On A Violin.

BY ELIOT HYDEK

Here in his fragile prison Ariel lies,
Waiting in patience for the master's hands
He comes, and sounds of sweetest passion rise
Like fragrant incense at his soft commands.

Low cadences of rapture and despair
Speak to us of the struggle and defeat
Of the fair god who dwells a captive there;
Yet tells us of his grief in tones so sweet
We share with him the sorrow of an hour,
And weep with him the suffering of his wrongs,
Yet will not free him lest we lose the power
Of waking him to sing to us his songs:
For Ariel's exquisite and magic tone
Dwells in the whispering violin alone.

Chateaubriand.

Of the illustrious literary men of modern France, none, perhaps, is more entitled to our admiration or more worthy of gratitude than Chateaubriand. His character and career are alike full of interest for the student of biography. The works of the defender of Christianity, the poet-traveller, romancist, critic, politician, must always, from the amount of truth and beauty which they contain, continue to exercise a powerful influence for good among the higher minds in all nations. After the destructive philosophy of the eighteenth century had withered the heart of France, and, in connection with the results of circumstances, which want of insight on the part of governments had permitted to accumulate, produced that terrible revolution which, ignoring Providence, established the scaffold in the place of the altar, Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity" was the first great literary work which re-awakened the divine sentiment in the souls of his countrymen.

Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo, September, 1768, and died in Paris in the midst of the Revolution of 1848. A native of the old Celtic department of France. He was the son of Augustine de Chateaubriand, Count of Combourg, the youngest of a family of ten children. He gives a striking picture in the sketches of his early days of the ancestral mansion, the old chateau in the green, aged Breton woods and of its inmates; the affection, the parental authority; the amusements, the family recollections, the studies, the walks in blustering autumn among the withered leaves of the woods.

When seventeen, Chateaubriand entered the Regiment of Navarre and went to Paris, among other things to cultivate literature. During this period he has described the many phases of life he witnessed in the French capital.

When the revolution broke out he came to America; but hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI, returned, took service in the Prussian army, and was wounded at the siege of Thionville, whence he was conveyed to Jersey, and went thence, not yet recovered, to England. In London, being without money, he supported himself by teaching French and translating for the publishers, earning a scanty income. There he obtained assistance from the Literary Fund, and published his "Essay on the Revolutions." Returning to France, he wrote and dedicated the first edition of his "Genius of Christianity" to Bonaparte, who made him Secretary of Legation at Rome, in 1803, and subsequently Minister of France to the Republic of Valais. On hearing of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien, he resigned these posts. In 1806, he visited Greece, Asia Minor, India, Africa, Spain; and in 1811 published his "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem." In 1815, he followed Louis XVIII to Ghent; in 1822 he became representative of France at the Congress of Verona, and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the Revolution of July had occurred, he pronounced his famous discourse in favor of the Duc de Bordeaux, refused to recognize Louis Philippe, and retired to Switzerland. In 1832 he was arrested in consequence of his supposed connection with the enterprises of the Duchess de Berryer; was defended by Berryer, and acquitted.

Chateaubriand passed his last years in retirement. In 1833 a splendid edition of his works was produced in Paris, from which he realized a large income. His genuine goodness of nature, high principles, poetic tastes, in alliance with the great motive which animated his literary life, seem to render him a type of the perfect gentleman. His amiable disposition surrounded him with crowds of friends. He was venerated alike by the powerful and the poor; and we are told that charity was so much a necessity of his life, that he was each day accustomed to disburse the contents of his purse, whatever it contained, to the needy who sought his aid, or those whom he sought to assist and comfort.

From the green world of the Breton woodlands and of home we follow him to the brilliant surface life of Paris, to the courts, the salons, the theatres, the cabinets of statesmen, atelier of the artist, the hovels of the poor. The city is still gay with sunshine, but the thunder-clouds are gathering blackly around the horizon, and the vibrations of the earthquake wave disturb the salons, where the powdered and ruffled guests are dancing and scintillating witicisms. We follow the solitary exile across the ocean to the New World, in the days before steam, when, to the western peoples, the Atlantic was indeed "a century away from Europe," and communication long and tedious—days different from the
present, when its shores are little more than a week distant, and when

"Thought flashes swift through the wire as through nerve, over mountain, through main,
And the telegraph narrows the round of the world to the size of the brain."

We accompany him in his tours among the primeval forests and mighty waters, among the tribes of the grown-up children we call savages, when he was collecting materials for "Atala," and living with the great presence of Nature, until her life, become a part of his own, imbued his genius with that freshness and beauty which charm us in his writings. In the interesting memorials of his travels, his book on "Greece" and the "Itinerary in the Holy Land," his eye seizes on all that is poetic in landscape and life; the immensity of nature and the spirit of religion exalt his contemplations, while that of History is ever present with her repertory of detail, to give a living interest to the scenes changed by time. To obtain the sentiment elicited by the scenery of the Peloponnesus, the plain of Athens, Corinth sparkling on its thread like isthmus between the blue Egean and Ionian waters, Lebanon, the Syrian desert, the Holy Places—Chateaubriand's books will always be favorite reading. There is so much color in his thoughts as in his descriptions. It is pleasant to ramble with a traveller who can feel as well as observe—especially in the East, where, as in Italy, "the memory sees more than the eye."

French poetic prose dates from the appearance of the "Atala" of Chateaubriand. He was the first who introduced couleur locale into French descriptive writing. In order to draw, intellectual sight is alone requisite, but to color, one must feel. Chateaubriand had the gift of poetic observation to paint the object and the motions it elicits. Nature is old, yet ever "young with fresh eternity"; and the sentiment awakened by the great forests of America and the deserts of the East in the soul of the solitary genius, not unfrequently have impressed his style with an antique austerity simplicity and a freshness like spring rain or sunlight. Often his prose is equal to the most beautiful verse.

The subject of Chateaubriand's greatest work, "Genius of Christianity," is the most magnificent and important, which a writer could select for exposition, description, comment and illustration. He has treated it from many aspects—the Biblical, the historical, the moral and poetic. After the literature of the Revolution—that of philosophers and factions—with its blotting lightning and cloud of confusions, this book led France, as under the arch of a rainbow, once more into the sacred region of peace and triumph of Religion, to substitute cosmos for chaos, and attach the nation to Christianity, by showing by contrast with other systems, that the revealed truths of Religion were alone those under whose manifold influences any system of life or government could produce permanent happiness to mankind. Such was Chateaubriand's object, and it was one in which the good genius of the writer triumphed.

Chateaubriand's prose is far more poetic than the French poetry of his period; it is more so than that of Lamartine and Hugo—more delicately emotional, colored, effulgent. Some of his choicest passages are to be found in "Réne," a melodious dream of a soul placed amid the harmonies of the universe. It is vaguely ideal, full of mysterious beauty. Among its lovely passages is that which depicts the impression made on the mind by hearing the village bells on a Sunday in a wood, that primitive green temple. "Leaning against the trunk of a beach-tree, René listens in silence to the sacred sounds undulating on the air, and gently stirring the leaves with their vibrations. They recall the simplicity of rural manners, the innocence of early days, their affections and fancies, and, in the calm solitude, the holy feelings of religion, family, country—bells that rang when the infant was born, which recall the joys of the father, the pangs and joys of the mother; bells which rang amid the silence of death, and whose voice is associated alike with the cradle and the tomb. If we were to seek for a physical image to represent the lofty, tender and ideal genius of Chateaubriand, we should somehow select a beautiful chestnut tree, full of broad leaves and brown fruit—leaves which, green or richly lined with autumn, respond the varying music to each wind of heaven—through whose branches we obtain vistas of the great, fresh new world in the sunset beyond the great ocean, and of the old, sacred, lonely world toward the dawn—a tree, too, which shelters an altar raised to God, where the soul can pray, and dream of the divine."

N. W.

The Electric Light.

ABSTRACT OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE NOTRE DAME SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION. BY EUGENE C. ORRICK.

It seems as if a revolution in the manner in which the world is to be illuminated by night is now near at hand. Primitive man made use of a torch to light his way through the darkness; the ancients illuminated their magnificent halls and palaces by a very rude form of lamp: while our immediate ancestors rejoiced in the tallow-dip;
but we, after having successively enjoyed the coal-oil lamp and the more brilliant gas burner, are now turning towards the electric light as the light that will eventually supersede every other, and is destined to turn the darkest night into resplendent noon. Many have seen the electric light, admired its brilliancy, and perhaps wondered how so much light could be produced by a machine perhaps miles away. Possibly they may consider for a moment how this energy causes the light, but on second thought they say it is electricity and all is explained. Immediately they are satisfied. Little do they think of the years and years of patient study that have been required to perfect its wonderful generators, or the hard labor and patient investigation that have been expended in inventing a lamp that will give a steady light; little do they think of its history and still less of the nature of that most wonderful form of energy that has wrought so many changes in the world.

The electric light was first produced by means of batteries, and as early as 1810 we find Sir Humphry Davy experimenting with three thousand cells. The current generated by these cells was passed through two conducting carbons, which, when brought together and then slowly drawn apart for a short distance to form the arc, produce the light.

The light is not, however, as might be supposed, caused by the combustion of the carbon, but it emanates from the intensely heated particles passing from one pole to the other, as also from the points of the carbons which are raised to a white heat. This may be made perfectly evident by projecting the points of the carbons on a screen. Such experiments, frequently made, showed— theoretically, at least—that the light produced in this way was greatly superior to any then in use. But it was quite impossible to turn the electric light as it then was to any practical account beyond that of illuminating lecture-rooms for a short while, for to produce it required a large number of cells, the cost of which was very considerable. Besides this, they demanded constant attention. However, when Oersted made the discovery of the connection between electricity and magnetism, the opening was made for all the great inventions that have followed, and which were based upon that connection. But the discovery of Oersted was not utilized in inventions for producing electricity until the celebrated Faraday, arguing that if electricity would cause magnetism, magnetism must necessarily produce electricity, commenced his series of brilliant experiments, which ended in establishing the truth of his hypothesis. Soon after this, several machines were made which gave very good results; but they were, of course, small, as the magnets used were permanent ones. Soon, however, electro-magnets were substituted, and then we had essentially the machine of to-day. They were, it is true, very far from producing such grand results as are attained at present, but, nevertheless, they gave a current of great strength, and as early as 1859 we find light-houses illuminated by the Alliance, a French machine. This was one of the first constructed, and with an 8-horse power engine would give a 1,000 candle-power light. This was a very good beginning, and not much time was allowed to elapse before improvements began to appear very rapidly. The Wilde, Siemens, Gramme, Wallace-Farmer, Weston, Loutin, Maxim, Brush, and last, though by no means the least valuable, the Edison machines have since been brought before the public. Besides these, any number of others have been invented, but those above-mentioned are the best known. Although one might suppose that in so many machines there would be some essential difference, there is none; all are constructed on the same principle, and may be said to be merely modifications of one another rather than anything else. The Siemens and Gramme occupy the first place in Europe, that is to public patronage, although the Brush is fast becoming a successful competitor for the lion’s share. In this country, the Brush has become quite popular; and although it is not yet perfect it generally gives satisfaction wherever introduced. Some claim superiority for the Gramme and Siemens, others for the Weston and Maxim, but as far as our examination goes we cannot see much difference in the practical results obtained.

The Edison machine and lamp, which have only lately been perfected, do not come in competition with any of the others; for, although the machine is essentially the same, the lamp is entirely different. Edison’s system is for the purpose of giving many lights of low power, while all the others are constructed to give few lights of high power. Although Edison’s invention has been so lately completed, it has, nevertheless, enjoyed quite an extensive sale, and for some time past the inventor has been having the mains for his system laid in the streets of New York.

The principle of the dynamo-electric machine is very simple. The current is produced by the rapid revolution of an armature—which is generally nothing more than a ring of varying form, around which a number of coils of copper wire are wrapped—before the poles of a magnet or magnets. From permanent magnets the change was quickly made to electro-magnets, which are now so constructed as to receive their charge by induction. These magnets induce a current of electricity in the wire bobbins, of which the armature either consists or is surrounded with, the current is conveyed along those wires, through the shaft, to what is called a commutator, where it is collected by copper brushes. The current, by means of the commutator, is alternately sent through the magnets and to the lights. The Edison, like the Siemens, instead of having wire bobbins, as most of the others, has its armature constructed of thin bars of copper lying close together, and, of course, constantly supplied from each other. This has its advantage, especially in the case of the Edison light, for it renders the current of great intensity and capable of much subdivision.

Such are the machines, but of equally great importance are the lamps, and here the talents of the inventors have been called into play to an extent fully as great as that of the inventors of the machine. Lamps, in numbers greater than of the machines, have been produced, but only a few have obtained any great celebrity. They, like the machines, are nearly all constructed on the same principle. The upper carbon is held in its position by means of a clamp worked by regulating solenoids. These are so constructed that the weaker the current the lower the carbon will descend; while, as it grows stronger, the carbon will rise and lengthen the arc until the current is at its normal strength. There is no reciprocating motion, as might be supposed, for the solenoids are so sensitive that the whole is resolved into a steady downward motion. Not only are these lamps so constructed as to automatically suit themselves to the strength of the current, but even they are provided with an apparatus which automatically throws them out of the circuit as soon as the carbons are burned out, or if any lamp becomes deranged in
any way, so that the remaining lamps in the circuit, far from being injured by the derangement of one lamp, are rendered brighter by the accession of its light, if the engine be maintained at the same speed. To such a degree of perfection have these high-power lamps arrived, that it would seem as if nothing was left to be desired. Yet there is one thing left which remains to be overcome, not in the lamp, but in the carbons, and that is the uneven resistance which causes the light to flicker. When perfectly pure carbons are obtained, the difficulty will then be solved. These lights have been made to give a light of 100,000 candle power, and from such results within a few years, we can hardly conjecture what will have resulted fifty years hence.

While such astonishing improvements have been going on in the high power light, the low-power has been making them quite as rapidly. First, trying to get a light by heating platinum wire, and failing, through the melting of the wire, Mr. Edison, after various fruitless attempts to remedy it, set himself to find a substance that would answer his purpose. He was not long in finding it; carbon was what he wanted. But on heating small pieces of carbon he found that they oxidized, so it was clear that the light must be produced in a vacuum. In the beginning he used carbonized paper horse-shoes, but soon found that a film of bamboo, carbonized by a process peculiar to himself, answered his purpose much better. Thus, after much experiment, the lamp has arrived at its present state of development, which, although not perfect, still answers its purpose most admirably. It requires renewal two or three times a year, but that can hardly be argued as a drawback, for the lamps cost only twenty cents, and can be screwed on and off with the greatest ease. The lamps are so arranged that the light may be turned on and off by means of a screw in the same way as that in which gas is turned on or off, and is very convenient. They can be used singly, doubly, or, in fact, in any number. Chandeliers composed of them are very beautiful.

The principal obstacle to the success of this machine would seem to be the fact that, if, when many lights are supplied, all but a few should happen to be turned off, as is quite possible, the excess of electricity would either melt the wires on the others or heat the machine. But Edison's inventive genius comes to his rescue; as soon as the lights are turned off, an indicator he has invented immediately makes known the state of affairs, and the speed can be decreased. Not only has he invented this indicator, but he has invented an electrometer by which he is able to tell just how much electricity is furnished to any place. In a few years we may expect to see this wonderful form of mild illumination disseminated throughout the whole United States. As an example of the size of one of Edison's electrical machines I will give the dimensions and weight of the one at the Paris Exhibition. The cast-iron sole plate on which the dynamo and engine rested, with the pillow blocks, weighed 9,600 lbs.; the magnets complete, 24,500 lbs.; armature complete, and shaft, 5,000 lbs.; engine, 10,000 lbs.; total 44,600 lb. The sole plate measured 125 x 8 1/2 feet; length of the magnets, 8 ft.; length of armature, 5 ft.; the commutator added, 9 in.; diameter of armature, 28 in.; engine cylinder, 11 x 6 in.; capacity, 2,400 jets.

Although the electric light has sprung into existence almost, we might say, with one bound, it is still capable of being improved. Yet, as it now stands, it has been shown to be much cheaper and better than gas; so that, as we can now get any power of from 8 to 100,000 candles, there seems to be no reason why, before long, every town and village throughout the land should not have its electric lights.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—A new edition in one volume of T. Buchanan Read's poems is announced by the Messrs. Lippincott.

—It is said that Gluck is the last composer who made use of the cornet in the orchestra in his “Orpheus,” played the first time in 1760.

—Mr. Woolner, the English sculptor, has just completed the model of a full life-size statue of Mr. Gladstone, which is described as admirable, both as a likeness and as a work of art.

—Prof. St. George Mivart, F. R. S., the eminent Catholic scientist, contributes an able and timely article for the current number of The Month, entitled, “A danger from Democracy.”

—M. Rosa Bonheur is painting a series of heads of animals which are to be reproduced by an English engraver. Two of these, the head of a splendid old lion and that of a demure-looking donkey, are now ready.

—A would-be wag advertised in the name of Mr. Barba, a London artist, for two hundred pretty girls, presumably to act as models, and they flocked in such numbers at the studio in Piccadilly that the tenant was requested by his landlord to leave. —The Art Amateur.

—On the approaching anniversary of Shakespeare's birth (April 23), a series of fourteen performances will be given in the Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon. “As You Like It,” “Twelfth Night,” “Romeo and Juliet,” and “The Comedy of Errors,” are included in the programme.

—M. Millet, a brother of the late distinguished artist, is the originator of an idea for using thin panels of natural wood for the covers of books—veneers, such as have long been used for furniture and wall decoration. These veneers are cut so thin that over one hundred are needed to make a pile an inch high.

—A fine collection of foreign and American paintings is now offered for sale in Boston. The collection includes works by such artists as Rosa Bonheur, De Neufville, Daubigny, Corot, Couture, Diaz, Dupre, Heilbutb, Hunt, Hudson, Richter, Narcotte de Quivieres, Michel, M. kacy, Royber, Schreyer, Tryon, Van Marck, Ziem, and others.

—The masterpiece at a recent exhibition of tapestry paintings in London was executed by Mrs. McDowell, the wife of the celebrated Irish sculptor. At the exhibition last year she received the first laurel and has secured a second one this year. Her painting of “Europe” is a splendid copy of the celebrated tapestry in Buckingham Palace presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe.

—At the last monthly meeting of the New York Historical Society, Rev. Father Dealy, S. J., read a paper on, “The Great Colonial Governor of New York, Col. Thos. Dongan.” The Critic says of this paper: “It exhibited great historical research, and a careful examination of the public acts of Gov. Dongan, during his administration under James II. The speaker paid a high tribute to his purity of character, his moderation, and political sagacity, which won for him, a Catholic deputy of a Catholic king, the esteem of the Protestant people whom he governed. His wise policy in dealing with the Indians, was depicted, and important effects of his administration upon the history of the country were traced from the facts that it was he who convoked the first representative assembly in New York, who granted, the first charter for civil and religious liberty in America.”

—Another translation of Dante! Musmuss Pasha, the Turkish Representative in England, has translated the great Italian poet into Greek. The idiom employed is not that classical nor Neo-Hellenic, nor is it classical, such as modern Greek writers use in translations and in imitation of the classical authors. The vocabulary, ac­cidence, and syntax, though not always strictly classical, are
ancient; but the particles are almost wholly absent, and
the feeling of the decay is not of the everyday kind.
Thus to a classical scholar the language seems strange,
though intelligible; how it will appear to a modern Greek
is difficult to imagine: but with the various phases and
modifications through which the Greek language has
been passing, and the idiom spoken at any time,
this seems hardly unjustifiable. At all events it is ex-
cellently fitted for the purpose for which the translator
has employed it.

Scientific Notes.

—M. l'Abbé Laborde is said to have devised an arrange-
ment by which 5, 10, and perhaps 12 dispatches may be
forwarded at once over a single wire.

—Prof. Wells, of the Dudley Observatory, has discovered
a new comet. Seen from the comet, the earth is in qua-
dratures; that is, drawing lines from the earth to the
comet and the sun, respectively, the angle included,
would be very nearly a right angle. The news of the discovery
was cabled to Europe.

—One of the benefits originally predicted from the use
of electric light was that fire risks would be abated. It
however appears that the currents of electricity which pro-
duce light can readily produce intense heat, and
some experts doubt if the system is therefore capable. Commissioner Van
cott, of New York, reported that three fire-alarm boxes
were blown out by chance currents from electric light wires
in that city not long since.

—When the Jesuit missionaries made their way in the
17th century to Pekin, and startled the wise men of the
Celestial Empire by their superior knowledge, they found,
in the eastern part of the city, on the rampart or wall sur-
rounding it, an astronomical observatory, furnished with
several old instruments. Father Verbiest so gained the
confidence of the Emperor by repeatedly calculating be-
forehand the exact length of the shadow which a gnomon
would throw at noon, that he was authorized to have six
new large instruments made. An account of these he
published in 1687. To the old instruments, which had to
be removed to make room for his own, he seems to have
paid little attention. These instruments, as well as those
erected by Verbiest, are, however, even still in existence,
and are described in an interesting paper by Mr. J. L. E.
Dreyer, in the December number of the Proceedings of the
Royal Irish Academy. A friend of Mr. Dreyer's re-
siding in China, Mr. S. M. Russell, had taken a series of
photographs of these interesting scientific relics. Ver-
biest's instruments, sextant, quadrant, azimuth, circle,
zodiacal armillary sphere, were copies of the astro-
nomical instruments devised and constructed by Tycho Brahe,
but besides these were the two large and imposing-looking
instruments which had been removed from the observa-
tory by Verbiest; these, according to Mr. Wylie, were
made during the Yuen dynasty, and he notes a Chinese
description of Pekin, in which the observatory and four
large instruments (two of which can, from the descrip-
tion, be identified as the two extant) are said to have been
constructed A. D. 1279. In this year Kublai Khan, the
great Mongol emperor, founded the conquest of China,
and moved his residence to the new city T'yang, now Pekin.
This monarch favored the arts and sciences, and he sup-
ported and protected the astronomer, Ko Show-King.
It will be observed that there are thus here two remarkable
instances of how the Chinese often came into the posses-
sion of great inventions many centuries before the West-
erners enjoyed them; for there are found thus in the 18th
century the equatorial armillaries of Tycho Brahe, and
more recently the sextant, an equatorial instrument quite like these,
with which Tycho observed the comet of 1588. These in-
struments of Ko Show-King were examined in one of the
first years of the 17th century by the Jesuit Matteo Ricci;
and in Colonel Yale's translation of The Book of Sir Marco
Polo they are described at length. By them it is proved
that the Chinese astronomers anticipated some of the
ideas of the great Danish astronomer some three centuries
before his time.—London Telegram.

College Gossip.

—It is rumored in Hartford that fifty of the Chinese stu-
dents recently called home are to return and complete their
studies.

—Prof. Russell, of Brown University, said at the recent
educational Institute at Providence, that in the common
way of talking, it has come to be a fixed idea that, next to
the American eagle, the common school is the greatest
product of the Nineteenth century, and that he believed
that was the greatest American delusion that has been pro-
mulgated.—Am Maria.

—It is rumored that the students of Notre Dame University,
Indiana, will produce a play of Plautus, or Sophocles, during
the present session. We would suggest that the original author, and
his Oldis Tyraanus, as the play to be selected. Probably the
correct costumes used by the Harvard men, could be borrowed
or hired, and, if the property of the Greek and were adopted,
the whole affair would undoubtedly prove a grand success.—
Catholic Telegraph.

We value this suggestion, but we think the "Captives"
of Plautus is to be preferred on account of the absence of
femine characters. The Oldis would require too much
adaptation here. Again, the "Captives" is a much shorter play. It is rumored that one of the professors
is writing a new play in Latin, one of the characters being
"Taurus Sedor."
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the Notre Dame Scholastic has now entered upon the Fiftieth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the Scholastic always will be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Slowly, but steadily, the Library is making progress. The New Edition of Appleton's Encyclopaedia is a valuable accession, and one we hail with great pleasure. The first place, it should be co-extensive with all knowledge; it should contain information on all subjects—Religion, Biography, Science, Art, and Letters. In the second place, this information should be full, clear, precise, and unbiased.

We turned from subject to subject, from electricity to the Benedictines to the Germanic race and language; from the Sphinx to electricity and railroads: each subject suggested by memory was found, and the information given was clear, intelligible and full.

Catholic topics have often suffered in cyclopaedias. Fancies have been given as facts, opinions of men ignorant or inimical have been taken as expressive of our belief and doctrine. Catholics owe the Messrs. Appletons a debt of gratitude for the impartial spirit in which Catholic subjects are treated. Facts are given, no unwarrantable conclusions drawn, no insinuations made.
the "bold, bad man" the character calls for. Mr. J.A. Marlett, as Procles, was well up in his part and did well enough. W. E. Grout presented an excellent Damocles. As space begins to press, we can barely mention the other characters. Among those who took important parts and appeared to advantage were: J. A. O'Reilly, as Hermes, father of Damon, although rather active for an old man. J. F. Browne, as Philiattus; J. E. Farrell, Cleon, the father of Pythias; T. P. Fenlon, Eon, a friend of Pythias'; H. W. Morse, as Lucius, Pythias's courier; Master E. Wiles, as Florianus Stactus, Damon's child. Mr. E. J. Eager (Lucullus) seemed to lack sympathy with his part, and we think could have done much better. Mr. E. Blackman, as Democritus, Captain of the Guards, made a splendid soliery appearance (he belongs to the Cadets, we presume). The other characters in the play had no strain placed upon them, and therefore did well enough to elude criticism.

The music between the acts, by the Band and Orchestra was well rendered. As the Cornet Band struck up the Zingara Quick-stop at the end of the performance all retired evidently well pleased. We did not get the names of the visitors at the entertainment, but we noticed among others in the places of honor Rev. Fathers Graunger and Hézé, the members of the College Faculty, etc.

—[Major Conner, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who in company with a friend of his, Mr. Griffiths, paid South Bend and Notre Dame a visit early last month,—of all times in the year the most unpromising, probably, to obtain a favorable impression of our picturesque surroundings,—wrote a long descriptive letter of his visit, from which we take the following extract from The Daily Nashville American.]

"SOUTH BEND, IND., Feb. 8.—We left our quiet home under the nose of old Lookout—that mountain is our most attractive "resource"—before sunrise of Tuesday, the last day of January, and turned our faces to the region of snows and icebergs, praying a relief from the rain and slush of our sunny land. (Please note the satire.) My handsome but modest companion, Griffiths, with eyes yet partially sealed in slumber, shivered in anticipation of the chilly blasts to which we were hurrying, but he shivered only to be delightfully disappointed. . . ."

"It was a 'gorgeously glorious' morning, the moon shining in all its splendor of fulness, the earth as innocent of snow as it was of orange blossoms, and the thermometer away above froeziness, when we crept out of the coach at South Bend, Ind., the 'Chattanooga of the Northwest.' (It is pure, unselfish kindness that prompts us to admit this remarkable similarity. Resting and refreshing ourselves, we rallied forth to 'do the manufactories.' First visited the great factory where are turned out the well-known Oliver chilled plows. An immense smoke-stack stood sentinel over acres upon acres, covered with foundries, shops, warehouses, sheds, etc. About 700 men, most of them Scandinavians, were scattered about in these departments, moulting, casting, grinding, sawing, boring, planing and painting the hundred thousand plows that are annually sent out to turn the soil of at least twenty States of the American Union. Two men, father and son, directed the destinies of this large establishment, the father having created it, and the son, now ably assisting him in adding to the accumulations. They spared no pains to exhibit to us the results of their industry, and to make us feel the warmth of Scotian hospitality—the father is a native of Caledonia. And all this, too, with full knowledge of our mission, viz., to gather facts and details for the plow factory we are about to establish in Chattanooga. Yes, gentlemen whose bank account totals in the millions, can well afford to be magnanimous.

"We next visited the works of the Studebakers, such works as we never beheld before. Talk of 'wagon shops!' The buildings are superb, the most of them three stories, the total of their floors being ten acres. Guided by one of the brothers, we rambled from shop to shop, now climbing broad stairs, then ascending in elevators, on by two superb engines, each 400-horse power, by the 150 machines that begin with the wood in the dry-house, and end with the splendid vehicle in the 'depository.' From a window we gazed out at the millions of lumber that covered thirty acres of yard room and, turning to our guide, asked 'What is your capacity?' He replied, 'Well, about a wagon in five minutes.' 'Ah!' whispered my friend, Griffiths, 'that beats even Chattanooga.'

"This little town only a trifle bigger than our own, but a place of which its citizens are justly proud, with broad streets (clean and well shaded), fringed with residences, many of them very handsome, a broad river thundering over a dam, with a system of water-works unsurpassed, with numerous church spires kissing the clouds, has not only these immense manufactories, but little ones successfully competing and annually increasing in influence. And if such establishments can have a healthy growth under the shadows of the smoke-stacks of these great monopolies, why may we not hope for still healthier factories in the distant sunny South?

"South Bend is not purely a manufacturing town. Just beyond the river rise the walls of 'Notre Dame du Lac,' and of the Academy of St. Mary's of the Holy Cross. We gladly accepted the courtesies of Mr. Joe Oliver, and soon found ourselves dashing up behind a spanking team between the tall trees of Lombardy to the classic portico of the college, on which stands an immense gilded image of the Virgin. On the well-kept grounds were a number of pedestals, surrounded by saintly images in all styles of reverential posturing. To our left stood the Church of 'Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,' which we entered with bared heads. Then a vision burst upon us such as never delighted our eyes in America before. We entered by the great altar, and looked down to the grand organ in the gallery of the other gable. To our left was the shrine of the Virgin, and under the organ-loft stood the confessional. The shape of the building is that of a Latin cross. Now we walk down the narrow aile, and, turning around, gaze up between the double row of antique columns, whose columns glisten with gold, and stand in delight before the exquisite frescoes of Gregori, an artist brought from Rome to do this delicate liming. Then we turn to view the lovely frescoes of the transepts. Arcades tinted with the azure of the firmament, from which peep the faces of gilded cherubs springing from capitals of gilded scorns, form one part of the grand nave. Full life-sized figures of saints painted on gold, with the warmest of colors—peers in their group, and tinging in these United States—occupy the spandrels of the architecture. Above the lovely arcades are the mosaics that surround the lancet windows of the clear-story, just above the ribs of the ceiling which springs from clusters of vine foliage. The dim religious light entered through stained windows, the perfection of the stainer's..."
art, and the gift of pious people, chiefly memorials of de­
parted loved ones. Softly it lighted up the freecossed saints as well as the colossal forms of the Evangelists, with Moses, Jeremiah and Daniel seated on clouds, in which they gave a steal even to David! From these delights we raised our eyes to the star-beaded ceiling of the acure roof, and with a parting glance at the cherubim, seated in this cblas­
tial atmosphere, slowly withdrew from the interior of this paradise of Christian art and refinement. No power of tongue or pen could have persuaded us that such a gem can be seen on the banks of the St. Joseph River, in the State of Indiana, and we scarce believe our eyes as pass­
ing out we stood under the portrait of Pio Nono, and took a farewell glance at the wonderful window of the eastern transept, which represents the pentecostal day. A gentle­
man well-known in politics presented this window, whose value reaches thousands of dollars, and it, with all the other beautiful windows of this basilica, were painted by the monks of Le Mans, in la belle France. But ere we stepped over the threshold we suffered a shock that reminded us of Europe. Behold they have relics here, too. This time not the crown of thorns, nails, pieces of the cross, etc., but the bones of two saints taken from the catacombs, buried under the altar. Aye, but in the sacristy you can find the same pieces of that miraculously increased cross, as well as some of the curious drapery said to have been worn by the Virgin. We were not at all curious.

"Now, without, we enter the college proper, in which we saw nothing peculiar. Leaving its walls we looked over the pretty little lake to the 'Retreat,' where the ascetic Brothers incarcerate themselves to make doubly sure the salvation of their poor souls. Strange religion! Turning around we saw the tall of the society, in which is half­
some auditorium and various rooms for literary and drama­
tic purposes. But the declining sun warned us to be of, and we next drove to the St. Mary's Academy."

Exchanges.

The editors of The Princetonian are not so engrossed with athletic sports—intercollege rowing-matches, foot and baseball games, etc.—as to lose sight altogether of the purpose for which students come to college. An editorial in the February number, on the subject of essay criticism, says, among other things:

"That these efforts of the under-graduate pen are considered an essential part of this branch of the curriculum, is evinced by the fact that the authorities have recently increased the number required during the first two years. If the essay is a certain facility in composition is acquired by frequent practice, polish and elegance can only be attained by unceasing criti­
cism of one's steps and decision on part. And this Commendation is well enough when deserved, but we question whether even Senior essays do not invite something less than well-grounded praise. We do not mean to suggest that a few lines penciled at the end of ten or twelve pages of legal cap, but simply ask that blame as well as praise be meted out within the allotted space. 'Very well done. The treatment is excellent and the style spirited,' is valueless to those who really want to know their weak points. The treatment in the rush is 'excellent,' perhaps, but wherein is it faulty? The style does not lack spirit, but can it not be improved? Is it unreasonable to pray for three or four more lines which may serve to indicate that the author is not a Lowell or an Irving, if not to point out how he may become a great writer? one essay may represent a deal of time and effort, while another is dashed off to meet the requirement. Both are re­
duced to the same good or bad marginal legend. But mark­ed as to encourage honest effort? Does it not rather put a premium on sloth?"

The February number of The Princetonian is one of unusual excellence. The criticisms of the art lectures are sensible and highly appreciative, and the absence of wishy-washy, pointless, loose jokes, which form so marked a feature of many of the college papers—making of them a sort of small joker's rag-bag—is much to the credit of The Princetonian's editors.

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ing on and like the quills of the fretful porcupine! I confess that before then I had been in favor of Woman's Rights—but I was not any more. That scene was a perfectly efficient amendment of hominem to sweep away all my liberal theories on the subject. Addison says 'There is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sordidness to the look.' * * * I never saw a party woman who kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I therefore advise all ladies as they value their complexions to let alone disputes of this kind.' Addison's assertion was true for his time, but another Addison might truly make the same assertion now, all of which shows conclusively that political and public matters are not the legitimate field for the exercise of women's activities because if it were so, the women entering this field, finding in it their natural sphere, could not fail to grow more and more beautiful, certainly more and more womanly.

Local Items.

"Gawge" is convivialent.

The Junior study-hall is a miniature green-house; flowers of sweetest perfumes and in full bloom, and plants of richest hues adorn the windows and statue of the Blessed Virgin.

Bro. Titus is busily engaged in planting a variety of evergreen and other ornamental trees on the slope leading from the Manual Labor School grounds to the shore of St. Mary's Lake.

At the regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club, held on the 17th inst., a unanimous vote of thanks were read as follows: The Electric Light, by Eugene Orrick; Theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus, by W. Arnold, and Zerounatsis, by A. J. Zahm. Many questions were asked of the readers by the Rev. President, who expressed himself well pleased with the answers.

The Seniors are very grateful to Rev. Father Zahm for arranging the electric light in the Rotunda, on St. Patrick's night, for their benefit; to Brother William for his elaborate and artistic decorations; to Marshal O'Neill and Thos. Kavanagh for their efforts in securing the services of an orchestra; and to E. Ortick, F. Kuhn and A. Zahm for their attention to the electric machine during the evening's entertainment.

Considerable damage was done to the green-houses in South Bend by the terrible hail-storm last Saturday morning. Windows were also broken in many of the College buildings here. The storm was one of the severest we have had in many years. The rain poured down in torrents, and the hail-stones fell in such quantities as to nearly cover the ground. Their size was "pretty respectable," too. One who was out in a buggy thought they were as large as hen's eggs. Our assistant weather-prophet says he knew there was a storm coming, but didn't like to create an alarm. This is very considerate, to be sure.

—St. Joseph's Day was celebrated with eoit by the students of the University. Many approached the Holy Table at the morning service. Sollenn High Mass was sung at the usual hour by Rev. Alexis Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Francisces, as deacon and subdeacon. In the evening Prof. Lyons informally received the Philomatheans and Philopatrians in the Junior's hall. Washington Hall was occupied by the Columbian Band, who right royally entertained the members of the Cornell Band and other invited guests. The Band, in acknowledgment of the courtesy shown them, discussed some of their choicest music; and Prof. Paul added to their pleasure by playing several classical pieces and accompaniments for the College choruses.

A recent visitor to the University, an extensive traveler, says: "Notre Dame can boast of having one of the finest churches as to the interior in North America; the largest bell (17,000 lbs.) in the United States; the oldest and best fine paintings in the country, a contemporary portrait, 500 years old, of Santa Brigitta of Sweden, her daughter, St. Catharine, and two royal personages; a Crucifix, 32 by 48 inches, which is considered among the best of Van Dyke's paintings; one of the largest magnets in the States; the largest and best chimes (32 bells) owned by any college in the New World; also the most artistic collection of sacred vessels (gilt of Pia IX. Napolone II, and the Marquis de Marberay's) in the world. In the library late fire destroyed most valuable books and rare collections, illustrations of Natural History, etc."

We are indebted to Father N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., the professor of Greek at Notre Dame, Ind., for a copy of the Athenian paper 0 Aetor ton Anatolion, in which he printed both it and the little monthly Ephemeris ton gidian, a publication for juveniles, used in class-rooms of our Catholic colleges. "It is amusing, indeed," writes Professor Stoffel off, "to find in the children's department Greek riddles, jokes, and quaintly-rendered anecdotes from English authors." Professor Stoffel reminds us of the Greek student, in Cuthbert Bede's "Verdant Green," who exasperated poor Verdant by cackling hideously over the puns of Aristophanes, in
which the freshman could see no fun at all. But Blackie, Max Mueller, and Schillemann, all advocate the adoption of the modern Greek pronunciation, and the study of coloquial Romance, as an introduction to the classical tongue.

—Catholic Telegraph.

The liveliest baseball game of the season was played Tuesday last week on the Junior grounds, between the five teams head by Messrs. Wendell and Dare. The report of this game is crowded out of the preceding issue of the Scholastic. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quicksteps</th>
<th>Red Sox</th>
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<tr>
<td>C. Wendell, C. and P.</td>
<td>A. Taggart, C. and C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Richmond, c.</td>
<td>D. Taylor, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Grever, s. s.</td>
<td>J. Pynn, s. s.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Ayer, 1st b.</td>
<td>C. Ayer, 1st b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Orsinger, 2d b.</td>
<td>S. Roosevelt, 2d b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. Ruvard, 3d b.</td>
<td>W. Laumann, 3d b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Jones, L. F.</td>
<td>W. Milburn, L. F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Frey, 1st b.</td>
<td>J. Castilo</td>
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Total: 432

—St. Cecilia Hall was the scene of a pleasant surprise on the eve of the Feast of St. Joseph. Prof. Joseph A. Lyons had called a meeting of the Philopatrian Society to transact the regular business of the association, and the members were scarcely seated, when, to the great surprise of the Professor, all the members of the St. Cecilia Philo-

mathean Association, accompanied by Prof. Edwards and Brother Leonard, entered the hall, followed by a commissar carrying an elegant chased silver service consisting of a large water-pitcher, goblets and water-water-bowl lined with gold. Amadeus Ogilvin, in behalf of the Philopa-

thenaean Association, bearing an elegantly chased silver service consisting of a large water-pitcher, goblets and water-water-bowl lined with gold. Amadeus Ogilvin, in behalf of the Philo-

this new proof of their appreciation of his hum-

—Roll of Honor

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.


CLASS HONORS.

LIST OF EXCELLENCE.

COUHSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

—List of Excellence

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.


* Omitted last week by mistake.
people, the great law-giver Moses, from whom the world was taken place on their banks or waters. And so revering from the garden of Eden. The memory of these sacred rivers flowed the streams of knowledge and Eloquence. The candidates were Misses Lilly Lancaster, of Kentucky; Mary Campbell, of Indiana; and Nellie Thompson, of Utah. Miss Lancaster, having for four years filled the above condition, was unanimously voted the Golden Rose, which was presented by the Very Rev. Father General, amid the acclamations of the pupils.

Immortaled Rivers.

In searching the pages of both sacred and profane history, we find that many rivers have become immortalized by the glorious events and celebrated battles that have taken place on their banks or waters. And so renowned have such rivers and streams become that even the mention of their names recalls the grand, momentous and interesting scenes which have immortalized them. To commence at the beginning, we view the Euphrates and Tigris, rightly styled the sacred rivers. Tradition says that situated between these was the garden of Eden, the home of our first parents. Here God conversed with them, imparting divine truths. Thus from these sacred rivers flowed the streams of knowledge which have fertilized all the world. For, whence did the Egyptian and Grecian philosophers receive their Ideas of a Supreme Being, save from the traditions flowing from the garden of Eden. The memory of these grand facts recalls numerous others. The happiness of Adam and Eve amid the delights of their terrestrial paradise; their rash eagerness to possess all knowledge; their plucking the forbidden fruit; admitting a ray of light which overturned them; man’s primitive fail; the culmination of these events, the consoling promise of man’s redemption; such are some of the solemn thoughts awakened by the names of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The Nile does not owe its chief glory to the lofty pyramids on its banks, nor to the sanguinary battles fought by a Caesar or a Nelson; it is rendered glorious by the fact that on its waters was cradled the leader of God’s chosen people, the great law-giver Moses, from whom the world received the grand declamation. Passing rapidly on through the annals, and taking notice only of the most important rivers, we pause before the glorious Jordan, as it plays a most prominent part in the history of mankind. Something more impressive than the magnificence of the scenery surrounding the banks of the Jordan, causes us to stand almost breathless, while we gaze into its mystic waters. The rolling of the tide, in tempest and in calm, tells us grand mysteries. A holy awe pervades the air. Its consecrated soil on which we tread; for God Himself has favored this river in a most special manner. Therefore we are not surprised that a St. Jerome, imitating the example of Elias, abandoned Rome, and crossed the seas to seek a retreat on its banks. Oh, sparkling waters! no wonder ye rolled back at the command of Joshua, in order to permit the Ark of the Covenant and the Israelites to pass over. Oh, happy waters! ye were in future ages to be immortalized as the sacred font in which the Incarnate God received from the hands of His precursor the waters of baptism, at which mysterious ceremony the three Divine Persons manifested themselves audibly and visibly: for the voice of the Eternal Father was heard declaring, “This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,” whilst the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, hovered over the head of the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. Oh, glorious Jordan! thou art indeed immortalized; only one other stream may rival thee, the little Brook Cedron, whose banks were crimsoned with the Precious Blood that flowed so freely for us in the garden of Gethsemane.

We now pass from sacred geography to rivers notable in profane history. The Rubicon, we find, has been immortalized, not for its grandeur, but by the fact that on its banks the fate of Rome was sealed, when Caesar exclaimed: “The die is cast: the Rubicon is passed!”

The dwellers on the Rhine have, by their patriotic devotion, rendered it famous in poetry and song; for they glory in their river, and love to sing and listen to the soul-stirring anthems which tell the history of this noble stream. Well has Mrs. Hemans expressed their devotion in these beautiful lines:

“The Rhine! The Rhine! our own imperial river,
Be glory on thy track! We bear thee freedom back.”

The dark waters of the Boyne have a tragic celebrity, for the fate of Ireland was decided on its banks, and thus it is immortalized on pages of history dimmed with a nation’s tears.

The name of Shakspeare has immortalized the river Avon, for he is known in history as the Bard of Avon, and Avon as the birth-place of Shakspeare.

The poet Scott has rendered memorable the Till, in his glowing description of the battle of Flodden, when

“All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke.”

The Thames can boast its royal palaces and historic castles, but the name of the valley of Runnymede, through which it flows, brings recollections of that grand deed—the signing of Magna Charta. This alone should immortalize this river.

While there are many other rivers of historic fame, France can claim for her river Gave a glory most unique; for, while it is celebrated for the ancient castle of Lourdes, which, even in the days of Charlemagne was regarded as the key of the Pyrenees, and, in the Middle Ages, as the impregnable stronghold for which the feudal lords of France and England disputed possession, it has in these modern times been honored in a special manner, for our Blessed Lady has graciously given it a world-wide celebrity by
visiting the Grotto on its banks, under the exquisite appearance of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

The Tiber is one of the most noted rivers both in ancient and modern history. For its waters have filled the walls of Rome, the former mistress of the ancient pagan world, which nursed upon her soil a Romulus, a Caesar, a Pompey, and hosts of pagan celebrities. This river Macaulay has also immortalized in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," when describing the Valtart Horatius as saying:

"Oh! Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arts,
Take thou in charge this day!"

But the Tiber can claim a higher immortality of fame than could be imparted by mere pagan grandeur. That once pagan Rome is now the home of the Father of the faithful, the centre from which flows the stream of Christian truth. And Catholic hearts turn with devotion and affection to that Sovereign Pontiff, who from his Vatican prison sends his paternal blessing to his faithful children all over the world.

We now turn from the Old World and glance at the rivers of the New. Though these rivers are not celebrated in our ancient histories, did we but possess the legends of the warlike tribes who have dwelt upon their banks, we would find them immortalized in song and verse. And many a now unknown stream would be as famous as the sparkling waters of Minnebaha. Several of these streams, however, figure grandly in the historical records of our own loved country. The Mississippi, made famous by the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band. The James, with its legends of the brave Captain Smith and the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band.

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We now turn from the Old World and glance at the rivers of the New. Though these rivers are not celebrated in our ancient histories, did we but possess the legends of the warlike tribes who have dwelt upon their banks, we would find them immortalized in song and verse. And many a now unknown stream would be as famous as the sparkling waters of Minnebaha. Several of these streams, however, figure grandly in the historical records of our own loved country. The Mississippi, made famous by the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band. The James, with its legends of the brave Captain Smith and the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band.

The notable rivers of North and South America are indeed so numerous, that it would be tedious to name them all; but this we may say, that the Catholic missionaries were ever among the first white men who traversed these streams, and the significant names of Trinity, Sacramento, Conception, St. Francis, St. John, and St. Joseph, prove the spirit of faith and piety which animated these missionaries, for these holy men came not in search of gold, but in search of souls.

The rivers of the New World are so linked with the names of these saintly missionaries, that they are immortalized in the annals of the Catholic Church. We have said that it would be tedious to name all the rivers of America, but gratitude and affection forbid us to be silent in regard to our own loved stream, the dear St. Joseph. Our river, so generously spreading peace and plenty on its banks, well deserves its beautiful name. This river brings us to records personally interesting: In 1842, our own loved stream, the dear St. Joseph. Our river, so generously spreading peace and plenty on its banks, well deserves its beautiful name. This river brings us to records personally interesting: In 1842, our own loved country. The Mississippi, made famous by the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band.