deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they performed the "New Arts" on the 8th inst. The best judges say that the Drama is very fine. The language, though humorous, is refined and elegant, while the nobly aim of the genial author is in view, namely, to call attention to the beauty of refined manners, underlies every word of the "New Arts."

—The Philopatrians, last week, enjoyed an excellent treat. It was given by D. C. Smith, whose father kindly sent him a most generous supply of oranges and other delicious fruits, as also nuts, candies, cake, etc., for the benefit of himself and his companions. A more choice or generous donation of the kind has hardly ever been seen at Notre Dame, and the Philopatrians enjoyed their good luck hugely.

—Prof. Ackerman finished last week a large mural painting of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome. He is now engaged in painting the celebrated ruins of Melrose Abbey Scotland, the last of the series of pictures which decorate the walls of the Seniors' refectory. Immediately after the holidays Prof. Ackerman will begin to embellish the Juniors' refectory with a series of fourteen scenes taken from the most famous sanctuaries of Europe.

—The pilgrimage of the Jubilee was performed on Wednesday last. The students, together with the Rev. Fathers and the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, marched in procession from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart to the Portiuncula Chapel, and returned. The Litany of the Saints was chanted while en route, and appropriate prayers were offered up in the churches. It was a very solemn and imposing spectacle.

—On Sunday last, two Nimrods started out to look for
wild ducks. On arriving at St. Mary's Lake one of them flapped a flock and let fly; suddenly, from a short distance beyond, there came the sound of a chiding voice, which increased itself into a sort of hallow-o-o-oo followed by some sound like knowing fowl under water. The bold hunters immediately struck a 'ten-mile-an-hour gait,' one of them dropping his glasses in his earnest efforts to beat the best time on record.

—We are asked, some days, by at least twenty persons to please say this, or please do that, or please don't forget; no doubt the thing in our week's number. Now you're friends imagine that we have nothing else to do but write letters, that we do not write letters, or in favor of the negative. We would be most happy to accommodate them did time permit us, but as the contrary is the case we will now say that in future we will not notice anything in the Society's news that we do not write out or handed to us by Wednesday of each week.

—The 12th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary, and Debating Association was held Thursday, Dec. 1st. Debate: "Should Ireland abide by Gladstone's Land-Law?" Affirmative, J. B. O'Reilly, J. Murphy, O. O'Connor, D. L. McCawley, Ryan Devereux, and W. Welch on the affirmative side. Master F. Scott was elected to membership. The President made a speech, in the course of which he complimented the members on the orderly and creditable manner in which the meetings were conducted. His remarks were received with applause, after which the meeting adjourned.

—One of the most useful and interesting pieces of apparatus that we have examined for a long time is the Pocket Camera, manufactured by Wm. H. Walker, of Rochester, N.Y. With this little instrument, any boy of ordinary intelligence, can, in a few days, master the principles of photography, and take photographs superior to those produced a few years ago by old and experienced artists. And all this is done without the use of poisonous chemicals or large and expensive apparatus. For tourists, educators, and students, we know of nothing more convenient and useful, or capable of affording more genuine pleasure than the Pocket Camera. The outfit necessary for taking negatives is a marvel of cheapness; the camera, accessories, and chemicals necessary for one hundred negatives, costing only twelve dollars. We have seen a number of photographs taken by boys of fifteen years, and found them as good as those taken with more expensive instruments. For further information, price lists, etc., apply to W. H. Walker, Rochester, N.Y.

—"New Arts, or Graceful Manners," a beautiful play, written by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior General, C.S.C., for the benefit of the pupils, was performed by the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy last evening. The play exhibited the most thorough, graceful and successful training. As its name indicates, it teaches that fine manners are essential in every circumstance of life. The parts were admirably taken, and especially worthy of notice were Miss Delia Gordon and Miss Annie Cavenor. The occasion was enlivened by some fine vocal and instrumental music by the young ladies. This part of the programme included an instrumental duet by Misses Laura Hendrick and Nettie Galen, an instrumental solo by Miss Hendrick, a vocal solo by Miss Laura Frey, and a solo by Miss Delia Gordon, Miss Mad Wylie and Miss Mamie Campbell. The play exhibited the most thorough, graceful and successful training. As its name indicates, it teaches that fine manners are essential in every circumstance of life. The parts were admirably taken, and especially worthy of notice were Miss Delia Gordon and Miss Annie Cavenor. The occasion was enlivened by some fine vocal and instrumental music by the young ladies. This part of the programme included an instrumental duet by Misses Laura Hendrick and Nettie Galen, an instrumental solo by Miss Hendrick, a vocal solo by Miss Laura Frey, and a solo by Miss Delia Gordon, Miss Mad Wylie and Miss Mamie Campbell. At the close of the entertainment appropriate remarks were made by Very Rev. Father General and Father Cooney. It was a delightful event for all present.

—South Bend Sunday Register.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. J. McGrath, M. E. Devitt, B. Powell, W. Miller, and T. Devereux.
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINNIE DEPARTMENT.


List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.


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COMMERCIAL COURSE.


COMMERCIAL COURSE.


COMMERCIAL COURSE.

The word music was not always confined to the significance it now possesses. Originally it embraced the whole circle of sciences as well as elegant arts, comprehending everything which was practically considered to have emanated from the influence of the muses. Hermes defined music to be the general knowledge of order; this was also the doctrine of Plato, who taught that everything in the universe was music.
ERS good. So with selfishness: the first step is to forget others—that is its first and lower effect—but to labor of making every person with whom we are bound to the supreme effort of goodness is, not alone to do good to self, to leave self behind us, and to devote ourselves to the all the wretchedness we cause to others, and all the misery which its miserable little cares and affections, is the root of way to all goodness and greatness is to forget self. Self, with its own comfort in order to seek that of others; the next is to forget one's own pain and suffering in order to alleviate those of others, or even to discharge towards others the duties of sisterly or neighborly kindness.

The Scholastic Annual
For 1882.

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NOTES OF ADVANCED SHEETS.
—Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, in his "Mirror of True Womanhood," says: "Woman's entire existence, in order to be a source of happiness to others as well as to herself, must be one of self-sacrifice. The first step in this royal path of goodness and greatness is to forget self. Self, with its own comfort in order to seek that of others; the next is to forget one's own pain and suffering in order to alleviate those of others, or even to discharge towards others the duties of sisterly or neighborly kindness.

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