

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 31, 1890.

No. 38.

Commemoration Ode.

BY W. P. COYNE, A. M., R. I. U.

READ AT THE OPENING OF THE DOME OF THE UNIVERSITY, AND THE UNVEILING OF GREGORI'S MASTER-PAINTINGS OF RELIGION AND THE SCIENCES, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1890.

I.

Noble is faith, and keen the piercing eye
That looks beyond the sensual mists of life,
With heart-hopes fixed on that eternity
Where rests the soul from every earthly strife.

Such faith was thine, brave spirit of the deep!
No second aim, no alien lure
Could lull thy dream-charmed mind to sleep,
Compel thy restless bark to moor.

And so it is that we who fear the strife,
Whose hearts are tempest-tossed by vague unrest,
Can read the pictured story of thy life,
And, since we think so, dare to call thee blest.

Oh! teach us then, brave mariner, who still
Sail sadly on through time's vast rock-strewn sea,—
Teach us, when passions rage in mutiny,
Our hearts in peace to bear, the right for aye to will;
To hail each breath that blows anear,
Each breath of love and calm serenity
As sacred tokens sent to cheer,—
Sent from our home beyond the sea.

II.

What thoughts were thine, Columbus, what lofty
thoughts were thine,
As thou kneltst in benediction by the ocean's fretful
brine?
Did thy raptured fancy wander o'er the future that
would be
As thy soulful eyes first gazed upon this home of liberty?

Mayhap: and yet the seed was planted on that day
Which bears a harvest wondrous above thy sanguine
thought;

And God's sweet words are scattered, as the ages roll
away,
Amongst a mighty nation with mighty issues fraught.

Said I that thy spirit's dead? Nay, lives it not to-day
In the homes throughout this land where Religion holds
her sway,
In the heart of Priest and Sister, true guardians of the
soul,
In the sanctity of each,—in the reverence of the whole?

Ah! yes, thy spirit lives! 'Tis with us here,
Who 'neath this Virgin-crownèd dome,
Which flashes in the sunlight clear
And points us to our one true home,
Do meet, to-day, in praise of Him
Who ever hoped, tho' clouds were dim;
'Tis ours to feel that when *we* pass away,
And fade into the dreamless quiet of the tomb,
Some other eyes shall catch the heavenly ray,
Some other heart be solaced in its gloom
Beneath thy tranquil smile, O Mother-Maid,
Where *we* have prayed.

III.

Some other souls shall own the master's touch:
And feel, in gazing on his faultless art,
How true the hand was guided by the heart,
How much was given, because he lovèd much;
Shall read how knowledge lives in haunts of prayer,
And Science mates Religion there;
Since both have God for single aim,
Since each must glorify His name.

And thou, thrice holy Maid, to whose protecting care
This shrine of sainted learning is resigned,
Oh! grant to hear our earnest prayer—
That love for thee enrich the mind
Of those who drink at Wisdom's fount;
That all their gains for naught may count,
Unless they lead to things above—
To firmer faith and purer love.



Spectrum Analysis.

In 1675, Sir Isaac Newton presented to the Royal Society, in his great and memorable treatise on optics, a discovery which at first seemed to be of little worth to the world of science, as it only showed that the sun's light was composed of different colors. In order to prove that this was the case, he allowed the sunlight to pass through a small opening, and placing a prism of glass so that the light would strike it, the light was refracted in passing through the prism; and when the light was thrown on a white screen it appeared as a band of light, ranging in color all the way from the red, through all the shades of orange, yellow, green and blue, to violet. By using mirrors he caused the light to be reflected back on a second prism; he then observed that the reflected band, after passing through the second prism, no longer gave the colored band, but in its place a small spot of white light. All this showed that white light was composed of differently colored rays of light whose refrangibility differed.

The theory of the different colored bands of white light is that the light is due to the undulations of a medium called luminiferous ether, and the greater or less intensity of the vibrations of this ether causes the light to differ in amplitude and intensity; and these give rise to the different effects of colors.

In observing the solar spectrum with a good spectroscope we find that not only are there different colors in it, but that these bands are crossed by an almost innumerable number of dark lines. Dr. Wollaston was the first to observe these lines; but a German optician was the first who attempted any study of them; and as early as 1814 he mapped out about 600 of them. They were called after him the "Fraunhofer lines." In studying these lines he noticed that some of them were considerably broader than others; and to these he applied the letters of the alphabet, passing from A in the red to H in the violet; since then they have been extended nearly through the whole alphabet. He also observed the fact that the lines always remained the same relative distance apart, no matter how many times the light was reflected.

It was shown by him that when he observed the light from the fixed stars, which are self-luminous, they gave a spectrum containing dark lines differing, in some respects, from the lines characteristic of sunlight; and hence it was that in 1814, Fraunhofer came to the following conclusion: "That whatever produced the

dark lines—and he had no idea of the cause—it was something which was acting outside of our atmosphere, and not anything produced by the light passing through the air." It was some time before anyone knew the cause of these dark lines; but there were many theories evolved which always failed to explain the real cause. Not until 1859 was the right one known. It was Kirchoff who, having spent many years in careful study of the spectra of various substances, finally came to the conclusion that the dark lines in the solar spectrum were caused by the different elements in the sun raised to a state of incandescence.

In order to prove that his theory was correct, he performed the following experiment: He first so arranged his spectroscope that he could have in the field of view the solar spectrum and that of any other substance, as sodium at the same time, one above the other. He then noticed that the sodium gave a bright yellow band, and that this band exactly corresponded to one of the dark lines in the solar spectrum known as the D line. But although this would seem a sufficient proof at first sight, we can easily see how this could have been mere chance. Kirchoff went still further. Having observed the bright line of sodium in the ordinary way, he placed a piece of the sodium in a Bunsen burner between the lime light—which gives a continuous spectrum—and the spectroscope, and then saw that in place of the bright band of sodium he had a dark line which also exactly corresponded to the D line of the solar spectrum. He then concluded that all the Fraunhofer lines are simply the spectra of substances in the sun raised to a state of incandescence. By comparing the elements known to exist on the earth with these dark lines he was able to tell most of the substances contained in the sun.

It was the discovery that all the substances, when raised to a state of incandescence, give a spectrum differing in some way from that of any other substance that chemists are enabled to determine whether a certain substance has this or that element present in it or not. The method of procedure in such cases is as follows: Suppose we wish to know whether a substance contains sodium or not. It is first necessary to have some sodium we know to be pure; then we so arrange the spectroscope that we can obtain the spectrum of the pure sodium and that of the body to be examined, one above the other. Now, if the spectra exactly correspond with respect to the sodium bands, we may be certain of the presence of sodium in the body; should the spectrum be different in regard to this band

then we know that no sodium is present in the body.

The great advantage of this method of chemical analysis is that the smallest particle can easily be determined. Indeed so delicate is this method that if a piece of platinum wire is left in a room for a few minutes, enough sodium will collect on it to make itself evident. Owing to the great expense of procuring the instruments necessary for this kind of work it has been comparatively little used.

One can easily obtain the spectrum of such volatile substances as sodium; but in order to obtain one of the less volatile metals, such as iron, gold, silver, lead and platinum, a great heat has to be used to make them give off the light peculiar to each one. To do this we place the metal in the electric arc light, and it will almost immediately be volatilized. We can easily obtain the spectrum of any of the metals we desire. Some of the spectra are very beautiful; that of iron seems to rival the Aurora Borealis in the great beauty and delicacy of its colors.

The spectra of the sun and the principal of the fixed stars differ very little in some cases, while in others there is a very marked difference. Some of the stars have a great many dark lines, others have only two or three.

One of the most interesting applications of spectrum analysis to Astronomy consists in determining with certainty the presence or absence of an atmosphere around the planets and other heavenly bodies. To show this we must first remember that some of the dark lines in the solar spectrum are caused by the absorption in our own atmosphere. This being the case we concluded that if the planets have an atmosphere, the absorption bands or lines must appear more intense in the light reflected from these bodies than they would if reflected through our atmosphere alone. In the case of the moon no atmosphere is shown by means of this experiment. Jupiter shows some intensifying of these lines. The spectrum of Saturn indicates the probable presence of an aqueous vapor. Venus has none of these lines. The study of the chemical compounds of the sun and stars requires very delicate arrangements; and as the process is more or less complicated, it will suffice it to say that by means of spectrum analysis many elements have been discovered in the sun and stars, and much has been learned of their physical structure. We know them to consist "of a white hot nucleus, giving off a continuous spectrum, surrounded by an incandescent atmosphere in which exist the absorbent vapors of the particular metals."

In 1864, Mr. Huggins examined the planetary nebulae in the constellation of Draco, and he was greatly surprised to find that instead of a band of light intersected by dark lines, indicating the physical structure to be the same as that of the fixed stars, he found the light from this nebula to be made up of simply three isolated bright lines. This clearly shows that the nebulae do not consist of a nucleus surrounded by an atmosphere, but rather that they are in a state of self-luminous gases. It was not until within the last few years that spectrum analysis could be studied with any degree of certainty as the instruments at first were very crude and imperfect. When we compare the maps made by Kirchoff and others with those of more recent date, we notice at once the far greater number of lines now visible than they were capable of obtaining. Some of the metals they mapped out showed only three or four faint lines, but now we can observe as many hundred in the same metal. Some of the Fraunhofer's lines, especially the D lines, have been observed to be two lines very close together.

Considering the progress made in this science during the few years of its existence, we should not be surprised at the new discoveries that will, in all probability, be made in the near future.

Limited space prevents me from entering more fully into the details of this subject. But there seems to be no limit to the extent of the knowledge to be gained by a careful study of this subject. And if we are ever to know anything certain of the constituents of matter it will be by the continued study of spectrum analysis.

M. L. REYNOLDS, '90.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in June, 1844, on the banks of the Bóyne, in Ireland. His parents were poor, and at an early age he was set to work. He first became a type-setter and afterwards a reporter. While yet a mere boy he went to England, and then events occurred that made him in a few years live a lifetime. It was just at the close of the American civil war, and about 100,000 Irish soldiers were thinking of returning to Ireland to break the chains that held their birth-land in slavery.

In Ireland the young men were banded together in preparation for some great, final struggle for liberty, and O'Reilly was a sharer in their enthusiastic hopes. His ardor was so great that he donned the uniform of an English soldier in order to learn the art of war and use it after-

wards against Ireland's hereditary foe. He joined the Tenth Hussars, under the command of Colonel Baker, and in a short time he became the hero and idol of one of the crack regiments of Great Britain. But this gay and light-hearted young trooper was at the same time a dark conspirator, and in a short time he had enrolled every Irishman in the regiment an enthusiastic Fenian. His treason was discovered, and in June, 1866, John Boyle O'Reilly was court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot.

For a long time he lay in prison, awaiting the fatal hour, and while there he wrote a wonderful little poem on "The Old School Clock." He gave it to the jailer who, in turn, gave it away. The poem got into print and became very popular, but the author remained unknown until after his escape from prison. O'Reilly's youth pleaded strongly in his behalf, and the Government changed his sentence from death to penal servitude for life.

John Boyle O'Reilly spent the next sixteen months of his life in Dartmoor penitentiary. His companions were often the vilest scum—outcasts of society; thieves, garroters, cut-throats and swindlers were around him. The gaolers tried to break his proud spirit by subjecting him to nameless insults and most brutal treatment. They failed, and then sent him from prison to prison; often he walked close by Westminster palace chained to fellow convicts, and tells to-day how with the rest he was jeered and mocked at by swells that never conceived a noble thought or lived a noble day.

In 1867, the English Government saw that something should be done to relieve the condition of Ireland; and, as a merciful act, commuted O'Reilly's life sentence into one of twenty years in the penal colony of Australia. He was shipped on the *Hangomint*, and for three months was cooped up in a floating torture house, that would have furnished material to Dante for his *Inferno*. While on board he, with some other convicts, planned the seizure of the ship, but it came to naught.

He was landed in Perth twenty-three years ago, labelled and numbered for twenty years of hateful, terrible slavery. His splendid constitution and his powerful physique enabled him to bear the frightful labor imposed upon the convicts; but his gaolers grew fearful of the ceaseless gaiety of the man. He was to them a mystery; so they hired him out to a ticket-of-leave-man. A year had passed when it was intimated to O'Reilly that means had been procured for his escape; but the dishonest captain, who had been paid a good round sum by

good Father McCabe to take him on board his vessel, had sailed away from the coast. Still O'Reilly was at large; and while hiding, a convict named Bowman, discovered him. Bowman was a scoundrel of the worst kind, but O'Reilly was forced to take him as a companion, under the threat of revealing everything. A second time, Father McCabe procured the services of a captain; but this time he secured the offices of honest Captain Gifforn, of the *Gazelle*, for the rescue of O'Reilly. This time fortune favored him, and at the appointed hour, the *Gazelle* sailed out of Perth, passed along the coast to the place where O'Reilly and Bowman were in concealment, and picked them up.

British ships scoured the sea to capture the runaway convict dead or alive. Meanwhile for seven months he wandered on the *Gazelle* over Southern seas, and learned those legends of the sailors which he afterwards wove into his immortal "Songs of Southern Seas." Once only did he run the risk of recapture. British mariners boarded the vessel at the Island of Roderigue. They seized Bowman, as his villainous look betrayed him, and took him ashore. Here he revealed all, and the mariners returned to the ship to capture O'Reilly, but the sailors made believe that he had jumped overboard and was drowned. Careful search failed to find him, and the jubilant British commander sent a cablegram to England announcing the death of O'Reilly. This news mitigated the rigorous pursuit, and Captain Gifforn placed him on board a ship bound to Liverpool, whence he hoped to reach America.

He remained a week in Liverpool in concealment, and then took passage on a ship bound for Philadelphia. From there he went to Boston where he arrived at the close of 1869. He was then in his 26th year and, like Horatio, without any revenue, save his good spirits. Little Boston dreamed when he arrived there, poor and unknown, that he was fated to become the most famous bard that she has as yet claimed as her own; little did he himself think of the brilliant career that awaited him in America. His first acquaintance there was P. A. Collins, a young man like himself, an exile from his native land. Between these two there grew up a brotherly friendship. It was through Collins' influence that O'Reilly first became connected with the *Pilot* and afterwards became editor-in-chief and part owner of it. The *Pilot* is devoted chiefly to the Irish cause; but the purest of American principle breathes through it.

In O'Reilly's first novel, "Moondyne," we get an insight into the genius and spirit of the great

editor. It is a picture of suffering heroism that moves the very fibres of our hearts. In its delineations of successful villainy and of human sorrow there is nothing like it in the whole range of modern literature except "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo. The terse, lucid and logical mind of the master is everywhere visible, and throughout it all there breathes the great personality of the writer, appealing to the best instincts of human nature, that thereby he might help to cure the evils he so pathetically describes; and all through his political works we see the same spirit. Hatred of injustice, of tyranny, of social cant, and sympathy for the trials of the poor and sorrowing are apparent in every line of his inspiring verse. And this is expressed in a language so strong and yet nervous, so pathetic, and yet so free from affectation, that it goes straight to the heart. Again, the rugged strength of his diction, the intense pathos and the splendid imagery in which he clothes lofty ideals, are evidences of extraordinary poetical endowments.

Life in a convict prison is not suited to cultivate the poetic muse, yet it is to those days of prison torture that we owe some of O'Reilly's best themes and sweetest songs. It was that that made him the poet of mankind. His "Songs of Southern Seas" and "King of the Vasse" are full of weird descriptive poetry, and in the "Cry of the Dreamer" he denounces the cant and insincerity of the world. His glorious poem on "Wendell Phillips" is, on the other, hand overflowing with tributes to a generous soul and a great orator. The "Story of a Dukite Snake" is related with real dramatic power and true pathos, and is not dissimilar to the work of Bret Harte in his best mood. "Haunted by Tigers" and the "Dog Guard" are two other narrative poems of the eerie type. "The Flying Dutchman," "The Last of the Warwhale," and "The Amber Whale" are all narrative poems of power. "Uncle Ned's Tales" are records of war-like deeds which exhibit the dramatic genius of the poet.

Occasionally he has thrown off lighter lyrics like the "Gola Girl," which Horace might have sung and Dryden echoed. His great ode to the Pilgrim Fathers is worthy of the noblest age of English literature. Indeed, so rich, so suggestive and so powerful is the sentiment, and so melodious the form, that it might have been sung by Pindar to the Athenians in the days of their greatest glory. It bears on it the stamp of immortality, and is, unquestionably, the noblest monument ever built to the memory of the Pilgrims.

J. J. FITZGERALD, '92.

Les Papillons du Ciel.

Le tocsin sonne à coups précipités,
L'église, en proie à l'incendie,
Jette de lugubres clartés,
Et, sinistre étendard aux reflets argentés,
La flamme dans les airs se plie et se replie.

Comme un pont suspendu sur une mer de feu,
Le portique sculpté de la maison de Dieu.
Se dresse énorme et gris sur le brasier rougeâtre;
La tour craque et chancelle, et le métal ardent
Pétille en se tordant
Comme un bois vert au fond de l'âtre.

O tabernacle saint du Dieu trois fois vivant,
Anges aux ailes d'or qui planez sur les dômes,
Saints à robe de pourpre, et vous, sacrés fantômes
Des vitraux éclairés par le soleil levant,

Agneau d'argent qui dors au pied du sanctuaire,
Chérubins, qui portez l'orgue au céleste chant,
Apôtres éloquents dans le marbre et la pierre,
Qui pourra désormais vous sauver du néant?
N'avons-nous pas bravé les âges?
Tomberons-nous avec les piliers et les murs?—
Oui, vous tomberez tous, périssables images,
Comme on voit sous la faux tomber les épis mûrs.

Mais silence! Dieu se réveille!
Le tabernacle du saint lieu
Entr'ouvre sa porte vermeille
Au sein des tourbillons de feu;
Et comme au loin dans la prairie
Se lève sur l'herbe fleurie
Un vol de papillons joyeux,
Ainsi, planant sur l'incendie—
Océan de feu—chaque hostie
Prend son essor, et monte aux cieux!

S. FITTE.

Free Trade.

Free-trade is one of the most important factors in a nation's prosperity, because it awakens the individual members to a fruitful exercise of activity. It compels enterprise. This it does by making profits depend upon the number of articles sold. The protection afforded by tariff makes men look for small sales and large profits. If many articles are sold it will necessitate the employment of many laborers. Free-trade removes a cause of legislative corruption. At present the profit, or loss, of many a business depends upon the acts of the yearly changed Congresses. If the rate of tariff is raised, a certain number gain; if it is lowered, another certain number lose. This dependency upon Congress causes shrewd business men to rival each other in paying large sums for favorable legislation in the way of buying votes.

Free-trade means a free interchange of goods among nations. This brings with it reciprocal

feelings of friendship. Under such a state of affairs, one nation would carry goods to the territories of the other and there offer them for sale. Consumers could then buy from the one selling at the lowest price. This would either be the native or the foreign. Raw materials would be the principal articles of importation. This is so because finished articles are too bulky to be easily transported. If the manufacturer had no duty to pay on the materials from which he turns out finished articles he could sell his productions at a lower rate. Cheapness of goods would cause larger consumption, because more men can be found to buy when an article sells at one dollar than can be found when it is sold at two.

If individuals are benefited by free-trade, it follows that the prosperity of a nation depends on the same policy. The majority of citizens are not wealthy. This class will best prosper if not compelled to pay high prices for food and clothing. If the manufacturer is free from the duty on raw materials he can give these people articles at a low price. Although the price of the goods is reduced, the rate of wages could remain, and if possible be raised. The nation would profit by the laborers' improvement.

In a profession, the young man who is thrown upon his abilities and industry serves as an example of the action of free-trade. He is convinced that success depends upon effort and perseverance; by him no means to gain his object are left untried. In like manner would merchants and manufacturers labor under free-trade government. They would enter the commerce of the world with determination; success would be in proportion to their industry.

Similar to a wealthy young man engaged in a profession is the tariff: in his case the young man makes limited efforts. The consciousness that he can get along without extreme exertions prevents him from turning his abilities to their possible usefulness. Likewise are manufacturers under tariff protection wanting in effort to find a foreign market for their goods. Here the rule applies that they prefer to make a dollar in one sale rather than in two. It is necessary that sales should be as numerous as possible in order to do away with our agricultural surplus, and to give money a livelier circulation.

England gives us an example as a free-trade country. She has entered the commerce of the world more than any other country. The commercial use of her ports and vessels enables her to keep up a fine naval fleet with ease. England has not half the producing power of the United States, but enjoys double the opportunity of

using her wealth. She has the whole world as a field for the use of capital. By tariff the United States has limited the use of capital to our own territory. We cannot keep up a navy, because our commerce with foreign countries is not large enough to allow us to deal extensively in ships.

Testimony favoring free-trade is not wanting. It is given to us by the leading statesmen of free-trade countries, such as England, Belgium and Switzerland. The best men of our own country are advocating the free-trade system—Grover Cleveland and J. Q. Mills may be mentioned as foremost among them.

Of late, this country has experienced disturbances on account of dissatisfaction among the laboring people. We have reason to believe that this discontent is increasing. Reason, then, tells us that steps must be taken to do away with it, and to establish feelings of contentment. A system of free-trade promises to accomplish this: first, by enabling the manufacturer to sell more and cheaper; secondly, by giving employment to more men on account of increased consumption; thirdly, by enabling more of the poorer class of people to avail themselves of this life's comforts.

LOUIS J. HERMAN.

A Question.

Does, or rather must, a work of art appeal to the people in order to be great? I answer this question by saying yes, it must; for if it were not so all our forms of sculpture, from the chalk owl to the pieces of sculpture that are to be found in the possession of many of our wealthy men—This thought we can easily see is absurd for we know that the chalk images are not so expensive as the finer pieces of art. How can I say I appreciate a good piece of music if I do not know something about the art?

The same may, I think, be said in regard to painting, sculpture, poetry, and all the other arts. If this were not so, why is it that some poets are appreciated by us far more than others? Do we not see this clearly expressed in Tennyson when compared with Pope, or Longfellow and Goethe, or Tennyson and Theocritus.

Who, among the ordinary class of people, is to be blamed for not appreciating the fine arts? I say no person is. But if we make a move in the right direction the time will come when we will be able to say that our powers of appreciation are in the best working order. In order to do this, let us pay more attention to the fine arts, particularly poetry, sculpture, music, and the other fine arts. If we do this, I am sure we shall in the end carry the palm of victory. This is the frank opinion of one who would like to have his powers fully tested.

C. W. CORBETT.

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 31, 1890.

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—A most welcome visitor to Notre Dame this week was the Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, D.D., Rector of the American Catholic University at Washington. The amiable and gifted prelate delivered two very instructive lectures before the students, of which a detailed report will be given next week.

The Opening of the Dome.

May 29, 1890, will long be a memorable day at Notre Dame, for then it was that the large gilded dome containing the allegorical paintings by the eminent Roman artist, Signori L. Gregori, was opened to the public. For eight years past the zealous University authorities have labored and toiled to secure the completion and opening of the dome, and only now have their hopes been realized. It was the original intention to have the exercises early in the afternoon, but owing to the unavoidable absence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, they were postponed until 7.30 p. m. Numerous visitors from South Bend and the vicinity were present.

The exercises proper to the unveiling were held in the Hall of the main building. A temporary platform had been erected at the north end facing the main entrance. Just as Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, attended by Very Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, Hon. W. J. Onahan, Mr. W. P. Coyne, and others of the distinguished clergy and laity advanced to the stage, the deafening applause told only too well the pleasure and appreciation of the guests. Soon the silvery notes of the Notre Dame Cornet Band filled the vast Hall with its soul-thrilling tones reverberating from corridor to corridor and from the many colored tiles below to the gilded dome above.

The musical portion of the "grand opening" was certainly a pleasant feature of the enter-

tainment. Stationed on the fourth floor, the Choral Union, with Orchestra accompaniment, sent dulcet strains of cadence echoing down the rotundo of the dome to the delight of the listening audience beneath. The selections were difficult of rendition, and to say they were rendered well is but to give the zealous Prof. Liscombe the praise which is justly his for the indefatigable efforts he has taken to make the vocal part a success. If the pleasure and appreciation of a keenly appreciative audience is any compensation, then Prof. Liscombe is partially rewarded. The very complicated Liberty chorus from "Semiramide" deserves special mention. The Cornet Band, under the direction of Rev. Father Mohun, acquitted themselves with credit.

The Commemoration Ode by Mr. William P. Coyne, A. M., was a scholarly production. The poet's soul was fully in sympathy with his subject. His delivery was feeling and earnest, and the deep attention of his audience throughout the reading, and the tremendous bursts of applause at the close, testified the pleasure of his hearers.

The "Oration of the Day," by the Hon. Wm. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, was a finished address by a polished and an able orator. The oration was a rare treat, and the Faculty are to be congratulated upon securing Mr. Onahan for the occasion.

The closing address of the evening, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University of Washington, was an eloquent tribute to the greatness of Notre Dame, the genius of Gregori, the fidelity and zeal of Father Sorin and his co-laborers. The Bishop is a forcible Speaker. He impresses his audience with his intelligence and the idea of plenty of reserved force. The Bishop spoke in substance as follows:

"Since I first had the happiness to become acquainted with the University of Notre Dame, it has ever been to me a place of delightful surprise, and in all this time nothing has been more truly a surprise and nothing more thoroughly delightful than the ceremony of to-night and the part I am privileged to take in it. I most heartily agree with the sentiments uttered by Mr. Onahan, that the cultivation of arts and their proper appreciation is one of the best popular civilizers; and I thoroughly agree with him also in saying that one of the best evidences of clear wisdom which guided Father General in organizing a system of education in this University is, that he has managed to blend the beauties of art with the highest treasures of true learning. He has thoroughly under-

stood how the good God in the work of creation had blended together the solid material. God made the mighty rocks; then upon them He spread the soil, crowned with stately trees and clad with the beauty of the flowers of nature. And so Father Sorin has laid the solid foundations of true learning, and with this he has blended and superadded, as a crown, painting, music and literature. I congratulate him on having an artist of such ability as Professor Gregori. Among the many features in the development of this University on which I have looked with envy, as well as pleasure, this especially has moved me; and I have been hoping that as years ago an Italian artist was guided by Providence, and united his life with this institution, we may also yet have the fortune of associating with our university one equally fitting to blend the beautiful and the useful. There has been a beginning of which I felt particularly proud in the two additions to the painting presented by his Holiness himself, which are the object of admiration of all—the Father of our Country and the Father of the Hierarchy—from the skilled pencil of Professor Gregori.

“Father Sorin brought with him the spirit of the Old World, and added the spirit of the New; so there are here two great works that will especially immortalize Gregori’s memory—his adornment of the church, and the work that is to be unveiled to-night. He has taken the spirit of the age—an age of science—and has put on the spirit of God to illumine the pathway of science; and how beautifully and how truthfully has he, in these two great works, united together all that is beautiful with all that is good and noble. This picture will be the finger pointing forward, reminding all the young men, who shall look to this place as their *Alma Mater*, that science and the arts in their forward march must be guided by the heavenly spirit of religion. Let, then, that grand painting, and the moral that it teaches us, be unveiled to our eyes in honor of science, religion and the great artist, Gregori.”

The speech was listened to with rapt attention, and at the mention of the names of Father Sorin and Signor Gregori the audience applauded with great enthusiasm. Just as the prelate finished the sentence, “Let the dome be unveiled,” the Sorin Hall boys on the right wing gave the college cheer, and were immediately answered by the boys from the study-hall on the left. Then, amid the triumphant strains of martial music by the Band and the plaudits of the delighted assemblage, the curtain was rolled away from the elliptical roof of the dome, and

the magnificent work of art was revealed to all, the rich effects being well brought out by a skilful arrangement of the electric lights that encircle the base of the dome. After some time spent in inspecting the paintings, all retired, deeply impressed with the proceedings.

J. B. S.

THE PAINTINGS

are from the hand of a master, and Notre Dame boasts as fine a collection as any in the land. They will abide as monuments to the zeal and genius and religious fervor of Signor Gregori long after his spirit has winged its flight to the regions beyond the grave.

There are eight figures, allegorical representations of Religion, Science, Philosophy, History (composed of two figures), Poetry, Music and Fame. As they appear reclining on the clouds, they seem to be just floating past—the sky-blue background completing the deception—so that one instinctively moves to catch another glance before they have gone. To get the full benefit of the work it would be necessary to see it for oneself; but that, of course, would be impossible in every case, so we will attempt simply an enumeration of the different figures. In the centre is

RELIGION,

represented by a figure half reclining on the terrestrial globe, holding in her hand an open book, her eyes turned with an earnest expression toward heaven. Her robe is of various colors, symbolical of the three Theological Virtues, the white veil representing Faith, the green robe, Hope, the red bodice, Charity. The Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, sends down His rays upon her, indicating that the knowledge which she imparts is received through divine inspiration.

SCIENCE

is symbolized by a Matron robed in cloth of gold and a purple mantle, symbolic of power and majesty. The sceptre with the radiant sun upon it indicates her dominion over ignorance, and the light by which she dispels darkness. She holds a book open on her knees to show the wide extent of her teaching.

PHILOSOPHY

is represented by the figure of a woman grave and modest, seated on a throne of marble approached by several steps. There is a golden diadem on her forehead, and she holds two open books, one bearing the inscription, *Naturalis*, the other, *Moralis*.

HISTORY

is an allegorical deity represented by a winged

Matron of noble aspect, robed in white, symbolic of the truth that should reign in her writings. She appears as if listening, and in the act of writing the records of nations in a large book which is held over his head by Father Time. The latter, gray-headed and infirm, his glass and scythe at hand, is seeking knowledge and transmitting it to posterity.

POETRY

is a reclining female, holding a scroll in one hand and an upraised quill in the other, with a serene and thoughtful expression on her countenance. The blue robe that clothes her figure and the cloud on which she is seated are symbolical of her celestial gifts. The laurel crown that encircles her head indicates that the inspiring motive of her action is glory; the lyre represents the correspondence between the harmony of poetry and the conception of music. The figure writes the words *Numine afflor.*

MUSIC

is depicted by a figure playing on a Lute, which is at the same time her attribute. She wears a crown with seven diamonds symbolical of the seven Tones of Music and appears indifferent to all around, her soul lost in the sweet strains she is drawing from the strings of her instrument.

FAME

appears under the figure of a woman with large wings, represented as flying, and playing one of the trumpets she holds in her hands, one of gold, the other of silver, indicating how she proclaims indifferently the grandest as well as the least interesting actions.

The whole forms a very beautiful, as well as highly appropriate work, and while displaying to advantage the master-skill of the artist, redounds to the credit of the University. The coloring equals, if not surpasses, the magnificent paintings in the church, which have been the admiration of every visitor.

* * *

We give herewith the eloquent and appropriate address delivered on the occasion by Dr. Onahan.

The Address.

In accepting, at very brief notice, the duty of delivering an address on this occasion, I must frankly confess I did so with no little misgiving. Not to speak of the burden of official labor and responsibilities, which leaves me scant leisure or opportunity to undertake a literary work, there was also the further embarrassment arising out of the nature of the subject, the consideration due to it and to my audience, as well as to the honor of Notre Dame—all of which, not unrea-

sonably, might cause me to shrink from the otherwise welcome task. On the other hand, I could not be indifferent to an invitation coming to me in the name of the University from the honored hand of Father Walsh himself.

The Alumni and students of Notre Dame, I am sure, will be with me when I declare that Father Walsh's invitation stood to me in the light of a command, and governed me accordingly. I cannot be insensible to this new distinction conferred on me by the University of Notre Dame in thus honorably associating me with this notable and interesting event which will long be marked as another bright page in its annals.

Notre Dame has become one of the wonders of the West; and its career and development is one of the marvels of Western educational progress. Like Chicago, of which it is in many ways typical, it has been burned down, only to be rebuilt anew in more than original splendor; and, like Chicago, I may say, its management has been characterized by pluck and energy, and a determination to be always in the front. Naturally, Chicago feels a great pride and interest in Notre Dame.

I am aware that this College received its charter from the State of Indiana; but, you all know, it is invitingly near the southern line of Chicago's recent annexation! With the ambitions inspired and nourished by our late territorial acquisitions, and especially in the soaring designs likely to be stimulated by the great "World's Columbian Exposition," who shall say that we may not in the near future seek to enlarge and extend our southern boundaries, even though we should have to make terms with the State of Indiana for the inroad and invasion? But Chicago has other substantial reasons for feeling a deep interest in the management and prosperity of Notre Dame. This College has long been an important factor in training, forming and educating the youth of Chicago, as is demonstrated in the ranks of our professional and business men, no small number of whom proudly claim Notre Dame as their *Alma Mater*. And, more honorable still, to the influence and the training given by this College is the fact that the ranks of the priesthood, in the West especially, have been generously recruited from the students of Notre Dame—including several distinguished members of the hierarchy. The great work in behalf of religion and education still goes on, and hence Chicago and the West, indeed I may add, the country in general, is becoming more and more the debtor of Notre Dame for its effective part in this important field of labor which so deeply concerns the welfare of society, the happiness of the family, the peace and security of the State.

This age especially is one of activity in educational methods and influences. There is a constant striving and eagerness to keep up with the march of latter-day progress; and what marvellous discoveries and achievements in

science, and what triumph of mechanical skill are everywhere visible! The "lost arts" seem to be at last recovered.

American skill and American ingenuity have achieved wonders in the field of science and mechanics, and American enterprise equally has accomplished marvels in the development of this wonderful empire of ours. The discoveries, improvements, and the general progress effected in the past twenty-five years are almost bewildering in variety and extent. Happily, along with this material progress and expansion on every side, with the increase of individual wealth and collective prosperity, there has developed and grown up a taste for higher things; and this leads me to the threshold of the subject upon which I may, for a brief space, claim your attention.

The growing popular taste in art is one of the most encouraging signs of our social advancement—a sign not limited to the wealthier classes, but significantly and largely shared by the masses also. It is shown in the multiplication of art institutes, academies, and public galleries in our cities and towns; and in the higher standard of perfection exacted by popular taste in pictures designed for the homes and assembly rooms of the masses.

I am conscious of the fact that to those who have enjoyed the privilege of visiting and examining with intelligent appreciation the great art collections of the European capitals, and who have shared the delight of seeing and studying abroad the master-pieces of the world-famous painters and sculptors—the treasures of

ANCIENT AND MODERN ART,

it must seem little less than presumptuous in one not so favored to attempt a dissertation on Art. I have no such ambitious purpose. But I may, with less temerity, make a few observations on the subject generally, with some reference to the history, the progress and the influence of Art; especially that of painting.

My sketch will be rapid, and, I am well aware, imperfect. The custom of decorating interiors with paintings may be traced to an extremely remote antiquity. The Egyptians pretend to have discovered it six thousand years before the Greeks. However doubtful and unreliable may be Egyptian chronology, there can be little doubt, as recent discoveries have shown, that drawing and coloring was known among the Egyptians many centuries before the birth of Christ. That the art of portraiture was not unknown to the Jews, may be inferred from certain passages in the Sacred Writings. Homer was acquainted with the effects produced by contrast of colors both in the working of metals and in the labor of the loom or needle. The art of design is said to have been introduced to Greece in Corinth, and to have been brought from Greece to Italy. The well-known discoveries made in the buried cities of Etruria, in Pompeii and in Herculaneum, demonstrate that at a very remote period the art of painting

and decoration was cultivated and encouraged among the Italian communities with zeal and not without success. Pliny speaks of paintings at Ardea older than the foundation of Rome; and others of equal antiquity at Lavinium and Cere.

The first Grecian painters who came to Italy are said to have been brought over by Demaratus, the father of Tarquinius Priscus, King of Rome.

The remains of the ancient buildings in Rome and throughout Italy afford abundant evidence of the wide diffusion of artistic embellishment in the earliest ages, these early productions being principally confined to poetical and mythological subjects. Art, as De Rossi observes, was then, and during many subsequent ages, "degraded as the slave of luxury or superstition." The discovery of art remains in the crypts and caves of the Catacombs in recent years, now reproduced for us in works accessible to every scholar and art student, illustrate the humble beginnings of Christian Art, from which afterwards, under the patronage and inspiration of religion, it was to give the world examples of human genius and Catholic love for art which are the wonder and admiration of the ages.

When the might of Roman power had been broken by internal corruption and external force; when the tide of the barbaric invasion had been stayed, and when the influence of the Church had converted and finally civilized the pagan world with the growth of civilization and the reorganization of society, how swiftly, as if by magic, sprang into life and brilliancy all the Arts! When, in this day, we speak of the noblest existing illustrations and monuments of art and architecture, where do we instinctively turn our eyes and our thoughts? To *Rome—to Italy!* To the heritage of Christian faith and Christian art transmitted to us from the Catholic ages. If, as Rio remarks in his work on Christian Art, the productions of painters, as those of poets, when encouraged and eulogized by their contemporaries and countrymen, are the faithful mirrors of national genius; and that the philosophy and manners of men are discernable from their works of art, we cannot but draw conclusions flattering to the national character and genius of the ages and the countries that produced a Fra Angelico, a Da Vinci, a Domenichino, a Michael Angelo, a Raffael, a Murrillo, a Velasquez, a Rubens, a Vandyck, a Titian, a Corregio, a Paul Veronese, an Overbeck.

The influence of true art is elevating and refining; and this is especially and conspicuously applicable to Christian Art.

The great European universities and colleges were renowned for their generous patronage of art; and innumerable examples might be cited from the monasteries of the Middle Ages in proof of the ardor and energy with which the religious orders—notably the Benedictines, as Mrs. Jameson eloquently testifies—"became patrons of the fine arts on such a scale of munif-

icence that the protection of the most renowned princes has been mean and insignificant in comparison.

"As architects, as glass painters, as mosaic workers, as carvers in wood and metal, they were the precursors of all that has since been achieved in Christian Art; and if so few of these admirable and gifted men are known to us individually and by name, it is because they worked for the honor of God and their community, not for profit, nor for reputation." The same gifted writer justly remarks that "we are outliving the gross prejudices which once represented the life of the cloister as being from first to last a life of laziness and imposture. We know that but for the monks the light of liberty and literature and science had been forever extinguished, and that for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, learning trimmed her lamp; there, contemplation 'pruned her wings'; there, the traditions of Art, preserved from age to age by lonely, studious men, kept alive in form and color the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and shield, of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity.

"To this we may add another and a stronger claim on our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in those early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when as Governesses of their Order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry." And these are the teachers, and this the teaching, against which ignorant and fanatical declaimers are too often heard in furious denunciation.

We do not need to look to past ages, nor seek in other lands for examples of the lofty teaching, elevated and ennobling example, and the patronage and intelligent appreciation of art thus eloquently cited. It can be seen here in America—in the United States. It is exemplified here where we are assembled today. One cannot but lose patience at the boldness and stupidity of the calumny that the Catholic Church is hostile to popular education; that Pope and bishops and priests are opposed to the spread of knowledge amongst the masses of the people. I need not stay to meet and answer this charge here. This hall, dedicated to learning, these professors surrounding me, distinguished, respectively, in various branches of science, in art and in literature; the assembled six hundred students who here drink freely at the fountain of knowledge—all bear living testimony to the falsity of this monstrous allegation. Think of the important influence this College has exercised for the general good all these years; think of the

hundreds, nay, thousands, of young men who have gone forth into the world from its classrooms, whose habits have been formed and whose character has been moulded and influenced by and through the religious and moral atmosphere and teaching of Notre Dame! Ask yourselves has it not been a mighty power of good? has it not been a blessing to individual youth, to the community and to the State and nation at large? It has taught men to observe the Commandments of God, to reverence authority, to obey the laws, to respect the rights of others, and to cherish an unwavering attachment and loyalty to the Constitution of this free country. The influence of this College, I repeat, of every Catholic college and every Catholic school throughout the land, has been loyally and devotedly American, no matter what narrow-minded zealots may assert to the contrary.

The Catholic Church has been the founder of schools and colleges, the munificent patron of learning and of art in every age. And if here, in the United States, she cannot yet point to institutions as splendid and renowned as those of Oxford and Cambridge, which she originally founded; of Rome, of Padua, of Paris, of Prague, of Heidelberg, of Louvain, of Alcala, of Salamanca, of Valadolid, and innumerable others that might be named, it is only because of the poverty of her resources.

But, hampered as Catholics are in this regard, see what efforts and sacrifices they are everywhere making to establish and support schools, academies and colleges, and they put their hands into their own pocket and purses to do so, without aid, or hope of aid, from State or nation.

The venerable founder of Notre Dame, Father Sorin, whose patriarchal presence here is equally an honor and a benediction, exemplifies in his career and memorable works the force and significance of my claim in behalf of the Church and of the religious orders.

Who does not know the story of his career? If now I venture in his honored presence to refer to it, assuredly it is not for the idle purpose of praising him, who has always shunned and shrunk from public mention and notice.

Recall, if you can, this place and scene when, in 1841, Father Sorin first arrived here in the far western wilds. Consider the limited and humble resources with which this valiant and resolute young missionary commenced a career destined to prove so memorable, so glorious to religion and so beneficent to society! Think of that scene then—behold it now! Look around at the multiplied monuments that abound on every side testifying to his zeal for religion and for education! See how gloriously he has caused to be embellished and beautified the exquisite Gothic temple, which rears its imposing front in the midst of a lordly group of academic buildings!

And here where we stand by the magic pencil of the same gifted artist—Professor Gregori—look above and marvel at the unveiled splen-

dor that meets our admiring gaze. See Religion in radiant majesty presiding over the attending sciences—History, Philosophy, Science, Poetry and Music, each typified by an appropriate allegorical figure.

I cannot venture to pass a critical judgment on the artistic merit of those remarkable groups and figures. Happily for me, the high character of Professor Gregori's work is well known. His devotion to his art and his painstaking fidelity in his labors are exemplified on every hand. Witness the admirable and effective panorama illustrating the life of Columbus and the discovery of America, that appropriately illuminates the vestibule and walls of the College. Within the compass of a few years this industrious artist has apparently accomplished the work of a lifetime; and, like the artists of the Ages of Faith, his work has been a labor of love and religious devotion.

And all that we see is Father Sorin's work. Nor is this all, nay, it is only a small part of the life's work of this faithful priest. There are other schools and colleges by the score all over this country; there are churches by the hundred in all parts of the world; and hospitals and asylums founded by him, or through his inspiring and directing agency. What a work for a single life, and a life happily still preserved to further extend the blessings of religion and education, the boon and benefits of holy charity!

Were I asked to sum up in a sentence the faithful characterization of this venerable patriarch and chief, and of his life's work, I should say: "He was a true priest." No eulogy could be loftier, none more justly applied. May it be many years before the words shall be spoken in sorrowful remembrance!

In conclusion, permit me to warmly congratulate the honored President and the Faculty of the University on this new glory and attraction which will presently be unveiled to our admiring gaze, to be a constant delight to the eye, a perpetual inspiration to the mind and heart.

Note.

Words cannot express how deeply we have been moved by the many tokens and expressions of love and affectionate regard which we have received in our recent great affliction. None but the great God of all mercy and comfort can repay our many kind friends for the care given our dearly beloved departed, and for the demonstrations of respect and esteem which their sympathetic hearts impelled them to manifest as the last sad offices were paid to her remains. We beg them to accept the assurance of our grateful appreciation, and of the undying memory which their kindness will retain in our hearts.

LUIGI GREGORI,
FANNIE GREGORI.

Local Items.

- Hurrah!
- Hal deserves all praise.
- What is on the list next?
- The singing was excellent.
- Hail to thee, Notre Dame!
- At last the dome is opened.
- The opera is in fine progress.
- The opening ceremonies were grand.
- Who says that Notre Dame cannot hold a record?
- The cheers last Thursday were various and well given.
- The walk has been fixed in front of the college—Time!
- The Bishop gave the students "rec" yesterday (Friday).
- The Senior Archconfraternity go to the Farm to-morrow.
- The boys had another extra "rec" last Tuesday afternoon.
- The invitations for the Commencement exercises are beautiful.
- The dome ceremonies mark another epoch in the life of our *Alma Mater*.
- Sorin Hall is looking out for a place to hide themselves, at least the "nine" is.
- Co. "A" attended the Decoration Day exercises in South Bend last Friday.
- The Gregori Group was illuminated by forty electric lights—the effect was magnificent.
- Hal won the American championship hop, step and jump by breaking the record by 2 ft., 6½ inches.
- That tunic suspended 'neath one of the windows of the Juniors' Hall presented a very picturesque aspect.
- The drill by Cos. "A," "B" and "C," H. L. G., last Thursday was excellent. All credit is due to Captains Prudhomme, Fehr and Campbell.
- The Brotherhood nines, in the Seniors, played the third of the series of championship games last Thursday. Score: 14 to 6 in favor of the *Reds*. Capt. M. E. McGrath.
- "Farewell Genevieve," a song composed by Mr. B. Tivnen, of the College, and the words by another college boy, is just out, the copies are 40 cents, and the song very pretty.
- Prof. Liscombe's new song, "The Grapevine Swing" is out. It is one of the prettiest songs of the day, and all should show their appreciation of Prof. Liscombe and his productions by getting a copy which may be had in the office—only 50 cents.
- A notable improvement has lately been made in the setting of pictures in "Laymen's Gallery." A handsome new photograph of Prof. Stace now occupies a prominent place among "the immortals." Prof. Stace holds a leading

position among the distinguished laymen of the United States.

—The young gentlemen of Sorin Hall, who have contributed so much towards entertaining the Minims by playing a series of games of base-ball, have the hearty thanks of their youthful opponents in the friendly contests. Their action reflects credit upon the amiable dispositions and high culture which characterize the inmates of Sorin Hall, and is duly appreciated by the "Princes."

—The Junior first nines opened up the championship series on Tuesday afternoon last, and the *Reds* met a Waterloo in a not extremely brilliant, but hotly contested ten-inning game. Errors were plentiful on both sides, but the *Reds* managed to run up the highest number. Boyd and Covert were in the points for the *Blues*. Captain Boyd, though small of stature, pitched a "large" game, and held the *Red* sluggers down to 7 hits. He was a trifle wild in the fore part of the game, but settled down soon after. "Lefty" Brady twirled for the *Reds*, and he, too, put up a good game in the box; little Campbell, behind the bat, played "way out of sight," and his three bagger in the 9th inning came near winning the game for the *Reds*. The *Blues* failed to score in their half of the 9th, as did the *Reds* in the 10th, but the boys with the dark suits pulled out the game in their turn at bat; Schillo knocked out an easy one to Aarons, which the centre fielder gracefully dropped, and a few seconds later, Cunningham lined out a long one to left, and Schillo trotted home with the winning run, and the *Blues* walked off the field with one game to their credit. Much enthusiasm was exhibited during the progress of the game Boyd's pitching, Covert's and Campbell's catching, and Ibold's double play were, perhaps, the most prominent features of the game. The professional Umpires were great. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
BLUES:—	4	3	0	0	0	1	5	0	0	1=14
REDS:—	7	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	2	0=13

—NOTRE DAME VS. GOSHEN (AT GOSHEN).—Unfortunately, lack of space will not permit a detailed account of the Goshen game, and it is seriously feared that the contest would hardly bear description. It was an uninteresting succession of errors, goaded on by a poor umpire and bad grounds. Cooke was forced to give way to Cooney in the fourth, and the latter put up a good game on third. Campbell, Flynn and Jewett played good ball for Notre Dame, and Kepner, Witt and Coats did the work for Goshen. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOTRE DAME:—	0	4	1	1	1	1	1	0	2=11
GOSHEN:—	0	0	3	2	3	1	0	0	4=13

—NOTRE DAME VS. SOUTH BEND.—This game was rather uninteresting to the visitors from the Bend, but was greatly enjoyed by the home crowd. The visitors played good ball until the fourth inning, when they became badly rattled, and lost all chances of winning. They were handicapped by Cassidy's sprained ankle, as that gentleman has proved in former games here that he is an exceptionally fine ball player. For Notre Dame, De Vilbiss did the pitching, and he handled the ball admirably. The other end of the battery was managed by Charley Flynn, who caught an excellent game. Mackey made his first appearance of the season

on third, and Kelly looked out for the second bag. Both did well. Fitzgibbons did the best batting, his two hits netting him four bases. The fifth inning was the time of the most betting. Fitzgibbons, Campbell, De Vilbiss and Hayes made clean drives, which, with a sacrifice hit by Mackey and errors by Barnhart, Ipes and Cassidy gave our team seven runs. The inning was remarkable only for the batting, but it was the only interesting part of the game, except the first three innings in which the fielding was excellent. Our boys kept it up; the South Benders—well, they were not in it at all after that.

—ATHLETICS AT ANN ARBOR.—When Messrs. Jewett, '90, Fehr, '91, Flynn (*Law*), '91, and Kelly, '91, left here last Friday evening as delegates to the Ann Arbor field day exercises there was no one who doubted that the blue and gold of Notre Dame would be well supported by them. Perfect confidence was felt in the abilities of our athletes, and subsequent events showed that we were not mistaken. After a most enjoyable trip they reached Ann Arbor about nine o'clock, and were met by a number of old Notre Dame boys, led by Dwyer, '89, who, by the way, has been dubbed "The Counsellor" by the Michigan men. They received a cordial reception at their hands, and passed a pleasant evening with them. On the next day, the contests were begun early in the afternoon, despite the miserable weather which ruined the grounds and made the track very slow.

Notre Dame began to take a hand in the proceedings in the hundred yard dash, and after Jewett had opened the ball by easily capturing the second trial heat, U. N. D. came to the front like a hurricane. Jno. Owens (Jr.) won the first heat with Ducharme, also of the D. A. C., second. Bonine was the favorite in the second heat; but to the great surprise of the spectators Jewett took the palm with Beath second. Then followed a scene that could never be described. The crowd were wild with enthusiasm, and as Jewett and Owens faced the starter for the final heat cheer after cheer was sent up for the new sprinter. They were off, and shot down the track neck and neck like thunderbolts. "Jewett!" "Notre Dame!" yelled the crowd over and over again, and "Hal" nobly responded to their encouragements. Within thirty yards of the goal Owen's rest began to tell, and as Jewett had been denied a like privilege he was unable to control his wind and was beaten by a foot. It was one of the hottest contests ever seen, and the spectators fully appreciated the merits of our champion. The official time was eleven seconds, which was very fast for the track.

Were this all, Jewett would still have been a lion; but in the hop, step and jump contest, he not only won, but smashed the American record, and now holds the championship. His jump measured 44 feet 6 inches, the former record being 41 feet 1½ inches. Nothing was too good for "Hal" then. He was a hot favorite with the grand stand, and commanded the admiration of everyone on the grounds. In the broad jump match he was again declared a victor, and his fame as an all-around athlete was firmly established. This last victory, by covering 19 feet, marked the end of his entries; and as champion of the day, he left the field with a crowd of admirers.

It was a grand day for Notre Dame and her representatives. They were given a regular ovation that evening, and were royally entertained by old Notre Dame men, the Detroit Athletic Club, and U. of M. men. They speak in the highest terms of everyone they met, and hope to be able to soon return the many favors they received. They are especially grateful to the Detroit Athletic Club, who invited Jewett to become a non-resident member. When the train was leaving the depot, Jewett and his companions were given a round of cheers that could be heard for miles. Even after they were outside of the town the "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, U. of M.!" was heard, and assured them of the good-will of the Michigan collegians.

When the telegrams announcing the result were received here the grounds resounded with testimonials of delight and praise. The events of the day demonstrated beyond doubt that in Jewett we have an athlete of wonderful abilities; and the many cheers that were heard last Saturday night showed how the boys of Notre Dame prize the manly prowess of "our Hal."

—HARP RECITAL:—On Tuesday morning the students of the University listened to a most interesting recital by Mr. John Cheshire, Harpist to H. R. H., the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Cheshire is said to be one of the greatest of living harpists, and through the medium of the programme presented, he fully impressed every hearer that such was his status in the musical world. The programme was as follows:

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | <i>a</i> Martha, Fantasie..... | Cheshire |
| | <i>b</i> Lucia, "..... | " |
| | <i>c</i> Trovatore "..... | " |
| 2 | <i>a</i> Songs Without Words..... | Mendelssohn |
| | <i>b</i> Fugue, E. Minor..... | Handel |
| 3 | <i>a</i> Cradle Song..... | Cheshire |
| | <i>b</i> Gallop..... | " |
| 4 | <i>a</i> Scotch Airs..... | " |
| | <i>b</i> Irish Airs..... | " |

As will be noticed, several of the numbers are of Mr. Cheshire's own composition, and a hearing of the latter gives evidence that he is as great a musician as he is a *virtuoso*. Of especial interest was the Fugue in E minor by Handel (popularly known as the Fire Fugue), the execution of which seems to open a field that the harp has not heretofore been supposed to enter. The whole programme was rendered in such a manner as only a consummate artist can do, and the widely-varying character of the compositions removes the very general impression that the *repertoire* of a harpist must be limited to a very few hackneyed compositions.

The harp used by Mr. Cheshire is from the factory of Lyon & Healy, Chicago. That such an instrument has been produced by Western manufacturers is a matter of most gratifying revelation. The equal of this harp has not been seen here.

As a whole, the performance was a most enjoyable and instructive one; and when the *virtuoso* departed for the East he carried with him many wishes that Notre Dame may have, at no far-distant date, another opportunity to investigate, through his guidance, the further resources of this most poetic instrument.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Brelsford, Blackman, Cassin, Cassidy, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Clayton, T. Coady, T. Coady, J. Cavanagh, Dillon, Delany, Dacy, Dennis, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty, Daniels, F. Flynn, Ford, Fisk, Fehr, J. Flynn, Garfias, Gough, Grothaus, Houlihan, Herman, Hummer, Heard, Hackett, Hughes, Hempler, J. Kelly, Kunart, Keyes, Langan, Zimmerman, Lair, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, Mahorney, McWilliams, McKeon, McAuliff, McKee, W. McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, M. McGrath, Meehan, Murphy, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Powers, Paradis, Phillips, Pyplacz, H. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Rose, Reynolds, Rothert, Roberts, C. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, D. J. Sullivan, Seymour, Soden, Standard, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Stanton, Talbot, V. Vurpillat,* F. Vurpillat, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, H. Bachrach, E. Bates, B. Bates,

J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bradley, Burke, Crandall, Cunningham, E. DuBrul, Delany, Dorsey, Drumm, DeLormier, Dempsey, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Garrison, Gross, Grund, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Halthusen, Heller, Hoerr, Ibold, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, Kehoe, J. Leonard, Lenard, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jos. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, McNally, McIvers, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, O'Brien, Otis, O'Rourke, Putnam, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Regan, Rowsey, Stanton, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, Covert, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Crane, Croke, Coon, Durand, Drant, Elkin, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, C. Girsch, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Kern, Klaner, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, C. Lamberton, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Priestly, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, D. Wilcox, Washburne, Wever, Weber, Wilson, Wolf, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

List of Excellence.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—Masters Barbour, Browning, C. Connor, Falvey, Loonie, C. McPhee, Marre, Nichols, Ziegler, Morrison, Crane, Wever, Henneberry, Hamilton, A. Crawford, Durand, Stephens, C. Furthmann, Ronning, Wilcox, C. Griggs, Burns, Ezekiel, Londoner, Keeler, H. Lamberton, Blake, Loomis, Flynn, C. Nichols, C. Packard, J. Packard, Fuller, Ryan, Hoffman, C. Paul; *Grammar*—Masters Elkin, Marr, Roberts, Gilbert, Loonie, O'Neill, Stone, Falvey, Myers, F. Brown, J. Griggs, D. Gilkison, Stephens, Finnerty, C. McPhee, Hamilton, Thornton, Bixby, McPhillips, Washburne, Funke, Wever, C. Furthmann, G. Zoehrlaut, Ronning, Marre, C. Griggs, W. Connor, Grant, Cornell, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, O. Brown, McGuire, Henneberry; *Geography*—Masters Browning, Elkin, Falvey, Ziegler, W. Nichols, O'Neill, J. Griggs, D. Gilkison, Hamilton, Myers, Stephens, Marr, F. Brown, Hill, Covert, Henneberry, Burns, Holbrook, King, Maternes, Priestly, Londoner, W. Furthmann, Flynn, Trujillo; *Orthography*—Masters, C. Connor, Marr, Morrison, Loonie, Greene, Bixby, Grant, Levi, Wolf, C. Lamberton, C. Griggs, C. Zoehrlaut, Mattas, Girardin, W. Crawford, Wilcox, Coon, Swan, Vorhang, Wilson, Girsch, G. Scherrer, E. Mestling, Jonquet, D. Gilkison, C. Nichols, Drant, Hoffman; *Penmanship*—Masters C. McPhee, Roberts, Barbour, Browning, Gilbert, Marr, Stone, Vandercook, Hamilton, Wever, C. Zoehrlaut, A. Crawford, Thornton, E. Furthmann, Vorhang, W. Furthmann, H. Mestling, E. Kuehl, Crandall, Weber, Hoffman; *Christian Doctrine*—Masters C. Connor, Roberts, Morrison, Bixby, Durand, J. Griggs, T. Finnerty, W. Crawford, C. Griggs, Crane, D. Gilkison, McGuire, Trujillo; *Reading*—Masters O'Neill, C. Connor, Elkin, Greene, Morrison, Vandercook, Bixby, J. Griggs, Gilkison, Washburne, W. Crawford, Wever, G. Zoehrlaut, Montague, C. Furthmann, Hendry, Krollman, Lonnsberry, W. Scherrer, Ayres, Frankel, Croke, Drant, Ryan; *Piano*—Durand, Gilbert, C. Connor, Barbour, Washburne, Cornell, D. Gilkison, Thornton, Hamilton, Montague, Krollman, Trujillo, Maternes, O. Brown, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, A. Gilkison, Wilcox.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Feast of Pentecost was celebrated with all solemnity at St. Mary's; the celebrant of the Community Mass was Rev. Father Zahm and Father Scherer officiated at the High Mass, at which the choir rendered Haydn's Mass with fine effect. The sermon was preached by the Rev. President of the University, Father Walsh, hence it is unnecessary to say that it was a most interesting and finished discourse.

—The subject chosen by Professor M. F. Egan for his lecture of Tuesday, May 27, was "Goldsmith." The scholarly exposition of his life and times, and the careful analysis of the genial, improvident "Oliver's" works, shed a flood of light on a pathway in literature not often frequented by the young lady of to-day, whose taste, as a rule, is not elevated enough to appreciate the English classics. The compliment paid the pupils of St. Mary's by Prof. Egan in the choice of his subjects is one not to be lightly estimated, and the masterly handling of his subjects should awaken a love for all that is worthy in the literary world.

—The death of Mrs. L. Gregori, which was briefly noticed in last week's SCHOLASTIC, has cast a gloom over many hearts. For years she edified all at St. Mary's by her spirit of piety; her chief occupation, and that in which she found most comfort, was prayer; her life illustrated what to many is but an ideal, and she followed to the letter the injunction "We ought always to pray." Her funeral took place on Friday at 3 p. m. and was most impressive; after the ceremonies in the church, the members of the Community, pupils and visitors formed in procession and followed the cherished remains of Mrs. Gregori to their last resting-place. The pall-bearers were, Professors Egan, Ewing, Liscombe, McHugh, Edwards, O'Dea. The Rev. clergy who assisted at the obsequies were Very Rev. Father General—who feels a personal loss in the death of Mrs. Gregori—Rev. Fathers Granger, Corby, Walsh, O'Connell, Hudson, Scherer, Fitte, Stoffel, Spillard and French. All were deeply impressed, and many prayers arose that God may grant eternal rest to His servant, and comfort to the bereaved husband and daughter.

—Thanks to the generous courtesy of Messrs. Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, St. Mary's enjoyed, on Monday last, a rare treat, namely, a harp recital, by Mr. J. Cheshire, the English harp virtuoso. The instrument used, one of those manufactured in Chicago, known as the "Lyon & Healy Harp," was lent for the occasion—a splendid specimen, grand in every way—and gave free scope to Mr. Cheshire's exceptional power. The first prelude which swept over the strings at once proved that the technical qualities of art were under the control of a master. The programme presented gems of composition

both ancient and modern of various styles characteristic of the numerous nationalities, yet every one produced according to its own special peculiarities. As we listened to these historic strains it seemed a moving panorama of the world's best thoughts translated by sounds. The deep pathos of the Welsh, the plaintive Scotch and Irish melodies, some of these arranged by Mr. Cheshire who threw around them the soft glamour of enharmonic scales and arpeggios, were entrancing. Then came a few of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," and selections from Chopin's works. The grand E Minor Fugue by Handel was a triumph of skill few harpists may hope to reach. The whole programme gave evidence that Mr. Cheshire possessed the heaven-born gift—"The soul of Music" so seldom heard, and which when felt awakens a sympathetic response. Such a rare musical feast will long be remembered by the Faculty and pupils of St. Mary's.

In Memoriam.

MARIA LOUISA PRESACCHI GREGORI.

Prayer crowned each deed of her life's hours,
As now I wreath her name with flowers;
The woodland's bloom she loved so well
Shall now my deep affection tell;
Could I choose voice more sweet than these
To whisper on the evening breeze?
Nay, nay, I could not; go, ye flow'rs,
Your language is more pure than ours;
Go, whisper in a daughter's ear,
Sweet words of comfort and of cheer;
Go, breathe above yon grave a prayer,
You'll find a weeping watcher there:
Go, perfumed pledges of God's love,
Fresh gathered from the leafy grove—
And life is love and death is love.

PEWAUKEE, MAY 27, 1890.

Spes Unica.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper bright,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray."

The bands of light that reach from the golden sunset to the blue waters of the ocean seem to unite the heavens and the earth, so the mystic bands of hope bind the children of the Church militant to their heavenly home.

The potency of the grand theological virtue, hope, may be better understood if we consider what wonders are daily accomplished under the influence of earthly hopes and desires. Those who have nothing else have hope, and to all, the young and the old, does it bring courage and gladness of heart. It has been styled "the poor man's bread"; and while there are still to be found "Micawbers," whose hope spends itself in idle words, while "waiting for something to turn up," to the honest, industrious son of toil it sweetens the bread won by the sweat of his

brow. The criminal awaiting execution nourishes in his heart the spirit of hope, and even as he ascends the scaffold, the tiny spark dies not, but burns anew as he looks around for some sign of reprieve. The ship-wrecked mariner lashed to a spar, weak and exhausted, feels hope within him, even while life is fast ebbing away. Hope makes our best scholars, our most enterprising citizens, our most zealous statesmen, and in war our bravest heroes. The child just stepping over the threshold leading to the school room, looks forward to rewards, to knowledge gained; the young girl on leaving school looks smilingly into the future, all is bright to her hope-filled eyes; the middle-aged look on to days of rest close upon their days of toil; and the old, their hearts laden with hopes unfulfilled, at last find that all earthly hopes must be lost in the one hope of Christians.

Beautifully does mother Church teach us that hope is a gift of God—a gift of value inestimable. In joy or in sorrow our hearts would languish without its gentle ministrations. Who could go from the grave of one near and dear into the busy world, and take up again the threads of life did his soul not feel the influence of hope, that spirit which promises an endless reunion? To the martyrs of old was hope an angel of mercy; the executioner, the instruments of torture, were lost sight of, and following the guardian of hope, the eyes of the soul were raised to Him who alone can make of hopes realities. Our hope ends with this life and only love remains; for real happiness excludes all desire. Lytton tells us: "If content could say to itself, 'but I hope for something more,' it would destroy its own existence." In Heaven, then, will hope be lost in charity; and over the portals of gold might be written the inscription that Dante placed over the gates of the abyss; but how different is the signification in each case!

The seal of the Congregation of the Holy Cross bears a shield on which rests a cross, an anchor and the motto "*Spes Unica*," and what a lesson is taught in that simple design! Verily, is the cross our only hope! And whether our earthly hopes are crowned with cypress or with laurel, if we sing with the Church "*O Crux ave, spes unica*," we may look with confidence to an eternity of love, the reward of faith and hope.

CECILIA DEMPSEY (*Class '90*).

The Harpist.

(Suggested by Mr. Cheshire's Harp Recital.)

With witching touch the chords he lightly swept,
And, lo! a flood of melody arose,
Submerging deep each heart in calm repose;
Then soft the waves of murmuring music crept,
And mem'ries wakened that for long had slept,
Like Tara's Harp, made silent by her foes;
And as the breeze o'er Scotia's heather blows,
So music, gentle siren, smiled and wept.

How like the varied strings of harps our hearts,
As 'neath the Master-hand of God they thrill!
How light the vibrant chords of joy and love,
The melody that Heaven to life imparts!
And 'neath all joy, sweet sorrow lingers still,
Earth's undertone to harmonies above.

E. DE M.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Butler, Barry, Clarke, Cunningham, Cooper, Coll, Currier, Crane, Curtis, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Dennison, S. Dempsey, Dorsey, Dolan, Donahue, Ernest, English, E. Flannery, Fosdick, Farwell, Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, Hellmann, N. Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Lloyd, Loemmacker, McFarland, F. Moore, N. Morse, K. Morse, Maher, C. McCarthy, McHugh, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, S. McPhee, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, Otis, Piper, Patier, Pitcher, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rose, Rentfrow, Reilly, Schiltz, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schaefer, Schrock, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Van Mourick, Violette Wurzburg, Wolff.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Cooper, Carlin, M. Davis, Dreyer, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, L. Kasper, C. Kasper, S. Levy, Mabbs, McGuire, Meskill, A. O'Brien, Patrick, Philion, E. Quealy, Regan, Reeves, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, M. Smyth, Scherrer, J. Smyth, Soper, Sweeney, Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, N. Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

2D CLASS—Misses Crane, B. Hepburn, F. Burdick, M. Smyth.

FRENCH.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses D. Davis, E. Nester, L. Curtis, Bero, M. Schermerhorn, Hepburn, Hurff.

2D DIV.—Misses Lynch, De Montcourt, C. Haight, S. Dempsey, M. McFarland, Gordon, Byrnes, Roberts, L. Wurzburg, Dolan, A. E. Dennison.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ryan, M. Otis, M. Violette, M. Hickey, E. Quealy, Clarke, Murison.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Tormey, M. Wagner, K. Wood, J. Patrick, E. Philion, Young, Evoy, M. Burns, E. Burns, Moore.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, M. McHugh, M. Egan.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS—Misses Deutsch, G. Lauth, Piper, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, F. Moore, Nickel, K. Morse, Quealy.

3D CLASS—Misses D. Spurgeon, Nacey, A. Ansbach, Harmes, Koopmann.

4TH CLASS—Misses E. Schäfer, L. Ernest, Currier, L. Hagus, C. McCarthy.

2D DIV.—Misses Dreyer, E. Wagner, Rinn, C. Kasper, Levy, L. Kasper, Mestling.

5TH CLASS—Misses Green, E. Adelsperger, N. Schermerhorn, N. McGuire, O'Mara, L. McHugh, M. Wagner, M. Davis, Cochrane, L. Farwell.