

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 18, 1889.

No. 37.

Niagara.

No brawling, brattling, turbid torrent here:
So even is the pace, so smooth the flow,
The fascinated eye might deem it slow.
Berylline hues where sunbeams glint appear
And splintered diamonds flash from waters clear,
As with resistless power they plunge below,
Roaring incessantly as down they go,
Carving the rocks, the onward stream to steer.
So sweeps the Spirit from His heavenly home,
Dovelike, to brood upon the troubled deep,
Bidding the waters to their channel keep,
Nor unrestrained upon the plain to roam.
Dovelike but permanent the peace He brings:
Gladdened we seek the shadow of His wings.

A. J. STACE.

The Certitude of Sensible Perception.

BY P. E. BURKE, '89.

The knowledge we have of our own being is so certain that it neither needs nor is it capable of any proof. Experience convinces us that we have an intuitive knowledge of our existence—an internal perception that we are. In every act of sensation, reasoning or thinking we are conscious of our own being; and in this matter we come not short of the highest degree of certainty.

The existence of a God reason clearly makes known to us. That there is an eternal, all-powerful, omniscient Being, whom we call God, is a certain and evident truth. The knowledge we have of external bodies is acquired only by the senses; for as there is no necessary connexion between real existence and the idea a man may have in his mind, no one can reason to the existence of material things except

through the impressions produced upon the senses and made known to him by the perceptive faculty. Having prefaced these remarks, we propose to examine an extremely interesting question regarding the relations existing between sensation and its natural normal excitant, the external object.

Man, being endowed with reason and senses, possesses two main faculties by which knowledge is acquired—intelligence and sensibility. The immediate cause which determines sensations is none other than the bodies existing outside of us. We look directly on a material object; but before it can be determined what that precise object is, explanations will be required and conclusions must be drawn. It is certain that our consciousness testifies that we know material objects, but nothing coming between us and the object could impart this knowledge. Several theories in opposition to this proposition are entertained at the present day.

The Idealists suppose some medium or *tertium quid* coming between the mind and the perceived object. This explains nothing, and only serves to bring on perplexities in addition to the many connected with the subject itself. The inferential theory of perception is that knowledge of material objects is received by inference from something else. According to this theory there is first a sensation and then an inference that there is an external object the cause of it. The theory advanced by Kant and his school is that all the mind perceives through the senses are impressions. He assumes the position that there is nothing but appearances and calls them presentations without asserting what they are. His philosophy commences with appearances and culminates with subjective forms. All these theories are opposed to that of immediate perception. According to this

all our experiences throw us back on an immediate knowledge of matter. On this primitive knowledge we may build an immense superstructure, but all our reasonings imply an immediate knowledge of the body on which they proceed.

The certainty which sensibility gives does not indeed belong to such a high order as that of intuitive knowledge or the deductions of our reasonings; yet the judgments which rely on sensations are infallibly certain when the organs are sound, the object attainable and the perception clear.

All knowledge obtained through the senses is extramental, that is, out of and beyond the perceiving mind. But the sensation and the perception of the sensation have their seat not in the organs of sense but in the brain, the centre of sensific action. The eye, ear, nostrils, the touch, all might be affected in a regular manner, but there would be no sensation unless the action went to the brain. Each sense gives its own sensation and perception, but one sense cannot be made to give the impressions produced by another. When an object excites in us a sensation this is accomplished through the agency of the nervous system. At the instant the excitation reaches the brain the conscious sensation is produced. If the path followed by the excitation is interrupted at some point; if the nerve, for example, is severed; if for any cause whatever the excitation does not get as far as the brain there is no sensation, no perception. The organs must be sound, for every sensation is a double phenomenon taking place partly in the body, partly in the soul.

Our original perceptions are all true to facts; but there may be mistakes in the steps we take in forming our derivative perceptions. Our observations may be limited, and we may draw conclusions therefrom as if they were unlimited. The taste in the mouth, as a mere organic affection, is always what we may feel it to be; but wrong inferences may be drawn as to the object in the mouth, as for example, whether it is fish or flesh. And when the palate is deranged, or the taste perverted, we may regard sound meat as unsound. We cannot be mistaken in regard to the sense of smell as a sensation, but we may err in the conclusion as to the object which produces the odor. Sound comes to our ears in straight lines, but the vibrations may be diverted by some intervening object, and we trace the sound to the direction from which it has last come. The supposed illusions are the most numerous in the use of the sense of sight, and this because there are so many observations

and ratiocinations implied in our conclusions in regard to the position and distance of objects by that sense. In all these reasonings we start from an assumed position and may proceed to false conclusions.

The ideas we acquire through sensation are often altered by the judgment without our taking notice of it. Nor need we be surprised that this is done when we consider how quickly the actions of the mind are performed; for, as itself is unlimited by space, so its actions seem to require no time. For instance, our mind may grasp in a few moments all the parts of a demonstration, which may very well be called a long one if we consider the time it will require to tell it to another. Habits are begun very early and at last produce actions in us which often escape our notice. Therefore it is not so strange that our mind should change the idea of its sensation into that of its judgment and make one serve only to excite the other without our being conscious of it.

Knowledge being founded on certain evident truths, error is not a fault of our knowledge but a mistake of our judgment giving assent to that which is not true. The testimony of our senses, which induces us to refer our perceptions to the bodies which have been the causes of them and by which we judge of the existence of the bodies themselves, gives certainty. If we persuade ourselves that our senses inform us rightly concerning the existence of external objects it cannot pass for an ill-founded confidence; for no one can be so sceptical as to doubt the existence of those things which he sees and feels.

The greatest assurance we have that our senses do not deceive us is that, by the application of things without, we can produce both pleasure and pain which is of very great concern, and herein we are capable of knowing the existence of material beings. This assurance, that our senses do not err in the information that they give us of external objects when affected by them, is confirmed by other reasons.

It is plain that impressions are produced upon us by exterior causes affecting our senses, because those who are deprived of some particular organ of sense can never have any of those perceptions belonging to that sense produced in their mind. This is too evident to be called into question. Take, for example, a person totally blind, or who has lost the use of a limb through paralysis, all sense of sight or feeling is wanting because of the organs that are so impaired.

Again, there is a great difference between the recollections of the memory and the actual per-

ception of objects; the former may be laid aside at pleasure, while the latter forces itself upon the mind and cannot be resisted. There is no one who cannot distinguish the difference between the contemplation of the sun in his memory and the actual observance of it through the sense of sight. Hence he has a certain knowledge that they are not both of the memory, but that the actual perception has an external cause.

The evidence of the senses is true, since we are forced by nature to believe in the existence of bodies which are perceived by them. If any one will be so sceptical as to distrust his senses and to affirm that all we see, feel, hear, taste and smell is only a dream and not reality, such a one is self-contradictory; since to doubt is to affirm that one doubts, and to affirm is to believe in one's mind with certainty.

The testimony of our senses possesses as great certainty as we can attain, and, at the same time, all that is necessary for our well-being. The burning heat of a blast furnace may be a fantastic illusion in the imagination of a Pyrrhonist, but all the same he will shrink from putting his hand into it whereby he would perhaps discover that it is something quite real. If there were no bodies there would be no difference between the phantoms of the imagination and real bodies; but we know this difference does exist, hence bodies must exist.

This assurance of the existence of bodies without us is sufficient to direct us in the attainment of the good and the avoiding of the evil which may be caused by them. Upon this foundation laid by nature we may erect a lofty temple of knowledge. Acquainted with the structure of the sensory organs, the child is able to recognize the direction of the voice that he hears, of the arm that holds him, and soon traces them to one person, his nurse or his mother. Thus are the different qualities determined in one object. A luscious peach is taken into the hand, we smell it, we feel its velvety coat, we see its shape and outline, we press it and ascertain its softness. Henceforth it is a definite individual object that the senses bring before us—an object that is associated with these qualities that we perceive and is conceived by us as possessing them. We learn by degrees the purposes of the things set before us. As our observation and experience widen our world enlarges; the known things in it become more numerous, and a fuller and more accurate knowledge is obtained. All this knowledge radiates from our sensitive and conscious self. The surrounding objects present themselves to the senses, and we comprehend them from the way in which they affect us.

This power of perception is the distinguishing characteristic that separates the animal kingdom from the inferior parts of nature. It is in some degree in all sorts of animals, though in some the avenues for the reception of sensations are so dull and obscure that it comes extremely short of the quickness and variety of sensations which other animals possess; but yet it is sufficient for the purpose for which those animals are made.

Considering man in his present condition, a compound of the material and spiritual, possessing a rational soul which for its activity requires the influence of the external world, it will be readily seen that sensible perception is the first step toward knowledge, and the fewer senses man has and the fewer and duller the impressions that are made by them the more remote is he from the perfection of knowledge. Perception is the first operation of our faculties, and the senses are the inlets of all our knowledge concerning external objects.

In conclusion the most satisfactory position to assume is that the mind perceives matter as extended and solid; that perception is one of the faculties of the mind, and, like the other faculties with which our intelligent soul is endowed, it has truth for its object, so that when the organs through which it acts are in their normal condition it cannot lead us into error, or fail in the great purposes for which it has been given us by an all-wise Creator.

General Grant and General Lee.

BY VINCENT E. MORRISON, '89.

It is my purpose in writing this paper to discuss the merits of these two men only as generals or perhaps in plainer language, as soldiers. Therefore I will not allude to their actions outside of the military line, nor take into consideration the fact that one fought to preserve and strengthen the Union, while the other fought to destroy it.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was a poor boy, and worked on his father's farm until he was seventeen years old, when he received an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. His greatest desire and highest ambition always was to become a soldier; and we see from reading his life that he was never so successful in any occupation as in that of a soldier. He was not an exceptionally bright student in all his classes, but always showed a marked proficiency in mathematics, and was acknowledged to be the best horseman in his class. Thus

it is evident that he was remarkably adapted or cut out for a soldier from his very youth. Graduating in 1843, he joined the regular army and was stationed at St. Louis; but was soon after ordered to New Orleans where he remained until the breaking out of the Mexican war when he joined Gen. Zachary Taylor, serving throughout that war. He was promoted several times and often commended for his bravery. Some time after this war he resigned his commission in the army and went into business, first at St. Louis, then at Galena, Ill. When Fort Sumpter was fired upon he came forward offering his services to his country, thinking that she was by all means entitled to them after having educated him as a soldier. His letter was probably overlooked as it was never answered. Shortly after this he formed a volunteer company at Galena, drilled it and took it to Springfield, then the military headquarters of the state. He had refused the captaincy of this company, but was afterwards appointed colonel of the 21st Illinois Infantry by Gov. Yates, which office he accepted.

His regiment was first ordered to Quincy, then to Ironton, Mo. On August 9, 1861, he was commissioned Brigadier General, and soon after took command at Jefferson City. After this he occupied Paducah, Ky., but so far had engaged in no battle. By Nov. 1 he had about 20,000 men under his command, and on the 7th he learned that the confederates were crossing from Columbus, Ky., to Belmont, Mo., where they had another camp. He immediately resolved to attack Belmont, but did not wish to let the rebels know his intention; so he had small bands of troops continually harrassing them at Columbus, while he transferred the principal part of his forces to the Missouri side of the river and moved toward Belmont, where he gained a victory, this being the first engagement for a great many of his soldiers.

On Feb. 1, 1862, Grant was ordered to move on Ft. Henry which he soon captured, but not until most of its defenders had been removed to Ft. Donelson, eleven miles distant, on the Cumberland river, towards which place he at once directed his attention. It surrendered to him on Feb. 16, turning over about 14,000 men as prisoners of war. It was at this time that Grant sent his famous reply to the rebel General Buckner, who was commanding at Ft. Donelson: "No terms except an unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." The whole glory of this great victory devolves on General Grant, whose carefully prepared and well-matured plans were

the chief cause of success. He was always cool and collected; always kept his wits about him; always seemed to realize his position at a glance, and always saw his way through when attempting any important move. He could take in the whole situation on a battlefield, as it were, in an instant, and thus was always enabled to seize the proper moment for making a bold attack. In recognition of his bravery and skill at the taking of Ft. Donelson he was promoted to be Major-General of Volunteers, his commission being dated the 16th of February, the day Fort Donelson surrendered.

After the battle of Shiloh, where Grant was again victorious, General Halleck assumed command in person and virtually took all command away from Grant, although leaving him nominally second in command. This made things very unpleasant for Grant, but his skill was not permitted to pass long unheeded. In July Halleck was made Commander-in-Chief with headquarters at Washington, Grant being left in command of the Army of the Tennessee with headquarters at Corinth.

One of the greatest achievements ever known in modern warfare was Grant's successful campaign against Vicksburg, which resulted in the complete surrender of that well-nigh impregnable stronghold of the Confederacy. The campaign lasted through April, May and June, and culminated on July 4, 1863, when the city surrendered. Vicksburg is almost surrounded by hills, and with its batteries and fortifications, extending for ten miles along the river, could effectively stop any attempted travel. The popular cry all over the North was that the Mississippi should be opened, and this General Grant with his usual promptness determined to do. At many points these batteries just alluded to stood tier above tier on the hillsides, and could pour a deadly fire with telling effect on the Union armies below, and on any Union gun-boat or other craft that would attempt to pass. The city was repeatedly assaulted by the Union troops, but they were constantly driven back. Grant then saw that he could capture the city only by besieging it, and took all precautions to render the siege effective. He was about to order a final assault on July 3, when proposals were made by the rebels leading to a surrender. They finally accepted Grant's terms, which were that the rebel soldiers should be deprived of their arms and put on parole. On the following day, the fourth of July, General Pemberton marched out all his troops as prisoners of war.

The capture of Vicksburg virtually sealed the

fate of the Confederacy, as it was probably the most important position they had left. The rebel losses were very great in this campaign; being 34,000 prisoners, including one Lieutenant-General and nineteen Major and Brigadier Generals, about 12,000 killed, wounded and missing, 45,000 small arms, with many field-pieces and siege guns.

After this glorious termination of so brilliant a campaign Grant's praise was in every one's mouth, for many of the people in the North believed that Vicksburg could never be taken. The Mississippi was now opened clear to its mouth for the Union army, and in December 1863, Congress tendered the national gratitude to General Grant and ordered a gold medal to be struck in commemoration of the opening of the Mississippi. The Senate confirmed, almost by acclamation, the rank of Major-General which President Lincoln had conferred on him, and his commission was dated July 4, 1863. The rank of Lieutenant-General was afterwards revived by Congress and conferred upon him in March, 1864.

His last campaign, the crowning one of the war, shows his skill as a general even in a better light, if possible. He was now invested with the command of all the armies, but took command of the Eastern armies in person, the Western army being under the command of Gen. Sherman. Grant's command consisted of: first, the Army of the Potomac, 130,000 men under General Meade; second, the Army of the James, 30,000 men under General Butler; third, the Army of the Shenandoah, 17,000 men under General Sigel. With this splendid army Grant proposed to put down the rebellion, and we all know how well he succeeded.

These armies drew nearer and nearer to the rebel forces, hemming them in closer and closer every day, crowding them on all sides, overcoming them in many small engagements until finally on the ever-memorable 9th of April 1865, General Lee surrendered his entire army to General Grant, and the long and bitterly contested rebellion was at an end. Probably no man since the time of Washington was as popular, if we except Lincoln, as was Grant at that time. He was elected President at the very next election, namely, in 1868; and in 1872 was re-elected probably with the greatest majority since the time of Washington. Undoubtedly Grant was one of the greatest men, and in all probability the greatest general the United States has seen since revolutionary times, and perhaps the three greatest American names,—names that will outlive all their contemporaries,

are those of Washington, Lincoln and Grant.

It must of course be admitted that Lee was a very great general, and that he exhibited an extraordinary degree of skill on many occasions. Far be it from me to try to lessen his reputation in any way whatever; but as many people seem to think that he was a greater general than Grant, and that he far surpassed Grant in military skill, it appears to me that a feeble effort to correct this false opinion would not be out of place. After all it cannot be denied that on several occasions Lee might have done much better than he did. Probably Grant's best trait was that he always acted just at the right moment. It seemed to come natural for him to do so. How many were the times when Grant would take in the whole situation at a glance, and give his orders, while another general would wait, or would be undecided what course to follow. Now this is one of the principal features which make a great general, and one that Lee notably lacked. His biographers tell us that he especially lacked the gift of being able to seize upon the right moment for a decisive action.

Now, for instance, in the seven days' battle around Richmond his success was much less than it apparently ought to have been. He failed to handle his troops so as to bring all his strength to bear on the enemy when retreating. When he had gained a victory he would not follow it up closely enough. Then again at Fredericksburg he neglected his opportunity to crush the enemy he had defeated and repelled, when Burnside was permitted to withdraw his scattered troops from the field without molestation. Had he followed closely upon his victory at Chancellorsville he undoubtedly would have gained a much greater advantage over his enemies.

Another deficiency in Lee, that we might call a fault, was that he always relied too much on his subordinates in command. While it is proper enough to have all confidence in them, still, when his own experience and skill was of a much greater extent than theirs, and his judgment much better, I see no reason why he should not use it in preference to theirs. He was undoubtedly the greatest general in the rebel army, and should have exercised more control, especially at critical junctures. In this line I can mention two great mistakes he made during the Gettysburg campaign. The first was General Stuart's absence with the cavalry during the whole campaign preceding the battle, and the second was General Ewell's failure to seize the strong position at Gettysburg while it was still possible to do so. Now had

Lee planned everything himself for this battle, and used his own judgment instead of letting his generals do pretty much as they pleased, his losses would certainly have been much less, and who knows but he might have gained some advantage over the Union troops? The reasons given seem to me sufficiently strong for asserting that Grant was without doubt the greater general of the two.

The Days of June.

[Rondeau.]

The days of June are fair and bright,
For God by His great Hand of might
Hath made the summer sun to shine
More warm in that sweet month divine—
Love burns more true in hearts contrite.

The inlaid diamonds of the night
Flash brightly from their distant height,
But brighter, warmer, softer shine
The days of June.

The clover sweet, in red and white
Arrests the busy bees in flight,
And in the fields the meek-eyed kine
Stand waiting for the day's decline,—
They lead through mazes of delight,—

The days of June!

JOHN A. WRIGHT, '91.

A Student's Reflections at the Close of the Year.

A few short days still remain before we depart from under the care of those, who have our future welfare at heart; whose patience, perseverance and watchfulness have pointed out to us the road that leads to prosperity, usefulness and manliness. As we leave them we shall be accompanied with their disinterested advice for the future and their hearty wishes for our success.

The close of the scholastic year has its sorrows as well as its joys:—sorrows consequent on leaving our friends, schoolmates, and instructors, whom we have learned to love, because of their untiring energy in their labors in our behalf. At such a time one is almost unable to master the feelings of emotion that well up in the heart. We think of the many pleasant hours we have passed in the class-rooms and on the campus. All these we shall recall, when we are experiencing the trials and hardships of life. As years roll on our thoughts are brought to bear on those college days, when we were planning and forming the road, which we had chosen to take and success in which depended upon

the studious hours we had spent. It is then we find the time can never be regained. We are confronted with our own ignorance and folly. We regret our blindness to the value of the moments placed at our disposal. Then do we tell others of our deafness to the call of duty.

These are sorrows that await one, who has not, when the time was his, made hay while the sun shone. Yet, on the other hand, joys of a threefold nature are experienced by the industrious student on leaving his *Alma Mater*. He goes with the full assurance that his duty is done and with the good will of all. By his conduct, his application, his character, his ambition to attain the end in view, he has proved how well he has realized and profited by the opportunities of college life and prepared the groundwork of his future. He goes out into the world before him with little to regret and something to aid him through the vicissitudes of life. He can look around him with pride, for he possesses in his heart something which no one can take from him—the assurance of well-spent college days.

But he has something more than this to look back to, if the principles of a sound moral training have been implanted deep and firm in his heart. We may become masters of every profession known to man; we may become heroes of nations; yet, no lasting good can ever be effected either for self or fellow-man unless the work be based upon the foundations of morality. Education without religion is a curse. It is the aim of our *Alma Mater* to educate not the intellect alone but the heart also. We can see the evils of education without religion day after day illustrated in the mercantile and in the social world. We read of it in the pages of history, in the examples given by intellects, sharp, keen and strong, with hearts unscrupulous and cold as a stone.

Should the conscientious student, as one will often naturally do in after life, desire to visit the home of his college days, he can do so with a noble pride and sincere joy; his record, his conduct, and the good feeling he cultivated with his superiors, while under their care, are the links that perpetuate a life-long happiness. When the curtain falls upon his earthly career he can take leave of life with an unflattering confidence and say with the poet:

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.
Our outward act indeed admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thoughts to domineer,
Guard well thy thoughts, our thoughts are
Heard in Heaven.

H. A. BARNES (*Prep.*).

Loretto.

Embosomed amid magnificent sylvan sublimities in the sunny bowers of Italy and in the loveliest portion of man's inheritance, about twenty miles from Ancona and ten from the Adriatic on the east coast of Italy, lies the renowned little village of Loretto, in a fair and favored region, where the climate is so mild that the orange trees blossom in the depth of winter, and where the flowers of summer bloom in December. I have often thought that the scenery around it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy, and that it is the most fitting resting-place on earth for the little Holy House of Nazareth, brought there miraculously, and which, like the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, is covered with a large and spacious church where crowds of pious pilgrims flock from all countries in the world daily, particularly clergymen anxious to have the privilege of celebrating Mass in so holy a place.

The house is about thirty by twenty feet, and is covered by a modern star-spangled roof or ceiling, resting on the ancient walls of brick, about four feet thick, exactly like the ancient bricks found about Nazareth, but quite unlike those found in any part of Italy at any time. As you enter the little Holy House, which only contains one room, you are struck with the appearance of the hearth-place, in which it is supposed the angel stood when he appeared to Our Lady at the Annunciation while she was engaged in prayer. It is as like an old-fashioned hearth-place of the old country as possible; and at the right hand of it is an opening in the ancient wall, in the form of the letter V, supposed to have communicated with a cave adjoining, where the Holy Family are said to have had apartments, and where St. Joseph had his workshop.

How often have I beheld in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! Yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the women wending their way to the river with watering-pots poised jantily on their heads, the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day became unpleasant, the men, women and children listening to the morning gossip, or basking in the innocent sunshine of a delightful and luxurious climate, formed pictures which can never be forgotten.

Around our daily path were strewn the memorials and blessings of Jesus. There was the morning Mass and the evening Benediction. Three times a day the *Angelus* brought afresh its sweet tidings of the Incarnation, and all this flooded with a bright Italian sunshine, while that long series of divine titles and graceful appellations (the litanies of the Italian women), broken only by the simple and most touching words, "Pray for us!" went, floating on the wind to awake the slumbering echoes of the valleys, or die away on the distant wave of the Adriatic in many a plaintive cadence.

N. R.

College Gossip.

—President Adams, of Cornell, plays tennis.

—Pennsylvania University will establish a course in journalism.

—The fourth annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the American College at Rome will be held in Boston on June 5. Since the last meeting many applications for membership have been received from priests all over the United States.

—Freddie:—"Papa, what does 'filly' mean?" Papa (willing to give the boy a lift): "A young mare, Freddie." Freddie:—"Well, then, what do they call a young cow, Papa?" Papa (slightly staggered): "Oh! Ah! a—er—filly *de bæuf*."—*Spectator*.

—Our veteran Jesuit Assyriologist, Father Strassmaier, S. J., of Farm street, London, who has lately issued the fourth and last volume of his edition of the "Inscriptions of Nabonidus," will soon have a friendly rival in a young Dominican Father. The "Academy" lately announced the appearance of the "Assyrian Inscription of Samsi-Ramman IV (B.C. 825-813)," transcribed, translated, and commented, by V. Scheil, and published by Welter, of Paris. We are informed that the author who thus makes his *début* as an Assyriologist, is a young Father of the Order of Friars Preachers and a student of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* of Paris. We may feel a legitimate satisfaction in seeing our religious orders and our clergy in general turning serious attention to the field of Assyriology, than which no other is more deserving of the attention of Catholic students and professors. Anybody who has read Mr. St. Chad Boscöwen's recent lectures at the British Museum, with their wild and misleading theories concerning the relations between the faith of the Jews and the religious developments of Babylonia, will wish that we had more Assyriologists, or at least earnest students of the same, among our clergy, capable of grappling with these dangerous theorists.—*London Tablet*.

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 18, 1889.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore 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.

—*The Elite Journal*, a paper published at the Illinois Wesleyan University, contained in a recent issue the article on "Know-nothings" which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago. In an editorial the *Journal* says:

"This article cites many instances of patriotic defence of the government by Catholics, of the fidelity of the Church toward the government, of the loyalty of its adherents and citizens. All this we cheerfully grant."

This is liberal, generous, just. It has the proper ring and the proper spirit about it. And it is a matter of regret that the same enlightened liberality and sense of justice did not guide the writer in his other assertions. The "pretensions of the Pope to political dictation and temporal power" seem to be a bugbear to the writer. It will, perhaps, be sufficient to tell him that even if the Pope did make any pretensions to political dictation (which he does not) Catholics are not bound to believe that his opinions and policy on political matters are always the best.

His "pretensions" to temporal power are based on the following facts: Nearly 1100 years ago Pepin, King of France, gave the Pope a small piece of ground. This grant, the Emperor Charlemagne, son and successor of Pepin, confirmed and enlarged. The Popes continued to

hold and govern this small territory, with the exception of brief intervals, until 1870 when Pius IX was robbed of it by Victor Emmanuel. Who can show a better title to any property?

"While Sheridan and other noble Catholics were immortalizing themselves by their heroic defence of the Flag, the Pope at Rome acknowledged the independence of the Confederacy."

This is not literally true. But even admitting that such was the case, what does it prove? Simply that the Pope was misinformed. Nothing more. How was he to know anything about political matters here, except from our reports? And if some Southerner's report reached him first, it would not be strange if he should be biased in his favor. Few, if any, in Europe had a just conception of the nature of the struggle between the North and the South. Archbishop Hughes of New York was sent to Europe by President Lincoln to correct the erroneous ideas existing there regarding that great conflict.

The majority of Europeans thought the South had been oppressed, and that the case was a repetition of the policy that separated the colonies from England in 1776. It was difficult even for one acquainted with this country to understand the magnitude of the questions at issue; much more for a foreigner. But Archbishop Hughes tells us he lost no opportunity to explain what was misunderstood and to inspire the spirit of peace and good-will into the people of foreign states towards that one nation to which he owed allegiance and fidelity.

"That the attitude of the Catholic Church towards our public schools is unpatriotic, is self-evident."

The Catholic Church wishes her children taught religion as well arithmetic. She believes that love of God and love of country go hand in hand; that the true Christian is a true patriot; that a good Christian cannot be a bad citizen; that the foundation for the good Christian must be laid in youth when the mind, like soft wax, readily receives every impression; and hence that a symmetrical education, including all the faculties—moral, mental and physical—is the best.

The public school of to-day does not give such an education. It has fallen away from its original plan. Instead of teaching religion, it teaches irreligion. Catholics pay towards schools which revile their religion. Did the public schools not allow bad books, anti-Catholic teachings and infidel influences in them, Catholics would be the last to oppose them.

But, as they are, the public schools are unpatriotic and not the attitude of the Catholic Church towards them. For, it is self-evident

that teachings having infidel, irreligious and immoral tendencies are opposed to the love, the welfare and the best interests of our country.

"A Methodist," says Rev. G. W. Pepper, a Methodist minister, "ought to be the last person to question the loyalty of any church—for it is only a few years ago that a book called the 'Great Iron Wheel' was extensively circulated, which attempted to prove that Methodism would overthrow the liberties of America."

Methodist, Catholic and all should join forces against our great enemy, which is not Catholicism nor Methodism, but the evil influence of the gilded saloon, the grinding monopolist and the immoral slaughter of innocents.

Leaves from the Diary of a Scientific Ex-Spurt.

BY "S."

FRIDAY, APRIL 26.—I arrived in Paris this morning at 10 o'clock. The French custom-house officers are much more polite than the English. At Liverpool they went through my stock of literature brought to read on the journey, and finished operations by confiscating a twenty-cent edition of Haggard's "Colonel Quaritch" on some copyright pretence. I told them they were welcome to it, as I had read it, and should never think of reading it again. But in Paris the *douanier* would not even give me the trouble of opening my trunk. He simply asked if I had anything à déclarer, which he furthermore explained to mean *tabac*, and on receiving a negative reply, put a chalk mark on my trunk which made everything right. I then told the porter to bring my traps to the nearest hotel, which, according to his view, was the hotel de Winchester, No. 36 Rue de Londres. "Winchester" looks like an English word. Do not be deceived by appearances, however. In pronunciation it's no such thing. Two of the letters, perhaps, the *s* and the *t*, preserve their English sound, but that's about all. You begin with a *v*, pronounced with an extra amount of vehemence, *verve* and vigor. This is the French idea of a *w*. The next two letters are melodiously performed on the nasal organ, with more or less brilliancy of execution. Then comes *ch* as in "Chicago," after which you rather slight the *e* in the second syllable, to throw all your reserved power on the third, so that the accent seems to be "on a tear," as it were. It's a very comfortable hostelry, with waxed oak floors and other old-fashioned appointments.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27.—Extended a series of

explorations begun yesterday afternoon. Received a new instance of French politeness. Having correctly inquired the name of a magnificent church, and having been told it was "St. Augustin," I spoiled everything by saying "*c'est très beau*." My respondent—one of the humbler class—did not simply overlook the offensive masculine adjective, but on the spur of the moment found a masculine noun to agree with it: "*Oui, Monsieur, c'est un très beau monument*." This was more than politeness—it was inspiration. In the evening, going further down the Boulevard Malesherbes I suddenly became aware of the beautiful *Eglise de la Madeleine*, which I recognized at once from the photographs I had seen of it, appealing, however, to a passing lamp-lighter to confirm my view of the case. He threw all the light he could on the subject. The parks and gardens of Paris are all in the budding-beauty of early spring, and the lilacs are in bloom.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28.—There are lots of things in the French language which can only be learned by practice. How many grammars, dictionaries, and "Ollendorff's Methods" one might study without finding out that "*Defense d'Afficher*" means "Keep off the Grass!" In fact, it is only the frequency of this inscription that removes the last vestige of doubt from the scientific mind as to its real meaning. Of course there is always a class that will call the inductive method in question, and that will point contumaciously to the fact that this inscription is often found where there is no grass growing—where grass couldn't grow if it tried. But what of that? How should a merely adventitious circumstance affect a scientific conclusion? Have we not ourselves frequently seen "Keep off the Grass!" sticking out of a snow-drift? To-day I procured a plan of the city of Paris, and got lost on the *Place de la Concorde* after all the lamps were lighted. They set me right again, however—not the lamps, but the *gens d'armes* at the gates of the *Jardin des Tuileries*.

MONDAY, APRIL 29.—I need not report at the U. S. Commission Office until the first of May, but it's just as well to take bearings, so this morning I explored the *Avenue de la Bourdonnais*. According to my plan I should be able to reach it by crossing the *Pont de la Concorde*, and proceeding along the river bank to the *Place de l'Exposition*; but on the *Quay d'Orsay*, opposite the *Invalides*, I found an obstruction in the Siamese style not marked on my plan. All this part of Paris seems to be orientalizing. I concluded to cross the *Pont de l'Alma*, after which the *Avenue Rapp* brought me within a door or

two of No. 27. The Eiffel tower is very light and graceful. Instead of dwarfing the other buildings it harmonizes with them wonderfully. A beautiful view of it may be obtained from the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, as I discovered this afternoon. It is all open work, and, seen from different points of view, the interlacings take various shapes. The decoration of the grounds is advancing very fast.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30.—There were five English folks at *café au lait* this morning. Yesterday there were five Americans. How do I know which from t'other? Not by the dislocation of the *h*, for they were not that kind of English. Nor by the dropping of the final *r*, for that is done in our southern states and eastern cities as thoroughly as in England. No; it is the vowel *o* that is the true shibboleth. On English lips the long *o* is not a simple vowel but a diphthong, made up of the short *o* as in "not" followed by the double *o* as in "nook." Sometimes it even becomes dissyllabic. Get an Englishman into a state of savage but suppressed indignation, and when he says "Oh, no!" it will be "o-oo, no-oo"—you will hear the four syllables quite distinctly. This morning the landlady asked me if I could speak English! Let us drop a veil over my reply. It's lots of fun to pretend to be French and listen to the remarks of the English and Americans when they think that nobody understands them.

A Sketch of St. Aloysius' Seminary, Notre Dame, Ind.

From the time when Father Sorin, then a youthful, energetic priest, first looked upon the ice-bound fields of Notre Dame, he felt the full weight of the responsibility which attended his efforts. He was the chief hope of a young community struggling to divest itself of its swaddling clothes; the missionary bishops of the West anxiously awaited the result of his enterprise; even Rome lent a moment of its precious time to exhort the young enthusiast, and to speak words of encouragement and blessing. The difficulties which he knew he was to encounter were great. To tread the narrow by-ways of the forest, and plant in its depths the centre of a great religious community and the foundations of a flourishing institution of learning was a task that might well daunt the boldest spirit; yet no one could look upon the manly form, or contemplate the virtues of the youthful missionary without feeling the assurance that ultimately success would crown his noble efforts.

For his success in this great work, Father Sorin looked to Heaven and to his well-beloved patroness, the Mother of God. But he was too practical to expect that a direct and palpable miracle would be wrought in his favor. He therefore placed great confidence in the development of his community, and looked forward with feverish anxiety to the time when he should be surrounded by ardent spirits like his own, bound to himself and to his great work in sympathy and love, whose holy lives should draw down choicest blessings on the fruits of their own energy and perseverance. Of the mental and physical strain which he endured during the first few years of his life here; of the examples of his heroic sacrifices and the instances of his self-denial—at one time exchanging his dry clothing for the wet garments of the Brother who brought their provisions from Niles, at another gathering firewood in mid-winter, or trudging through deep snows to light a fleeting spirit on its way—of these sweet deeds of charity no formal record remains. They are the heritage of his beloved family, and the good old Brothers who have survived those days still hold in affectionate remembrance the traditions which cluster round the old settlement, and love to recount past dangers and trials for the edification of numbers who now throng from every land to swell the ranks of Holy Cross.

When the first college building was completed, the zealous young priest could devote more time to the advancement of his Order in the United States. In furtherance of this object, a novitiate for the Brothers was established in 1845 on the "Island"—a spot located on a narrow strip of land between the two lakes; the ecclesiastical students, having as yet no house of their own, occupied separate apartments in the college, and made their novitiate under the direction of Rev. Father Cointet. After a few years, the house on the "Island" became the Novitiate for the clerical students who remained here until 1852, when Father Granger, with his own hand, cut down the thick under-brush on the spot where the present Seminary stands. Workmen were soon engaged on the foundation, and on the eleventh of July of the same year Father Sorin laid the corner-stone of St. Aloysius' Seminary. The stone was a large shapeless rock and was distinguished by no mark save that a large rattle-snake, which had been killed shortly before, was buried with it. The building was soon completed, and was for many years considered the finest at Notre Dame. Father Sorin himself spent four years in this delightful retreat, and Father Granger directed the insti-

tution for fifteen years. Those were the happy times when poverty was observed *volens volens*; when the fervor of the novices and the meekness of Father Granger made obedience far more attractive than the wildest freedom; and there is scarcely a priest of Holy Cross in the United States to-day who looks back on that joyous epoch without feelings of regret.

The new seminary thus prosperously completed soon began to make its influence felt in the little colony around it. Young men whose hearts aflame with holy zeal made them yearn to work for God's honor, eagerly flocked thither for instruction, and the new community improved rapidly in numbers and in wealth. The standard of excellence in education was steadily advanced, the piety of the young men in no wise tending to exclude the genius of science or of letters.

This state of affairs continued until the great fire of 1879 destroyed the college buildings, when the seminary became the "Old Men's Home." The seminarians were removed to the Novitiate, where they remained till the spring of 1886, when they returned to their old house, with Rev. Father Fitte as superior. But the increasing number of postulants made it necessary to enlarge the building, and the old house which had been for many years the *sanctum sanctorum* of Notre Dame—the old students all made their First Communion there—was touched by the hand of progress, and a large and commodious wing extending along the west end of it, added materially to the comfort of the students.

But the large number of applicants rendered even this building too small, and a few weeks ago the old portion of the seminary was torn down to make room for a house which should be worthy of Notre Dame and its far-famed beauty. The work progressed rapidly, and on May 3, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, the corner-stone of the new seminary was laid. The ceremony began by the celebration of Mass during which all the students approached the Holy Table. At ten o'clock a large procession was formed and marched to the southeast corner of the foundation. First were the cross and candles, and after these came the students chanting the "Veni Creator," next were the Philosophers, Theologians and Priests (including many high dignitaries of the Order), and lastly Very Rev. Father General himself. The stone was a beautiful white piece bearing the arms of the Congregation of the Holy Cross together with the date of the present year. The tin box in its centre contained copies of the SCHOLASTIC and *Ave Maria*, besides medals,

coins, etc. The following document was read by Rev. Father Morrissey after which it, too, was hidden away in the tin box. It was signed by all the Superiors present:

Anno Domini, 1889, die tertia mensis Maii, qua Festum Inventionis SS. Crucis D. N. per orbem terrarum celebratur, gloriosissimo Leone Papa XIII Catholicam regente Ecclesiam, Fœderatis Americæ Statibus præsidente Benj. Harrison, Castri Waynensis Episcopo Jos. Dwenger, D. D., Congregationis a S. Cruce Superiore Generali, Edouardo Sorin, Indianæ provinciæ Superiore G. Corby, atque Seminarii Superiore, Jac. French, assistentibus præsentibusque A. Granger, locali Superiore, et M. Robinson, Novitiorum Magistro, lapis hic angularis novi ædificii ad educandos clericos destinati, cui nomen novum "Sanctæ Crucis Seminarii" datum, ab eodem Rev. Edouardo Sorin, Sup. Gen., sollemniter benedictus riteque dedicatus fuit.

In cujus rei testimonium memoriamque nomina infra scripserunt.

After the blessing of the stone, the *Magnificat* was solemnly intoned, while the procession slowly wended its way back to the sacristy where Father General addressed the students in a few well-chosen words of encouragement. Among those present were the Rev. Fathers Granger, Corby, Meagher, Robinson, French, L'Etourneau, Saulnier and Morrissey, besides Bro. Ephraim, the Novices and many others.

The site of the new Seminary is one of exceeding beauty, and was selected by the venerable Brother Vincent who still lives at the age of ninety-three. Under the direction of Rev. Father French it is in a very flourishing condition, and it is confidently hoped that it will enjoy a new era of prosperity under its new title of "Seminary of the Holy Cross."

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

Personal.

—Among the welcome visitors during the past week were Ed. Hoffman and uncle, of Alton, Ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. Halthusen and their daughter Lillie, of Colorado Springs, Col., have been visiting Notre Dame.

—Mr. John Burch, of Boston, Mass., visited the College on Monday, and was warmly greeted by many friends.

—Rev. President Walsh left last Tuesday evening for Peoria, Ill., to assist at the dedication of the new cathedral of that city.

—A letter received from Mr. Joseph Cusack states that he may possibly return before commencement. His many friends trust to see him before June.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., left Notre Dame for Cincinnati on Thursday last,

He will take part in the deliberations of the Fifth Provincial Council of the prelates of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, presided over by Archbishop Elder. The prelates belonging to the Province are: Mt. Rev. W. H. Elder, of Cincinnati; Rt. Revs. R. Gilmour, of Cleveland; J. A. Watterson, of Columbus; C. P. Maes, of Covington; J. Foley, of Detroit; J. Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne; H. J. Ritcher, of Grand Rapids; W. McCloskey, of Louisville; J. Rademacher, of Nashville, and F. S. Chatard, of Vincennes.

—On the 20th of April, Rev. F. Linnerborn, C. S. C., together with one hundred and twenty young men, was ordained priest by Cardinal Parrochi, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, Rome. On Easter Sunday Father Linnerborn said his first holy Mass in the Basilica of St. Peters over the tomb of the Apostles Peter and Paul. At the request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dufal he sang a solemn High Mass at Santa Brigitta, the residence of the Procurator-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross. The students of the seminary, and the many friends of Father Linnerborn at Notre Dame, wish him many years of fruitful labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

Local Items.

—Now for the "triples."

—Be truthful and you will be happy.

—We look forward to the speedy completion of the pie-house.

—The Senior Archconfraternity will visit the Farm to-morrow.

—The trip to the Farm was productive of some elegant "jags."

—It may not be entirely out of place to say that Dannie is "in the soup."

—The South Bend Bicycle Club paid the University a visit on the 12th inst.

—We would be pleased to publish scores of the games between the Jackets and Caps.

—We wonder what object Freddie had in walking from the Farm clear over to the town of Granger.

—From present indications quite a number of members of the Faculty will visit the Paris Exposition.

—Judging from all accounts the Philodemics and Columbians had a large time at the farm on the 12th.

—Frightened by the exposure of a fearless press, the "night owls" no longer disturb our nocturnal repose.

—FOUND—in the vicinity of Notre Dame, a purse containing a sum of money. The owner can have it by applying at the General Office.

—The architect of the Palazzo Igani expects to have it completed by June 20. It will add greatly to the beauty of Avenue de Nuestra Signora,

—Mr. McGinty will probably umpire the Junior championship games. His umpiring in recent games between the Junior fourth nines gave excellent satisfaction.

—Pride is the root of all evil. If each one knew how to keep his place in this world of ours things would go on smoothly, and we all would be much happier than we are.

—Workmen are engaged on the large skylight on Science Hall, and expect to have it completed in a few days. It will contribute much to the beauty of the Hall, especially its interior.

—A certain base-ball association is sadly in need of uniforms. It possesses only one set of caps and one set of jackets, and the nines are respectively dubbed "Caps" and "Jackets."

—"Poweshiek county" and "Kossuth township," as weather prophets predict fine weather for the next few weeks. They will not join the other "counties" in the expedition to Oklahoma, preferring as they do the soil of Indiana.

—The substitutes and regular members of the Minim second nines are: *Blues*—Gregg (Capt.), Blease, Mayer, Bates, Girardin, Stone, Plautz, Falvey, Porter, Powell, C. McPhee; *Reds*—Hamilton (Capt.), Bruel, Lee, F. Webb, Crane, Stephens, R. Webb, Witkowskey, Goodwillie, Eckler and Durand.

—A large and very complete *Herbarium* of all the plants of the United States has recently been secured for Science Hall. Also a very interesting collection of woods, numbering several hundred species, and a no less valuable collection of specimens illustrative of American prehistoric Archæology.

—Plans have been made for the erection of a new tailor-shop. Work will begin immediately after the erection of the new seminary building, and the structure when completed will be a thing of beauty. It will be located on an attractive eminence a little to the north of the site of the present building.

—With the song of the whip-poor-will, the plaintive miaouw of the frisky Thomas cat is borne upon the midnight breeze, reminding us, as we hurl our winter boots and shoes at the offending feline, that summer, sweet summer, is near. Order your bound volumes of the SCHOLASTIC now. Delay is dangerous.

—After dinner to-morrow at the Farm, those making the trip to that place will assemble and listen to a poem in honor of the occasion to be read by the composer, our versatile friend, "the Philosopher." This will be a rich treat from a literary point of view, and will be one of the most pleasant exercises of the day.

—A few random lines:

And now the botanist tries his hand
On the flowers that bloom in the spring;
He tears them apart corolla and all,
And of their beauty doth sing.
But there is a plant found everywhere,
Over which he cannot rant;
For try though he may, he can never succeed,
In determining the electric "plant."

—It might be well to remark that while the editors are responsible for whatever appears in these columns, still they are not the authors of each and every item. News coming from creditable sources is always published, and persons desirous of inserting items are required to sign their names to the manuscript, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith. Papers are not returned unless accompanied with postage stamps and cigars; for rejected manuscript we ne'er return; in summer we tear, in winter we burn, exceptions being made as above stated.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The wheels of justice are moving slowly in the Scott case. It is barely probable that the addresses to the jury will begin at Saturday's session of the Moot-court. Little advance was made in the last session at which Mr. Scott was put on the stand in his own behalf.—The morning class is now studying a general outline of the Common Law.—The Law Debating Society came together Wednesday evening, and listened to an interesting thesis on Homicide, which was read by Mr. Brewer.—Mr. O'Hara says his name is not Peter, as appeared in our last report, but Robert A. O'Hara.—Barrister Schmitz is looking for points in the Carter case.—The Quiz Class are discussing short cases of contract, etc., all should attend.

—Under the heading, "A Wise Invitation," the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, has the following:

"We learn from authentic sources that Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Missionary Apostolic and Provincial of Notre Dame, Ind., will attend the Cincinnati Provincial Council convoked by Most Rev. Archbishop Elder for the 19th inst. Father Corby was a prominent member of the first Provincial Council held by Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss a few years ago here in Milwaukee. Councils of this kind have a great significance in the eyes of the Church, since they treat the most vital questions of discipline, and are composed of all the Rt. Rev. Bishops of the province and the Superiors of religious Orders—all men of ripe experience who are called on to legislate for hundreds of thousands. Each Bishop represents his diocese, and each Superior represents his Order, universities, colleges, etc."

—THE ST. CECILIANS' EXCURSION.—The annual excursion of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association to St. Joseph's Farm took place Thursday, May 16. At 8.45 a. m. the dome of the College building was a mile in the rear, while the pleasure seekers were noisily on their way, with the band wagon in the van and P. S.'s best in the rear. The thirsty farmers charged on the milk house on reaching the Farm and carried it by storm. At 1 p. m. they all sat down to a spread that was thoroughly enjoyed; the only drawback was the absence of "Mr. Hennessey's waiter," but the Recording Secretary came to the rescue with open mouth and hands, and ended the difficulty by making himself promiscuous. At 4.30 p. m. the excursionists, after a fine afternoon's stroll and sight-seeing, sat down to an ice cream lunch, and at 4.45, thoroughly worn out and noisily happy, the would-be farmers were nothing loath to give a parting cheer and bid good-bye to St. Joseph's Farm and its hospitable inmates; but on further

examination the first Vice and a few other corn-fakers were missing. But they very soon put in an appearance, and the crowd started on the home stretch. Jollity and good humor prevailed: songs, jokes, cheers and running after stray hats occupied the time on the home trip; and after a pleasant ride of about two hours the Cecilians reached the College unanimous in their vote of "not having spent a more pleasant day during the present year."

—A TRIP TO THE FARM.—The trip of the Literary societies to the Farm, on Sunday last, was an unbounded success. The weather was all that could be desired. After attending Mass at the college church, the Columbians, Philodemics and a few invited guests got aboard Mr. Shickey's handsomest turnouts, and were soon *en route* to the Farm. The roads were in fine condition; and behind Mr. S——'s 2.40 horses made excellent time. The U. N. D. Quartette enlivened the crowd on the way with their choicest selections. The occasional "'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! U. N. D.'" caused the reporter to breathe a silent prayer that some progressive, public-spirited person would suggest a new college cheer; the present one is getting a trifle worn.

Once the Farm reached, the boys were soon roaming about. The city chaps gazing with open mouths at the novel forms and unfamiliar sights. The members from the rural districts satisfied to be once more among their native heaths. Dinner was served at 12 m. To say the boys did justice to the repast would be superfluous. The afternoon was spent in walking around the Farm, examining the various objects of interest. Lunch was served at 4.30, and after assisting at Benediction we were once more *en route* for home. While yet several miles away the bronzed statue of Our Lady was plainly visible. At 7 p. m. the busses, five in all, drew up before the main entrance and unloaded their passengers. Everyone seemed pleased with their visit, and many will avail themselves of the opportunity to go out again with the Archconfraternity on Sunday next. The Columbians and Philodemics desire to express their earnest thanks to the kind Sisters for their hospitable efforts in their behalf.

—BASE-BALL.—The Grand Stand was filled, Mr. Sullivan smiled, Umpire Edward X. Coady said "play," and the two Senior first nines began their first championship game. Although neither team was in its best condition, the contest was a pretty one, and was well fought throughout as can be readily seen by glancing at the score. The *Reds* began to score in the second, got another run in the third, another in the fourth, two in the sixth and one more in the seventh. The *Blues* scored twice in the second, three times in the fifth and once in the sixth. At the beginning of the ninth each side had six runs. The *Reds* were first at bat and on the strength of an error and a stolen base had got a man on second. Then Mattes came to bat, and did what the *Blues* considered a mean

trick. Of course Mattes would never have done it if he thought he would hurt anybody's feelings. But we suppose he did it without reflecting upon the consequences. He caught the second ball, pitched the trade mark, and put it out to the left of centre for three bases and came home on a wild throw, and the *Reds* had the game, for the *Blues* accommodately went out easily in their half of the inning, while Jimmie said he guessed he would take a little cider. Long pitched a good game, as did Cooke, all the hits being well scattered. Fleming put up a good game, and Mackey did some fine work at third. Base stealing was done with impunity. The umpire acquitted himself with credit. The coaching was not dignified. Scorer D. Leonard furnishes us the following official score:

BLUES.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Tewksbury, 2b.....	4	1	0	1	2	0	2
Campbell, s. s.....	4	1	0	1	0	3	1
Gallagher, c.....	4	1	1	2	9	1	2
Long, p.....	4	0	2	0	1	16	3
D. Cartier, l. f.....	4	1	0	1	2	1	2
Combe, r. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
Mackey, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	5	2	2
Melady, 1st b.....	4	0	1	0	7	0	1
Brown, c. f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0	1
<i>Total</i>	34	6	7	6	26*	23	14

REDS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 3d b.....	4	1	2	1	2	4	1
Hayes, r. f.....	5	0	0	1	0	0	0
Bronson, 1st b.....	5	1	1	2	11	0	0
G. Cartier, l. f.....	3	0	1	4	0	0	1
Mattes, 2d b.....	5	2	1	0	6	2	0
Fleming, c.....	5	3	2	3	4	2	0
Cooke, p.....	5	0	2	0	1	5	1
Kehoe, s. s.....	3	0	0	1	2	3	1
W. Cartier, c. f.....	3	1	0	1	1	0	1
<i>Total</i>	38	8	9	13	27	16	5

* Mattes hit by batted ball. Earned run: "Reds," 1. Two base hits: Cooke, Fleming; 3 base hits: Mattes. Base on called balls: "Blues," 2; "Reds," 4. Hit by pitched ball: Kehoe. Struck out: by Cooke, 2; Long, 9. Passed balls: Gallagher, 4; Fleming, 1. Wild pitches: Long, 1; Cooke, 2. Time of game: 2.30. Scorers: D. Leonard and F. H. Brown. Umpire: E. Coady.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLUES:—	0	2	0	0	3	1	0	0	0=6
REDS:—	0	1	1	1	0	2	1	0	2=8

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Ahlrichs, Burns, Brennan, Burger, Barnes, Brewer, Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Bronson, Blackman, C. Brookfield, Cassidy, Crooker, S. Campbell, Cooney, E. Chacon, Carney, T. Coady, L. Chute, W. Campbell, Combe, L. Chacon, G. Cartier, W. Cartier, Dacy, Delaney, Dougherty, Dwyer, Darroch, Davis, Eyanson, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Fack, Forbes, Goebel, Giblin, F. Galen, Gallagher, Goben, Guillen, Houlihan, Hayes, Hacket, B. Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, Inks, Jennings, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Karasynski, Kimball, F. Kelly, Knight, J. Kelly, Kenny, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, W. Larkin, McNally, McErlain, H. McAlister, Mackey, McAuliff, Jas. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Melady, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, R. Newton, Nester, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'

Donnell, O'Hara, P. O'Flaherty, L. Paquette, C. Paquette Prichard, Prudhomme, Patterson, Powers, Reynolds, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, Stephenson, H. Smith, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, J. Allen, Aarons, Anson, Brady, Boyd, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, Case, Connelly, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, L. N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Devine, Darroch, Daniels, Ernest, Elder, Erwin, Falvey, C. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Hinkley, Hoerr, Hahn, Halthusen, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hartman, Hammond, Ibold, Jewett, Johnson, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, Kehoe, Lamon, Lenhoff, Monarch, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Mainzer, Malone, Morrison, J. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCarthy, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McNulty, McDonnell, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, Noe, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, OMara, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, Prichard, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Rowsey, Ramsey, Sheehan, C. Schillo, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sloan, Staples, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, Wood, Willian, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Bates, Blake, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Boyle, Brown, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cohn, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Carter, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Grant, A. Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gilkison, Gray, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Henneberry, Hedenberg, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koesler, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Londoner, Lonergan, Lehnberg, Lee, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, C. McCarthy, Mayer, J. McCarthy, Miller, Morrison, Mosier, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Steineman, Stephens, Stafflin, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman.

New Music.

FIVE RARELY BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITIONS BY FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

"AT MORNING"—A Serenade, by Benj. Godard. Beautiful musical sentiment throughout. Full, rich, coloring, most artistically handled. Revised and fingered by H. Schoenefeld.

"BENEATH THE LEAVES"—Morceau, by F. Thome. A tender thought of Autumn pervades the piece throughout. One can see the ancient wood of Vallombrosa, where the "Etrurian Shades embower." Dante's beautiful description set to music. Revised and fingered by Schoenefeld.

"FOND HOPE'S FAREWELL"—Nocturne Sentimental, by V. B. Aubert. An exquisite melody treated in a thoroughly finished manner.

"SWISS DANCE"—By C. Bohm. The delightful swing and graceful abandon of this "Dance" are simply charming. The compositions of Bohm are in great demand, and we predict for this one a wide popularity. Fingered by J. Reynard.

"VISIONS OF HOPE"—Reverie by V. B. Aubert. Companion to "Fond Hope's Farewell." This talented author's compositions, "Harp at Midnight" and "Harp at Twilight," have met with great success, and his later pieces are equally melodious and as sure of popular approval.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are returned to Mr. C. Trainor for a bouquet of choice lilies which he kindly sent last week for the altar.

—The Second Senior Chemistry class held a very interesting and successful competition last Thursday. The captains were Misses R. Van Mourick and T. Balch.

—Miss J. Currier was called home last week by the serious illness of her father. It is hoped by all that his speedy recovery will enable her to return to her class, of which she was one of the most talented members.

—On Sunday last Rev. Father Hudson delivered a beautiful sermon on St. Joseph, his life, virtues and death. In the course of his remarks he paid a touching tribute to Father Damien whose life of sacrifice was crowned on April 10.

—Very Rev. Father Corby presided the regular academic meeting of Sunday evening; Miss A. Donnelly and Marie Scherrer gave interesting recitations, after which some instructive remarks were made by Rev. Fathers Corby and Zahm.

—Owing to their special improvement Miss M. Schiltz has been promoted to the 1st class of Elementary Perspective, and Miss Clark to the 2nd class. Promotions are rarely made at this time of the year, so the honor is the more to be appreciated.

—The Misses Miller, Pugsley, Harmes, Burdick, Farwell, Hubbard, O'Mara, N. Wurzburg, Ash and Dorsey deserve special mention for the manner in which they acquitted themselves at a competition in the Third Preparatory class of arithmetic held last week.

—Miss E. Kearns, Class of '88, paid a short visit to St. Mary's lately, a sincere welcome was accorded her, and her many friends were pleased to find the same amiable qualities that during her school-life won for Nellie the esteem of teachers and companions.

—Mr. E. Jonquet, of South Bend, on Wednesday the 8th, very generously sent a treat of ice cream and cake to St. Mary's pupils. A great amount is needed for two hundred pupils, yet all had an abundance, and enjoyed it very much. Mr. Jonquet will please accept sincere thanks.

—On the 9th inst., Very Rev. Father General paid a parting visit to the pupils. Miss Kathleen Gavan, in a few words, expressed the sentiments of all regarding his departure, and, more particularly, his speedy return. All listened earnestly to Father's kind words of counsel, and promised to remember him in their May devotions, that Mary, Star of the Sea, may continue her loving protection over her devoted client.

—The visitors who registered last week were: Mrs. J. Rennie, Stevens Point, Mich.; F. G. Jungblut, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cheney, J. C. Ryan,

Mrs. M. Wood, Mrs. M. Mason, Mrs. M. Cummings, Mrs. W. P. Rend, Q. D. Thornton, Mrs. Grantly, Mrs. H. F. Kirk, Mrs. McPherson; Chicago Ill.; H. A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; A. F. Horner, Topeka, Kas.; Miss C. Gray, Austin, Texas; Mrs. J. B. Aspinwall, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. H. Halthusen, Colorado Springs, Col.

Courage.

Every inclination of the heart if not kept under restraint, will, in time, become so habitual that great must be the will power required to rid us of its influence.

Some are selfish, others ungrateful, and a third class so cowardly as to shrink from every little humiliation or danger, and are sometimes found ready even to utter a falsehood in order to escape the consequences of their own imprudence. But by comparison, how noble does courage appear. This quality of soul, which enables one to meet danger unflinchingly, is almost indispensable, if one wishes to pass successfully through life; and as for men if they be deficient in it, we are apt to look upon them with contempt.

If a man without courage be employed in a dangerous enterprise he undertakes it, but with fear and trembling lest it prove a failure or cause him trouble; while the courageous man accepts the duty, no matter how dangerous, and goes to work with a will regardless of the consequences.

Such a one commands the admiration of all, and as he shrinks not at the approach of danger, can thus be intrusted with high and important duties. He performs his actions from the dictates of conscience, and, unlike the coward, fears not the voice of criticism. How often do we find the memory of noble words and heroic deeds handed down from generation to generation to be the fire to enkindle lofty and courageous thoughts in the breast of the young.

Not many days since, all loyal American hearts united to honor the memory of him who one hundred years ago led our armies to victory, and forever threw off the yoke of British power. Readers of American history need not be told that Washington possessed, among other praiseworthy characteristics, the dauntless heart of a hero. Thus sustained, he met unflinchingly the hardships, trials and dangers that beset a soldier's path, never flagging until he compelled his proud foes to lay down their arms.

Some one has said that Napoleon worshipped no god but ambition; yet his bitterest enemies will admit that his ambition was equalled by

his courage—a courage so great as to make all Europe tremble. But we need not search the records of the past for the names of those possessed of this quality, since the present age has witnessed the sublime example afforded by the life and death of Father Damien. Compared with his courage, that of the bravest soldier becomes commonplace, and while there are hearts capable of appreciating the great and good, the name of Father Damien must always be synonymous with heroism and sacrifice.

But while we admire the courage displayed by great kings and men of renown, let us not lose sight of that which may be acquired by all, namely, moral courage. This is best exemplified in the life and death of many a saint and martyr, and it is this which prompted them openly to profess their faith notwithstanding the derision to which they would be subjected, and in face of the terrible torments to which such an acknowledgment doomed them.

Again, individuals are to be found who have not the moral courage to express their views on any subject lest they be laughed at, hence are ruled entirely by the opinions of others. Society, if composed entirely of such persons, would degenerate into something undeserving of the name. Those possessed of moral courage have, as a rule, well-grounded principles, and are, therefore, not like a leaf tossed about by every breath, but like a firm rock against which the winds of evil counsel may blow without effect. Society listens to them with respect, and thereby is helped on to perfection.

In families the absence of this quality is often the cause of much misery. The youth just entering upon life's busy scenes is filled with a love of home and parents; but falling in with gay and worthless companions, he is ridiculed for his devotion, and, not having sufficient moral courage to defend himself, is finally lured from all he holds most dear, and misery enters where happiness once dwelt.

Much, then, seems to depend upon courage. The want of one courageous man has in time past caused the downfall of nations, the loss of cities. Many a battle, on which rested the fate of a nation, has been won through the courage of some hero who snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat.

Throughout life the number called upon to exercise physical courage is, comparatively speaking, small; but each day, each hour we have occasions of putting our moral courage to the test, and those only are truly brave in whom this quality is not found wanting.

IRENE HORNER, *Second Senior Class.*

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, Burton, Beschameng, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, E. Coll, Caren, Compagne, M. Coll, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, N. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Fursman, Gavan, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Hellmann, Irwin, Hubbard, Henke, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, Nicholas, H. Nester, Prudhomme, Reidinger, Roberts, Rend, Rinn, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltze, Sauter, Tress, Van Horn, Violette, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, B. Davis, Daly, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Graves, L. Hamilton, K. Hamilton, Hoyt, Kloth, Lauth, Levy, McPhee, Miller, Mestling, Northam, Patrick, Patier, Pugsley, Quealey, Regan, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, N. Smyth, Winnans.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Balch, Bub, Clifford, Ducey, Gavan, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, Reidinger, Rend, Smith, Van Horn.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bates, M. Davis, Dempsey, Flannery, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, Hutchinson,

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses T. Balch, Burton, M. Beck, English, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Griffith, Healey, Hurff, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, I. Horner, Irwin, N. Morse, Moore, O'Brien, Quill, Van Mourick, Nicholas, Henke.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Ansbach, Beschameng, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, Davis, De Montcourt, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Linneen, Marley, C. Morse, Nester, Nacey, Piper, Violette, Sauter, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Tress, Stapleton, Quealey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Butler, Brewer, Bloom, Hepburn, Ledwith, H. Nester, Roberts, Spurgeon, Webb, Zahm, Erpelding, Thirds.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Anson, Barron, Clore, McCarthy, Regan, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Dempsey, Griffith, Lauth, Patier, Wurzburg, M. Smith, M. Fosdick.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Ash, Bush, Dorsey, Hagus, Harmes, Hubbard, Rentfrow, Koopman, Burdick, Miller, O'Mara, Pugsley, N. Wurzburg.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Barry, A. Cooper, Dreyer, Daly, Kloth, Northam, Rose, Soper, Hoyt, G. Fosdick.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses I. Schoellkopf, Patrick, B. Davis, M. Davis, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. McHugh, L. McHugh, S. Smyth, Regan, Watson.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Moore, Hamilton, Crandall, Ayer, Winnans.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Ducey, M. Beck, M. Coll, Taylor, C. Beck, Henke.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Misses Ducey, K. Hurley, M. Davis, M. Beck, Hepburn.

2D CLASS—Misses Barron, Harlen, Irwin, Taylor.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses C. Hurley, Quill.

2D CLASS—Misses Barron, Butler, Geer, Harlen, Hubbard, Irwin, Ledwith, Marley, Nicholas, Spurgeon, Van Mourick.