The Vanished Years.

O witching was the melody
A bird sang on the fruit-crowned tree.
So blinding sweet its every note,
All heaven seemed quivering in its throat.
So clear and strong its music fell,
The soul vibrated like a bell.
So piercing keen the exultant strain,
The earth was tranced with joy and pain.
Its pulses shook with love and scorn
And fear was slain and hope was born.
Its plumage flamed, as it had won
Its gleaming crimson from the sun—
It died, and left the world forlorn—
O golden bird of youth, return!

Portia.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.,
Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame.

(CONCLUSION.)

Portia knows something of the law. She is a strong-minded woman in the highest sense. She and her cousin, the learned Dr. Bellario, of Padua, have often argued on the niceties of Venetian law. She writes to him. He replies, and we next see Portia, supplied with legal notes and a doctor's gown, waiting to be admitted to the court-room of Venice where the Duke and Magnificos are presiding over the dispute between Antonio and Shylock. The Duke awaits Bellario; but there comes instead the learned, but youthful Dr. Balthazar, of Rome, recommended by Bellario. A clerk accompanies her, and this clerk is the pert Nerissa, disguised, too, in a long robe and a little bonnet, not so imposing as the doctor's cap her mistress wears.

Portia knows the law by heart; she admits that Shylock has the law on his side; she is ready to meet law with law, for Dr. Bellario has well supplied her with lore; but her woman's heart will not let her cut the suit short by mere justice until she has tried the argument of mercy. Shylock must have a heart, she says to herself; let him show that he is not altogether malicious, and gain praise for his mercy. Justice without mercy works evil instead of good. She cannot believe that Shylock is so hard as he is said to be. She asks of Antonio:

"Do you confess the bond?"

ANTONIO:--"I do."

PORTIA:--"Then must the Jew be merciful."

SHYLOCK:--"On what compulsion must I? Tell me that."

And then Portia speaks from the depth of her womanly heart, voicing the spirit of true womanhood in all ages and particularly Christian womanhood; for if justice is the oak, mercy is the ivy. If men are just, women are merciful. They staunch the wounds of the soldiers who have fought against their fathers and brothers; they save the fugitive who rushes panting to their feet, pursued by the bloodhounds of the law. If the flashing edge of the sword is wielded by man, it is woman that throws a barrier of thickest moss between it and its victim; and so the most blessed and purest of women is called the Mother of Mercy.

Shakspeare created noble women, like Cordelia and Portia, and he made them most noble when they were most gentle. Portia modestly wears the doctor's gown, but she does not unsex herself; she forgets the law in something more
divine than law; and if her garb is that of a man, her words could have come only from the heart of a woman. The Duke, the Magnificos, Shylock, Antonio, Bassanio, who, of course, does not recognize her, expect, perhaps, a long, dry argument. But she answers in words that will ever live, and grow fresher as they grow more immortal:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow this strict court of Venice,
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there."

Then follows the famous trial scene, probably the most dramatic, yet the least theatrical in all literature. With marvellous skill—comedy approaches tragedy! We are in the secret of Portia's disguise; but none of those present know that the young Dr. Balthazar, who wears the Roman cap so carefully adjusted above his wig, is the Lady of Belmont. It must be remembered that in Shakspeare's time no women were permitted to act in the theatre. Their parts were taken by boys; and Portia, as the young doctor, was probably more life-like than the chatelaine in the halls of Belmont.

Judge Blackstone, who, like most lawyers, studied this noble scene in which suspense and hope and fear, malice and revenge and feverish despair, courage and fortitude, and the intellect and heart of a woman, weigh, each in its turn, in the balance of the hearer's mind, objects to the fact that Portia should use Christian arguments to one who was not a Christian,—he thinks Portia's paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer a little out of place addressed to Shylock. But Shylock was a Jew, not a pagan. The argument used by Portia to touch his heart was the only one that she, thoroughly saturated, as was her time, with the doctrines of Christianity, could use. They were emanations of the Truth; and, besides, they were not new to Shylock; he must have heard them in his own synagogues in a different form, for the old Jewish law was not a law only of justice, of blood, of revenge. If it had been, Our Lord would not have said: "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil."

Bassanio impetuously begs Portia to stretch the law, and offers ten times the amount of the bond. But Portia, in her character of Doctor of Laws, will not hear of it. She says:

"—there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established."

Shylock is delighted. "O wise young judge!" he exclaims. Portia looks at the bond Antonio has forfeited. She admits that:

"—lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart."

Shylock gloats over this. His revenge is at hand. He sharpens his knife in court in order to be ready for the moment when the Duke shall give the signal, and he can cut his pound of flesh from Antonio's heart. Portia asks Shylock if he has a surgeon ready to stop Antonio's wounds, that he may not bleed to death, and the scales with which to weigh the flesh. Shylock says these things are not named in the bond, and he will do nothing out of charity. Antonio is resigned; he bids an affectionate and dignified good-bye to his friends. Bassanio protests in vain. Gratiano, who has married Nerissa, exclaims that he would willingly yield his wife to Heaven, much as he loves her, so that she might by her prayers save Antonio. Shylock is wild with joy; but Portia checks his exultation. She follows exactly the letter of the bond. Gratiano cannot contain his joy at this; he turns to Shylock and echoes his words—"O upright judge!—Mark, Jew, a learned judge!" Portia, whom Dr. Bellario has well taught, goes on to say that if Shylock should cut off the slightest atom of flesh more or less than the exact pound of flesh he should die and, his goods be confiscated. Shylock, beaten down, humiliated, demands to be let go; he will take the money he lent Antonio and ask no more. But Portia reminds him that justice, which he so loves; has another hold of him. It is enacted by the laws of Venice that if any stranger make indirect or
direct attempts against any citizen of Venice he
shall forfeit all his goods: one half to go to the
State, the other half to the party against whom
he has conspired, and that his life shall be at
the mercy of the Duke. The Duke, to show the
difference between the Christian spirit and that
of Shylock, gives him his life, declares that half
his property shall go to Antonio, but that he
may, if he be submissive, redeem the other half
by a fine. Antonio, refined and made more Chris-
tians by the suffering he has so recently under-
gone, does not sneer at Shylock now. He has
been too near death himself to bear ill-will to
any man; besides, Portia’s words about the qual-
ity of mercy have struck deep into his heart.
He now begs that the court will relieve Shylock
of the forfeiture to the State, and give him the
other half that he may bestow it on Lorenzo and
Jessica; in return he insists that Shylock shall
become a Christian, and record a gift of all he
shall die—possessed of to Lorenzo and his wife.

Shylock, in despair, consents. He leaves the
court-room, his heart bitter with baffled hate.
The point of his own knife has been turned
against him. We fear that he will not make
the most exemplary Christian, for good Chris-
tians are not made by force. So desperate is
his condition, that one’s sympathy almost turns
to him. And if Jessica were but to appear and
offer her arm to the broken old man, tottering
to his desolate home, one would forgive her for
her previous unfilial conduct. But she is at
Belmont looking after Portia’s housekeeping,
and so the old man, more bent, more wrinkled,
more aged than he was an hour ago, when he
applauded the learned and youthful Dr. Baltha-
czar, hides his untarnished knife in his gaberdine,
and crawls over the bridges of Venice. The
dark gondolas glide to and fro through the ca-
dals in the sunlight of the noon-day, and their
occupants recognize the infamous miser and
point him out derisively. He sees the island
called the Rialto—whose very soil he loved—
and he shudders. There shall be no more gain
for him there. For what use is gain? Will it
not all go to the hated Christian Lorenzo and
his more hateful wife? He sees the cross of St.
Mark’s blazing above the city of the sea. He
would snarl and shake his fist at the sacred
symbol if he dared, but he only clutches his
knife more closely. He is not well; his head
wrecks which hatred makes. All the curses he
has called down on others fall upon his own
head. Nerissa, still disguised as the lawyer’s
clerk, in her trailing gown, knocks at his door
and demands that he sign the deed of gift to
Lorenzo and Jessica; he signs it in stony silence
and he is left alone.

There is amazement and joy at Belmont when
Bassanio discovers who has saved the life of his
friend. Antonio joins the happy party there,
and the news comes that his ships, though de-
layed, are safe. And the play ends, as a play
should, leaving all the personages who have
suffered the better prepared for life. A comedy
should be a picture of life, not a mere piece of
comical fooling. Madame Swetchine, to whose
works I commend you, says that though com-
edies always seem to end with a marriage, life
only begins when the comedy ends. Similarly,
the novels would teach you that the object of
life is marriage, and that the object gained,—
orange-blossoms and wedding-cake and white
veils and congratulations accompanying it—
there is nothing to be done but to be happy.
But this is an error. Life begins only when one
has found one’s vocation. As Father French
said in a recent sermon, the child may turn
away from the bitter cup offered him by his
nurse and, perhaps, go to sleep, but the man or
woman cannot. The dregs are there, noisome
dregs, in every cup of joy, and we must all drink
them, * nolens volens. If life were all happiness,
the cross would have no lesson for us. In that
we hope, in that we conquer.

Even Shylock, ground in the mortar of God’s
justice, may have risen a new man. Shakspeare
does not say so; but the beings created by the
great poet have so much humanity in them that
we cannot let them rest when the curtain goes
down, as if they were puppets.

We may be sure that Portia made a noble
wife and mother. Notice the contrast between
her and Jessica. When it is a question between
love and duty, between inclination and honor,
she chooses without hesitation. She would scorn
Bassanio if he were not an honorable man. She
respects him and, therefore, she loves him. And
this fact is the best guarantee of her future peace
and contentment; for in spite of the novels, love
without respect is a very poor thing. Portia was
truest, most womanly; when she bade Bassanio
leave her to save his friend. Bassanio is not so
strong a character as she is; but he has sufficient
nobility in him to appreciate the nobility in her.
It is probable that he never realized until he
saw how much Antonio would suffer for him
what real generosity was. Bassanio’s generos-
ity has hitherto been the generosity of the
prodigal. He gave because he liked to give,
out of pure good nature, or out of ostentation.
But the generosity of Antonio and Portia,—
both willing unselfishly to repair his errors—
must have taught him a lesson which could not
fail to strengthen a character so good at the
core as his.

In reading "The Merchant of Venice," you will
notice how strong Portia is, and her strength is
not masculine. She is an answer perpetual to the
foolish saying that learning unsexes a woman.
In Portia's time, there were many learned women,
and yet they were not the less womanly for being
learned. You may be sure that reduced to pov­
erty, Portia would assume the domestic apron
with as much grace as she donned the doctor's
gown, and adorn it as well. And ascending to
heights even beyond the altitude of this strong­
est and sweetest of Shakspeare's creations, let
me remind you that St. Gertrude was not less
of a woman because she deserved the title of
Doctor of the Church, nor St. Catherine of
Genoa more than a woman because the Vicars
of Christ listened to her monitions as coming
from Heaven. A woman cannot be too learned,
if she be a true woman. As we have seen, Bas­
sanio was not so well instructed as Portia, and
yet see how humble Portia is to him. A little
learning is dangerous, as Pope has said in a
famous line; but great learning, with the grace
of God, never rendered man or woman less
humble. I have little to say of the comic ele­
ment in the comedy. It doubtless served its
turn; but Lancelot Gobbo and his father are
not so amusing now as they were two centuries
ago.

Jessica offers, it seems to me, an admirable foil
to Portia. With her, inclination sets aside duty.
She does not seem to understand, that respect
can only be engendered by a capacity for sacri­
fice. She does not realize that in deserting her
father, and in taking his ducats and jewels she
is guilty of an act which, however defensible
from a romantic point of view, cannot stand
the light of impartial judgment. Lorenzo we
do not consider at all; he has not much charac­
ter, and, for that reason, it seems as if she would
have reason to regret that she had not been
more Portia-like in her regard for honor.

"Such love is rainbow-tinted, and as short
As is the life of rainbows."

If what I have said about Cordelia and Portia
makes you like the great poet, who could draw
such pictures of womanhood, I could not have
done you a greater kindness; for a genuine
liking for Shakspeare means a distinct ascent
in education and cultivation.

The Greeks and the Romans.

BY W. LARKIN, '90.

I.

Genius, soar it in the lofty realms of poetry,
or move it to daring deeds in human strife,
ever yet received its due till after ages came
and tore away the veil of prejudice cast before
it by envy or by hate. The greatness of great
men produces effects that last through the ages;
 theirs is a work not for a day, but for all time.
As with individuals, so with nations: their place
in history is to be fixed by their influence on
future generations.

Of the peoples of antiquity two nations—the
Greek and the Roman—have filled the world
with their glory. In both were inherent those
powers of body and mind that mark their pos­
sessors or rulers. They resembled each other
in many respects: in love of liberty, in desire
of conquest; but they presented many and wide
diversities of character: the Greek pleasure­
loving, indolent and careful of his ease; the
Roman stern, harsh and energetic. And these
differences of temperament were shown in their
daily life, and impressed on their national liter­
atures; the one was full of beauty, strength and
grace; the other harsh and rugged. The pages
of the one are redolent with the flowers of dic­
tion that naturally spring from the thought; of
the other—but we can say but little of Latin
literature until it was perfected by the study
of Grecian models.

II.

Greece, the Greece of poetry, of music, and
of heroic deeds, is the first subject of my theme.
Situated on the banks of the Mediterranean, it
was the cradle of art and of liberty. The home
of the Hellenes, it was the mother of poetry.
In its youth it gave birth to a Homer, and in
more mature age brought forth a Demosthenes.
The heroes of Marathon nursed at its bosom;
and the hosts of Xerxes succumbed to the on­
set of its children.

The Greek, fanned by the soft winds of the
South and protected from the cold by the moun­
tain barriers of the North, early reached a high
degree of civilization. He revelled in the beau­
ties of nature, and worshipped its phenomena
which he could not understand. Of poetic and
loving temperament, he sang the praises of his
fatherland, and raised its heroes to the rank of
demigods. Though at first governed by kings,
he drank in freedom with each draught of air,
and soon all threw off the yoke of tyranny save the Spartans.

In Athens, the foremost democracy of this little world, we find the highest type of Grecian civilization. There flourished art and literature and philosophy; there was the abode of the Muses, and there the gods had lavished all their gifts. At Athens, in the time of her glory, lived Phidias, king of sculptors; and there remain the relics of that great monument of architectural and artistic skill, the Parthenon, the figures of which yet command our wonder and admiration. There, too, dwelt Zeuxis and Parrhasius, skilled in painting. So life-like were their representations that one deceived the very birds of the air, the other baffled the keen eyes of his friend.

Of Greece's poets. Homer stands unrivalled in his tale of a woman's sin and a country's fall; and Sappho sang those sweet, amatorlyyrics, on hearing one of which Pericles is said to have exclaimed: "O gods, grant that I may memorize this before I die!" Simonides, Pindar,Æschylus and Euripides fill the cup of the greatness of Grecian poetry; though Aristophanes yet lives as a comic poet, and many others would be accounted great, save that in a country where all are eminent, we can only mention the most extraordinary.

The Greek, though loving peace, was brave in war. His subtile nature well fitted him for the arduous task of statesmanship. Aristides, Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles, and Demosthenes, Athenians all, are the names most associated with the idea of Grecian greatness. To Themistocles was due the foundation of Athens' pre-eminence; to Pericles, the zenith of its power; but on the upright and honest, the firm and clear-headed Demosthenes devolved the harder task of upholding its glory in its declining years.

Of statesmen none more wily, none more successful ever was than Philip, king of Macedon, a Greek in all but birth. His son, Alexander, uniting all Greece under his banners, hurled his brave troops against the mighty Persian throne which tottered, shook, and fell beneath the blow. Having subjugated the then known world he died, because there was no more to conquer.

Brilliant and brief is the history of the Grecian states. They fell, exhausted by internecine war, and finally passed under the Roman sway. But, though fallen, they were yet the victors; for Rome, conquered by the vanquished, became a second Athens in manners, language and traditions.

III.

Rome, the mighty mistress of the world, the fairest city of the universe, now commands our attention. The "city of the hills" was inhabited by a martial race of men whose thoughts were ever turned to conquest. The Sabine, the Etruscan and the Gaul first felt and long dreaded the displeasure of the Romans. Carthage, proud and haughty, fell to rise no more beneath the attacks of its implacable foe. Greece, unable to make headway against the power of Macedon, welcomed the invader as a deliverer. And Macedon, whose flag had floated from the lofty heights of many a Persian citadel, whose name yet inspired awe in the most populous districts of Asia Minor—Macedon, too, became a trophy of the conqueror, and bowed her neck to the Roman yoke. Egypt, with its inexhaustible granaries, and Asia, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, acknowledges the Roman sway.

Rome was rich in the number of her great men. Fabius Maximus and the Scipios displayed their abilities in the Punic wars. The elder Cato, distinguished for his probity and love of country, was eminent as an orator. But in eloquence, Cicero surpassed the rest as much as Shakspeare towers above the other dramatic poets. In the forum, when he spoke, all were silent; in the senate none approached him in oratorical abilities. If we except Demosthenes, he was undoubtedly the greatest orator the world has ever seen. The conspirator, Catiline, fled from Rome, unable to withstand his denunciation; and the infamous Claudius perished unavenged, because Cicero was in the lists against him. He died as became a great man he fell with the Republic in the conscriptions of Mark Antony.

With the subjugation of the Grecian States, Greek influence began more and more to be felt in Latin circles. In learning, culture, depth of thought and grace of expression, the Roman acknowledged the Greek as his superior. Patri­cian youths flocked to Greek schools to finish their education. Greek became the language of fashion; and Roman dudes aped Greek customs. Latin writers disdained not to take Greek masters as their models; nor did Roman dramatists think it any disgrace to take the plot and treatment of their plays from the Greek. The author of the "Æneid" followed in the footsteps of Homer, and Plautus adopted most, if not all of his dramas from the work of Grecian playwrights.

But it is rather to the age of Augustus, the Golden Age of Latin literature, that we would...
confine ourselves in this essay. And, truly, a brilliant galaxy of great men was grouped about the venerable figure of the first emperors. Agrippa, the warrior and statesman; Maecenas, the devoted minister and profound statistician; Virgil, the prince of Latin poets; Horace, the charming lyrist; and Livy, the historian, combined to make that age the period of many triumphs both in war and in literature. Of Virgil it may be said that though he imitated Homer, he was not a mere copyist. His was a genius but little inferior to that of his master. Much of the "Aeneid" is original, many passages sublime; all show the greatness of intellect in its author that mark him the worthy successor of the blind poet.

To account for this lack of originality, even among their greatest writers, we may say that the Romans were a race born to command; their genius lay in ruling. All the treasures of the universe were at their disposal. What need had they of making for themselves what could be had for the taking? Did a painting please them? it was theirs by the right of conquest. The statues of Grecian sculptors adorned their walls, and the great works of Grecian artists beautified their homes. Theirs was a nature stern and unbending until wealth begot luxury, and luxury, decay. With nothing to do but gratify their passions, they degenerated from a nation of gallant men and virtuous women, into a nation of slaves.

The annals of the Greeks and the Romans differ not more widely than their individual qualities; or, perhaps, we may say that the diversity of their natures reacted on their history. The thoughts, feelings, and interests of the Greeks clustered round their city: all else might perish if only that was safe. The Romans, on the contrary, thought and felt as a nation. The former were fickle and pleasure loving; the latter steadfast and persevering, whom no threats could terrify, no obstacles retard. In Greece bribery and corruption were openly used, and traitors abounded. In the annals of Rome we find no case wherein the State was betrayed by its citizens. Greece fell because she could not exist as a people. Rome, proud and haughty, threw the gauntlet before all nations of the earth and no champion could be found strong enough to avenge the insult.

Music is love, and hate, and peace, and war, and all great passions and great deeds. It is the only art which can express everything that is infinitely noble and grand, and yet which need never define anything.

—With the Immortals.

A New Text-Book of Botany.

Some time ago we had occasion to speak of Prof. Bastin's "College Botany," published by G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago; but space did not permit us then to say anything about that of the text-book, which treats of the classification of plants.

The subject of classification in Botany is at present one that involves great difficulty, as the science is constantly undergoing changes, owing to the many researches that are being made everywhere. This is true, particularly in regard to the lower non-flowering plants. Sachs endeavored to establish a classification, and was followed by Prof. Bessey in his text-books; but the system was soon abandoned.

The system now most commonly followed is that of Dr. Goebel and of Van Tieghem. It is also followed by Prof. Bastin, and, in our opinion, it is more easily studied, and will serve best the purpose of the student of Botany.

In Prof. Bastin's Botany we find plants grouped into four series:
(1) The Thallophyta including the Myxomycetes, the Schizomycetes, the Algje, the Fungi and the Lichenes as five distinct classes.
(2) The Bryophyta including the two classes of Hepaticae and Musci.
(3) The Pteridophyta including the three classes of Equisetineae, Filicineae and Lycopodiaceae.
The Spermaphyta or Phanerogamia including the two classes of Gymnospermae and Angiospermae.

To give the student an idea of the lower plants found so abundantly in the water, so that in a drop thousands may be seen under the microscope, we know of no better text-book than that of Prof. Bastin.

The arrangement of the various groups of
plants and the beautiful illustrations accompanying the text cannot help but facilitate the study of the lower plants, and add to the pleasure of the beginner. Take, for example, the Diatoms, of which the author says:

"Diatoms are exceedingly abundant plants, both in individuals and in species, being found in nearly all waters, both salt and fresh, that are reasonably free from putrid matters. They occur in the tropics in springs where waters are so hot that few other forms of life are able to survive, and in the ice-cold waters of the polar seas. Their shapes are also exceedingly various."

Then he illustrates the leading typical forms as shown by the accompanying figures.

Again, take those curious plants bearing the name of Desmids. He says:

"They are found in great abundance and variety in clear, fresh water. They are mostly unicellular, but in some cases are loosely united into filaments. . . . The species are exceedingly numerous, and the semi-cells of many are lobed, spinose, delicately striated or otherwise ornamented."

Many of the typical forms are also illustrated as may be seen from the figures accompanying this notice. With such a delightful text-book the study of Botany becomes a pleasure to the student, and is a constant source of satisfaction to the teacher.

Explanation of the Illustrations.—Diatoms.

Fig. 1. Side view of valves of Pinnularia, dactylus, magnified about 300 diameters.

Fig. 2. Front view of the same, showing how the two valves fit together.

Fig. 3. Valve of Triceratium intermedium, magnified about 500 diameters.

Fig. 4. Triceratium favus, magnified about 150 diameters.

Fig. 5. Cosmiosdiscus Normanianus, magnified about 500 diameters:

Desmids.

Fig. 6. Closterium Chrenbergii, magnified about 100 diameters.

Fig. 7. Xanthidium fasciculatum, magnified 300 diameters.

Fig. 8. Micrasterias radiosa, magnified 200 diameters.

Fig. 9. Euastrum elegans, magnified 300 diameters.

Fig. 10. Cosmarium paraldis, magnified 300 diameters.

Fig. 11. Micrasterias pinnatifida, magnified about 400 diameters.

A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C.

Exchanges.

—The Wesleyan Hatchet has been rechristened The Ecritean.

—The University Mirror for April, comes to us with reversed column rules on account of the recent death of William Bucknell, the munificent benefactor of Bucknell University. The editors very properly publish a supplementary addition to the regular issue of the Mirror, detailing the life and services of the deceased philanthropist.

—From Austin, Texas, comes the College Echo, full of the awakened vivacity of the "New South." The Echo is too modest to call itself a voice; yet such a title would be no misnomer. Its leading article is a brief and trenchant résumé of the history of "Texas, the Lone Star State"; while "A True Advertisement" is a scathing review of a recent scurrilous publication, "Conspiracy against our Public Schools."

—The Concordiensis for April has for a supplement an illuminated double page cut. It is splendidly done, and we congratulate our contemporary upon the unique design as well as the excellent execution. Upon one page is "A Song to Old Union," in illuminated text, and surrounding this are sketches of the university and characteristic scenes in its environs. The other page bears the likeness of President Webster above the arms and monogram of the College.

—In a recent number of The Athenian there is a thesis on "Should the Reader of 'Henry Esmond' Read the 'Virginians'?" The writer handles the subject in an original and highly interesting manner, and concludes:

"In biographical and historical excellence 'The Virginians' compares favorably with 'Henry Esmond'; and while 'Esmond' is undoubtedly Thackeray's highest work of art, 'The Virginians' should not be left unread."

To which we think most lovers of Thackeray will readily assent.

—The Monot for April contains an essay on "Greek and Egyptian Architecture" that is worthy of more than passing notice. After briefly considering the purely mechanical aspect of the subject, the writer gives a thought to the art of building as expressive of the racial nature of a people, and finally examines the influence of religious belief upon the architecture of the Egyptians and the Greeks. The writer says:

"The oak is Egyptian in its endurance and immutability, and the willow is Greek in its lightness and beauty."

The reciprocal of the argument might also have been added—that, as Ruskin says somewhere in his writings, the architecture of a nation powerfully influences its thoughts.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, May 10, 1890.

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 twentieth-third year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have here before lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;
Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;
Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,
Old Students should take it.

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.
Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

If a subscriber fails to receive the Scholastic regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

Staff.
J. W. Cavanaugh, '90, H. P. Brelsford, '91,
J. B. Sullivan, '91,
J. E. H. Paradis, '90, C. T. Cavanaugh, '91,
F. C. Long, '90,
Joseph E. Berry, '91, W. Morrison, '90.

—We take pleasure in announcing that the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, will deliver the Oration at the annual Commencement exercises in June. The learned and zealous Bishop enjoys a world-wide reputation through his eloquent and masterly discourses and writings in behalf of education, and no words of ours are needed to tell of the rare intellectual treat in store for all who attend Commencement.

—One of the most commendable uses which our readers can make of the books, pamphlets and periodicals, which they are free to dispose of, is to present them to the Library of the Northern Indiana State Prison. This library has been established, through the energy and zeal of the Rev. John Bleckman, Pastor at Michigan City, Ind., for the use of the prisoners. It is hoped that by thus providing these temporary outcasts from society with good, wholesome literature, an effectual aid will be given to the ministrations of the chaplain; minds and hearts will be improved and lifted up from the slough of despondency, and the cause of morality and the good of society be most efficaciously subserved. No words are needed to show how worthy this object is, and how powerfully it appeals to the charitably inclined. Rev. Father Bleckman, to whom all donations should be addressed, will gratefully acknowledge the receipt of all books, etc.

—The International Copyright Bill has just been rejected by our Federal legislators, and literary piracy is, by act of Congress, become legal. That a great moral principle should thus be sacrificed to further interests that no intelligent man can pretend to understand is a precedent which, if we reason by analogy, will lead to disagreeable results. It means that there is really no justice. Justice is expediency, and if the clamorous part of the American people consider it advantageous to steal, our Government will teach the necessity of theft as an article of its political creed. This comes of sending incompetent men to Congress—men whose heads are stuffed with utilitarian views not clarified by moral principles. And if, haply, a few able politicians opposed the measure, we may be sure it was from no sense of right—it was rather a disgraceful concession to unthinking voters. We advocate the proposed Bill for two reasons: first and principally because it is right, and next because it is expedient. It is due in justice to authors that their books will be affected which every citizen worthy of franchise is anxious to discourage. We have yet to hear more of this Bill. The sound judgment and natural integrity of the American people will not willingly leave its best citizens to the tender mercy of unscrupulous publishers who mutilate texts, "improve upon" titles, and bring out valuable works in nasty yellow covers and hide-bound tomes.
The Lyons' Monument Fund.

Rev. D. A. Tighe, '69, the efficient pastor of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, has sent the treasurer of the Lyons' Monument Fund a draft for $25; Mr. Frank Ward, of Harris Township, has handed in $2, directing that the same be added to the fund. This is all the cash that the treasurer, Prof. Hoynes, has thus far received, although several hundred dollars have been voluntarily promised. The delay in sending the amounts, said to have been subscribed, is inexplicable. It is now apparently too late, on account of this seeming tardiness, to take measures to erect a suitable monument before Commencement. However, action should be taken in the matter without delay. The work should be finished next summer or early in autumn. But it is manifest that no contract can be entered into—that nothing can be done—until the money subscribed and promised shall have been received. Hence it is to be hoped that all who have received subscriptions, or promised to contribute to the fund, will realize the situation, and communicate promptly with the treasurer.

My Favorite Book Shelf.

Every lover of reading has, I presume, his favorite books. They need not necessarily be—indeed I doubt if they generally are—the most famous productions of genius, no more than our dearest personal friends are always, thank God, the most distinguished men in the world. In either case these "obscure companions of our solitary hours" seem to correspond to and fulfill some need of our nature, which more renowned productions of genius, no more than our obscure companions, satisfy. Who, for instance, makes an intimate of Shakespeare? Others abide our question. Thou art free. We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still, Out-topping knowledge."

Or who would think of claiming—though here I, naturally, speak with less confidence—as a bosom friend, the President of the United States? I pause for a reply. If you can get a glimpse at a man's pet books, take it. A stray glance of the kind will assist you to gauge his humor (in the Elizabethan sense) more accurately than months of every-day contact. They are so many windows that give on his inner nature. I once knew a man who, on the odd holiday he allowed himself from the hard, practical business of his profession (he was a lawyer), was invariably found by a certain meadow stream with a well-thumbed copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Treatise of Urn-Burial" lying on the grass in front of him. What a flood of light it threw on his character, his ideals, as I caught the quaint title over his shoulder one day when passing with my fishing-rod. I don't know, however, if I came so near a correct estimate of another of my acquaintances who, on such occasions, would console himself in an attic with Brillat-Savarin's "Physiologie du Gout." But he died. How wide are the reaches of one's experience! What is it, I often wonder, that guides our selection of these livres oubliés? It cannot so much be the book itself,—the mere words, I mean—as something congenial in the personality of the author.

Take, for example, to name a book that would, I think, be found on many shelves,—take Walton's "Complete Angler." How many of his readers have one iota of interest in tying flies or seeking for baits? Come! let us be frank, kind reader, how many of them could distinguish a trout from a perch or either from a mackerel? The book, no doubt, has charming pastoral descriptions, scarcely less lovely than Marlow's lovely lyric which they enshrine, but is not half the charm, confess it, the genial personality of old Isaac himself, leading his simple, contented life, at peace with all men, and looking out on God's beautiful world with eyes full of sunshine, and a heart choking with gratitude? And what a wonderful charm it is, too. Dear old fellow! I was once asked at a small dinner party by the young lady at my side if I liked the "Complete Angler." I was a little astonished, though I politely concealed it, at such a question; for what had poor Walton in common with all this chatter of the latest modes which was going on around us? Yes, I admitted I had once looked into it. "And don't you think the illustrations charming!" came the rapturous response. My fair friend was thinking of Mr. Burnand's facile parody of the book in question.

But, even apart from the illustrations, books of this kind do attract us strangely. Every reader, as I have said at the beginning of these desultory remarks, has his own select company, and I started out with the honest intention of saying a word or two about mine. But, lo! I have not even written their names. Perhaps it is better so. Reader, do you remember Artemus Ward's lecture on "Africa"? If not, read it again. The author only thinks of mentioning the subject of his discourse in the last three lines, and then it is to say that it was marked on every map of Africa he had ever seen, and his hearers could there, if they felt anxious, study it for themselves. Well, my favorite book shelf is full of my favorite books. Favourite linguis!

W. P. C.
IV.

Our train being an extra or wild one, was not limited to any rate of speed, or restricted to any stopping place by a cast-iron time-table. This was unfortunate for us in one respect—we could get no regular meals, as we did not stop for them at the proper stations, and we had no buffet attached to our train. Lunch baskets came into requisition, but they were soon exhausted of their precious contents. Wherever the train stopped for a few moments, there was a wild rush of men, women and children to the dingy hotel, the saloons and corner groceries, for something wherewith to refresh the inner man, but often in vain. Ginger-bread, fried cakes, hard eggs, pop and muddy coffee gave out before the hungry was half supplied. As the brakeman's stentorian lungs called out Coffeeville in the Bayou State there was a change made on the dilapidated village that outvalled that of Tennyson's Light Brigade. But, alas! there was no coffee to be had either for love or money. Some ludicrous incident would occasionally occur to compensate us for our disappointment, and put us in good humor again. A learned ecclesiastical dignitary, from one of our Northern seats of learning, who had generously delivered his basket of eatables into the hands of the conductor for the benefit of the ladies and children, made a dash for a grocery store at a place where the cars stopped for a couple of minutes. He had just filled his shining stove-pipe with oranges, candy and cake, and thrown a V on the counter to pay for them, when the whistle sounded, the bell rang and the locomotive started. There was an impromptu race without sweep-stakes between the solemn divine and the iron horse, that was never equalled at the Derby. The change for the five-dollar bill was left behind, professional dignity was flung to the winds, and hat and contents were abandoned; but the good man by the sprightly movement of his nether limbs came up with the last car and was pulled up the steps by stalwart arms, amid the cheers of all the onlookers from the platforms and car-windows! He looked a sadder but a wiser man, as he fished out of his valise a little travelling cap wherewith to cover his flowing locks. At another place a young mother, travelling alone with her baby, went out of the train to procure some eatables for herself and a bottle of milk for her little one. On her return she got into the wrong car by mistake. Of course her diminutive descendant was nowhere to be seen. A hue and cry was raised through the length of the train of a baby stolen or strayed, lost or mislaid! The cars were stopped and backed to the station. Half a thousand passengers together with the train hands went in search of “the babe in the wood.” The little tot was at length discovered in his mother's section, crowing and chirping and crooning contentedly on the floor! If some of our fellow-travellers suffered for want of solids, they did not lack a profusion of liquids. The following partial list of provisions for a trip to New Orleans was picked up near a section occupied by a delegation of Hawkeyes who are law-made abstainers:

“One Flagon of grippe medicine; 1/2 lb oatmeal crackers; one Demijohn Sunstroke; 1/2 lb Limburger; two quarts micolbe exterminator; two boxes stogies; 1/2 gallon malaria preparation.”

The rest of the paper was torn off. “What an amount of sack for such a small quantity of bread!”

Soon after entering Louisiana, the live oak, the magnolia, green creeping vines, the palmetto and further south vast cypress swamps, with banners of moss floating like streamers of lace from every bough gave indication of our presence in a semi-tropical climate. On nearing Lake Ponchartrain these gloomy forests of cypress rose out of the lagoons or bayous like huge stalagmites. Their weird trunks and gnarled limbs supporting the festoons or bunches of Spanish moss that swayed mournfully in the breeze would form a fitting entrance to Dante's "Inferno" were it not that the green palmetto and flowering shrubs proclaimed the fact that we were still in the land of the living and not in Pluto's dark realm of shades. Within the depths of these melancholy swamps alligators and large serpents lie in wait for their prey.

The Spanish moss forms now an article of commerce. It usually hangs from the cypress tree or live oak in large garlands or streamers with long filaments. According to southern naturalists, it is not a parasite, but lives on the miasma of the vitiated air. It is of a grey color when living, but black when dead. The bunches are often many yards in length and will weigh in favorable localities several tons to a tree. It is prepared for market by some process analogous to bleaching. Upholsterers and carriage builders use it extensively to-day. The beds and pillows at St. Isidore's College are stuffed with it, and from my own experience I would prefer a mattress filled with it to a couch of down. Though it somewhat resembles human hair—the wooly crop of the negro and the stiff horse hair of an Indian mixed together—I would not advise any old bachelor to make a wig of it particularly if he is seeking to become a Benedict. There might result an explosion of female ire worse than dynamite or mill dust.

The transition, as we reached the shores of the beautiful expanse of water called Lake Ponchartrain, was very striking. Along the beach vast tracts of swamp lands have been reclaimed, and now nourish on their fertile bosoms immense quantities of succulent vegetables, especially the classic genus brassica. Of course, visions of corned beef arose before the imaginative faculty. When we arrived in the Crescent City, the transformation as to climate, scenery and architecture was complete. Men were complaining of cold weather although it was about 65 degrees
in the shade. The festive mosquito and the industrious house fly were plying their advoca-
tions with all the activity of a New Englander in search of the almighty dollar. Were all the Southernners, white and colored, as industrious as their genius warrant, the New South of the eloquent Mr. Grady would be a land flowing with milk and honey, like Palestine of old—with little time to waste on questions of race, ballot-box unpleasantnesses, or Ku-klux raids upon the swarthy children of Chant! New Orleans is, even in winter, a poor place for bald-headed sinners. I would advise these unfortunate before coming here to secure a bottle of Duffy's hair invigo-
rator at South Bend. It is said to raise a cap-
illary crop on a glacial boulder or wooden limb! Every bed here is protected by mosquito bars from the attacks of the bloodthirsty little pests. But in spite of all precautions they get a taste of our claret. They have a weakness for the foreign article.

We arrived in time for the 26th Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund. My learned companion and myself, having been members of the famous Brass Band of ye anc-
ciente tymes at Notre Dame, prided ourselves on our acquaintance with such classical music as Yankee Doodle, La Marseillaise, Garryowen, a Life on the Ocean Wave, and could not miss the opportunity of hearing the great Mestri ade-
quately interpreted. It is true that Prof. Max Girac one day told your humble servant, as we were banging away on the piano, that we had better give the world a rest and learn to play on some of Adam's agricultural implements. He quoted Shakspeare for us about

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
Let no man trust him."

Nevertheless, by a vast expenditure of wind that would have supplied Demosthenes on the sea-shore, a Turkish muezzin in his minaret and the blowing bellows of the Village Blacksmith, we climbed the golden stairway of the band from the bassoon to the E flat, notwithstanding many a nerve-shaking and many a dolorous discord. Such was the result of pneumatic pluck and puerile perseverance! The Saengerfest, though open to criticism on some minor points, and though somewhat marred by defective acoustic arrangements, was, on the whole, a triumph in the realms of song. Uncle Sam may well feel proud of the programme, and his song-loving Teutonic sons may well congratulate themselves on its success; for it proved a brilliant success musically and financially. The six grand con-
certs were given in a large hall 150 feet long and 200 feet deep, erected especially for the festival on the corner of St. Charles and How-
ward Avenues. The building fronted the Lee Circle, in the centre of which the bronze statue of General Lee stands on a tall column of marble. There were 1000 male singers on the stage. In front of them were the few female artists or prima donnas—altos, contraltos and sopranos. The masculine vocalists occupied the rear of the stage on tiers of seats in horse-
shoe form, that rose above one another as in the Colosseum. In front was grouped the orches-
tra, numbering 60 pieces. Had the old Brass Band been there, the instrumental music would have been more effective, more in proportion to the volume of the vocal chorus, and more in harmony with the acoustic properties of the hall. The auditorium and galleries averaged 5000 people.

(to be continued.)

Personal.

—Hon. William A. Daily and wife, of Wal-
kerton, Ind., were welcome visitors at Notre Dame last Wednesday.

—Col. J. B. Stoll, Editor of the Herald, and family rode out from South Bend early in the week to note the progress of Spring in the country. They favored Notre Dame with a call, and it is hoped that henceforth they may come oftener.

—Edward Hotaling (Com't), '85, writing from his home in Baldwinsville, N. Y., to a friend here, mentions all his old Professors and Prefects by name and wishes to be kindly remembered to them. Ed. has a longing desire to visit his old college home, and promises himself that pleasure in the near future.

—Rev. Father Saulnier, C. S. C., formerly Chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., replaces Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C., as Pas-
tor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, this city, who goes to Notre Dame. Father Scherer during his stay here built the presbytery and greatly improved the school, which now has a daily attendance of seventy-five pupils. We shall at all times be pleased to hear of his rev-

erence wherever he may be.—New Orleans Morn-
ing Star.

—Hon. O. Z. Hubbell, of Elkhart, called on friends at Notre Dame, last Monday. Mr. Hubbell is one of the most popular and prom-
ising young men in this portion of Indiana. He was elected State Senator in 1888 by an excep-
onally large majority. As such he made a record creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. It is now proposed to ask him to go higher, and it is generally said that the sec-
retaryship of State awaits him. Later on it will be in order to tell him to go still higher, for he possesses in an eminent degree the qualities that make friends and the abilities that com-
mand public confidence and promise honorable distinction.

—The following beautiful notice of the death of E. H. Coady is taken from the Daily Pal-
ladium of Pana, Ill.: "Edward Hoffman Coady, eldest son of Patrick and Mary Coady, was born in the city of Pana, Ill., on the 29th day of May, 1867, and died at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., on the 5th day of April, 1890. He
was taken suddenly and seriously ill at 3 o'clock a. m. April 5th, and departed this life at the eighth hour of the same day from congestion of the lungs, resulting from a second attack of la grippe. Although the warning was brief, he was in full possession of his mental faculties and was prepared for the task to try the realities of that "bourn from whence no traveller returns."

"The five years spent by the deceased at the renowned University of Notre Dame, under the supervision of Rev. T. E. Walsh, though exacting in discipline and strict in the enforcement of its rules, were happy ones, because conscious of the fact that he was acquiring wealth of which no one could rob him—an education. He was not a student to grumble or find fault, knowing that he was there for the purpose of gaining knowledge and thorough instruction in his religious views, hence became reconciled to all and every requirement of his instructors. He therefore was happy in knowing that he was about to finish his education this coming June and return to his parents for a short vacation before going to Chicago to commence his battle with the world and his race among the business men of that great city for a place of honor. But an All-Wise Providence, deeming it best, we hope, carried him off in the pride of manly vigor and exalted aspirations; leaving a vacant place in that happy home of which he was the beloved of his parents and brothers and sisters, who deeply mourn their loss and look upon the panegyric was preached by the Most Rev. Bishop Foley chanted the Requiem Mass, all the impressive ritual of the Church. Rt. Rev. C. H. Borgess, D. D.

R. REV. C. H. BORGESS, D. D.

The Catholic Church of the United States mourns the loss of a saintly prelate and a scholarly defender of apostolic truth. The spirit of the late Bishop of Detroit has left its mortal body and winged its flight to those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead. The sad news has cast a gloom over the people among whom it was Bishop Borgess' lot to minister. He died on Saturday morning, the 3d inst., after a lingering illness. On Wednesday the funeral services were held in Kalamazoo with all the impressive ritual of the Church. Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley chanted the Requiem Mass, and the panegyric was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati. The University was represented by Rev. President Walsh and Prof. J. F. Edwards. The remains were interred near the church, where a suitable monument will soon be erected. The life of Bishop Borgess is fraught with many beautiful and instructive lessons. He was a valued friend of the University which, during the years of his episcopal office, he frequently loved to visit, to the great delight of the students who longed to hear the kind, paternal words of instruction and advice which he so often imparted to them. He was particularly a benefactor of Bishops' Memorial Hall which he enriched with numerous precious souvenirs among which was a gold chalice owned by Archbishop Carroll. May he rest in peace!

ELLsworth C. HUGHES.

Almost before the air had ceased to pulsate with the tenderly solemn notes of the great organ in the church last Thursday, when the family and friends of Edward Coady had assembled to pay the last sad tribute to his memory, the thread of another life was broken, and another soul was called to God. Immediately after the Solemn Requiem Mass of Thursday morning, Ellsworth Hughes went to the lake with several companions, and a few minutes afterwards the report spread that he had been drowned by the accidental overturning of a boat. It proved to be only too true. Of the three occupants of the boat Ellsworth was the only one who could not swim; and in spite of the strenuous efforts of his companions to save him, his limbs became cramped in the almost icy water, and he suddenly released his hold on the boat and sank.

It hardly lessens the poignant grief of Faculty and students to know that no one was to blame for the terrible accident. It was one of those occurrences that can neither be foreseen nor guarded against. It has been many years since college circles were so shocked, while President Walsh and the Faculty, especially those members of it who had been teachers of the deceased student, were wellnigh prostrated with grief.

Ellsworth C. Hughes was a member of the Junior class of the University and was about 17 years old. He was the son of A. S. Hughes, General Traffic Manager of the Denver & Rio Grande R.R., and was a nephew of U. S. Senator Ingalls. There were few students of the University, who had a more promising career, and none who were more universally beloved. He was exceptionally talented and had distinguished himself especially in the scientific classes. His character was unusually attractive. He was of a frank and generous nature, ever ready to oblige a friend, and was always modest and unassuming. His memory will long remain with his fellow-students and professors who sympathize most deeply with the bereaved relatives in this terrible affliction.

The Rev. Father Zahm, together with the bereaved brother of the deceased, started Friday morning with the remains for Denver, where the parents reside and where the body will be interred. The students telegraphed to Denver for an appropriate floral design to be placed on the casket when it arrives.

Local Items.

—Invincibles!
—Begin your essays.
—The "triples" are next on the list.
—Commencement—in June, sometime!
—The Juniors will open the championship series Thursday.
—The Minims feasted Tuesday afternoon, but the Staff—
—He has taken up Geometry, and daily practices on the parallel bars.
of negotiable paper, statute of frauds, and mas­

—Cornellius has developed into a phenomenal twirler. He says he likes it much better than the occupation of a spring poet.

—The Juniors play football after supper nightly; there is, of course, the usual amount of "kicking" attached to this exhilarating sport.

—The Juniors will organize the 8th nine this week. There are just 22 boys left "on the bench" on ball days. Verily, this is our national game!

—We promised him not to tell his first offence; but when he gently whispered that "the boat club could boast of a buoy who would simit," we wilted. Next!

—Messrs. Lane, McKeon and Burns of the Law class have written theses on the subjects of negotiable paper, statute of frauds, and mas­

—The Graduates are already at work on the last series of essays for graduation. In the Classical and Literary Courses the subjects are philosophical, and the students of these courses may choose any one of the following:

1. How can it be proved against Materialists that the human soul does not necessarily die with the body?
2. What is the best form of government according to St. Thomas? Are the principles laid down by the Angelic Doctor to be found in the American Constitution?
3. Can human reason prove that there is a personal God, the Creator of all things?

The lectures have so far gone well. The regular meeting of the Philodemics was held Saturday evening, May 3, Mr. H. P. Brelsford presiding. After the minutes were read and adopted and other preliminaries, the programme of the evening was taken up. Mr. J. Wright read an essay which was well received by the society. A debate, "Resolved, That the present jury system should be abolished," was argued on the affirmative by Messrs. A. P. Flynn, F. Chute; and on the negative by Messrs. P. Fleming, J. B. Sullivan. Both sides showed careful preparation as well as deep thought, advancing many conclusive arguments to support their respective views. The decision was reserved until next meeting. After a few words from the chair, relative to the closing meeting, May 17, the body adjourned.

—On Thursday morning solemn services were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart in memory of Mr. Edward Coady whose lamentable death recently grieved our little college world. The military companies formed on the Junior campus and, followed by the students in a body, marched to the Church in the form of a triple cross. The procession, headed by the College Band, playing a sweet and touching funeral dirge, entered the Church where a Solemn Mass of Requiem was then sung, in the presence of the bereaved relatives and friends, by Rev. D. J. Spillard, assisted by Fathers Morrissey and Connor as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Presi­

—The lectures on etiquette seem to have excited a great deal of discussion, and there are actually two factions in the "yard"—the square envelope and the oblong envelope parties. The question as to whether the German nobility eat with their knives has also been fully discussed. A paragraph from a famous German traveller's letters in the New York Commercial Advertiser has, however, settled it in the affirmative. A rude shock was given to the susceptibilities of Sorin Hall on Monday morning by the appearance of the lecturer on the verandah in a short coat and a tall hat. The horror of this event was only mitigated by the explanation—made officially—that the lecturer had borrowed the coat, having been placed by the storm of Sunday night in the alternative of committing this solecism, or of going down to breakfast in evening dress—a breach of etiquette which would have paralyzed the refectory.

We are delighted to see that the knife is no longer thrust into the Juniors' mouth, that the tinkling of various implements against glasses has ceased, and that other little nuisances have been extirpated. There was some doubt as to whether the lecturer recommended the letter­

1 Spectrum analysis in Chemistry, Physics, and Astronomy. 2 The electric light. 3 The applications of electricity.

—That promises to be a fine lawn back there. Good idea, that! Who "sod" so?

—The bicyclists are more numerous than ever. Their territory is limited, however.

—The opera at Commencement promises to eclipse all previous efforts in that line. The rehearsals indicate the fact.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

—THE SEMINARY.—Last Saturday, May 3, was the anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of Holy Cross Seminary. It was also the patronal feast of the house—the commemoration of the Finding of the True Cross. On Friday and Saturday evenings the beautiful new building was brilliantly and artistically illuminated—the work of the skilful hands of Mr. F. Reuter, C. S. C. Early Saturday morning, Rev. Father French sang High Mass at which all the students received Holy Communion. Having thus properly opened the day, they proceeded to celebrate it in an appropriate manner. At half past nine o'clock, the Leonine Society, the members of which know well how to arrange and render an agreeable programme, presented an entertainment in their own hall. The exercises were complimentary to Very Rev. Father General, and were conducted in such a manner as to win the admiration of all present. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Gaudeamus igitur..................Seminary Choir
Latin Poem—“Mensia Maii”........J. Just
“Lord is My Shepherd”—Duet...J. Hyland and T. Crumley.
Oration of the Day—“The Triumph of the Cross”...H. Santen.
Selection—“The Cross of the Wilderness”...R. Marciniak
“Ave Maria”—Solo.............J. Hyland
Dialogue—“The Brother’s Pardon”...W. Houlihan and T. Crumley.
“Land of Light”..................Seminary Choir

Very Rev. Father General expressed his delight at the excellence of the entertainment, and called upon Very Rev. Father Provincial, who complimented the young gentlemen in a graceful speech, dwelling particularly on the quality of the music—a well-considered compliment to Prof. Liscombe’s admirable training. He then introduced Rev. Father Spillard who made a few pleasant remarks insisting on the superiority of the speaking. Other visitors were Rev. Fathers Granger, Walsh, Morrissey and Scherer; the Theologians; Professors Edwards, Egan and Brogan. The entertainment was conceded by all to have been a brilliant success. It evinced a degree of taste and cultivation that speaks volumes for the education the students receive—an education scarcely equalled by that of any American seminary.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Questions.

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
Are there springs in the ocean’s bed?
Does a “jolly tar” ooze from a tree?
Can a river lose its head?
What kind of food is a watchman’s beat?
Can an old loom sing its lay?
Can a bugle note come due?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Is Father Time a noted thief?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Whose shingles a water shed?
To whom does the church bell pay its toll?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is ‘“Father Time’” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
If a minstrel boy can sing his lay, can a ship sing her “lay-to”?
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window-pane relief?
Can a bugle note come due?
Is “Father Time” a noted thief?
For stealing the hours away?
Mary Immaculate, and the choir sang one of those touching hymns, so dear to the hearts of all, and expressive of the tender love the devoted client of Mary bears the Queen of Heaven.

—Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Scherer and Zahm were present at the reading of the class and conduct averages on Sunday evening. Miss M. McPhee read a selection from "All for Jesus," and by her clear enunciation and intelligent phrasing surprised many of her auditors; Miss I. Cooke made her début in the elocutionary art, and recited "Water Lilies" very creditably. A few interesting and instructive remarks by Rev. Father Zahm closed the meeting.


“In Union There is Strength.”

The history of all nations, though presenting a variety of scenes and setting forth a multiplicity of motives, teaches in eloquent language the truth of the saying: "United we stand, divided we fall." The schism of the ten tribes and its consequent evils, the dissensions between Abraham and Lot, the condition of the Grecian colonies before the establishment of the Amphictyonic council—all point a moral which the wise of every age since have not been slow in appreciating.

Man naturally seeks the advantages of union, whether he aims at knowledge, pleasure or worldly reputation, and the famous Areopagus of Athens is but the type followed by hundreds who seek the benefits accruing from companionship. The student desirous of improvement seeks the society of those more learned than himself, thus showing the principle underlying literary clubs or guilds. The business man associates himself with another that unity of interests may produce good results financially; syndicates are formed, and the advantages of the few composing it are secured. In social circles we see that union is the essential component, and that the welfare of society depends upon the individual members constituting it; hence the family harmony should never be destroyed; for "as the family is, so is society."
Nowadays, labor unions are formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of the workingman; and the question as to whether these unions are beneficial or otherwise is agitating the greatest minds of the world. In religious matters, the claim of the Catholic Church which asserts her unity is one that has ever been her glory and her pride, and it is one that the enemies of Catholicity cannot gainsay. With unity as her characteristic, she marches on triumphantly over the ruins of the sects divided among themselves, having but one port in sight—the haven of the Sacred Heart.

The advantages arising from collective bodies are not to be lightly estimated: temperance societies, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, numberless religious orders, the workings of all gatherings for laudable purposes, speak for themselves, and insure success. Domestic life is only beautiful when peace and union reign, and any example of conjugal happiness handed down to us owes its existence to the spirit of unity.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and the subject under consideration forms no exception to the rule; for very often we are led to fully appreciate the beauty of union, and to long for its strength, when weakness, the fruit of division, is destroying our best efforts; and how little it takes to effect discord and dissension! A word, a look, a little jealousy, a movement of anger, and the work of years is overthrown. Natural history tells us of an insect which eats away the dikes that protect seaport towns from the inroads of the water; like to them are the narrow persons who eat away the supports of friendship or society,—though beneath notice themselves, the result of their work is often disastrous. There must be union to produce strength; and this is true, whether we look at the subject from a social, a political, a business or a religious point of view. Our own loved country is an example of what may be accomplished by union, and the unhappy condition of France is an example of what may be accomplished by division.

God’s creatures should be united in one, grand league to promote His glory, and His love should be the animating spirit; then would we enjoy a foretaste of Paradise where all are engaged in praising the God of unity and of strength.

Elizabeth Healey (Class ’90).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

Senior Department.


Junior Department.


Minin Department.


School of Art and Design.

Graduating Class—Miss M. Schiltz.

Elementary Perspective.


Painting in Water Colors.

Misses L. Curtis, M. Piper, N. Morse, M. Hurff.

Oil Painting.

Misses J. Holt, B. Hellmann.

China Painting.

Miss A. Regan.

Working in Crayon.


General Drawing.

Senior Department.


Junior Department.