

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## Our Lost Poet.

He knew all woes; the passion of the brave  
Who sees a mother-land bound in her tears,  
And finds his single arm is vain to save,  
Thirst and fatigue in sorrow-stricken spheres.  
Far out beyond the crimson close of day,  
He saw the moon float proudly from the deep  
Whereon he tossed in torment; learned the way  
Up to the stars where lesser men would weep.

Now he has left us for the vast unknown,  
The soundless, all-engulfing wave that rolls  
Between our earth, where mortal lives are sown,  
And the fair haven of delivered souls.  
With prayers and tears we wish him outward bound  
God's speed upon his passage; it may be  
That in that sunset silence shall be found  
A light that never was on land or sea!

MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

## Leo XIII.

Carved into shape out of the quarry of circumstances, and placed in the light of the world's traditions by the hands of mighty geniuses are the memorable events of every age. Great minds impress the historic page, disclosing the character of nations and the ideals of the human race. The literature of every land is rich with the glory of its orators, statesmen, poets and heroes. It is gorgeous with the brilliant adornment of noble deeds that lead the public mind into a channel of lofty thought and honorable action. Deep and strong are the gratitude, admiration and love that awaken the sense of moral dignity, and thrill the heart at the praise of worthy lives sacrificed upon the altar of truth and humanity. There is, indeed, something in the heart of man that finds sublimest pleasure in recalling the time-painted panorama of the

past, and in striving to follow in the footsteps of those who have proved themselves stalwart in the conflicts of life, sturdy in principle and in truth. The more we respect the devoted and self-sacrificing, the gentle and courageous, the more we may hope to resemble them. What can appear grander than the man who keeps clear his integrity, and braves the coward's jeer, the hate and opposition of popular prejudice, or the rancor of personal animosity? What can bid the better nature approve, admire, if not the sight of him who turns not aside at the alluring voice of fame, who despises the glare of gold, who is not swayed by the promises of success or dread of failure; but, bearing aloft the banner of honesty and manliness, preserves pure his heart from the seductive influences that attract the vulgar? Ah! well we know that he alone will stand forever firm in the lists of active life; he will live in the chapter of undying memories, and challenge the admiration of friend and foe; and, if they yield not, crush them with even-handed justice that never fails, in the end, to exalt the righteous.

Honor, the glory of man, and the wisdom, integrity and splendid truth that crown the human soul and link it to heaven will be my subject. And I shall speak of that great man of universal genius and renown, who in the fields of literature has won rare laurels; who is a master and teacher of philosophy; who among statesmen has scarcely a peer, and who is the foremost champion in the science of divine theology—Pope Leo XIII.

Joachim Pecci, afterward Leo XIII., was born March 2, 1810. Carpineto, a retired village peeping out amid the Italian hills and begirt with wild ravines, has risen to fame as his birthplace. Little did the modest villagers dream that from amongst them a lion should spring

forth whose roar would one day resound on the mountains and in the forests far beyond the seas. The family tree of Leo XIII. took root in the ancient nobility of Sienna. Under the fostering care of his pious mother he dwelt until his ninth year. Let us pass rapidly over his first school-days at Viterbo and the afflictions of childhood that rent his tender heart with sorrow. At fourteen years of age he lost his saintly mother, and we find him shortly afterwards in the Roman college studying classics. His course being finished he applied himself to philosophy. He drank deep at the fountain of divine philosophy that flows through the pages of Plato, Aristotle and the peerless Angel of the Schools. Then into the light he bore his brightness, and set with priceless pearls of eloquence the rich treasures of his erudition. The dazzling intelligence of the Sapienza paled before his gravity in reasoning and elegance of expression. He further perfected his education by a course in law and diplomacy. The grey-haired sages marvelled at his zeal and aptness and the fair prospect of his future.

The first scene of his public life now opens. Scarcely had he received the priestly robes he long had prayed for, when his energy was called upon for active services. His first plans evolved with such precision and success as to prove at once his diplomatic sagacity.

The fair province of Benevento has fallen a prey to banditti. Desolation and social disorder toss the state in a wild, feverish commotion, and the terror-stricken executive, no longer able to enforce civil rule, abandon rich and poor alike to pillage and depredation. Here, amidst the ruin of power and crash of authority, the vigorous mind of the young statesman shone forth. Always energetic and decisive, he reorganized the Neapolitan forces, rushed upon the lawless in their castle, homes and mountain fastnesses, seized them in highways, surprised them at conspiracies, until his very name hushed, like a magic spell, the sedition and anarchy that for years had raged throughout the province. The last of the perjured mobs were routed, and peace again reigned supreme. The lawless became law-abiding citizens, and Italy's former wealth and strength returned to bless her people.

See him again the healer of discord in Perugia. Unmindful of the scorn heaped upon him, his mighty arm wielded gentle justice and riveted the bonds of social unity. Security, industry and obedience breathed as with a newly inspired life. In fine, the Etruscan City wept in bitterness when he was recalled, and the tears of love bore testimony to his worth and greatness.

His firmness of action was tempered by mercy "that falls like dew from heaven." With an inborn sense of justice he united an affability of manner and a princely graciousness that won all hearts. Honor, wherever he went, wove a chaplet of sweet remembrances.

In the papal household his wisdom—though he was yet young—marked him out an office. Higher still he rose in ecclesiastical dignity until he became Camerlengo and companion of the foremost character in the world. Let us glance at this other prince, who in his spiritual authority rules the realms of earth from pole to pole.

Pope Pius IX. is a prisoner in his palace. In vain has he zealously defended his earthly power against ruthless revolution. The story is familiar and full of gloom. Heedless of the fate of that irresistible Napoleon, rapacious invaders have stripped the Holy Father of his temporal dignity. He has resigned to his downfall, ay, if downfall is such loftiness as it appeared in him.

But, stay! there is a sigh as though the "wind that swept the fields of mortality" for centuries had heaved in one deep moan. The world has ceased to smile. The sombre garb, the solemn rites pay tribute to him by whose lips, now voiceless, the splendid truth has ever been proclaimed; from whose hand charity never failed; in whose heart the noblest thoughts forever sat enthroned. He has fought the fitful battle; he has been faithful to every trust; he slumbers in that last repose that knows no waking. Yet he is undying among the memories of earth's mighty dead; and from the purple shadows beyond that mysterious river he speaks to every man who has a heart to love and intellect strong enough to appreciate the depth of a noble soul imbued with human sorrow.

During this turbulent season Cardinal Pecci had governed his charge with prudence and with fortitude; to him the Roman Conclave looked for a successor. Ah! here we see the fearless majesty, the vast genius and the lion heart of Leo. With the saintly Pius IX. the papal safety had passed behind a cloud. The sunset of his unfortunate temporal career had deepened into a twilight of sternest aspect. Without delay the noble cardinal accepts the weighty trust. And look! the splendor of the dawn begins to spread ere the nightfall could array its despondency against the Holy See; Leo XIII. stands upon the adamant the beacon of never-flickering truth, and at his feet the wild waves of prejudice and heresy roll and dash their mad forces into spray beneath his imperishable footstool. "Like

a huge colossus does he bestride the world;" and in the lofty principles of his administration the weak have risen, the strong rejoiced in a better preservation, and a new era has come upon every land and people.

He has wept at the grief of Poland; he has sought to soothe the miseries of his own native land, fair Italy; he has poured balm upon their bleeding wounds. But he has pre-eminently made the propagation of peace, piety and liberty the firstlings of his hand and heart. The universal Church is now more than ever flourishing throughout the intolerant countries of Europe; and beyond the boundaries of civilization the barbarian listens to the anthems of her heavenly joy. The Siberian convict and the Brazilian slave lift up their arms and bless him.

But we who dwell beneath the starlit blue of independence and prosperity must feel for him the deepest love. Not only does he speak in admiration of our land and government, but he has always given evidence of affection for our people. His first act of papal authority invested one of our countrymen with the title of cardinal, in the person of his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, whom we still remember and lament. He has given great impulse to education, and his most recent act has been the founding amongst us of a new university that bids fair to rival even the oldest schools of learning in Europe.

Always his leadership has been higher, ever higher, up the steep paths of morality to the marble palace of honest success, true progress, and science guided by supernatural principles. Always busy in uprooting false doctrines in philosophy and politics, exhorting moral practices, quelling civil disturbances and tearing asunder the wild social fetters that bind the onward march of civilization, he stands forth herculean in his might, and shakes the world with the lightnings of his anathema.

A few years ago the universal Church celebrated the golden jubilee of Leo's priesthood with a cordial unanimity that has made it one of the greatest events of the nineteenth century. Not only did the press of every creed and country join in congratulations, but even the supporters of contrary principles did not hesitate to sound his praise. The infidel and heretic did him homage. The Iron Chancellor, Bismark, grasped with eagerness the extended hand of the Pope, which had been rejected for more than three hundred years. Indeed, this shrewdest minister had even acknowledged the superior statesmanship of Leo, and solicited his arbitration and mediation at home and abroad.

England sent her ambassadors to bear her gifts; Turkey, Persia and Russia did him honor. And, be it to the praise of a President of our country, that he did not quail before the fury of those dissenting, and expressed most fittingly his appreciation of the Pope.

This applause was not local or restrained, nor could it be; for never was there a weightier trust, and never was it borne more nobly. Are not the loftiest ideals of life realities in him? As in youth his character was molded in the school of virtue, so in old age he excels in all that adorns the intellectual man; and history alone can place the deserved laurel on the brow of our lion-hearted Leo XIII.

Nay; the bells that rang out for this joyous celebration of his golden jubilee were heard in every land. The wind that rose with the sun in the distant dreamy Orient caught up and bore abroad the glad refrain far over seas and mountains and the pleasant valleys of civilization into the home of the South Sea Island missionary and the huts of his dusky followers until the whole wide world rang, and will continue to ring, with the cry: "*Longum, longum vivat Leo, Papa, rex!*"

G. H. C.

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#### Would a Censorship of the American Press be Advisable?

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A SYMPOSIUM BY THE MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

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The influence of the press upon all classes of people, from those who sit on thrones to the peasant who is barely able to read, from the father of a family to his school-boy son, has always been a great one. That this influence, so far reaching, should be exerted in the right direction, that it should inculcate in the minds of the young love for what is good and hatred of evil, reverence for religion and opposition to those who assail it, none will deny. That the press at the present time exerts no such an influence is a lamentable fact. Instead of having columns filled with sound, healthy, moral reading matter, the very opposite is the case. The sensational form of writing is finding its way into every family paper, and is disseminating its evil influences in every direction. Every crime, savoring of baseness in man, is magnified in every possible manner; every detail is published with the unblushing effrontery characteristic more of the time of Rome under the Latin Cæsar than of America in the nineteenth century.

But is the press wholly to blame? I do not think so. Merely the servants of the people, it panders to their tastes, and sets before them the articles which they most covet and which

they devour most greedily. It is a serious question whether the standard of literary excellence was ever so low as at present. The sensational, trashy, immoral, and virtually indecent style is not confined to the newspapers, but has crept into our books. It is in that style that many of our popular books are written. Authors seem to think that those "who pepper the highest are surest to please," and in carrying this out are giving forth works anything but creditable to our literature. The French revolution was caused by the writings of Voltaire. Let us be careful lest a revolution as great, if not as bloody, as that which devastated France nearly a century ago should result from the unrestricted liberty given our journalists and novelists. It is certain that all who wish to see sturdy, honest characters amongst the rising generation, all, in fact, who desire to perpetuate not only a grand government, but a grander people, will hope to see a censorship of the press established.

J. R. FITZGIBBON.

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This question is not for me to decide; but it is a privilege that all have to form an opinion of their own. As far as I am concerned, I think there should be a censorship of the press established, because it is a shame that the young people of the world are tempted to read such filthy stuff as is found in our daily newspapers.

It would be easy to name one in particular,—a paper that contains all the filthy items a paper could hold. The reporters of this, and many other daily papers, think nothing of putting an item in their paper about a thing that has happened, which should not be read by the men and women of to-day, or by the children whose innocence is thus tarnished. I say that steps should be taken against this; and the sooner such steps are taken the better it will be for the old as well as the young.

D. CARTIER.

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It has always been the pride of Americans that they have liberty: our Government is free, our press is free, and our religion is free. Yet, now there is some talk by a few bigoted enthusiasts, who, no doubt, have the good of their country at heart, of having a censorship of the press. A censorship of the press would at one blow prostrate our magnificent edifice of security and freedom, leaving us, to a certain degree, in a position as bad as that in which Washington found us. We would undo a part of his grand work, and open the gates through which we should soon pass under monarchism.

Newspapers, as their name implies, are daily publications by which we are supplied with fresh accounts of events; and if a "censorship of the press" bill should pass the houses, of what use or of what avail would daily papers be? If they were forbidden to publish scandals, where would the limit of influence end? News-

papers are the cause of averting many crimes, for it is repugnant to all men to have their names publicly announced in connection with scandals and murders.

In nearly all cases it is the man who purchases a paper simply to read the defamatory reports, who cries loudest for a censorship of the press. There is a reason which at first sight seems foolish, but when looked into is seen to contain a great amount of truth; in fact, the literature of the United States is exceedingly moral, more so than in any other country; and if a law were passed forbidding the publication of certain books and articles, the literature of the United States would begin to grow immoral. For as the school-boy who has been forbidden to break some rule will disobey simply for the pleasure of disobeying, so will the people of this country read and seek more and more after these forbidden books.

JOHN WRIGHT.

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The question of the censorship of the American press has become of great moment, since the amount of printed literature is increasing every year. Now in all this it cannot be denied that a great deal of trashy and immoral stuff is going out of our publishing houses; therefore it is time for all citizens who have at heart the welfare of the country to act; it is their duty to keep the work of the press pure and moral, and to give to the flames vile trash printed as literature. This can be done by selecting for press-work men who will prevent any immoral literature being brought before the public. When Americans have done this they will have a prouder boast than their independence—that of freeing from evil influences the souls of their fellow-citizens.

JOSEPH A. MAGUIRE.

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If there were a censorship of the American press the number of the different newspapers in circulation would, of course, be greatly decreased. This, however, would not be a logical objection, as the demand for newspapers would become greater, and the newspaper, besides being the messenger of daily news, would be a compendium of trustworthy information. Further, what harm has not been caused by the reading of newspapers? Some would laugh at the idea. But can anyone deny the fact that the reading of most American newspapers will degrade the morals of a man, or that it will hinder his literary cultivation. Thus, when we consider the greater number of papers from a Christian point of view, we are obliged to say that a censorship of the American press is extremely necessary.

F. NEEF.

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Of all the questions that are now agitating society, the one which more than any other deserves particular attention, and the one which will do most to bring about the future prosperity

and happiness of our country, is the question: "Should there be a censorship of the American press?" That the three inalienable rights of every man are life, liberty, and happiness, is a fact undeniable. Since, then, it is the duty of our Government to maintain its citizens in life, liberty and happiness, it is also its duty to repel whatever is opposed to these rights. But we know that an unbridled press is directly against these prerogatives. The conclusion is evident: the press should not be unbridled.

J. H. CORBETT.

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In our day, when the newspaper has no regard either for faith or morals, there is need of certain laws to regulate its contents. Parents forbid their children to read bad books, and make efforts to prevent them from obtaining access to such literature; the Government has even passed laws to prevent the selling of certain literature which is out of ordinary propriety. But here we have the daily paper in which is contained reading matter more injurious to good morals than most of the books in circulation termed "bad." Yet there is no effort made to restrict the reading matter of the newspaper. Now, can we do anything to remedy this evil? Can there be a law enacted to restrain this licensed freedom by which the press exposes to the rising generation things which would be better in the background? Yes; to exact such a law would be a great blessing to our country.

C. S. BURGER.

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If there is one thing in this country on which we can justly pride ourselves it is the freedom of the press. But such a privileged state of affairs is very apt to have its abuses as well as its uses; thus it is in America. Instead of giving out news for the sole purpose of imparting information, our newspapers of to-day cater to the corrupt appetites of a scandal-loving public; and the matter which finds its way into the news journals is, for the greater part, political and social scandals (particularly social), sensational crimes and prominent divorce cases. Leaving this fact aside, it is an open secret that the almighty dollar exercises more influence in the editorial rooms than does truth. Crimes are kept from the public ear through the power of gold. The question arises: "What is to be done?" But one solution to the problem suggests itself and that is to appoint a censorship of the press.

C. PAQUETTE.

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Several countries of Europe, and among them France, Italy and Austria, have appointed a body of learned men to examine all books, magazines and periodicals before their publication. The object of these censors is to prevent an immoral novel, for instance, from reaching the people. Such inspectors of the press would surely be of the greatest benefit in our country, especially in connection with the daily papers,

where the basest subjects are drawn out through whole columns in order to fill space. These papers are laid before children, and as a consequence we have the moral ruin of many. Should this inquisition, however, be performed in the same manner as in Europe, where the worst books are printed under the pretext that they are not intended for the young, the American Government had better deny itself this luxury. But if the censors should act like the United States post-office managers, who endeavored to enforce a law forbidding the forwarding of Count Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," whilst other books far worse, and condemned by every honest man as obscene, are sent out without objection, it would be better not to lay upon our press the yoke of such rules. The "Kreutzer Sonata" contains wrong ideas, it is true; but among some other novels it is a "pearl in dark waters."

JOSEPH JUST.

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If we take up any daily paper, we cannot but help finding item after item pertaining to crimes, or columns filled with descriptions of romantic events which could be nothing but impossible. Those people, young and old, whose minds have never been cultivated delight in reading these bad books and papers, and feasting their eyes on depraving pictures. After the lapse of a certain number of years these readers have a desire to turn into practice some of the wretched ideas they have accumulated, and by so doing they bring upon themselves and friends an everlasting disgrace.

If there were a censorship of the press formed in this country most, if not all, degradation resulting from bad literature would be prevented. A censorship of the press would easily put an end to the circulation of misleading stories, and thus save the reputation of Americans.

OTTO A. ROTHERT.

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The press is one of the most potent factors in modern civilization; it supplies intellectual food for all classes of people, and for that reason the influence which it must necessarily wield in human affairs ought to be in favor of sound morality and social well-being. While at present, perhaps more good than evil is derived from the many publications circulated throughout the country, there is still a great abundance of matter published that is unfit to be read by anybody, no matter how enlightened or well grounded in morals he may be. Especially is this true of the newspaper. The account of sensational divorce proceedings, elopements, suicides and crimes of every description, which is printed in glaring color on the front page of the great "dailies," surely is not edifying, and does not tend to discourage the commission of like offenses, but, on the contrary, it is the occasion of more harm than is ordinarily supposed. I think it would be well that a censorship should be established for the purpose of regulating the



publication of all matter of news, and of preventing anything that might prove dangerous to the welfare of society from appearing in print. This would act, in some degree at least, as a preventive to the use of the press for purposes of libel, political backbiting, scandal, etc., and it would give to the newspaper that honest, moral tone, which it is absolutely necessary that it should have.

J. S. HUMMER.

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This question is one to which I would answer "no" without much hesitation. It is sometimes said that newspapers scandalize people; but do newspapers—or at least those at all respectable—ever publish anything concerning a person's reputation without proof? It is considered wrong by some that when one political party comes into power that the newspaper championing that party should exult over the defeated party. To me it appears that this only adds to the interest of the paper and gives it life. Americans understand such things, and eagerly watch the political condition of the country, while in most of the European countries, where such articles are forbidden, the inhabitants know little or nothing of the political state of affairs in their native land.

This may be easily seen from the fact that every emigrant to America reads with feverish excitement the newspapers containing anything concerning political campaigns.

B. C. BACHRACH.

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The modern newspaper is a most powerful factor in both the political and social world. But, powerful as it is, the press should not be taken either as a standard of literature or a model of the public morals. Too often has it overstepped the bounds of morality and religion, and become the source of scandal to the young and innocent; and too often have the doctrines of corrupt politicians or religious fanatics been allowed publicity through the columns of the press.

If we would protect the young and innocent, tear down the barriers which oppose truth and justice, suppress those doctrines which are utterly false and against religion, surely, there should be a censorship of the press.

JAMES R. BOYD.

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Every year generates a craze for something new. This mania is now directed towards purifying the American press. The cry is raised that the newspapers and magazines of America are too immoral for any pure-minded person to read. Indeed, to claim that our newspapers print nothing but what is decent would be uttering a falsehood; for it is recognized everywhere that they abuse, more or less, the liberty given them. But will a censorship of the press remedy the evil?

Enforce our laws on this subject and there

will be a censorship that is sufficient. If we have a censorship, the Bureau would be appointed by the party in power. This would necessarily make the whole thing a partisan affair; for we all recognize that the Bureau would not proceed in a wholly impartial manner. In a presidential race, one party would have all the advantage. For the party that controlled the censorship would have the opportunities of making attacks on their rivals, while the latter would have no chance to reply. The censors would mark their publications as immoral, and thus throw them out.

By adopting the censorship we would endanger the liberty of the press. This is the voice of the people, and where its liberty is concerned, so is the freedom of the American people. This censorship would give rise to a monopoly far greater than that of the Standard Oil Company or that of the Cotton Trust; and monopolies jeopardize the interests of the people.

Where do most of the immoral books come from? From Russia and France; yet these two countries have a sort of censorship; but still they do not prohibit the publication of indecent books. Suppress this foreign trash and our own literature will be purified. The Post-Master General has this power, let him use it.

J. D. CLAYTON.

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My opinion is that the American press is better under its present lack of censorship. There is nothing more uninviting to a person, when he or she anticipates a mean or degrading act, than the thought of having his or her name appear before the public under such circumstances. Numerous instances could be given that would go to prove the bad policy of interfering with the liberty of the press.

W. C. ROBERT.

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It is very apparent to the reading public that the liberty of the press has been greatly abused. Still it is not very clear to us how a censorship will remedy the evil. According to our system of Government the censor would either be appointed by the party in power or elected by the people; in either case he would be expected to serve his party or constituents. What more prolific source of corruption can be imagined? The censor instead of being a check on the immorality of the press would act rather as a restraint on the utterances of his political opponents. This country is composed of too many creeds and interests to submit to such an arbitrary measure; all could not be satisfied and complaints would soon arise. We have but to look to Russia, Germany or France, whence come many of our corrupt novels, and see the evil results of the censorship. Free discussion of political questions are often forbidden; criticism of the ruling party or sovereign is repressed. Then there is a pecuniary consideration. The little good accomplished would not compensate for

the expenditure necessary for the maintenance of this office, demanding, as it would, the best talent and great numbers to handle the numerous publications of the day.

If a restraint is needed for the press, public opinion based on Christian principles should be the censor.

N. J. SINNOTT.

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Science, Literature and Art.

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—The monumental statue of General Lafayette, recently presented to this country by the French people, will be erected in Washington near the Treasury, at Pennsylvania avenue and Fifteenth street.

—Henry W. Hillard, of Georgia, has nearly ready for the press a volume of reminiscences covering a period of fully half a century. Mr. Hillard was minister to Belgium when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, was in Congress from 1843 to 1851 and Minister to Brazil from 1877 to 1881.

—Cardinal Newman was not a good extemporaneous speaker, as is generally supposed. One who knew him well writes of him in the *Expositor*: "All his printed sermons were read from manuscript, and when the pen was out of his hand his felicity of diction quite failed him. He told me himself that he never saw the congregation he was addressing—a fact which, I suppose, by itself shows that he had no oratorical gift. But when he read with slow and musical enunciation the exquisite sentences he had penned in the privacy of his room there was something almost magical in the effect."

—One of the latest additions to our list of exchanges is the *Northwestern Witness*, published at Duluth, Minn. It is the successor of the *Lake Superior Catholic*, which was started about a year ago and did good service during its brief existence. The editorial management of the *Witness* is now in the hands of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, who is well known to the literary world, and whose ability is a sufficient guarantee of the high standard of excellence attained by his paper. A good paper, such as the *Witness*, is destined to be of incalculable service to the cause of religion and the social order among the rapidly growing population of the newly organized dioceses of the Northwest, and this new venture in the field of journalism has our best wishes for a long and brilliantly successful career.

—From an editorial in the *New York Sun* we extract the following:

"The most powerful telescope now on our planet is that of the Lick Observatory, whose object glass is 36 inches in diameter. The celebrated telescope of Lord Rosse, in Ireland, is much larger, it is true, being no less than 6 feet, or 72 inches in diameter, but that is an instrument of a totally different kind, being a reflecting and not a refracting telescope. In a reflecting telescope there is no object glass, but the image of the object looked at is

formed by a concave mirror which brings the rays of light to a focus by reflection. Lord Rosse's telescope, owing to the vast size of its mirror, receives far more light from a star than the Lick glass does, but the lack of complete reflection from the mirror and the imperfections in the mirror's form more than counterbalance this advantage, so that for most of the purposes of astronomy California's Lick refractor is a far more effective instrument than its giant reflecting rival in Ireland.

"So it is with the Lick telescope that the new 40-inch glass should be compared. It is easy to compare the light-gathering powers of the two object glasses, since these vary directly as the squares of the diameters of the glasses. The square of 36 is 1,296, and the square of 40 is 1,600. It appears, then, that while the diameter of the new glass will be only one-ninth greater than that of the Lick glass, its light grasping power will be about one-fourth greater. This will be a very important gain, if the workmanship upon the new glass is equal to that displayed by the old one for celestial phenomena, such as faint stars and nebulae, that lie beyond the reach of the great telescope on Mount Hamilton, will be readily seen with the aid of its larger rival in southern California."

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College Gossip.

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—The Sisters of the Holy Cross have begun the erection of an academy and convent on Twenty-fifth street, Ogden, Utah, to have a frontage of 240 feet and four stories high. It will cost \$175,000 with five acres of adjoining grounds.

—That noted educational institution, Mount de Chantal, near Wheeling, W. Va., celebrated the silver jubilee of its establishment, September 10. The event was appropriately celebrated by the Sisters, assisted by the pupils and many of the alumni of the convent.

—A handsome painting of the famous Orestes A. Brownson has been recently installed in a prominent place in the public lecture hall of the Catholic University. The picture is a gift of Mrs. Dr. Hewitt, sister-in-law of the venerated Superior-General of the Paulist Congregation.

—The cause of Catholic higher education has recently received a number of munificent gifts. James Walsh, who died at Covington, Ky., willed \$90,000 for educational and charitable purposes. On the 5th inst., the Catholic high school of Philadelphia—the gift to the diocese of the late Thomas E. Cahill—opened its doors to 100 boys. The building cost \$275,000, and there is an endowment fund of \$325,000.

—Epiphany Apostolic College of Baltimore, Md., the young training school for missionaries among the negroes, has re-opened with forty-six scholars present and five more expected. Several of last year's boys were dropped from the rolls, hence about seventeen of these now at the Epiphany are newcomers. Six of the students are negroes, of whom two hail from Baltimore, one from Upper Marlboro, one from Richmond, one from Norfolk and the sixth from Topeka, Kan. This substantial increase is very encouraging and may be regarded as showing that the missionary spirit is growing among our American youths.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

## Founder's Day.

Next Monday, the 13th inst., will be Founder's Day, or the Patronal Festival of the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the venerable and revered Founder of Notre Dame. Needless to say, the day is always one of the greatest *fêtes* of the year at the University—one to which all for weeks have been looking forward with eager expectation, and which is made the occasion of exceptional festivity and rejoicing, accompanying the heartfelt congratulations and sincere wishes which all seek to express, by word and act, to the venerable Superior whose years of labor and self-sacrifice Heaven has so signally blessed and rewarded. And with reason is this so.

When we look around us here to-day and see the stately pile of buildings, which serve to meet the requirements of the earnest seeker after religious retirement, as well as the youthful and enthusiastic investigator in the realms of science, and then realize that all this grandeur and magnificence has sprung up out of the forest wilds through the Heaven-blessed piety, zeal and learning of one man, who—erect and majestic with his weight of years, and though humbly disclaiming all merit for himself, yet revealing in every step and movement, in every word and act, the sublimity of devotion and the greatness of mind which have accomplished so much—is still, thank God, with us, can we refrain from honoring him to whom, under Heaven, we owe the advantages we now enjoy?

But lips sacred with the plenitude of the priesthood have expressed our thought in more fitting words, such as these:

"We rejoice, Father Sorin, in your holy and edifying life. The American priesthood is honored by it; the Church is honored by it. Your life has been for those many years a grand example to thousands, who in the sweet odor of your virtues have themselves been led forward to lives of piety and holiness. You never tired, though the burden was heavy; you never faltered, though trials crowded upon you and the shadow of defeat often darkened the sky above you. . . .

"Under your guidance, Father Sorin, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, which was, indeed, in the beginning of your ministry the little mustard seed, has grown and spread out far and wide its branches. Its members are in several states of the Union working zealously for the

education of youth and the ministry of souls. The members of the Congregation in the United States, one and all, extol you as their father and leader, and gratefully lay at your feet their trophies. You have been for them their inspiration and their counsel. They are truly your children, having caught up from you your own zeal, your own energy, your own determination to keep abreast of the times and not permit the works of the Church to fall behind the advance of material and secular interests in this vigorous and aggressive age. . . .

"The Sisters of the Holy Cross take rank among the most devoted, the most earnest, the most distinguished among the daughters of the Church in America. Father Sorin brought here the early members, conscious as he at once was of the great work to be done in this country by religious orders of women, and from the day when he led the pioneer Sisters into their modest cottage at Bertrand to the present day of wondrous prosperity for St. Mary's and its numerous off-shoots, he has been the friend, the guide, the counsellor of the Community. From him comes to them their special fitness for work in America, and to this fitness in great part must they attribute their marked success in their schools and their institutions of charity. Notre Dame and St. Mary's are the monuments of his zeal. These monuments will endure and will make his memory immortal."

So spoke the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland on the occasion of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the venerable Superior, Aug. 15, 1888. And such are the thoughts that well up in the hearts of all at Notre Dame as each recurring festival of St. Edward gives the occasion of meeting and congratulating our Father Founder who bears the name of England's sainted king.

With glad and grateful hearts, then, we extend our congratulations to our Very Rev. Father Founder, rejoicing with him that a benign Providence, through the intercession of Heaven's Immaculate Queen, in reward for long years of devotion, has preserved him to behold the realization of what might have been called the "dreams" of enthusiastic manhood, and praying that for many years to come he may be spared in health and strength to direct to a still more glorious future this home of religion and education which he has established. Long live our Father Founder!

## A Talk on Letter Writing.

[The following "talk" on Letter Writing was given by DR. EGAN to the students of Brownson and Carroll Halls:]

There is no art so important in the conduct of our modern life, after the art of conversation, as the art of writing. A young man who shows a good education and careful training in his letters puts his foot on the first round of the ladder of success. If, in addition to this, he can acquire early in life the power of expressing himself easily and gracefully, he can get what he wants in eight cases out of ten. Very few



people indeed can resist a cleverly written letter.

In the old times, when there was no civil service, and Congressmen made their appointments to West Point at their own sweet will, an applicant's fate was often decided by his letters. There is a story told of Thaddeus Stevens, a famous statesman of thirty years ago, that he once rejected an applicant for admission to the military school. This applicant met him one day in a corridor of the Capitol and remonstrated violently: "Your favoritism is marked, Mr. Stevens," he said, "you have blasted my career from mere party prejudice."

The legislator retorted: "I would not give an appointment to any blasted fool who spells 'until' with two 'll's' and 'till' with one." And the disappointed aspirant went home to look into his dictionary.

Such trifles as this make the sum of life. A man's letter is to most educated people an index of the man himself. His card is looked on in the same light in polite society. But a man's letter is more important than his visiting card, though the character of the latter cannot be altogether neglected.

It is better to be too exquisite in your carefulness about your letters than in the slightest degree careless. The art of letter-writing comes from knowledge and constant practice. I should as soon think of deliberately making a blot on a fair page as of sending away a poem to be printed if I had not written and rewritten it at least twenty-five times.

If I feel the necessity of such care, how much more ought you? Your letters now ought to be as careful works of art to you as a man's poems are to him. Intelligent—remember I say *intelligent*—care is the basis of all perfection; and perfection in small things means success in great. In our world the specialist, the man who does at least one thing as well as he can, is sure to succeed; and so overcrowded are the avenues to success becoming that a man to succeed must be a specialist, and know how to do at least one thing better than his fellow-men.

If you happen to have a rich father, you may say: "It does not make much difference, I shall have an easy time of it all my life. I can spell 'applicant' with two 'c's' if I like and it will not make any difference."

This is a very foolish idea. The richer you are, the greater will be your responsibilities—the more will you be criticised and found fault with—and you will find it will take all your ability to keep together or to spend wisely what your father has acquired. The late John Jacob Astor worked harder than any of his clerks; in

the street he looked careworn and pre-occupied; and he often lamented that poor men did not know how hard it was to be rich. His hearers often felt that they would like to exchange hardships with him. But he **never**, in spite of his sorrows, gave them a chance. It is true, however, that a rich man needs careful education even more than a poor man. And even politicians have to spell decently. You have perhaps heard of the man who announced in a letter that he was a "g-r-a-te-r man than Grant."

Usage decrees certain forms in the writing of letters; and the knowledge and practice of these forms are absolutely necessary. For instance, one must be very particular to give each man his title. Although we Americans are supposed to despise titles, the frequency with which they are borrowed in this country shows that we are not free from a weakness for them. You may have perhaps heard of the old story of the man who entered a country tavern in Kentucky and called out to a friend: "Major, come and have a drink!" Twenty Majors at once arose and followed him to the bar!

You will find that if you desire to keep the regard of your friends you will be careful in letter-writing to give each man his title. Every man over twenty-one years of age is "Esquire" in this country. Plain "Mr." will do for young people—except the youngest "juniors" who are only "Masters"; everybody else, from the lawyer, who is rightly entitled to "Esquire," to the hod carrier, must have that title affixed to his name, or he feels that the man who writes to him is guilty of a disrespect. A member of Congress, of the Senate of the United States, of the State legislatures, has Honorable prefixed to his Christian name, and he does not like you to forget it. But a member of the British Parliament is never called "Honorable." When Mr. Parnell and Mr. William O'Brien, both members of Parliament, were here, this rule was not observed, and they found themselves titled, much to their amazement, "Honorable."

Except in business letters, it is better not to abbreviate anything. Do not write "Jno." for "John," or "Wm." for William. "Mister" is always shortened into "Mr." and "Mistress" into "Mrs.," which custom pronounces "Missus." If one is addressing an Archbishop, one writes "The Most Reverend Archbishop;" a Bishop, "the Right Reverend," and a priest, "the Reverend,"—always "the Reverend," never "Rev."

Titles such as "A. M.," "B. A.," "LL. D.," are not generally put on the envelopes of letters, unless the business of the writer has something

to do with the scholarly position of the person addressed. If, for instance, I write to a Doctor of Laws and Letters, asking him to dinner, I do not put LL. D. after his name; but if I am asking him to tell me something about Greek accents, or to solve a question of literature, I, of course, write his title after his name. A man who would write Mr. before and "Esq." after another man's name, would chew a tooth-pick in the street, put his feet on a window sill, or amuse himself by trying to spit across a room, to find how often he could hit the same spot.

To put one's knife into one's mouth means social exile; there is only one other infraction of social rules considered more damning, and this is the writing of an anonymous letter. It is understood, in good society, that a man who would write a letter which he is afraid to sign with his own name would lie or steal. And I believe he would. If he happen to be found out—and there are no secrets in this world—he will be cut dead by every man and woman for whom he has any respect. If he belong to a decent club, the club will drop him, and he will be blackballed by every club he tries to enter. By the very act of writing such a letter, he brands himself a coward. And if the letter be a malicious one, he confesses himself in every line of it a scoundrel. A man capable of such a thing shows it in his face, above all in his eyes, for nature cannot keep such a secret.

Another sin against good manners, which young people sometimes thoughtlessly commit, is the writing to people whom they do not know. This is merely an impertinence; it is not a crime; the persons that get such letters simply look on the senders as fools, not as cowards, nor scoundrels.

Usage at the present time decrees that all social letters should be written on *unruled* paper; and that, if possible, the envelope should be square; an oblong envelope will do, but a square one is considered to be the better of the two; the paper should be folded to fit under. The envelope and the paper should always be as good as you can buy. Money is never wasted on excellent paper and envelopes. It was one of the marks of a gentleman to have his paper and envelopes as spotless and well made as his collar and cuffs.

A man ought never to use colored paper, or paper with a monogram or a crest or coat of arms on it. If you happen to have a coat of arms and a crest keep it at home; anybody in this country who wants them can get them. White paper and black ink should be used by men; leave the flowers and the mongograms and

the pink, blue, and black paper to the ladies. It is just as much out of place for one of us to write on pink paper as to wear a bracelet.

Bad spelling is a social crime and a business crime, too. No business house will employ a young man who spells badly in any important position. He may become a porter or a janitor, but he can never rise above it if he cannot spell.

In social letters or notes, one misspelt word is like a discord in music. It is as if the big drum were to come in at the wrong time and spoil a cornet solo, or a careless stroke ruin a fine regatta. When dictionaries are so numerous bad spelling is unpardonable, and it is seldom pardoned.

One of the worst possible breaches of good manners is to write a careless letter to anyone to whom you owe affection and respect. Nothing is too good for your father or mother—nothing on this earth. When you begin to think otherwise, you may be certain that *you* are growing unworthy of affection and respect.

There is a story told of one of the greatest soldiers that this country ever knew, who, though he happened to fight against us, deserves our most respectful homage; this brave soldier was the Confederate General, Sydney Johnston. A soldier had been arrested as a traitor on the eve of a battle. The testimony was against him; there was no time to sift it, and General Johnston ordered him to be shot before the assembled army. A comrade who believed in him, but who had no evidence in his favor, made a last appeal. When the soldier was arrested, he had been in the act of writing a letter to his father. He begged this comrade to secure it and send it home, giving him permission to read it. The comrade read it and took it to General Johnston. It was an honest, loving letter such as a good son would write to a kind father. It was carefully written; General Johnston read it, expecting to find some sign of treason there. He read it twice; and then he said to the comrade: "Why did you bring this to me?"

"To show you, General," the soldier answered, "that a man who could write such a letter to his father on the eve of battle could not have the heart of a traitor."

"You are right," General Johnston said, after a pause, "let the man be released."

He was released; and later it was discovered that he had been wrongly suspected. He was killed in that battle. Such a son would rather have died a hundred times than have such a father know that he had been shot or hanged as a traitor!

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

## Rambling Remarks.

BY A PROSY OLD GENTLEMAN.

## I.

## ON THE DEGENERATION OF OPTIMISM.

Is there anything known in this world, more disagreeable than the man with a weakness for congratulating everybody? I don't mean the person who appreciates a good thing when it is said or done, and who speaks a kind word to encourage honest emulation; no: it is the man with the meek bearing; the man who goes about apologizing to the world for his existence; who sees no good in himself, while he recognizes prodigious genius in the most indifferent actions of another—that's the man you must avoid if you wish to get through life with any comfort.

He starts up at every corner, this excessively amiable friend; and lo! how painful the meeting if he have not whereupon to congratulate you! Perhaps it is because he never has joys of his own that he is thus persistent in sharing the joys of others; at any rate, he never misses an opportunity of felicitation. Instinctively the ready hand protrudes, the muscles of the face disclose the most consummate innocence, and there is a kindly light in the eye which you cannot but appreciate; so you extend your hand with the utmost gravity, wondering exceedingly, the while, why you are submitting to all this mysterious ceremony. At length it comes out that an unpremeditated jest or an idle pun is the cause of your meek friend's enthusiasm, and you go away pondering mightily what disastrous results betide your luckless wit.

Nor is the ubiquitous congratulator wanting in college circles. In fact, it is here he finds his peculiar *habitat*—the "place of his dwelling where he flourisheth." There are so many occasions for congratulation in school-life—the celebrations, the numerous speech-makings in the societies, the recurrence of birthdays and feast-days—and he feels it a solemn duty never to miss such an opportunity of assuring a friend how much rejoicing is occasioned by some happy event, and what exalted hopes of his future are entertained. I have seen a sympathetic friend wait aimlessly about, with his eager eyes fixed immovably in the direction whence the object of his search must emerge, and none but he who has felt the inconvenience of such devotion could know how great was the admiration which inspired it. When at last the unhappy victim flashed on the scene, the hungry look was trans-

ferred to the new-comer's face, and a guileless smile lit up the features of the waiter. Then, for the first time, the truth of Milton's verse is questioned, and divers irreverent mutterings are heard about the immortal bard who sings:

"He also serves who only stands and waits."

A phase of this intemperate admiration is shown in young scribes who are superlatively courteous in the press reports of local happenings. When I first appeared on the stage of Washington Hall to act an exceedingly humorous part in an entertainment, the most poignant grief I had to endure was partly, of course, a modest apprehension of the *furor* my fine acting would create; but more alarming still was the anticipation of the excessive praise which would certainly be bestowed upon me. I may add, however, that my fears were groundless, for the only remark at all capable of favorable construction was the ambiguous declaration that I had been "*generously* applauded," and some invidious persons insisted that even this was a very doubtful compliment.

An old friend of mine, expatiating, *more sensum*, on the disadvantages of excessive amiability in criticism, was reproached by an optimistic young fellow as having designs on the happiness of others, and as wishing to inflict needless pain. But when the old gentleman, who, like most people of advanced age, still enjoys a full share of oratorical prowess, pointed out the dangers of this false optimism—how it makes young men to be satisfied with mediocrity, how it establishes a delusive standard of criticism, etc.—the sanguine youth was fain to withdraw his forces, having been routed ingloriously.

Matthew Arnold taught the need of objective impersonal appreciation in a discourse entitled "The True Function of Criticism," which he prefixed to a volume of his essays. But even the testimony of this great literary autocrat can scarcely add to the sincerity of our detestation of a vice whose evil effects are everywhere evident. There is consolation, however, in the thought that the complimentary young man is only a temporary excrescence, and that he must soon set out in the direction indicated by Horace Greeley. This reflection should be rendered doubly attractive by the conjecture that as the amiable young man is the legitimate successor of the gruff and grizzly youth, so, too, we may piously hope that the young man of the future will be truthful—a supposition, it will be seen, which would endanger the existence of many gentlemen of the learned professions, such as lawyers, doctors, and newspaper men.

## Obituary.

—With deep regret we record the death of Master ROBERT ADLER, of Goshen, Ind., which sad event occurred on the 9th inst. The deceased was a student of the Minim department, and was generally esteemed for his amiability and goodness. The afflicted relatives have the sympathy of his teachers and classmates with the assurance of the happiness of the loved departed.

## Local Items.

—Founder's Day!  
 —Where is that music box?  
 —The lemoncolic days have come.  
 —Remove the tureen from the corridor.  
 —That new magic clock is a perfect success, indeed!

—The Brownson Hall men are hard at work preparing for Founder's Day.

—A new design for the Bulletins is being considered by our local artists.

—Literary and dramatic societies were organized in Brownson Hall this week.

—All are looking forward to Monday with feelings of mingled joy and gratification.

—Lost.—A small locket. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same with J. E. Berry.

—The Rev. R. Maher, C.S.C., returned to Notre Dame on Tuesday after an extended trip to Ireland.

—The Director of the Library desires us to thank Rev. Father Kent and Professor Howard for valuable contributions of books.

—The results of the first competition in the Preparatory are very satisfactory. Next week we shall hear from the Commercial men.

—The runners who intend to take an active part in the sports here on Founder's Day went into active training on Tuesday morning.

—Those "ominous" telegrams as to the vice chairmanship of the "World's Fair" Educational bureau were, to say the least, misgiving. *Verbum sap.*

—Rev. P. S. Murphy, S. J., of New York, and Rev. John Murphy, C. S. Sp., of Pittsburgh, Pa., were welcome visitors to the College during the week.

—The meeting of the St. Cecilians, on last Wednesday evening, was quite interesting, many of the new members appearing for the first time in debate.

—The University Cycling Club's riders, who intend taking part in the races on Founder's Day, may be seen busily training at almost any "rec" hour.

—Mr. D. Sheedy, of Denver, Colorado, was a welcome visitor to the College this week, and his many friends here were sorry that his stay was so short.

—Prof. James F. Edwards has received from the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton another collection of valuable documents which will form an important addition to the historical department.

—It is earnestly hoped that St. Edward's Park will preserve its beautiful appearance until after the 13th. All the students take great interest and pride in that delightful little park.

—A committee of the Philomatheans, under the supervision of their President and Professor M. F. Egan, has been appointed to perfect arrangements for the first public appearance of their society, which will take place at the usual time in December.

—Rev. President Walsh, Vice-President Zahm, and Dr. M. F. Egan were in Chicago on Wednesday in attendance upon the conference in regard to the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair. Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding and representatives of various colleges were present.

—With the Philodemics in Sorin, the Columbians in Brownson, the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians in Carroll and the Sorins in St. Edward's Hall, who will not say that the University has its full quota of literary societies? To the members of all we say: let us hear from you often. We shall be always glad to report items of interest from your organizations.

—The Carroll Hall boys, following closely in the footsteps of the Brownsonites, intend to organize a wheel club and have bicycle races on Founder's Day. Master Arthur Funke will probably win the ordinary race, while Master Bates is liable to win the contest for safeties. It must be remembered that Frank Cummings will not ride in the safety race as he will run under the University Cycling Club colors.

—A very interesting meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philademic Society was held last Saturday evening. Rev. Director Walsh, owing to the pressure of other duties, resigned his office, and presented the Rev. A. B. O'Neill as the Director of the Society. The appointment was very acceptable to the members; but at the same time, unwilling to sever their intimate relationship with Father Walsh, they unanimously elected him Honorary Director. Then, under the direction of Father O'Neill, the society proceeded with the regular order of business.

—At the second regular meeting of the University Cycling Club, called to order by the President, Bro. Paul, Mr. W. B. Hennessy introduced the subject of holding races on St. Edward's Day. They will be as follows: one mile class race for safeties, one mile class race for ordinaries and a five mile race open for both the safety and ordinary wheels. The one mile races will be run on Notre Dame avenue and the five mile race on the Brownson Hall campus. Mr. R. W. Colton was admitted to active membership and Frank S. Cummings to associate membership.

—At a meeting of the Columbian Literary

and Dramatic Society, held on the 4th inst., the following officers were elected for the scholastic year: Rev. M. J. Regan, Director; Prof. Gallagher, President; T. J. McConlogue, Vice-President; L. M. Sanford, Recording Secretary; R. C. Langan, Corresponding Secretary; John Lesner, Treasurer; Hugh Carroll, Censor; F. J. Walsh, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the election of officers, the chairman made a few remarks relative to the welfare of the society. The Columbian Society has amongst its members the best talent in Brownson Hall, and under the guidance of its able President, it bids fair to be the leading society in the University.

—The Class Honors and List of Excellence in the Preparatory course appear in the present issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Under the head of "Class Honors" will be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction during the past month in all their classes of the course named; while in the "List of Excellence" appear the names of those who have received the highest percentage in the branch named, according to the competitions which are held in the course once a month. No doubt those students who have not been fortunate enough to have their names appear this time will make an extra effort during the present month to secure a mention either under the head of "Class Honors" or "List of Excellence."

—We congratulate our esteemed Col. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, on the merited recognition recently received from the President. The following, from the *South Bend Times*, is *apropos*:

"President Harrison has appointed Col. William Hoynes, of Notre Dame, A. H. Mahone, of Charleston, W. Va., and Isaac Fennimore, of Mount Holly, N. J., Commissioners to negotiate with Turtle Mountain band of Chippewas, North Dakota. The appointment of Col. Hoynes to this position comes in the nature of a complete surprise. Whether or not he will accept the proffered honor depends upon the probable time required, and the colonel's ability to make satisfactory arrangements at the University. It is needless to say that if the colonel finally decides to accept this important trust he will perform the duties thereof faithfully, honestly and intelligently. Great care is usually exercised by the powers that be in selecting commissioners for such purposes, and if the other two selections are approximately creditable, the commission of which Col. Hoynes is to be a member will be among the best that could have been chosen."

—The St. Cecilians met on Saturday evening, Oct. 4th. The exercises were highly interesting and very creditable to the participants. P. Murphy read an entertaining paper on the "Advantages of a Debating Society"; Mr. Fitzgerald spoke at some length on the Irish poet, the late John Boyle O'Reilly. Papers were also read by R. Boyd, C. Scherrer and C. Fleming. A humorous reading by Fred Schillo and a declamation by M. Quinlan, were prominent features of the evening's exercises. Last Wednesday evening, there being no special programme, the members participated in an extemporaneous debate. Arguments were advanced on both sides of the question, but no

decision was reached. Jos. Kearney, F. Carney, F. Cummings, John Ayer, W. Burns and Elmer Scherrer were elected to membership.

—That we have not the team of last year was made painfully evident in the games played with South Bend's newly organized, but exceptionally strong club. However, we certainly have plenty of good material, and may hope to meet these same gentlemen under more favorable circumstances in the spring. The following is the score for the two games played:

#### FIRST GAME.

NOTRE DAME:—1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1=2

SOUTH BEND:—0 2 1 0 0 0 4 0 0=7

Batteries: Long, Combe; Brandenburg, Ivory. Base-hits: Notre Dame, 2; South Bend, 4. Errors: Notre Dame, 7; South Bend, 3.

#### SECOND GAME.

NOTRE DAME:—0 1 0 1 0 1 3 0 0=6

SOUTH BEND:—2 2 0 0 5 0 1 2 1=13

Batteries: Long, Combe; Brandenburg, Ivory. Base-hits: Notre Dame, 9; South Bend, 6. Errors: Notre Dame, 6; South Bend, 4.

—A reception will be tendered to Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame, to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, in honor of his Patronal Festival. The exercises will take place in Washington Hall according to the following

#### PROGRAMME:

##### PART I.

Overture—Crown of Gold..... Herman University Orchestra.

Grand Chorus—Rataplan, (La Figlia del Reggimento) University Choral Union.

Festal Greetings from the Senior students—J. E. Berry

Recitation—"St. Edward's Day"..... Lamar Monarch

Solo—Esmeralda..... P. Gifford

Festal Greetings from the Junior students..... R. Boyd

Duet from the Bohemian Girl..... Balfe

University Orchestra

Festal Greetings from the Minims, J. O'Neill, G. Scherrer W. Scherrer

##### PART II.

#### "THE RISING OF THE MOON."

A dramatic episode of the late war, by Prof. M. F. Egan.

##### Dramatis Personæ.

Captain Edward Arden, U. S. A..... J. S. Hummer

Captain Tom of "Crawford's Tigers"..... N. J. Sinnott

Ted—a Drummer boy in "Crawford's Tigers" J. E. Berry

A Sentinel..... J. R. Fitzgibbon

Two Soldiers, U. S. A..... L. Monarch, F. Schillo

Grand March for Retiring..... N. D. U. C. B

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Brelsford, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Cavanagh, Cartier, Clayton, L. Chute, F. Chute, J. Doherty, Fitzgibbon, C. Gillen, L. Herman, Hackett, Hummer, Hoover, P. Murphy, Morrison, J. McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, Prichard, Paradis, Paquette, Prudhomme, Rothert, Reynolds, E. Scherrer, Schaach, O. Sullivan, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, J. B. Sullivan, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Butler, Blameuser, Bell, Benz, Bundy, Barclay, T. Coady, Cassidy, Castanado, Correll, Combe, Cunningham, Connolly, P. Coady, Cottley, Dela Pena, Dechant, Dahler, Jno. Dougherty, Dinkel, Dacy, Field, Frizzell, Flanigan, Fleming, Flynn, Guertin, Gillen, Gruber, Grove, Green, Grothous, Hawthorn, Hospes, Heinemann, Hennessy, Hauske, Houlihan, Hubbard,



Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, Jackson, C. Keyes, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Keenan, Kyle, Kelly, Layton, Lorie, Lesner, Miller, Myler, Mozier, McCabe, Mauly, Mock, Mug, Mitchell, Mahany, Maurus, Magnus, F. McKee, Masi, McConlogue, McGonigle, O'Keefe, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Otis, Otero, Powers, Paris, Phillips, Parker, Priestly, F. Robinson, Richardson, Roper, Rebillot, Roberts, Ramsey, Stanton, Schwarz, J. F. Sullivan, S. Scholfield, Sanchez, Sanford, J. Sinnott, Spalding, Smith, V. Vurpillat, Vidal, Vital, Waugh, Wright, Wall, Wood, White, Weakland, Zeitler.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Booher, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, B. Bates, Boyle, Casey, Cole, Carney, Connor, Connor, Cregier, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Cummings, Chassaing, Dierkes, DuBois, Drumm, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, DeLormier, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Arthur Funke, Fox, Gibert, Gerlach, Gillon, J. Greene, G. Gilbert, A. Greene, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Hoerr, Haddican, Hahn, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kaumeyer, Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Molitor, McCartney, A. McPhillips, Mattes, McCarthy, Monarch, H. Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Mara, Pomeroy, Palmer, M. Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Roper, Reilly, Scallen, Sugars, Sommers, Stokes, Schillo, Stapleton, E. Smith, Treff, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Vandercook, Weinmann, Welch, Zinn.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Adler, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Bixby, Burns, Blake, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapoton, Cross, Croke, Christ, Drant, S. Donnell, L. Donnell, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Henneberry, Howell, Jonquet, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsberry, T. Lowrey, Longevin, McPhee, Myers, Maternes, McGuire, McInyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Pellenz, Peiser, Paul, Ransome, Ronning, Rose, Russell, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Wolff, Wilcox, Warburton, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Zoehrlaut.

\* Omitted by mistake last three weeks.

## Class Honors.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Bundy, Bell, Kearns, Blameuser, Richardson, Houlihan, Karasynski, W. Newman, Sullivan, McErlain, Zeitler, Layton, Phillips, McCabe, Myler, Dahler, Mauley, Vandercar, Rudd, Vidal, Hauske, Massi, McGonigle, Coady, Lesner, Butler, Corrigan, Gerlach, Hack, Foley, Booher, Bergland, Nichols, Dierkes, Hill, Burns, Ball, C. Connor, W. Connor, Ruesch Heinemann, Falk, Stokes, Hertges, Hoerr, Vandercook, Scherrer, Funke, Hagus, Jackson, O'Mara, Lorie, Quill, Anson, Dorsey, Green, Thornton.

## List of Excellence.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

*Latin*—Messrs. Des Garennes, Foley, McCabe, Kearney, Keough, V. Vurpillat, Maurus; *Greek*—Messrs. Dechant, A. McPhillips, Kearns, Burns, Leo, Quinn, Flynn, McDonald, J. Fitzgerald, Hennessy, Lauth; *Algebra*—Messrs. Roper, Quinn, Burns, Kearns, McCabe; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Ball, Gerlach, Massi, Reilly, Vandercook, Bundy; *Grammar*—Messrs. Roberts, W. Nichols, Dierkes, Vandercook, Kaumeyer, Barclay, Hubbard, Richardson; *Hospes*, Frizzele, Heineman, Mug, Vandercook; *Reading*—Messrs. Bundy, Massi, Richardson, Martin, Brown, W. Connor, Yingst; *Orthography*—Messrs. Richardson, W. Connor, Spurgeon, Stokes, Vandercook; *Geography*—Messrs. Bundy, Myler; *United States History*—L. Richardson.

## St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Among the recent visitors were Mrs. Thos. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cummings, of Chicago; Mrs. D. Ferguson, Mr. L. Ferguson, of South Boston, and Mr. Frank Murphy, with his sister, Mrs. Cumming, both of Omaha.

—The First Senior literature class scored a success last week in the first competition of the session, of which the Misses L. Nester and K. Morse were captains. Not a failure was recorded and at the expiration of the hour, the class adjourned in jubilant spirits.

—Not to be outdone by their elders, the Minims now boast a study-hall in point of decoration, etc., second to none at St. Mary's. Here vines and flowers, pictures and newly-varnished desks vie with each other in rendering attractive this abode of innocence.

—The large attendance at the French and German classes shows the interest taken by the pupils in the study of these languages. Even the classic Latin finds devotees who dare to brave the difficulties attending its study, which, after all, vanish as they are approached.

—The Feast of the Holy Rosary was observed with fitting solemnity, all the Catholic pupils receiving Holy Communion at the first Mass. At eleven o'clock the entire rosary was recited by the members of the society, which must have found favor in the sight of Him whose Eucharistic Presence was adored throughout the day.

—After the distribution of "points" on Sunday evening, Miss Farwell read, in a voice clear, distinct and musical, a number of sweet and very appropriate stanzas, given below, entitled "A Blessed Chain," after which Rev. Father Scherer said a few words touching "Woman's influence" and the wisdom of early cultivating habits of self-denial.

—During the recent sojourn at St. Mary's of the Vicar General of the Utah diocese, Rev. Father Kiely, the different classes were visited by him, and the proficiency of the pupils tested by questions appropriate to their respective grades. The ingenuity of the Rev. gentleman in finding questions calculated to tax the thinking powers of the pupils seemed inexhaustible, yet his presence in each class-room seemed to put every one in good humor.

—The universal regret felt at the absence of Very Rev. Father General from the reading of the first number of *Rosa Mystica* was changed to joy on Rosary Sunday at the sight of St. Mary's venerable Founder, who is convalescing so rapidly as to permit a drive through the precincts of St. Mary's. The Minims, always especially dear to his heart, stood upon the side steps of the academy, and at first sight of their beloved Father clapped their little hands, and in their childish voices bade him welcome. At

the front entrance the Seniors and Juniors vied with the Minims in extending a cordial welcome to their venerated friend, and in every face could be read the genuine delight his presence afforded. Prayers, many and fervent, have gone up to Heaven from loving hearts at St. Mary's for his complete and speedy restoration to health; and now all are confident that soon the academic reunions will be graced and blessed by the presence of Very Rev. Father General, whose kindly words of praise and encouragement have been sorely missed.

### A Blessed Chain.

We have heard of iron fetters  
Binding men to loathsome cell;  
And of horrors 'neath slave's bondage  
We have heard poor victims tell.

We have seen how high ambition  
Binds a man to toil for fame;  
And we know how chains of evil  
Draw the soul to sin and shame.

We have known of golden wires  
Holding in their close embrace,  
Hearts that chafed beneath the network,  
Yet who wore a smiling face.

There are bonds we would not sever,  
Chains of friendship and of love;  
These we gladly wear as symbols  
Of a lasting joy above.

But there is a stronger circlet—  
And it binds the heart and soul—  
Holding all our fears and longings  
Under gentle, sweet control.

Ah! we love this holy bondage,  
Never seeking to be free  
From the chain that binds our spirit—  
'Tis Our Lady's Rosary.

First a chain of purest metal,  
Good intention's priceless gold,  
Must be formed, if we would have it  
Strong enough the gems to hold.

And the beads that stud the circlet  
Are beyond mere earthly price;  
Pearls, that symbolize the teardrops,  
Formed in shell of sacrifice.

Then bright rubies, typifying  
Acts of child-like, earnest love;  
And clear emeralds, fitting tokens  
Of the hope that leads above.

Next upon the chaplet precious  
Is a diamond sparkling bright;  
'Tis the heart's deep faith undying  
Shining still 'mid clouds of night.

Then the topaz and the opal—  
Little acts of virtue rare—  
Nestling in the golden setting,  
Form a chain of loving prayer.

This we offer to our Mother,  
Who presents it to her Son;  
Thus thro' Mary are sweet graces  
For our weary souls e'er won.

Mother Mary, take our chaplets  
That with love we give to thee;  
Bind our hearts to thine still closer  
With each whispered Rosary.

Holy Mary, hear our pleadings  
As we bend a suppliant knee;  
For, behold! as Queen we hail thee  
Of the holy Rosary!

### Foundations.

Ruskin, whose word-paintings are so enchanting, has written of Venice and of Venetian architecture in such graphic terms that the "mirage in the lagoon" and the spires and towers, red, gold and purple in the sunset, are as really before our minds in the perusal of his lines as if we were entering the "City of the Doges," and beheld the beautiful "Bride of the Sea." For how many centuries, we think—as in fancy we gaze upon the quiet waters of the grand canal—has not that calm surface mirrored those domes and turrets with their delicate tracery! How many generations have not glided along those watery highways, beneath the shadows cast by those same graceful spires that seem to stretch out shadowy arms in benediction over the shimmering streets. Sculptured arches, tessellated roofs, and columned porticoes win admiration from even the passing visitor; but to the reflecting mind, there is a greater power of attraction in the sea-laved foundations that for centuries have withstood the ceaseless washing of the waves, and which support to-day, as firmly as of yore, the magnificent structures which make of Venice an enchanted spot.

Ah! well did those Venetians—whose prowess formed goblets of crystal so fragile that they shattered before little more than a breath—know how to build a city steadfast as the mountains of Carrara in their marble strength. What a significant lesson is here conveyed! For not only in the architecture that rears mighty palaces and domes, but in the fashioning of all human projects, does the superstructure we build depend for its strength, its perpetuity, upon the foundations we lay. All our plans, our designs, should begin with a study of foundations; then might we hope to hear it said of our work. "All below is strength, all above is grace." Firmness of foundation is an essential in all processes of growth, and endurance is secured only by attention to the groundwork.

So to the originators of all great designs, of all great thoughts and all great movements do we offer higher honor, heartier praise than to those who carry on a work already begun. To lay a foundation supposes toil. Genius and its powers notwithstanding, stirring and untiring efforts must characterize the work of a pioneer

in any movement; and to this energy of action, patient, humble and persevering toil must be added if the founder would win success.

Foundations are often but the groundwork of a man's monument; for while the generations that succeed him admire the massive structure that rears its head towards the skies, they fail not to think of him who cemented, perhaps with his life-blood, the foundation stones on which rests the symmetrical building whose comforts and beauty they enjoy.

In organizations of all kinds, special honor is ever shown those who were prime movers; and in nearly all educational institutions is "Founder's Day" celebrated with great rejoicing. This is as it should be; for surely, we owe a debt of gratitude to those who devoted their best efforts to promote measures tending to our advantage. The spirit of the times is not one of grateful reverence to the world's benefactors; so the celebration of anniversaries, such as "Founder's Day," must have a wholesome influence over the minds of the young in whom nothing is more charming than a spirit of gratitude and reverence.

Seldom does it happen that the founder of an institution sees his design so far completed as to promise security in the accomplishment of his aims; yet, such is the privilege accorded Very Rev. E. Sorin, the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame University and of our own loved St. Mary's; and to the pupils of these institutions should it be a matter of rejoicing that they are honored to be under the immediate guidance of him whose life-work they are enjoying.

Ruskin tells us that the old architect of the Cathedral of Bourges loved hawthorn, so he covered the arches with his lovely May favorites, and so beautiful were they that one would be tempted to gather the sprays but for fear of the thorns; so has the spirit of Very Rev. Father General shown itself; for evidences of his special devotion, love for the Blessed Virgin, are to be seen on all sides. The lake, the groves, the walks, the buildings, bear Our Lady's titles. No stone was laid that was not to her honor; and from the beautiful statue crowning the College dome to the quiet retreat of "Our Lady of Peace," everything serves to remind one of Mary Immaculate, and as if this were not enough, her name is carried far and wide in the sweet pages of the *Ave Maria*.

Waves of time may roll, but foundations laid under the waters of affliction, and built up in the name of Mary and under the shadow of the Cross, must withstand the storms that wash out into the deep structures built upon the sands.

Long may it be the privilege of St. Mary's children to offer to Very Rev. Father General their greetings on each recurrence of "Founder's Day;" and may the life of every pupil who has ever come under his paternal influence be a structure leading to lasting mansions!

HELEN NACEY (*First Senior Class*).

## Roll of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Anson, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Beach, Brady, Breen, Bradford, Clarke, Coleman, Charles, Chase, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cochrane, Campbell, Cowan, Crilly, Cooke, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, Du Bois, L. Du Bois, D. Davis, Donehue, M. Donehue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Farwell, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hanson, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Horner, Kimmell, Kingsbaker, Kirley, Kieffer, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, C. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, Murison, McCormack, Mulaney, McCune, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pengemann, Quinlan, Quirk, Quinn, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Root, Rizer, Ruger, Rose, Spurgeon, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Tipton, Violette, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowski, M. Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Waldron, G. Winstandly, B. Winstandly, Young, Zahm.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, A. Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, M. Bachrach, Boos, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Campbell, Culp, Coady, Clifford, Crandall, Cowan, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, K. Hamilton, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, N. McGuire, Mabbs, McLaughlin, Meskill, Mills, Mestling, O'Mara, Quealy, Robbins, Scherrer, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, Soper, N. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, E. Wagner, White, Wurzburg.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.

## Class Honors.

### LANGUAGE COURSE.

#### LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

2D CLASS—Misses Griffith, M. Roberts M. Smyth.

3D CLASS—Misses Kimmell, S. McGuire, A. Thirds.

#### FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Deutsch.

2D CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Balch, Hurff, M. Schermerhorn, D. Davis, Bero, Nester, Lynch, Howe, Chase.

3D CLASS—Misses McFarland, Clarke, Sanford, Bassett, Fitzpatrick, Dennison, A. Ryan, Dempsey, Roberts, M. Hess, Maude Hess, Byrnes, Hamilton, Violette, Murison.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Tormey, Young, Evoy, M. Moore, Hickey.

4TH CLASS—Misses Buck, E. Du Bois, Breen, McCormack, Clayton, Doble, Galvin, Hanson, Wile, S. Smyth, Kirk, Wagner, Eisenstädt, Holmes, Brady, Bunbury, Gilmore, Fitzsimmons, N. Moore, Charles, M. Denehue, H. Van Mourick, Kelley, Pengeman, Whitmore, Patier, K. Ryan, A. McPhillips, Campbell.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, L. McPhillips, M. Egan, M. Hamilton.

#### GERMAN.

1ST DIV. 2D CLASS—Misses Deutsch, Lauth, F. Moore, Nickel, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, K. Morse, Quealy.

2D DIV. 2D CLASS—Misses Spurgeon, M. Hess, Wile, Nacy, Beach, Niemann, Fehr, Minnie Hess.

3D CLASS—Misses Currier, E. Adelsperger, Kellner, L. Eisenstädt, M. Wagner, M. G. Bachrach.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Kasper, C. Kasper, Green, N. McGuire, Schaefer, Farwell, Fossick, O'Mara, Stokes, Churchill, Root, M. Moynahan, Boos, Augustin, N. Schermerhorn, M. Hess, Kingsbaker.

5TH CLASS—Misses Haitz, Kirley, E. Dennison, Coleman, Witkowski, L. Du Bois, Cohoon, Quinlan, Kieffer, R. Butler, L. Adelsperger, Johnston, Allen, Bartholomew, M. H. Bachrach, O'Leary.