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[From the "Ave Maria."]

## The Holy Cross.\*

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

It glitters high above the busy people  
Who walk with sordid step the busy street,  
The dust of earth about their weary feet;  
While on the apex of the slender steeple  
(That seems to point, as with celestial finger,  
Toward fairer lands than this), its brightness gleams;  
And to the pilgrim travel-worn it seems  
As if the sunlight loves to gently linger  
Where, borne aloft, above earth's mire and dross,  
It shines triumphantly, the Holy Cross!

In the glory of the sun  
In the morning just begun;  
In the mist and in the rain  
Of the darkness come again;  
Like a soldier at his post,  
Like a light on rugged coast,  
Like a star seen in a cloud,  
As a saint within a shroud;  
High it beckons and it shines,  
Keeping watch above the shrines,  
Where the faithful kneel at prayer.  
In the incense-laden air—

Where infant brows receive the cleansing waters  
That wash from every soul the taint of sin;  
Where consecrated bishops gather in  
The vows of all the Church's sons and daughters;  
Where words are pledged and promises are spoken,  
Where all is hushed except the sacring-bell—  
No human tongue can of that mystery tell,—  
The body of our precious Lord is broken!  
And over all, as with a light divine,  
We see the Cross of our Redemption shine!

\* Suggested by the cross on the steeple of the new St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind.

WE should never abandon an enterprise undertaken with reflection, because we encounter difficulties therein.

## Sailing Flight.\*

I had hoped to make this an experimental lecture, and to that end have constructed a great variety of apparatus illustrating the history and principles of artificial flight, many of which might be of interest if dressed and prepared for exhibition. But immediately upon seeing the success of any design I have left it in that condition and hastened to another; and the days have all flown, leaving me with a number of crude apparatus not yet in a presentable condition, but which I hope to collect for your entertainment at some future time. I have also prepared an exhaustive treatise on the mechanical theory of sailing flight, which resembles some of those profound works of the German philosophers which the writers themselves can scarcely read. This I shall have published, if acceptable, and no one will be obliged to read it unless, like a previous article, it is brought into requisition as a torture in the study-hall. I shall then endeavor to show you through some of the flowery by-ways of this forest, and reserve the denser portions for the winter season. We shall not be surprised to find that a fair portion of this region has been explored by other rambles, and, wherever inviting, may wander along their paths.

It is not generally known what work has been done in the study of aerial locomotion. The popular opinion of any student, either of aeronautics or of aviation, is far from complimentary, however just and well-founded such opinion may generally be. The host of flying fools that have swarmed in the fields of aërostation have

\* Lecture delivered in Science Hall, Wednesday, May 30, by PROF. ALBERT F. ZAHM.

almost concealed the careful and patient scientific investigators.

The public have at all times longed to see progress and innovations in this direction, and have at times given great attention and encouragement to certain projectors; but they have been so frequently deceived by charlatans and visionaries that they naturally look with distrust upon all the advocates of *aërostation*. The pioneers of this science have, therefore, been obliged to face the popular ridicule as well as extreme difficulties of the subject. And they have faced them and so successfully that some branches bear the name and dignity of a science.

The first authentic history of real progress begins, strange to say, with that universal genius Leonardo da Vinci, who in turn was succeeded by many others of scarcely less ability. In some of his writings we find not only drawings of men provided with wings, but an exact description of the screw propeller, and a perfect explanation of the parachute, which was not used until two hundred years after his time, when it was reinvented and used by Garnerin, thus showing that necessity is not always the mother of invention, though it may be the nurse. You are familiar with the names of the Montgolfiers who first invented fire balloons, of Cavendish and Dr. Black the precursors of the hydrogen balloon and of Charles its inventor; of Sir Isaac Newton who, it is said, first studied the philosophy of the kite and introduced it as a popular toy; of that other celebrated mathematician Euler, who in his last work upon earth, and when his eyes were too dim to follow his pencil, hastened with chalk through those profound discussions in *aëro-dynamics* peculiar to this subject, thus extending, as it were, his dying hands to bless, assist and encourage us. These are but a few of the more illustrious promoters of *aërostation*; writers on the subject go back to the very beginning of science. Aristotle, Pliny, Galien, Belon, Gallileo, Fabrice d'Aquapendente, Gassendi, Frederic Emperor of Germany, each gave an occasional hint, or advanced some explanation. Barelli, as early as the 17th century, wrote an extensive treatise on animal locomotion, which marks an epoch in the theory of flight, and which has been succeeded by scores of others from the ablest anatomists of modern times. Almost all the valuable results thus far achieved are the work of men of the highest rank, of the ablest naturalists, mathematicians, physicists, and mechanicians of the royal societies of Europe.

The popular contumely, therefore, which attaches to the study of this subject may not be altogether well founded, and it is a significant

fact that it is rapidly disappearing amongst the more advanced peoples of the world. It is an encouraging fact that no scientists of any note have ever ridiculed or denied the possibilities of *aërostation*; that in their most serious writings and assemblies they unconsciously allude to the problem as beyond doubt solvable, that all the great military powers are experimenting and watching with jealous eye every progressive step; that the investigators are steadily increasing in number and capacity. They realize that we are living in the twilight of the fairest day that ever dawned upon the world. They are aware that the complete conquest of this world of air will be an achievement of more stupendous consequences than the discovery of a continent; that it will do more for civilization than all the other systems of transportation combined. They know that the burdens of the earth never have been, and never could be, carried on any other highway; they know that the freight of this vast untried sea has an immensity compared to which the commerce of the world is as nothing; that this same light, invisible element, whose gentle touch wakes up the flowers of spring-time and bathes their petals with the dew of heaven, is yet the mighty earth shaker and prime mover of the old imperious ocean. This is the power that carries away our smoke by millions of tons and foul vapors by billions of tons; that goes down to the sea in the morning and bears up the world of waters in folded Himalayas to feed our springs and rivers, and bless the land with plenty; this is the power that scatters the seeds of autumn, that wraps the earth in her soft blanket of winter, and hurries in our constant service across the earth bearing in every breeze joy and health and benediction to the nations and to every living creature. And this is the servant they so earnestly and patiently seek to command; this is the element they venture at length to subdue, the unmeasured power that has rocked the world for ages.

But does each of these presumptuous investigators hope by his own unaided efforts to accomplish such great results? No. Does each expect, by some winged machine of his own contrivance, to arise and direct his course where-soever he will? By no means. On the contrary, some of the most difficult and fruitful work has been executed by men who never attempted to make any practical application of their researches.

No person at all acquainted with the enormous extent of this subject can ever hope to develop more than a small fraction of it. A

great science cannot be the production of any one man nor of any community of men, nor of any generation of men. It will require a grand army to win this battle. The goddess of Science requires that every man shall stand by his selected post like a Roman, and, when the day's work is done, retire to his eternal rest it may be without seeing more than the hope of victory. It is a dangerous and difficult performance this climbing and walking on the air, or the directing of floating vessels through it; but the spirit of adventure is as strong as ever, and in a noble cause will still raise up heroes.

The forces at present engaged are divided into two camps: the one composed of *aéronauts* or balloonists, the other of aviators or those who advocate flying like birds by means of apparatus much heavier than air. They have formed themselves into national societies in France and England, and each society has its periodical organ. The aeronauts or balloonists may be subdivided into two classes: (1) those who manufacture or operate balloons after the old fashion of rising up and moving about wherever the wind may impel them, and who are familiar about circuses and fairs where they often increase the effect of their ascensions by trapeze performances and parachute descents; (2) those who seek, by means of long pointed balloons provided with engines or electric motors, to direct their course with or against the wind at pleasure.

The most successful balloon of this type is 120 feet long, forty-five feet in diameter, and is shaped like a cigar. It is completely under the control of the managers, and may be driven at the rate of 15 miles per hour. But this is only a small model compared to some of the late designs prepared by the French, several of which have been proposed of the enormous length of 2000 feet and can, it is estimated, be driven 60 miles an hour. You are all familiar with the name of our Chicago neighbor, Dr. A. De Bausset, and his gigantic steel vacuum balloon 654 feet long and 144 feet in diameter. He has organized a company for its construction with a capital stock of \$150,000, and is about to secure from Congress an appropriation of an equivalent amount and the use of the Washington navy-yards.

Just imagine a balloon many times the length of the largest ocean steamers shooting across the sky at the rate of a mile in a minute, carrying its load of freight or of passengers, or it may be the nation's artillery, and you have some conception of what awaits us. And as soon as a single one proves practicable, it will be followed by

hundreds and by thousands until the sky swarms with them. The Jay Goulds of the world stand jingling their almighty dollars awaiting the signal to carry out this enterprise on a more stupendous scale than that of the pyramids or of the Panama Canal. But I forbear to trace the consequences, and turn to the other branch of *aërostation*.

The science of flight or aviation has been divided by all writers into two parts: rowing flight and sailing flight. Rowing flight is characterized by constant activity of the wings or propellers, and is accompanied by a proportionate consumption of power. This kind of flight has been the desire of all ages, and has, as a consequence, been carefully investigated. The attempts made thus far to imitate rowing flight have been, it is true, only partially successful, but very instructive—the only thing yet wanting to its complete realization being an efficient motor.

By sailing flight we understand that mode of progression in which the wings remain constantly extended and motionless, thus requiring almost no expenditure of mechanical energy. Sailing flight of the simpler kind may be observed all about you, and at all seasons, in whatsoever part of the world you may live. The robin sails a little, the bluejay a little, and the blackbird and the thrush and turtledove and almost every type you can mention, including even chickens and other domestic fowl. The sparrow, every time he jumps off the window-sill, likes to sail a bit; the woodpecker, as he nears a tree or post, stops flapping and curves gracefully upward just high enough to alight softly; the blackbird, when he espies a bug in the grass, rows vigorously for awhile, then sails like an arrow down to the bug.

Do you know why they all do this? They don't have to fly in this way, yet they all try to do so as much as possible. All of you who have ever skated could guess that there are two distinct motives for it. One is that they have to stop anyhow and this is an easy way of riding and slowing up, just as a boy, after striking out vigorously, likes to stand still on his skates and glide up to the proposed place; the other motive is the extreme pleasure of sailing, which to my mind is the most glorious sport in all nature.

It is a royal privilege to swing about on good skates over a stretch of clear ice, isn't it? It is a lovely thing to ride down the long hills in a flying toboggan; but compare these movements to that of coasting on the air. When you skate, you are obliged to remain at the same level, and you can't go farther than the edge of the

ice; when you coast you must follow the slope of the ground, or it may be some narrow restricted track; but see the swallow as it flits about at sunset through the unbounded sky, to the right, to the left, up, down, in every direction; now skimming along the earth, then leaping high in the air, skating, diving, summersetting, and now falling with headlong, reckless precipitance—this is the perfection and the glory of motion. But it is the other idea that I wish especially to emphasize, namely, that there is no expenditure of force, that a bird sails to rest itself and not through any other necessity. The same route could be followed, and with the same speed, by flapping the wings constantly; but then it would be necessary to flap in an opposite direction to stop, thus wasting a great amount of force, just as if a crew when rowing in would pull hard up near the shore, then back water to check the boat at the desired place, instead of resting on their oars at a good distance out and availing themselves of the acquired momentum. If a bird were unable to sail, its flight would be exceedingly laborious and unpleasant.

I have said that you have examples of one kind of sailing flight all about you; there is another kind, far grander and as much superior to it as the sun is to the moon; a mode of flight which is known only to the great master birds, and which has been the admiration and wonder of all ages. We never see it here; however, it is undreamt of in the philosophy of our bush hoppers; the cold winds of Michigan are unfortunately not congenial to the great masters of sailing flight. But many of you who come from sunnier lands have noticed a class of birds that in a fair wind rise on motionless wings in great aerial circles up, higher, higher, higher, "by the sole act of their lordly will which proudly buoys them up." I cannot call this sport, it is too grand, too solemn, too majestic; it is the sublimest, most god-like performance in all animated nature. Need I tell you the name of this wonderful performance? It is called "soaring flight."

No wonder this expression has such powerful meaning in literature. It is used in all poetry, in all eloquence; and used only as a climax word to express the highest efforts of the human mind, or the perfection of external grandeur. So extraordinary, indeed, is this performance, so almost inconceivable, that many scientists have mistrusted the evidence of their eyes, and denied its possibility.

They seek to explain it in various ways, but to many of them it is still a mystery. One of

the popular explanations which I cannot believe ever originated with a philosopher is that the bird is buoyed up like the balloon by a light form of gas contained within its bones and cavities; but, let me tell you, that if a bird were completely hollowed out and filled with pure hydrogen or a vacuum its weight would not be increased the one-thousandth part. Moreover, it can be demonstrated that great weight is an absolute essential to soaring. Others will tell you that the bird propels itself by a very limited beating of its wings, which at a great distance is imperceptible; but this explanation obtains for a calm as well as for a breeze, whereas it is admitted by everyone that a fair breeze is necessary to soaring. No wind, no soaring passes for an axiom with aviators.

This so-called imperceptible rowing is certainly feasible; but to advance it as an explanation of soaring is to contradict evidence. These birds have been carefully observed by men who have made it their favorite study, and who have followed them again and again with large telescopes; and they assure us that the wings remain outstretched and motionless, that the bird rides by sheer instinctive skill upon the fickle wind, aye, sleeps upon the wing rocked in the soft cradle of heaven. I myself have observed this in every conceivable circumstance, in the mountains and on the plains with every degree of wind, so close that I could observe every movement, and I am convinced that a bird can rise from the earth to the sky without once beating its wings, without the slightest rowing, without any muscular exertion more than that of steering.

The grandest and most impressive natural scenes I have ever witnessed were topped out and magnified by some of these royal birds. In the ascent of Pike's Peak, when, after a long forenoon's ride, we halted in the fields of eternal snow with horses breathless and exhausted, and for a moment gazed upon the vast earth outstretched below and the blue peaks arrayed on every side, behold the birds were there soaring high over all, and they arose far above the mountains and the clouds in their solitary course to that region where no sound is heard save the airy tread of their strong pinions and the warbling of contending winds.

Again, in the valley of the Arkansas, when passing that tremendous gorge whose walls rise up to the clouds on either side, overhanging huge and dark, clothed in such grandeur, such solemnity of age and strength that every soul was hushed and every eye strained in ecstasy, lo! the clouds withdrew from the top of this high chasm, and above them wheeled the imperial

eagle, fierce, haughty and alone, like genius above the world.

Once more, I rode on that slope of the Sierra Madre where the powers of science and of nature vie with each other in works of wonder, where the road winds through tunnels and over precipices impassable even to the gazelle, where the airs of two climates combine their perfumes and vegetation and colors amid the rugged depths of innumerable mountains; and as we emerged from the darkness of the last tunnel that borders the world-famed pass of Mal Trata, behold a concave, deep and vast as another world, yawned beneath us, and far down as the eye could fathom were the groves and gardens and habitations of another race: and as we edged above this tremendous abyss, amid the clouds of vegetation and the tumult of waters, pushing our way beneath the over-frowning earth, and along those high columnar bridges whose mighty-armed pillars stand like the forest kings of Oregon, "Surely," I said, "man is a master in all things." But as I surveyed again this immensity of verdure, following upwards mount on mount of pendent foliage to where this high range salutes the sky, and above it Orizaba bears his frosted cone into the central blue, there were the sacred birds of Mexico soaring in majesty above the freighted clouds and the proudest ranges that kiss the sky and frosted Orizaba, and Popocatepetl, America's snowy queen, soaring alone, silent, beneficent unapproachable by man, and inimitable.

Thus, too, we are told, in mid-Atlantic when the mighty ocean in anger tosses the proud ships to the clouds, and in thunder buries the faint cries of men, the great, white-winged birds hover above the ruins, fearless and in defiance of the storm, conscious of the all-sustaining power they possess. The huge condor of the Andes, Humboldt assures us, can raise himself up from the Pacific, and in a few moments soar above the extreme peaks of Cotopaxi and Aconcagua at an elevation which man cannot endure, and all the animals of the earth perish.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

#### An Epigram.

The Encyclical, *in plurimis*, addressed by Pope Leo XIII to the people of Brazil on the occasion of the recent abolition of slavery, has called forth the following epigram from Mgr. Vincent Tarozzi, Professor of Greek and Latin literature in the Leonine Institute:

LEONI XIII P. M.  
*vindicti libertatis.*

Adgemis ad gemitus, mittit quos Africa serva,  
Atque Deo natis libera colla iubes:  
Nec tamen ipse, orbis divino munere rector,  
(Proh scelus infandum!) liberta sceptrum gerat?

#### Silhouettes of Travel.

##### XV.—SAN FRANCISCO (Continued.)

It augured, indeed, well to see men of every creed and race honor on the occasion the pioneers of Christianity on our Western shores, and, in honoring them, doing homage to that religion of which they were but the representatives and exponents. On the foundation of religion alone can Freedom's noble Fane ever obtain a solid and impregnable basis.

On the destruction of the missions by the hostility of the civil and military authorities, Don Francisco Garcia Diego was appointed Bishop of Lower and Upper California, in 1840, by the Holy See, at the request of the Mexican Congress. In 1842 he established his see at Monterey. He took up his abode, however, in Santa Barbara until his death in 1846. Having received 35000 acres of land from the Government as some slight compensation for the millions of money stolen by it in the confiscation of the funded mission property, he founded a college at the old mission of Santa Inez, some distance from Santa Barbara. The buildings are still occupied by the Franciscans for educational and charitable purposes. In June, 1850, the Very Rev. J. S. Alemany, provincial of the Dominicans in the State of Ohio, was named to fill the vacancy caused by Bishop Diego's demise. In 1852 the Holy See created San Francisco an archdiocese with the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles as suffragan. Archbishop Alemany took possession of his new see in July, 1853, and the year following Dr. Amat was installed Bishop of the suffragan diocese. At that time the archdiocese comprised the portions of California and Nevada lying between the Pacific Ocean and the Colorado River, and between 37° 7' and 42° north latitude. In 1860 the diocese of Grass Valley, running north from 39° north latitude, was carved out of it. Utah Territory was also made subject to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop for 16 or 17 years previous to the consecration of Rt. Rev. L. Scanlan, D. D., in 1886 as Vicar-Apostolic of the Territory as well as of six of the eastern counties of Nevada.

A new era of progress, both material and re-



ligious, was now about to dawn on the country. In 1834, 300 Americans established themselves permanently in California. Among the first pioneers overland were a body of men from the Emerald Isle who came here to seek a home that was denied them by the grasping avarice of ruffian landlords in the beautiful land of their nativity. They were the first caravan from the East that ever crossed the Plains and Rockies. In 1839, Capt. Sutter erected the famous Sutter's Fort in the fertile valley of the Sacramento. It was a place of refuge for the American settlers. He applied himself to the cultivation of the soil and the raising of stock. In 1841, 100 more Americans came overland from New Mexico. A feeling of hostility soon sprang up between the Mexicans and those whom they regarded as foreigners and intruders. The Americans raised the flag of independence in 1845. This was called the Bear-Flag Revolution, from the figure of a grizzly rudely painted on the banner. The English government, which at the end of the 18th century had claimed the coast line from Nootka in the north to San Domingo in Lower California, now cast a longing eye on the country. A British man-of-war, the *Collingwood*, went from port to port apparently to canvass the political views of the people. He sailed into Monterey. But a yankee frigate, the *Savannah*, in charge of Commander Sloat, had already flung the star spangled banner to the breeze. Two hundred and fifty of his men went on shore and took possession of the country in the name of Uncle Sam. On receiving the news of the war with Mexico, Capt. Montgomery, of the war sloop *Plymouth*, then lying at Yerba Buena (a Spanish village standing on a portion of the site of the present city), raised the American flag at San Francisco, Sonoma, Bodega and New Helvetia. There was some fighting, or rather skirmishing, in California with the Mexicans until Upper California was ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo at the close of the Mexican war.

#### THE GOLD FEVER.

Scarcely had peace been established when the eyes of the world were attracted to the Pacific Slope by a vision of golden treasures as dazzling as any ever revealed by the lamp of Aladdin. Gold had been discovered by James W. Marshall at Coloma, near Sacramento, on January 19, 1848. Thousands and tens of thousands were drawn to the new El Dorado by the golden magnet from every land under the sun. The large steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. from New York, *via* Panama to San Francisco,

were unable to carry the multitudes of adventurous spirits who sought the Pacific coast; and numbers of ships were chartered for the purpose. Other vessels were freighted with provisions, dry goods, hardware and liquors. So great was the *auri sacra fames* that dignified professional men—judges, lawyers, doctors, and even a few ministers of the Gospel—abandoned Bible, Brown and Blackstone for the "diggings." Crews left their vessels to rot in the bay. Even officers of the navy, seized by the gold fever, rushed off to the mines. Mining camps, villages and towns sprang up as if by magic. They were built up at first of canvas tents, shanties, wigwams, or huts of pine boughs, then gradually afterwards of frame and brick houses.

Before the discovery of the shining metals, the Queen City of the Pacific contained but a mere handful of white men, being scarcely more than an *embarcadero* for hides, horns and tallow. In a few years after the discovery of gold, its bay sheltered fleets of merchantmen from the chief ports of the world. Notwithstanding the vast numbers that flocked to the mines, the population of the city advanced with rapid strides, especially during the golden era up to 1861. In the beginning of 1849 it amounted to 2000; at the end of the year to 20,000. The year following saw a still greater increase; and year after year the city has continued to grow more or less rapidly until a census taken at the present time would give in the neighborhood of 350,000 'Frisicans. Tents, booths, shanties, brush-bowers, gave way to good buildings chiefly of red wood; streets were opened and large wharves built. If the streets of Chicago were proverbially bad, those of San Francisco reached the superlative degree of mud in the rainy season. Horses, mules, and drays were literally swallowed up in the mire before the grading of the streets. Owing to the influx of many desperadoes and outlaws among the honest immigrants—"Sydney Ducks" from Australia, "Five Pointers" from New York, and criminals from various countries—vice and violence reigned almost supreme for several years. The *alcalde* (mayor) and *ayuntamiento* (city council) were too weak or too corrupt to preserve social order. Thefts, robberies, murders, and arson were of daily occurrence. The "Hounds," a band of villains, recruited for the most part from one of the disbanded regiments engaged in the struggle for annexation, organized themselves ostensibly for the support of law and justice, but in reality for the pillage not only of the Chilians and Mexicans, to whom they bore especial enmity, but also for the robbery of peaceable and industrious Americans,

In 1851, however, and again in 1856, the law-abiding citizens formed themselves into "a committee of vigilance" with a constitution, records, and officials. They followed the code of the old Limerick Judge Lynch, and soon repressed or banished from the State the worst thugs and thieves among the criminal classes. A paper, called the *Herald*, tried to justify James P. Casey who murdered Mr. King, editor of the *Bulletin*, in 1856. It was at once boycotted by the citizens; James Guthrie spent a fortune in trying to revive it, but failed, and died a few years ago in poverty at New York. A city government that had been elected from the best men of every profession and political creed by the people's party, rendered the existence of an extra judicial tribunal and executive any longer unnecessary, and "order reigned in Warsaw." California now stood upon a pedestal of glory. The deposits at the mint for coinage averaged 55 millions for many years. Most of the necessities of life, however, not to mention the luxuries, were very high priced. It is doubtful if the boomers or the ringsters or the politicians of the East have ever equalled the hardy pioneers of the Golden State. The Standard Oil Trust, or Tammany Hall, could learn a lesson here. Rings in 'Frisco cornered flour and sold it at from \$40 to 50 a barrel. The gentlemen who were commissioned by the State to take up a census in 1853, as a basis of political representation, swelled their lists with every name on the tomb-stones! But people didn't grumble: money was flush and morals lax.

#### XVI.—ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY.

It is estimated that one-half the population of the Metropolis has always been Catholic; hence the task assigned Dr. Alemany, the new Archbishop, was indeed a difficult one, if we contrast the numbers and worldliness of the masses with the weakness of his resources; for, as the poet writes—

"Il est plus difficile, et c'est un plus grand poids,  
De relever les mœurs, que d'abattre les rois."

His Grace found himself in the midst of a heterogeneous people, differing in natural, political, social and moral traits. Yet these conflicting racial elements must be harmonized as far as religious unity and ecclesiastical discipline demanded. Many of these fortune-hunters were almost totally indifferent to their duties as Christians. With the change of a single word, the lines of Horace were literally applicable:

"Perdidit *fidem*, locum virtutis deseruit, qui  
Semper in agenda festinat et obruitur re."

The four or five priests stationed in the city,

though a host in themselves by their zeal, could not possibly minister to the spiritual wants of the ever rapidly increasing Catholic population—not to speak of the many out-lying missions and mining camps. There were no sacred edifices properly so called; no institutions of charity. A small frame structure, lined with cheap muslin, on Vallejo Street, on the site of the present large brick edifice, called after St. Francis, served as the only place of worship from 1849 to 1851. In the last mentioned year, another small wooden building, called "St. Patrick's Church," was erected by a Father McGinniss in Happy Valley, now Market Street. This edifice has been moved to Eddy Street and enlarged. It is to-day called St. John's Church, and serves for the Archbishop's chapel. These small buildings could not accommodate the multitudes that thronged to Mass on Sundays. The streets in front of them were densely crowded with kneeling men, as is often to be seen at the country chapels in Ireland. In 1850, Bishop Alemany had but fifteen priests for the whole of Alta California, and when he came as Archbishop to San Francisco he could only command the services of a little over a dozen clergymen for the archdiocese.

But the inadequacy of the means to the end to be accomplished only served to stimulate his efforts to renewed exertion. In a few years he had secured for the wants of his immense spiritual domain a large body of pious, laborious, intelligent missionaries; he had erected numerous fine churches, and established many excellent educational and charitable institutions. While attending the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1852, he obtained the services of the Rev. H. P. Gallagher. This gentleman brought several priests and ecclesiastical students with him to the Pacific Coast from Europe. He also persuaded the Presentation Nuns and the Sisters of Mercy to establish houses of their communities at San Francisco. His Grace also prevailed on the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., to send a colony, under the popular and widely-renowned Sister Frances, to the archdiocese. In a few years these good Sisters had erected the Orphans' Home, a large brick building adjoining the present Church of St. Patrick on Mission Street. They received efficient aid from a lay organization in the city, entitled the "Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum and Free School Association of San Francisco." They next built St. Vincent's Seminary, on a tract of land donated by the late Don Timothy Murphy, four miles north of San Rafael in Marin Co. This estab-

(Continued on page 630.)

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—NOTE.—A special number of the SCHOLASTIC will be issued on the morning of Commencement Day—Wednesday next. It will contain the list of Premiums awarded, with a report of the proceedings up to the time of going to press. As the Premiums will not be published in the Catalogue, this number of the SCHOLASTIC will prove particularly valuable.

## St. Cecilians' Reunion and Banquet.

The 30th annual reunion and banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held in the Junior refectory last Tuesday afternoon. Under the able management of Prof. J. A. Lyons, Director of the society, nothing had been left undone that would contribute to the success and enjoyment of the occasion. At 4 o'clock the members of the association, and those who had been invited to participate in the festivities, assembled in the banquet hall where a rich repast of tempting viands and all the delicacies of the season had been prepared. Very Rev. Father General Sorin was the most honored guest, and presided at the main table at which were also seated Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Vice-President Zahm, Rev. Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka; Rev. Father Daly of New York City; Mr. Studebaker, Signor Gregori, and Prof. J. F. Edwards. At the adjacent tables were members of the community, professors, representatives of the press and prominent citizens of South Bend. The graduates and other students occupied the other tables. The apartment was handsomely decorated with flags, evergreen and bunting which, under the soft incandescent light, produced a harmonious and pleasing effect. When all had partaken of the constituents of the elaborate menu, Mr. Charles J. Stubbs, as toast-master, proposed the toasts.

The toast to "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII" was responded to in very felicitous words by

Very Rev. Father General. He spoke of the pre-eminent learning and piety of the present Pontiff, and drew a graphic picture of his situation at Rome, beleaguered on all sides, though not intimidated, by impious and implacable foes. He showed how injustice had been done him, in regard to the recent rescript, by many parties who made the Pope say things he neither said nor intended to say. Father General concluded by assuring his listeners they had good reason to thank God for the Holy Father we have now, and that his life is indeed precious, not only for the Church, but for the whole world as well.

"The Founder of Notre Dame" was responded to by Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, who paid a glowing tribute to Father Sorin, eulogizing him for his great works both at home and abroad. "Words fail to express what the heart feels at the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our revered Founder. Speaking of the founding of the University, facts and deeds are here which show us more than words can tell. At my side is a Rev. Father from the city of New York, who, paying us his first visit, says that Notre Dame far surpasses his expectations. The advantages which the students enjoy here to-day are due to the energy and enterprise of Father Sorin, to whom they owe an everlasting debt of gratitude."

"The Hierarchy and Clergy of the United States," was responded to by Rev. Father Fitte. The reverend speaker spoke of the flourishing condition of the Church in the United States as being due to the liberty she enjoys, and the efforts of her clergy. The Church prospers more in America than in any other country, and his Holiness Pope Pius IX was once heard to say that in no country did he feel himself more a Pope than in the United States. Father Fitte spoke of the prominent part taken in America's success by leading Catholics. In all true reforms the clergy are found in the foremost ranks. Who is doing more for the cause of temperance than Bishop Ireland? Other such instances were mentioned, and the speaker concluded with an eloquent exhortation to bear the glorious cross far westward from America throughout the pagan nations of Asia.

Rev. President Walsh responded to "Our *Alma Mater*," and congratulated the institution on the fact that during the year now drawing to a close solid and substantial progress has been made in every department. We live in a country and among a people quick to judge a tree by its fruits, a faith by the works it inspires, and an institution of learning by the men it sends out. Therefore it is our desire to graduate men of



honor and integrity who will be an ornament to their country. Father Walsh spoke of the love and respect due our *Alma Mater*, and called upon Mr. Aaron Jones, of South Bend, to make a few remarks. Mr. Jones said he wished to endorse the Rev. Father's remarks, and urge upon the young men present the necessity of thoroughly preparing themselves for the duties they must assume after leaving the University. He made several humorous remarks which were well received. His speech was one of the most enjoyable of the evening.

Prof. Hoynes spoke in response to "Our Country." He discoursed eloquently on the sentiment of patriotism, and dwelt chiefly on the great civil contest in our history, which had stirred American patriotism to its depths. The struggle was one of the mightiest in all ages, and the real issue involved—slavery—was one of the deepest and most tremendous affecting the human race. His tribute to the gallant ones who, in the full pride of life, had been swept away by that four years' flood of fire, aroused the enthusiasm of his hearers to the highest pitch, and the round after round of applause that followed the conclusion of his speech told of the warmth of the welcome with which his remarks were greeted.

"The Press" was cared for by Mr. McDonald, of the *Times*, in a brief but happy speech. Everyone, he said, was so familiar with the style of jokes and anecdotes usually brought into service in response to this sentiment that he felt he would be but boring his listeners in employing them. He therefore contented himself with expressing the pleasure he felt in being present at these student gatherings, and trusted that the relations which had ever existed between the press of South Bend and the University would never be less harmonious than at present.

Mr. Clarke spoke feelingly of his reminiscences of student life, the petty trials and difficulties that lurk in every student's path, and the difference between life in the calm of college atmosphere, and life in the great world of din and turmoil outside. He then paid an eloquent tribute to the life and virtues of Father Sorin, which was admired by all, not only for the earnestness and ability of thought which it shadowed forth, but more especially for the graceful, oratorical style in which it was delivered.

We may add the following extracts from a lengthy and gracefully written report of the Banquet which appeared in the *South Bend Times* of the 13th inst.:

"The annual banquets of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society are never missed by an invited

guest, unless his failure to attend is compulsory, for these annual feasts and subsequent flows of the souls have become a feature of Notre Dame that grows pleasanter and more brilliant with each recurring year. The open-handed welcome extended by Prof. Lyons, to the guests on these delightful occasions, finds a no less hearty second from the genial and honored President of the University, Rev. T. E. Walsh and his associates. One cannot but feel at home amid such genial surroundings, and the heartiness of his welcome is further attested on an entrance into the large refectory where are gathered the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, whose clapping hands and smiling faces attest the sincerity with which this hospitality is extended by that society and its loved and honored President, Prof. Joseph A. Lyons . . . .

"After the speeches were concluded, the annual gold ring drawing contest took place between the members of the society, who each came forward and selected a cake from a large tray in front of Father Sorin. The lucky ring getter proved to be D. Cartier, of Ludington, Mich., who had the same placed upon his finger by Father Sorin, amid the plaudits of his schoolmates."

#### Kind Words about our Founder's Jubilee.

We have seldom seen a more artistic specimen of book-making than the copy of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC presented to the Very Rev. Father Sorin, C.S.C., on the occasion of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. It is highly creditable to the editor, by whom it was designed, and to all who aided in its production. The number is devoted entirely to the great event recently celebrated at Notre Dame, and contains various tributes to the venerable Father Sorin in prose and verse, together with some account of his life-work, and a description of the university buildings. It is skilfully printed on parchment, each page having an artistic border of bronze. The illuminated title-page and headings—the handiwork of artists at St. Mary's Academy—are so beautiful and delicate as almost to preclude description. The last page, also illuminated, is taken up with the monogram of the journal in characters of silver and gold, set off with exquisitely delicate flowers, and encircled with stars. The work is bound in watered silk, with embroidered edges bound with rich gold cord. On the top cover there is a miniature representation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from the brush of Prof. Gregori,

which would attract the attention of Old-World artists for its admirable drawing, brilliant coloring, and exquisite grace. Among the costly presents offered to the Very Rev. Father Sorin on the anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood, few could have been more acceptable, and none was in better taste than this golden book.—*Ave Maria*.

Trinity Sunday, May 27, was the Golden Jubilee, or 50th anniversary of the priesthood of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame University, Ind., and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Father Sorin has been identified with American Catholic educational and missionary interests since 1842, and is one of the most notable figures in our contemporary history. The great Jubilee celebration has been deferred till the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, but the University students, many of whom could not return for that day, resolved to have, before dispersing, their own special commemoration of the event. This is described elsewhere in the *Pilot*. THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC of May 26 comes out in a beautiful new suit of type, and brimful of appropriate articles. Eliza Allen Starr contributes a noble jubilee ode, entitled "A Patriarch's Feast." The fine portrait of Father Sorin recalls more vividly than ever his oft-noted resemblance to the Moses of Michael Angelo. University men contribute illustrated sketches of Notre Dame, past and present, and the pupils of St. Mary's Academy for girls—another of Father Sorin's foundations—are creditably represented. The *Pilot* offers respectful congratulations to the venerable Father Sorin.—*Boston Pilot*.

Notre Dame is teeming with merry-making over the Golden Jubilee of its venerable and venerated Founder, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Born in February, 1814, this heroic soldier of Christ left his native France in young years, and in 1842 founded, amid the then savage wilds of the West, the great University that bears Our Lady's name. The venerable priest has lived to witness a marvellous transformation—to see the log hut changed into tower and dome of surpassing splendor; and the primeval wild-wood by the lake turned into "marble villas by the sea in fairy land." Under God and Our Lady, Father Sorin has been the guiding star and inspiration of it all. Continued health and strength to the patriarchal priest!—*Union and Times* (Buffalo).

#### Silhouettes of Travel.

(Continued from page 625.)

lishment has since been considerably enlarged, and is now used as a male orphan asylum, under the efficient direction of one of the oldest and most zealous priests of the archdiocese, the Very Rev. James Croke, brother of the patriotic and eloquent Bishop of Cashel and Emly in Ireland. It contains at present over 500 boys. The Sisters also opened a school on Jessie Street. To-day they have charge of the female orphans and of the foundling children in two large edifices lately erected in South Francisco, on a beautiful rising ground containing over fifty acres, called Silver Terrace. The land and buildings, which are capable of accommodating more than 2000 children, cost over a quarter of a million. The most of the money was derived from the proceeds of a sale of one-half a hundred vara lot upon which the Palace Hotel now stands. Said lot had been donated to the Ordinary in 1851 for a Catholic orphanage by Messrs. John Sullivan, Timoteo Murphy and Jasper O'Farrell. *Ecco un tratto di esimia carita! A questo modello è somigliante la nostra?*

The Nuns of the Presentation, who arrived here from Ireland in Nov. 1854, opened several schools for the gratuitous education of hundreds of children. In the same year, a body of the Sisters of Mercy from the convent at Kinsale, Ireland, started for San Francisco. They were to have sailed from Dublin on the *Arctic*, but could not get the necessary accommodations on board. This was providential, as the vessel foundered at sea with all her crew and passengers. Shortly after the Sisters had engaged in those good works corresponding to their name, their motives were maliciously assailed in one of the city papers, called the *Christian Advocate*, but more properly the *Devil's Advocate*, by some brave Knights of bigotry who are always valiant in attacking the men and women whose profession prevents them from replying with the horsewhip *argumentum a tergo*. But the heroic conduct of those noble women during the cholera ravages, and their excellent management of the public hospital, put their enemies to shame, according to the command of the Prince of the Apostles: "Having your conversation good among the Gentiles: that whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, they may, by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation." They were, moreover, completely vindicated by a commission of the public authorities. Cowper never

wrote anything truer or more beautiful than his poem on charity. Well does he say:

"True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,  
Fed by the love, from which it rose at first,  
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene;  
Storms but enliven its unfading green;  
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,  
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

The spirit of Know-nothingism was, in fact, as rampant here as in the East. The dark-lantern gentry suspected that the amiable Archbishop was another Guy Fawkes who might blow up the town hall with the First Alcalde and the Ayuntamiento to boot. They purposed searching the cathedral, just erected on the corner of California and Dupont streets, for arms, ammunition, cavalry, infantry, horse-marines and papal brigades. The majority of the citizens, however, sternly repressed any such exhibition of fanaticism on the part of the Plug-Uglies and Blood-Tubs of the West. Had the hoodlums, however, been able to put their nefarious design into execution, they would have found, not a bundle of faggots or a barrel of gunpowder, but a keg of altar wine and nothing stronger, to their great disgust, for the good prelate has ever been a thorough temperance man after the manner of St. Paul's favorite disciple, Timothy. The Sisters established a Magdalen Asylum, which is now located on the Potrero road. In 1868, when the city was afflicted with a frightful small pox epidemic, these devoted angels of charity fearlessly took the pest house in charge, thereby gaining the good will and high esteem of the community at large.

Most Rev. J. S. Alemany was installed in the see of San Francisco, July 1853. He immediately founded a seminary at San José for the education of candidates for the ministry. This institution, after giving some excellent priests to the Church, was, however, afterwards closed, as it was found difficult to keep up a staff of professors whose services were imperatively demanded in the care of souls and the administration of the sacraments. On December 25, 1854, the new cathedral, whose corner-stone had been laid on the 17th of July the year previous, was dedicated amid an immense concourse of people. It is a structure of the Gothic order with a seating capacity for 1500. At this time, the Catholic population numbered 34,000. Several other handsome churches were soon erected, together with academies, colleges, convents, and various buildings for charitable purposes. The Dominicans, Jesuits, Christian Brothers, and several congregations of religious women, in

addition to those already established, were introduced, which lent a new power and impetus to the spread of Catholic education and the exercise of Christian charity. The number of the secular clergy rapidly increased, both in the city as well as in the country towns. The pioneer missionaries, Fathers Shanahan, Dalton, Dyart, Magonotte, Passionist, Quinn and Ingoldsby, were chiefly occupied in visiting the mining camps. *In illo tempore*, as the chronicle relates, Father Delahanty rode mule-back to the "diggings," and returned overpowered with fatigue and dust. The Catholics in those localities were chiefly Celtic, with a small percentage of German and French. Though carried away by the rage for gold, and filled with the anxiety of Ulysses—*πῇ δὴ χρήματα πολλὰ φέρω τᾶδε*—they always found time to welcome the priest and attend the Holy Sacrifice. The most onerous duty of the missioners was the attendance on sick calls, which often demanded a journey in the saddle of 50 to 150 miles over mountains, through deep snows, or along arid plains with a Tophet-like temperature of the 3300 foot level in the Comstock lode. When the saintly Archbishop, owing to advancing years and infirm health, resigned his see on the 28th Dec., 1884, he could, on beholding the immense growth of religion in his diocese, truly exclaim with holy Simeon: "*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum!*"

The old Archbishop was an able theologian and canonist of the Spanish school so well represented at the Vatican Council in 1870. Humility, zeal and charity were the trinity of virtues that formed his character. He relieved the parochial clergy of much labor by solving himself all the complicated cases of casuistical divinity which frequently arose in such a cosmopolitan and heterogeneous community. When home, he always did the work of an ordinary priest at his cathedral. Every morning and on Saturday afternoons and nights he was to be found in the confessional. His clothes were plain and unartistically constructed. Being advised by a kid-gloved gentleman one day to put on a little more style corresponding with his dignity, he answered: "If the tailor makes the man, *sartor non facit sacerdotem*." He wore a cheap silver pectoral cross which was attached to a green string or ribbon. Travelling one day on the cars, an Eastern Melchisedecian took him for some simple old missionary of the Coast Range, and the following conversation ensued:

"Are you acquainted with Archbishop A——?"

"Yes, I know him for a good many years."

"Do you belong to him?"

"Yes, and I cannot get away from him, though he ought to be a good friend of mine."

"He is an old tyrant! How long have you been with him?"

"Something over half a century."

"Phew! why, you must be as old as the hills; it is time for you to make your will. What do you think of him, anyhow?"

"Not much; he has many faults."

"I thought so; he is a crank, an old foggy, a resurrected fossil of the Middle Ages, though a very pious old monk." The good prelate could scarce recognize his personality in this ludicrous caricature; he smiled complacently and took his medicine with all grace and good humor. Judge, however, of the Eastern man's surprise and embarrassment when he shortly after beheld the amiable countenance of his Grace presiding over the dinner table at the archiepiscopal residence. The transcendental gentleman from the city of culture stammered out an apology. But the kindly prelate only laughed and said: "It's all right, an open confession is good for the soul; kings and prelates must go abroad in disguise like the Moslem Sultan if they would know what friends and foes have to say of them, as they do not run for office." The clerical gentleman in question was somewhat like the Athenian citizen that asked Aristides to write his name for him on the voting shell, or rather like the Irishman who, on making land after a shipwreck, asked the first man he met, if there was a Government in the country, and on learning that there was, exclaimed: "By the piper that played before Moses, thin, I'm agin the guvirmint."

The Archbishop's visitations in early days were often very long and laborious. He was often seen climbing a steep and rugged mountain side where there was not even a bridle-path to guide him, holding on with a death-grip to the tail of a mule. Had the old man and his boy mentioned in *Æsop's Fables* practised this method of travelling, they would not have had their ass drowned through their following bad advice. Some years ago the *Irish World*, I believe, objected to an outfit consisting of a fine team and a splendidly mounted carriage that had been donated to Cardinal McCloskey as savoring of pride on the part of one who claimed to be a follower of the lowly Redeemer and His humble disciples. The *Argonaut* of this city, likewise criticised the present incumbent of the archiepiscopal see, for coming here from the Garden City in a palace car, though the car had

been chartered for the occasion by Michael Cuddy, Esq., of that enterprising and big-hearted burg. Now Christ and His Apostles used the best mode of locomotion by land and by sea known in their day, and it is not to be supposed that if they were now living they would disdain the facilities of travel afforded by modern art and science, whenever their use involves neither pride nor arrogance nor extravagance; as the use of a decent "turn-out," or of a railroad parlor car on a long journey, would certainly not involve. If circumstances required it, there is no doubt that either Archbishop McCloskey or Archbishop Riordan would, at the call of duty, have imitated Most Rev. J. S. Alemany in his practical and expeditious way of getting over a precipitous mountain crest, especially if either of those distinguished princes of the Church happened to be in company with a biped of the mongrel breed that he could neither drive nor ride. Had Archbishop Alemany flourished during the early career of that "great thunderbolt of war," Napoleon, the conquering hero, might have used the worthy dignitary's missionary experience in his daring march across the Alps—and would have no doubt decorated the zealous prelate with the grand eagle of the Legion of Honor.

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#### Local Items.

—Commencement.

—Only a few days more.

—The Philopatrians spent Sunday at the Farm.

—Look out for the SCHOLASTIC next Wednesday morning.

—New piers have been constructed in front of the new boat house.

—The gun racks in the armories had to be enlarged to accommodate the Springfield rifles.

—Messrs. P. Burke and J. L. Heinemann attended the temperance convention at Peru, Ind., last Wednesday.

—Private McAllister won the first competitive drill in Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards, Monday evening.

—A handsome telescope has been kindly donated to the new Sorin Hall by Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind.

—A very interesting report of the closing meeting of the Archconfraternity has been unavoidably crowded out of this number. It will appear in our next.

—The Philopatrians express their thanks to Bros. Marcellinus and Philemon and Prof. J. F. Edwards for kindness shown them on their recent excursion to St. Joseph's Farm.

—The Minim first nines were treated to an ice-cream and strawberry supper by several of

their admirers on Thursday evening. An enjoyable time is reported.

—In the list published last week of those contributing to the celebration of Father General's Golden Jubilee, the names of Messrs. Chas. and Sam Murdock, and C. Connors were omitted.

—The figure painting in oil by Master Paul Wood, in competition for the gold prize medal, has been placed on exhibition in Library Hall. It will be inspected by the Art Committee on Monday next.

—The Messrs. Adler Bros., of South Bend, have, with characteristic generosity, again placed the Baseball Association under obligations by donating a grand gold medal to the Captain of the champion nine.

—Letters of regret or inability to attend the Cecilian Reunion and Banquet were received from Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Notre Dame; James D. Oliver, Hon. Lucius Hubbard, D. S. Marsh, South Bend; Hon. Jacob Wile, Laporte, and others.

—The "Fats" defeated the "Leans," on the 8th inst., by a score of 11 to 5. The features of the game were the heavy batting and daring base running of the "Fats." The "Deacon's" marvellous stop of a hot grounder in the 4th inning was of the phenomenal order.

—Two beautiful gold medals have been donated to the Rugby Football Association by D. W. Russ and Geo. Wyman & Co. of South Bend. The association feels deeply grateful to these gentlemen for their kindness. The medals will be awarded on Commencement Day.

—The Moot-courts afford excellent practice for aspiring shorthand writers. The proceedings are taken down regularly by Mr. D. Brewer, of the Law Class. Mr. Brewer writes with ease 130 words per minute, and gives promise of attaining no small degree of eminence in the profession.

—It is a matter of regret that Col. Hoynes will not be able to finish his lectures on war this session, owing to lack of time. However, next fall the Colonel will deliver the remaining discourses which he has prepared, and the members of the military companies may expect something entertaining and interesting next session.

—Very welcome visitors to the College during the week were: Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, rector, and Rev. W. J. B. Daly, of the Cathedral, New York; Rev. J. M. Grady, Portchester, N. Y., President Y. M. C. U.; Rev. M. A. Nolan, rector, St. Augustine's Church, N. Y., and Rev. G. T. Donlin, of St. Raphael's Church, New York. The reverend gentlemen had been in attendance upon the annual convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union, held in Cincinnati, and paid a flying visit to Notre Dame before returning East. They expressed their extreme pleasure and astonishment at all they saw. We hope they will find time in the near future to pay another and a longer visit. They may always be assured of a hearty welcome.

—At St. Aloysius' Seminary, on Tuesday last, examinations were held in the Latin classes of the preparatory course; on Thursday morning the competition for rewards in elocution was held, Rev. President Walsh, Revs. M. Robinson, S. Fitte, M. Regan, and J. French, were present; the first three Rev. gentlemen acting as judges. The contestants were H. Holden, G. O'Brien, R. Marciniack, W. Houlihan, J. Maguire, M. Donahoe, G. Mayerhöffer and T. Crumley. After the declamations were rendered, the judges decided in giving to T. Crumley the first prize—a beautiful Jubilee medal lately brought from Rome, and donated by Rev. T. E. Walsh; the second and third prizes were bestowed upon Messrs. Holden and Marciniack respectively. The visitors expressed themselves as pleased at the young gentlemen's renditions of their several pieces.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: Oil painting of Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, framed in ebony and gold; oil painting of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Van de Velde, second Bishop of Chicago and Natchez, richly framed in bronze and gold; First Faculties received by Rt. Rev. Amadeus Rappe, First Bishop of Cleveland, and signed by Mgr. J. B. Palma, presented by Rev. Father Houck. Interesting document written by the late Archbishop Seghers, presented by the Rt. Rev. Bishop-elect Lemmens. Framed portrait of Rev. James Ryder, S. J., taken in 1860, presented by Lieut. Col. A. J. Dallas, U. S. A. Ablegates' robes of violet silk, used when the *beretta rosa* was given to Cardinal Gibbons, presented by Right Rev. Monsignor Straniero, D. D. Portrait of Rev. C. A. Walworth; cabinet photograph of Rev. Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, Passionist; autograph letter of Father Fidelis of the Cross, Rev. James Kent Stone; photographs of Rev. Fathers T. McMullin, C. S. P., Hugh J. Kelly and J. H. Mitchell, presented by Mr. E. Edgerly. Account of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church, Rome, with illustration of the edifice and portraits of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Jacobini, Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop Ryan, Prior Glynn, Dr. Brown, Commandatore Hickey, Dr. Kenny, Father Petit and Father O'Hara, presented by Mr. P. V. Hickey. Roman document signed by the Archbishop of Tyre; autograph letter of Bishop Dufal, presented by the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC. Five medals of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII; souvenir from Tivoli, presented by Rev. President Walsh.

—The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, at Notre Dame. It was founded by Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., and, we believe, he has always been its President, as he is to-day. Its objects are to give its members a thorough course in debating, dramatic and musical exercises; and under the rigid discipline of Prof. Lyons it has turned out some of the best known speakers in the country. He has made the advancement of its members one of the great objects of his life, and outside



of his duties as a member of the Faculty he has given many hours, day and night, to this end. Nearly every play of the scores presented by this society was dramatized especially for the society; and of late years Prof. Lyons has had them issued in pamphlet form, the latest being "Christopher Columbus." In his "den" at the head of Bishops' Hall in the University building, Prof. Lyons has an album larger than an Unabridged Dictionary, and mounted on its many pages are the photographs, or more properly, the daguerreotypes, ambrotypes and photographs of the hundreds and hundreds of Notre Dame students, who have gone from their *Alma Mater* as St. Cecilians. It is considered a great favor by an old student of Notre Dame, who visits there after years of absence, to be permitted to look through Prof. Lyons' album. In the decade of the sixties, how many of the St. Cecilians are in soldiers' uniform—privates, corporals, sergeants, and shoulder-straps with bars, leaves, eagles, and one with a star. That album shows that whatever else may be taught at Notre Dame, the lesson of one's love for his country is not forgotten. It is worth anyone's while to watch an "old timer" turn over the leaves of this album and hear his exclamations of delight as he renews acquaintance with almost forgotten faces.

We have often wondered what the St. Cecilia Society would be without its honored President. In all these years that he has been unable to resign, because the members would not permit it, he has always proved so patient, so cheerful, so painstaking, so omnipresent that the room of the association, rich in its art treasures, would be a lonesome place indeed without Prof. Lyons there to give fraternal greeting to the boys. Long may he live to preside over the St. Cecilians!—*South Bend Tribune*.

—"Stroke" has at last been heard from. He has been enjoying himself on the strength of the recommendation generously given him by the Boat Club in the weekly columns of the SCHOLASTIC. He has at last attained what he desired. He knew it would pay to turn his talents in a right direction. As a parting salute, he sends us the following:

Good-bye, dear crew, and *Fehr* thee well!  
Our college days have ended;  
No more we'll hear the cry of "stroke!"  
By victorious cheers attended.

Your friend, dear "Stroke," has looked in vain  
For his remuneration  
For that sublime, poetic gem (?)  
On aquatic navigation.

"He has no malice in his mind"  
For either *Fehr* or Meagher;  
Brownson, too, must get his due,  
Though Paschel is much fairer.

So good-bye, crew, and take advice  
Before your navigation;  
See that the buoys are well tied down  
To meet "Stroke's" approbation.

Yours on the bow,

"STROKE."

## Roll of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Albright, Armstead, Brannick, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, J. Burke, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Barnard, Blessington, J. Burns, Brownson, Brewer, Britt, E. Burns, Boland, Craft, Cassidy, Chacon, Cusack, Crane, Craig, Cartier, L. Chute, T. Coady, E. Coady, Cosgrove, Campbell, Donelson, Desimoni, Dore, Decker, Dulaney, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, R. Fleming, Fehr, Goebel, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Göke, Griffin, T. Henderson, Heinemann, Hummer, Hughes, Hull, Houck, Hepburn, M. Howard, Inderrieden, Jennings, Joyce, N. Jacobs, Keating, Kerwin, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Leonard, Luhn, Langan, Louisell, McCune, Mattes, W. McDermott, Mulkern, J. Meagher, McWilliams, J. McDermott, J. Mackey, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Mithen, McAllister, McCart, Mack, McAuliff, McGrath, Melady, Nations, Andrew Nicholl, Neill, Nelson, O'Hara, Orr, O'Regan, J. O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Brien, Owens, Plato, H. Prichard, Preston, Parés, Rochford, Rothert, Read, C. Stubbs, Scholfield, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, Suing, Sawkins, H. Smith, M. Smith, W. Silver, R. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tivnen, Tarrant, M. White, Woodbridge, Webb, Wall, Woods, Wagoner, H. White, Wilson.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anfenger, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Brannick, J. Bray, W. Brown, W. L. Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Crotty, Cooney, J. Connors, F. Connors, Carroll, Case, Connelly, Cavanagh, Ciaroschi, Carney, Chute, Coulter, Cullen, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, L. N. Davis, L. B. Davis, Devine,\* Darragh, Ebner, Fitzgerald, Falvey, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, J. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Grossman, Goodman, Gray, T. Greene, J. Greene, Houlihan, Henry, Hoffman, Howard, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hall, Hoerr, Hillas, Hackett, Hughes, Hartman, Hake, Hayes, Hoyer, Johnson, Jewett, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Kahn, Kehoe, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Moncada, Monaghan, Martin, Munro, McMahon, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, H. Mallay, W. Mallay, McCormick, McIvers, McPhee, McGrath, Miner, McKenzie, Mooney, McCartney, Mayer, McNulty, Moone, Monarch, Neef, W. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, M. O'Kane, O'Donnell, Paquette, Powers, Prichard, Pecheux, J. Peck, F. Peck, Perkins, Pfau, Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Reinhard,\* I. Rose, S. Rose, Ramsey, Rowsey, Riedinger, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Senn,\* Spalding, Shenk, Silver, A. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Simpson, B. Stephens, J. Talbot, Thome, Wile, Wageman, Wade, W. Walsh, Welch, Wright, Wilbanks, Weldon, Wood.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, S. Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Connors, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Crane, Connell, Conn, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, James Dungan, Jesse Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Gerannes, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Ferkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Halthusen, Healy, Haddican, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, E. Kitto, Kirk, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, H. Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Murphy, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, L. Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, Nester, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Quill, Rogers, Ricksecker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Spier, Storey, Schmauss, Seidensticker, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, W. Williamson, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, Welch, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Zieman, Zeigler.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss A. Geiser and Miss Fenlon paid a short visit to St. Mary's last week.

—Sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Catherine Quinn, Class of '81, whose father departed this life last week at Negaunee, Mich.

—A special blessing accorded by the Holy Father to St. Mary's, the pupils, etc., was secured by Rev. Father Zahm, who presented the certificate of the same last week.

—A summons from Very Rev. Father General last Thursday brought sixty Children of Mary to the porch of the Priests' house, where they were presented with a copy of the book of the *Magnificat* spoken of last week. Needless to say, it is prized, and will ever be cherished by the society, which has ever been the object of warm interest to Very Rev. Father General.

—The examinations are here in earnest. During the past week the French, German, Latin, Book-keeping and Christian Doctrine classes had an opportunity of showing how much they had accomplished in five months. The young ladies feel most grateful to the Rev. Fathers who honored them by their presence at the different classes. Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Fitte, Morrissey, Saulnier and Zahm presided the Catechism classes; Rev. Fathers Fitte and Kirsch the languages, and Rev. Fathers Walsh and Fitte the graduates' History.

### St. Denis the Areopagite.\*

St. Denis was born in Athens, nine years after the birth of Our Divine Lord, of a distinguished family who spared no pains to give him an education fitted to his station in life. After perfecting himself in rhetoric and philosophy, he repaired to Heliopolis in Egypt, to study mathematics and astronomy. It was there, at the age of twenty-four, that the phenomenal and astonishing eclipse of the sun which accompanied the Passion of Our Lord came under his observation. "What does this mean?" he said to his friend, a sophist named Allophane. "What wonderful catastrophe can this extraordinary prodigy portend?" "It is," replied the sophist, "an indication that there is a stupendous revolution in things divine."

St. Denis assures us in his Epistle to St. Polycarp that the astronomer made this reply by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. As for himself, more and more impressed by this phenomenon, of which he could not divine the cause, he ex-

claimed: "Either Nature herself is suffering her final dissolution, or the God of nature is Himself expiring!" In the deep impression made by this startling circumstance, Our Lord had already planted in the heart of St. Denis the germs of conversion, and also the impulse of his vocation to the apostolic life.

After returning to Athens he was entrusted with many important missions. Some say that he married; others controvert the assertion. In whatever capacity he was employed, St. Denis always exhibited, even in youth, a rare soundness and maturity of judgment, and was ever distinguished by the prudence and nobility of his conduct. The conversion of this great scholar and philosopher is described by St. Luke in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. St. Paul went to Athens, and finding the inhabitants plunged in the darkness of superstition, rebuked their belief in a false religion, urging the necessity of recognizing one true and only God. They at first listened patiently; then opposed his arguments, and at length led him to the Areopagus in the hope of securing the condemnation of the innovator for diffusing new doctrines. Here St. Paul spoke so eloquently, taking for his subject an inscription he had seen upon one of the altars of the idolatrous city, "To the unknown God!" that all were deeply impressed by his wisdom, and especially Saint Denis, who renounced idolatry to follow the disciple of Christ. Afterwards St. Paul discovered to St. Denis the fact that the wonderful eclipse which had been noted by the philosopher Allophane and himself in Heliopolis years before, had occurred at the very hour of Our Lord's crucifixion.

St. Denis encountered many trials from the opposition of his parents and friends, but the grace of Jesus Christ was stronger than nature. He was ere long instructed in the dogmas of the Catholic religion, and was baptized by St. Paul. Together they travelled for three years, devoting themselves to missionary labors. The number of Christians having greatly increased in Athens, St. Paul appointed St. Denis as their bishop. Here he practised all the virtues and observed the utmost simplicity of dress and manners. Jesus Christ was his only treasure. This first Athenian Bishop was a true shepherd of his flock, and the fame of his sanctity spread abroad. He wrote letters to Titus, Timothy, Polycarp, and even to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom he had the happiness of seeing whilst travelling with St. John the Evangelist. He says himself that he had the consolation of being present at her death, and also when her grave was opened

\* Translated from the French by request of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C. S. C.

for St. Thomas. So great was his love for the Blessed Virgin that the first church in France was built in her honor.

After his return to Athens he became animated with even greater zeal than before, and his flock steadily advanced in virtue. St. John the Evangelist had been exiled to Patmos, and St. Denis wrote to him giving him the assurance of his speedy deliverance. He made a voyage to the island and conversed long and freely with this disciple beloved of Our Lord. It was during this interview that St. Denis conceived the idea of transferring his labors to the Occidental World; and although he was 78 years old, he hesitated not to offer his life and services to Pope Clement. He left the charge of Athens to St. Publius, and took with him Rusticus and Eleutherius. The Holy Father received them with great joy, and Gaul was given them as the field of their future labors.

With the benediction of the Pope, they left Rome for Gaul. The saint intrusted his companions with different missions, and himself repaired to the time-renowned city of Paris to conquer it—not as Cæsar had done, by fire and sword, but by the word of God. Having arrived, he commenced his preaching. Among those who received the Sacrament of Baptism was a Parisian lord, Lisbius, from whom are descended the Montmorencies. On the coat-of-arms of this famous family, this inscription is engraven: "God helps the first Christian."

Lisbius invited St. Denis to remain with him, and his invitation was accepted; here he converted thousands. But the wife of Lisbius was a heretic, and denounced the Christians to the authorities. They were seized and thrown into prison, where they were subjected to the most agonizing torments. Denis, though a hundred years old, patiently bore all these sufferings, which exasperated the judges who ordered him to be stretched on a heated gridiron. This torture failed to shake the faith of the saint, and he was thrown to the lions; but the wild beasts refused to touch him. He was then nailed to a cross from which he preached to the assembled multitudes. Seeing that, far from being overcome, he made many conversions, he was taken down from the cross and again thrown into prison. Here he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for the last time, and at the Communion, it is related that Our Lord appeared to him and, taking the Sacred Host from his hand, said: "Receive this, My beloved, and never doubt of the reward which awaits you and all who hear your words. The memory of your martyrdom shall last forever; and whenever you pray, your request will

be granted." At the same time, the prison was filled with a divine radiance, and everyone present felt a thrill of ardor and a desire for martyrdom.

The next day, the authorities finding the Christians still unshaken in their faith condemned them to be beheaded. They were led forth to the Montmartre, and the executioners taxed their utmost ingenuity to inflict upon them the keenest suffering. After decapitation, the body of the saint rose of its own accord from the ground; the hands lifted the severed head, and St. Denis, in this miraculous manner, walked to the city which now bears his name. During the journey, the air was filled with the melody of angelic voices.

Having arrived at his destination, a pious woman, named Catulla whom he had himself instructed, met the martyr. To her hands he confided the venerable head, and the body fell motionless at her feet. Overjoyed at the possession of relics so sacred, Catulla carefully deposited them in a place of safety.

A magnificent church was afterwards built to receive the remains of this glorious martyr, and popes and princes through succeeding ages have vied each with the other in doing honor to his memory.

MARY F. MURPHY (Class '88).

#### Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Andree, Brady, Balch, Burton, Bloom, Barth, Brewer, Beschameng, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Bogner, Carmien, Clifford, Conners, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campeau, Compagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, Davis, Dunkin, Dority, Early, Flannery, Fenton, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellman, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hinz, Harlen, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, O. Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hooker, Kearns, Köhler, Keyes, Koester, Leonard, Lilley, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. McCarthy, N. Meehan, McCormick, McNamara, Moore, McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchel, Marley, Neff, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Pomeroy, Regan, Rend, Riednger, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rannells, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Saviers, Schmauss, B. Smith, Sloman, M. Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Trask, Thompson, Van Mourick, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Blaine, Burdick, Butler, E. Burns, M. Burns, Churchill, Dreyer, Davis, Dolan, E. Dempsey, Eby, Fritz, Farwell, Hake, Harman, Hughes, Hagus, Kloth, Lauth, Lewis, Miller, Mercer, N. Morse, McCune, Newman, Quealey, Rinehart, Rogers, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Burns, K. Morse, A. Papin, F. Palmer, S. Smith.