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In Memoriam.

Yes, rear a stately column to the sky,
'Twill tell to later times that in our day
Not all of chivalry had passed away;
But still there lived who honored purpose high,
And would not willingly let wholly die
The friend of humankind, whose songs for aye
Shall noble souls incite to join the fray
Where weaker brothers sound their battle-cry.

But rear the column for our sake, nor deem
He needs a monument who still lives on
In countless lives that glowed beneath his beam,
And shared his glory as it brighter shone.
His fame is shrined in myriad hearts that bled
When came the tidings: "Boyle O'Reilly's dead."

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

There is a mystic chain that winds around
this gray old earth and binds man and man to-
gether, and its links are throbbing human hearts.
The reach of human sympathy is bounded only
by the limits of mankind; and so from the north
land and the south land, from the West and
from the East, there came a sob of sorrow when
O'Reilly died.

In this widespread grief there is a deep sig-
nificance. Here was a branded felon; a man
without wealth, without title, without civil power,
and yet the whole Christian world thrilled with
keenest anguish at his death.

Mighty Cæsar might have envied him this
unsought tribute of affection. Poets and ora-
tors and kings have died, and have been mourned
with empty rite and ceremony; yet such grief
is but the formal sorrow of the lips—is sadness
without tears. But when O'Reilly was claimed

by jealous Death, patriotism mourned a devoted
knight; the oppressed a valiant champion, and
the fraternity of Christian manhood bewailed
a brother's loss. Why did we love O'Reilly?

It was not because of his genius, for genius
alone never kindled a single spark of affection;
it was not because of his benevolence, for open
charity is a dubious virtue, and, though liberal,
he was never rich; it was not even because of
his patriotism, for patriotism is narrow, and
claims the regard of one's countrymen alone.
It was not because of any of these that we loved
him—it was because of all of these and more.
We loved him because he loved mankind, be-
cause he battled for the lowly; we loved him
because he was an unselfish, noble, manly man.
His character was uncommon and his career
unusual. His ardent Celtic nature needed but
the environment of youth to make him the dar-
ing patriot that he was. For him danger was
a joy. In his veins leapt the bounding vitality
of youth; in his great Irish heart there dwelt
an unselfish love for Ireland; and it is not strange
that before he had grown a manly beard he had
dared death for his country's sake.

At an age when most young men still linger
on the threshold of home, tenderly mindful of
the past, eagerly hopeful for the future, he had
already torn himself from the parental hearth,
and was striving to aid unhappy Ireland. But
England envied her sister Isle the possession
of so handsome and sturdy a son, and soon she
claimed him as a delicate morsel for her gaping,
insatiable prison maws. England could deprive
O'Reilly of his liberty, but she could not sup-
press the generous sympathy of his Irish heart.

A hundred years and more ago a number of
American prisoners had died in Dartmoor jail,
where O'Reilly was imprisoned; and the British
with brutal carelessness, had buried them in

graves so shallow that the prison pigs soon uprooted their remains; the noisome vultures feasted on them, and their bones were left to whiten in the sun. The sympathy of the warm-hearted Irish boy was touched at the shameful sight, and, forgetful of his own grief, he decently buried the sun-bleached skeletons.

Little did he, a despairing prisoner, think that the fame of that generous deed would reach across the seas to win for him the gratitude of a people with whom he was soon to seek a refuge and a home. Dartmoor prison was cheated of its prey. O'Reilly's sturdy limbs were not to wither in a prison cell, nor his ruddy cheeks to blanch in a dungeon's darkness. He was soon transported from his English prison to a penal colony in Australia.

Two weary years he passed in that wild, strange land; then he determined to escape. Others, with more phlegmatic temperament and with less daring, might endure to wear their lives away in the monotony of penal labor; not so O'Reilly. The vigor of impetuous manhood thrilled in his pulses; he longed to be free; even death would be more tolerable for him than penal servitude.

In the darkness of a February night he eluded the vigilance of the guards and gained the bush. All that he suffered in that long time that he lay hiding in the trackless maze of an Australian swamp, none but God and himself can ever know. Half famished, and with bruised and bleeding feet, he had almost abandoned hope, when one morning there fell upon his ravished ear the sweet cadence of a song—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." It was a preconcerted signal, and told him that succor was at hand.

I need not dwell upon the story of his escape. He struck off forever the shackles of England, with the aid of a grand old priest—Father McCabe,—and in an American ship he came to America. Was it the justice of fate that a priest of the faith that he followed so stanchly, and a vessel of the nation that he lived to love and serve, should have been the instruments of Providence in effecting his escape?

But I must close. John Boyle O'Reilly, the journalist, the patriot, the poet, is as well known to you as to myself. He was the best type of a true Bohemian—liberal without thriftlessness, sanguine without levity, brilliant without pride. How beautifully has he said:

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;

But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn.
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made."

Ireland, thy night is almost past. Already the East reddens with the dawn of the coming day. Soon the sun of a prosperous peace shall rise to dissipate the dark shadows of discord and oppression. Famine, like a whipped dog, shall slink away to its loathsome lair, and Ireland, free and happy, shall recall the sorrow of her past only when she bends in tears above the tombs of her patriots.

H. P. BRELSFORD, '91.

John Boyle O'Reilly as a Patriot.

The many sterling qualities of John Boyle O'Reilly have caused wide-spread wonder and admiration throughout our country, and every day sees new tributes paid to his memory. He had gained the love and respect of two prominent nations long before he died; and he was admired, not only by those of his own nationality, but by every American citizen who was acquainted with his romantic career and resolute character. His indomitable love of freedom endeared him to the citizens of this "land of the free," and his natural enterprize and energy made him one of the foremost among them. He landed here years ago, a poor Irish exile without money, without friends, without a home; when he died, a short time ago, he was a leader in Church and State—a man whose word commanded the attention of millions—and mourned by one of the most powerful nations of civilization. Such a career well illustrates the nature of the man upon whom England put the brand of a convict's infamy, but upon whom history will place the crown of a patriot's immortality.

We are all acquainted with the condition of Ireland during his early life. It was just before the Fenian uprising; and the exciting preparations which preceded that momentous but unfortunate affair were nearing completion. The Irish peasantry were again about to rebel against the tyranny of England, and the men who had endured every usurpation of their rights were ready to strike one more blow in defense of their homes

and families. O'Reilly early heard and saw the result of the conqueror's avarice. The history of his country was filled with stories of wrong and oppression, and the sacrifices and hardships of his fathers served to excite the innate spirit of patriotism in him. The cries of a down-trodden people appealed to his generous heart; and when the word was given and troops were raised he did not hesitate to join the ranks. To help the cause he joined a crack regiment of the English infantry with no other intention than to corrupt its discipline, and thus weaken its power. Whether his attempt was successful or not, his intentions were discovered, and after inquiry was made he was exiled.

Such, in a few words, was the outline of O'Reilly's work for Ireland; and when we contemplate the spirit he manifested during that distressing period, we find many examples of the noblest and most unselfish patriotism. The opportunities offered him to prove his love of country were many and trying. He was impressed with the miseries and wrongs of his people; he knew how they had suffered in the past, and he was convinced that the future promised but little relief. His was a fearless, almost dare-devil nature. The dangers which must follow his allying himself with his brothers could not deter him when he considered the necessity of action. The arrogance of England was intolerable, and the insults that were heaped upon the oppressed people of Ireland literally drove him to defense.

It is not often that we find a character so pure, a mind so noble, a patriotism so persevering. Almost every prominent man of history has had weaknesses that detracted from his fame; but in O'Reilly no such taint will ever be found. No one can question his motives; his actions were all directed toward the same end, and his thoughts were centred upon the welfare of his fatherland. America has been benefited by his life, and has appreciated his value. The record of his career will adorn the histories of two countries with new glory. The one can claim his birthplace, while it shall be the glory of the other to guard his tomb. He came from a land of heroes and martyrs. No other race can boast of such a galaxy of patriots or such a series of sacrifices.

From the time when tyrannic avarice first seized Ireland as a subject until the present, when we can see the beginning of the end, there has been an uninterrupted line of devoted supporters of her cause. And in pondering over that sorrowful but heroic history, and in speaking of the men who fought under the green flag

of Erin, we can unhesitatingly say that there was none more faithful, no one more earnest, and no one loved Ireland more than the man whose memory we commemorate to-night—John Boyle O'Reilly.

CHARLES CAVANAGH.

John Boyle O'Reilly, the Poet.

Some one has said: "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who writes her laws." It was well put, for often a nation is judged by her poetry. The literature of England before the time of Elizabeth was not remarkable, and the State occupied a low rank in the scale of nations; but now, try to count the numerous stars that shine in her poetical firmament, and notice how she ranks amongst the powers.

It is only after the first centuries of formation have come and gone that the poetry of a nation begins to take its place with the greater works of the world; but we must remember that, although we are in our first century, our literature began long enough before the revolution; and if any of our bards—let us say many—have found places beside the favored ones of the earth, we will say, in justice, that it was because the path was first marked out and beaten by the early colonists.

But we have to speak this evening of one whom, although not of us by birth, we delight in placing amongst the greatest of our American poets—John Boyle O'Reilly.

O'Reilly's life was filled with incidents that might well be turned to poetical account. Moved, while yet a boy, by the spirit of patriotism, he joined the army of his country's hereditary foe, and learned the art of war from the very ones whom he hoped later to overcome. But fate, iron-hearted, mocking his efforts, delivered this young Irishman over to the tender mercy of Great Britain's commanders who, finding him guilty of conspiracy, thrust him ruthlessly into prison.

Everyone knows what those prisons were; and it were useless for me to tell a tale of misery, of wretchedness and despair, and how the jailers, goaded on by a reckless disregard for human feeling, would hurl insult and invective at the woe-begone convicts; but confined in one of these, John Boyle O'Reilly wrote his first poem. Alone, terribly alone, with nothing to do, nothing to read, his mind was a constant prey to thoughts of earlier times, of smiling school-days and light-hearted companions. Ah! yes, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But he sought relief in writing, and the world is the richer. "The Old School Clock" was his first poetical production.

By a series of events, Mr. O'Reilly was finally landed in Australia—a convict with a sentence of twenty years. Woeful plight! But even here, feeling more deeply than prisoner ever felt before, the deep humiliation of his position, his mind found much to feed on, and in after days a volume of poems gave proof to the world.

Wherever he happened to be, hosts of friends were made to him, and out there in Australia—which, he says, has birds that do not sing, flowers that give no scent, and trees that bear not fruit,—in fair, drear Australia, he found a friend who was true to him, even a convict, a certain Catholic priest, who obtained for him shipping, and in a year after his arrival, he was off for the Southern seas.

A new life was opened up before him,

"And months of dreary joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts,"

he says,

"with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown."

And they sailed far and wide over the Southern seas.

"And so it was from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees, or boys, or flowers, or lips."

All this time his eager soul drank in the loveliness of nature, until "he would gaze and turn away, he knew not where, dazzled and drunk with beauty, and his heart reeled with its fulness."

Seven months were passed, sometimes in dreadful fear of capture—for the British had instituted a most rigorous search,—or more often in the enjoyment of perfect liberty, and then he made his way to our friendly shores. His life heretofore had been spent in accumulating material, now he begins to use what he has found.

His "Songs of the Southern Seas" is a collection of stories and legends done into verse, but polished and enriched with a wealth of language and imagery, as a rocky, uneven hollow is worn smooth by the constant action of a running stream. They are all fresh and life-like, something new to the world. He tell us—

"From that fair land and drear land in the South,
Of which thro' years I do not cease to think,
I brought a tale learned, not by word of mouth,
But formed by finding here one golden link
And there another, and with hands unskilled
For such fine work, but patient of all pain
For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
What might have been at first the golden chain.
It is not golden now: my craft knows more
Of working baser metal than of fine;
But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
I add these rugged iron links of mine."

And is not this account of his own work characteristic of genius?

But his best work came later—a small volume taking a name from one of its contained poems, "In Bohemia." The keynote of this work is love for humanity:

"Oh! I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp
of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land!"
he cries; or,

"I can feel no pride but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city,
But the patient lives of the poor."

His poems every one are pervaded with the intensest patriotism: they are tender, fanciful, earnest, individual and manly. His noble heart is touched by the agonizing cries of suffering, helpless humanity continually rising, and his truest inspiration is drawn therefrom. He struck an effective blow at the

"Landlords and Law-lords and Trade-lords,"

when he marshalled against them the works of their own hands, the terrible growth of

"Communists, socialists, nihilists, rent-rebels and strikers."

To works such as these his natural intensity of feeling lent a peculiar force.

But will John Boyle O'Reilly live? We say yes. "The City Streets" will go down hand in hand with the later "Locksley Hall," and his simpler poems—"Unnamed Wavelets"—will be remembered as long as the melodies of Moore are sung.

When O'Reilly was called away in the full vigor of his manhood, America lost her most promising adopted son, and Ireland one of her staunchest patriots. I think that I could close in no more fitting manner than by quoting these two lines from his "Statues in the Block":

"And I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with love but sorrow."

W. I. MORRISON.

John Boyle O'Reilly, the Journalist.

Science, in her researches into the phenomena of nature, reveals to us the existence of two forces—centrifugal and centripetal. The centrifugal is that force which tends to throw a body from the centre around which it revolves, and hurl it headlong into space. Were there no counter-acting force, death and desolation would await us upon every hand. But, happily, there is a check. Nature's God has provided for every emergency. The centripetal force tends to draw

a body to its own centre, and thus preserves the harmony of the universe.

Now, we might liken ignorance to that centrifugal force; as one, if unchecked, would create disturbances among the stars and planets, the other would keep the soul in eternal darkness, or, at least, forever cloud it in mental twilight. However, if the centrifugal force has its opposite, so has ignorance. Education is that centripetal force which overcomes ignorance, keeps the mind within its proper orbit, and aids it in the realization of its own end. Whatever has a tendency to spread learning and morality among the masses is noble and praiseworthy.

To-day the press is the most prolific source of education, and journalism, as we understand it, is a high and an honorable calling. As the eastern sun, mounting its way heavenward, sends its rays in every direction, illuminating the earth to its utmost confines, so the press sheds the light of knowledge upon the darkest pathways of ignorance and vice. The press is the world's great civilizer. It moulds public opinion. As the helmsman guides the frail craft safely through the dangerous reefs and shoals of the deep, so the press, by its subtle influence, forms and directs the public mind, teaching it dangers which it must avoid and difficulties which it must overcome, and finally brings it to a haven of safety. The growth of the press has been something marvellous in our day. A century ago we could scarcely boast of a weekly edition; to-day every town of any note throughout this broad land sends forth its dailies and its weeklies. A thrifty press means a prosperous country; a courageous press means a government faithfully administered. But it is not our intention to deal with the press in general; it is rather our purpose to speak of the growth and influence of the Catholic press of the land; and in particular of one of her most gifted journalists—the late John Boyle O'Reilly.

Catholic journalism, in the United States as elsewhere, has been handicapped by the ignorance and unreasonable intolerance of its enemies. It is true that it is our fortune to have witnessed the dawn of a better day; but the perseverance and the heroic sacrifices of the sturdy pioneers in the craft must needs command our esteem and invite our emulation. The *Catholic Telegraph* ranks first in point of establishment; then the *Freeman's Journal*, edited by James McMaster; later, the *Boston Pilot*, founded by Patrick Donahue, which was to be the theatre of the labors of the departed O'Reilly. Hitherto none of these papers had been, in any sense, national; that is, although consistently Catho-

lic and American, they had not taken that stand upon questions of the secular world which of right they should assume. The "stars and stripes" were apparently forgotten in their zeal for the "shamrock" and the "blue and gold." In America a paper must, to a certain extent, cater to the tastes of its readers; and, however religious in its character, for the benefit of its patrons, it cannot afford to overlook questions of public moment.

In 1869 John Boyle O'Reilly landed in America, a fugitive from English justice. He had letters of introduction to prominent Irish-Americans who, with characteristic sympathy for one in distress, interested themselves in his behalf. The same year he began his journalistic career as a subordinate upon the *Boston Pilot*. He was a man of force and talent, and his sterling qualities soon won recognition. In 1870 Patrick Donahue became involved in financial difficulties, and the *Pilot*, passing into the hands of his Grace, Archbishop Williams, of Boston, O'Reilly was advanced to the position of editor in chief.

This was to mark a new era in the history of the *Pilot*. The new editor was in the prime of health and in the enjoyment of full mental vigor, and he soon infused his own energy and enthusiasm into the paper; the improvement was readily marked. This infusion of young blood and fresh vigor into the columns of the *Pilot* gave it a reputation and a prestige enjoyed by but few papers in the land.

Soon there was a higher tone of literary expression, and this element became a marked feature. Under the new régime, the *Pilot* became not only a newsy paper but a staunch journal for the propagation of Christian truths, expressed in forcible and elegant diction. Though John Boyle O'Reilly labored at a time when bitter controversies were fashionable,—when abuse and sarcasm were substituted for argument,—his noble nature shrank from such unkindly methods. His replies to the most bitter and unchristian attacks were couched in generous and forgiving language. Never did he pen a line which his friends would have erased.

He had a keen appreciation of right and justice, and was consistent in all he did. Suffering had chastened his spirit: he stood a champion of right, and he believed in its ultimate triumph:

"Though right's forever on the scaffold,
Though wrong's forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future;
And in the dim unknown,
Standeth God, keeping watch o'er His own."

The *Pilot*, under John Boyle O'Reilly's man-

agement, was eminently American. A devout Catholic and ever loyal to "old Ireland," he never for a moment wavered in his fealty to the land of his adoption. Mr. O'Reilly was possessed of a versatile genius, and was a valued contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals of a high standard. As an author, he ranks high. "Moondyne," a novel; "In Bohemia," a collection of short poems, and "Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," are some of the many works from his gifted pen. These are the monuments to his memory.

Though in no sense a great orator, he had a commanding presence, a fluency of expression and an earnestness of delivery which completely won his hearers. His great oration, "The Citizen Soldier," delivered on memorial day, 1886, before the Grand Army of Boston, stamps him as an orator of no mean ability.

O'Reilly was a true Christian; he carried his Christianity into his everyday life, and made it a part of himself. He died in the prime of life, in the very acme of his usefulness. In his death religion loses a brave defender, Ireland a loyal son, and America a gifted poet and an able journalist. And while we are bowed down in sorrow at his untimely death, we are consoled with the hope that his spirit, ennobled by every Christian virtue, has winged its flight to "those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead."

J. B. SULLIVAN.

A Noble Memory.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

There is no one of John Boyle O'Reilly's friends who can think of that August day on which he fell from them into the arms of that God whom he had served so well, without a renewed sense of loss as the months go by. No more will come to those afar from him the letter bearing the beloved handwriting that always symbolized kindness and encouragement; for O'Reilly believed and practised his own saying, that "kindness" was "good."

He was the most tolerant of men to the faults of his friends, and yet he saw them very clearly. When the time came for helping them beyond them, he held out his hand; and who could refuse such assistance in overcoming a fault which became evident in the light of a friendship as generous and tender as it was full of tact? If a man showed cynicism or bitterness in his utterance, mistaking it for cleverness, O'Reilly waited.

He did not call attention to it, as most critics would, in print; but in his next letter there would come a word, a hint; but the word or the hint would be luminous.

Criticism, and even censure, provided it came from one in whose good faith he trusted, was received by him with unaffected gratitude. When "Moondyne" came out, the present writer was asked to review it anonymously for a magazine of influence. There were some faults in it which an honest critic, who, being young, fancied that there was only one way of telling the truth, could not overlook. The only thing to do was, in his opinion, to refuse to print his review rather than wound a friend. But at the same time he felt it a duty to send his criticism, in the form of a letter, to O'Reilly.

"This ends our friendship," he remarked to himself; "O'Reilly will never stand this from a younger man."

He not only stood it, however, but seemed grateful for it. "I remember," he wrote, "being once on a long, forced march, with a crowd of convicts. It was a hot day; thirst made me almost mad with longing for water, when a kind native stepped forward and gave me a gourd. The fruit was bitter, but I went on refreshed." What future was not possible to a man like this? There was no petty vanity there; none of that sensitiveness which resents censure even from a friend and finds it unpardonable.

His letters brought sunshine. He could point out a defect with the lightest and the most unerring touch. "You are wise," he wrote, "to push aside the cares of newspaper life. I wish I could. I long for the quiet of home, away from the disquiet and responsibility of work in a great city. No matter what people say, go and make the best of yourself."

He seemed to care very little for praise, except in so far as it helped his work. He cared very much for the opinion of his friends, and seemed to like to quote them; but he looked out rather than in.

At a quiet little dinner—there were only two of us—he gave very freely his ideas of men and things. He hated *hatred*. He looked on fierce theological battles as being more of Antichrist than Christ. "Don't try to be a theologian," he said to a young editor: "be a Christian. We need Christians true to the great heart of the mother Church, rather than lay theologians, who put their own patchwork on the glorious purple of her garment."

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who knew O'Reilly, quotes words with the same ring in them. "I am a Catholic,"

wrote Mr. O'Reilly, "just as I am a dweller on the planet and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other Church; they are all just way-stations." Another advice he gave at the same time: "Do not make your 'leaders' too humorous. Humor is well in paragraphs, but wit is better. The mass of the people cannot be influenced by humor in serious-looking type. They do not understand it; it only puzzles them."

He spoke admiringly of his assistants, and seemed to know all the best poems of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche by heart. One could understand their loyalty to him when one heard him speak of them. Of Miss Conway he said: "She is poet and logician; she has the heart of a woman and the pen of a man." Of the Bostonians, Sullivan, Miss Guiney, and several others, he predicted great things; he lost all consciousness of himself when pointing out the good in others.

"Your poetry deserves all the good said of it," he wrote; "but do not make more simply because editors ask for it. Reticence will be your best friend, and I hope you realize this. If you cannot write from your heart or your convictions, don't write at all. You have a tendency to dig up old nails, not worth much, and to polish them until they shine. Do not do it any more. If too much praise has frightened you from writing much for fear that you may not realize Mr. Stedman's expectations, let this little bit of censure deter you from writing at all, if you cannot write about living things."

He was a thorough-going friend. He held to the people he believed in even when they appeared to be wrong. He helped his friends by that broad Christian optimism, which seemed as much to belong to him as perfume to a rose. His sympathies were so wide that he drew love from all sides. He disarmed ill-feeling with the tone of his voice. The most prejudiced of men, whose prejudices were generally founded on principles, and who declared that O'Reilly was "untheological," and therefore to be honestly abused, melted at the sound of his words, and declared that he was the best of good fellows, even if he did not know Père Gury by heart.

But he is gone—one forgets for a while, only to remember that the familiar envelope with the *Pilot* stamp upon it, and the clear writing, will never come again, bringing spring in winter and comfort in doubt. He is gone—but only a little ahead of us; and, thank God! our prayers can solace him. We are not hopeless or helpless:

we can stretch across to him helps far more potent than the clasp of hands or even the kindest of written or spoken words.

—*Ave Maria.*

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

Nature has provided for John Boyle O'Reilly a tomb worthy of the man. On the highest point of Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass., there crops out a ledge of rock whose base is in the foundation walls of the earth. Countless æons ago, the great glacial plane passed over this ledge, cutting its iron face and leaving a polished surface which the rains and frosts of thousands of years have hardly dimmed.

Grinding its way slowly over the reef, the mighty glacier left its indelible imprint behind, and left also an equally enduring memento of its passage—a giant boulder of conglomerate rock, fifteen feet high and, roughly speaking, about twelve feet square—seventy-five tons of weather-stained, time-defying, eternal rock. It stands on the crest of the picturesque height, a landmark conspicuous above all else in the neighborhood, solitary, massive and majestic.

It is to be the tombstone of John Boyle O'Reilly. No mark, save a single tablet let into its face, will be allowed to mar the severe simplicity of the noble monolith, which is nature's fitting memorial to God's nobleman. Mankind will honor him by a suitable work of man, in the city of his adoption; but this monument will stand for all time, imperishable as the fame of the man who sleeps beside it.—*Pilot.*

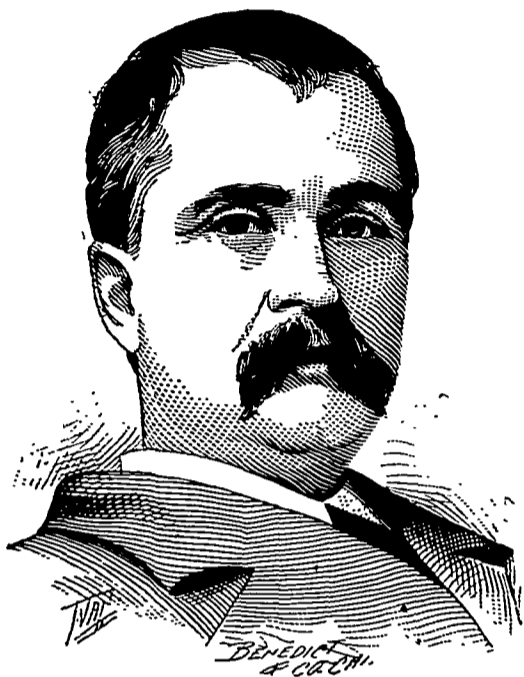
It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the amiable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though of course she possessed those qualities, for no woman is perfect without them. No; He admires her valor, courage, fortitude, and the sturdy virtue of self-reliance. He does not say, "Who shall find a gentle woman?" but rather, "Who shall find a valiant woman? As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." It is only heroic virtues, or virtues practised in an heroic degree, that the Church canonizes.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

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The John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial.

(Ob. August 10, 1890.)

On Thursday afternoon, the Class of '91 held memorial exercises in Washington Hall, in honor of the gifted journalist and patriot, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. The programme is given entire in our local columns, and its various features reflected great credit upon all who took part. Elsewhere in this paper will be found the addresses delivered on the occasion, and their perusal will, no doubt, prove interesting to our readers. The Class of '91 honored themselves in thus testifying their respect and esteem for the memory of one whose life was ever the reflection of true nobility of soul and unswerving fidelity to principle, thereby providing a grand exemplar to be set before youth. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the students before the exercises were concluded:

RESOLUTIONS BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to call to his reward the Patriot and Poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, and
WHEREAS, Ireland has lost a sturdy defender, America an honored citizen, humanity a loving son and the Church a faithful follower, be it

RESOLVED; That the students of Notre Dame University are deeply sensible of the loss patriotism and Christianity have sustained in his death, and that they beheld with heartfelt sorrow the untimely close of a career glorious with the prestige of past achievements, and brilliant with the promise of future accomplishments. Be it further

RESOLVED; That we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of the deceased, to the city of his adoption, to his compatriots and to the land that gave him birth. And be it

RESOLVED; That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

[Signed.]

H. P. BRELSFORD,
J. B. SULLIVAN,
M. L. REYNOLDS,
C. T. CAVANAGH,
W. H. MORRISON,
C. S. BURGER,
E. C. PRUDHOMME,
L. J. HERMAN,

J. S. HUMMER,
C. A. PAQUETTE,
F. PRICHARD,
J. A. WRIGHT,
E. M. HOOVER,
L. P. CHUTE,
C. J. GILLON,
J. E. BERRY.

Father Granger's Golden Jubilee.

We hope that we do not in any way offend by publishing the following communication, coming as it does from one holding a high position in the Community. It is a gentle reminder of an occasion which many an one would keenly regret to see ignored altogether. Of course, the wishes of the venerable Father—that there shall be no public demonstration—will be fully respected.

"AUSTIN, TEXAS, Dec. 1, 1890.

"DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

"A few days ago I learned from a member of the Holy Cross, with whom I am in correspondence, that good Father Granger, C. S. C., will be fifty years a priest on the 19th of this month. I further learned that he will not allow any celebration of this Golden Jubilee of his priesthood. At this I am not surprised; because when I knew him, in 1852, I knew one who was of a very retiring disposition, always keeping away from public notice. But I beg of you to publish these few lines so that at least the hundreds of Notre Dame students—yes, I might say thousands, dating back to the earliest days of Notre Dame,—may remember him in their prayers on that day. I know, besides, it will give great pleasure to his many friends to know that he is still well and zealous as ever in his holy work. My memory of him is among the sweetest of my recollections of college life, well-nigh unto forty years ago. He was the confessor of the students, and as such put hundreds on the right road to virtue and happiness.

"AN OLD STUDENT."

Papal Sovereignty.

Though there are certain other points in the history of the popes on which I should be happy to dwell at greater length, I must deny myself the pleasure of so doing, and shall therefore consider the services rendered by the pope-kings in the past only inasmuch as these services seem to indicate the necessity of their remaining kings in the future.

The first reason, then, that can be advanced in their favor is the justice of their cause, and the utter perfidy, faithlessness and contempt of right which have characterized those that have attempted to despoil them. The popes have a claim to sovereignty founded, not only on the justice of the means by which they acquired it

but likewise on a prescription of more than fifteen hundred years. What other dynasty can say as much save that they abused their power? The voice of history—the history not of the Roman states, nor of Italy alone, but of Europe and the world,—proclaims that never has such far-seeing wisdom, or such a disinterested spirit of justice, been applied to the management of human affairs as has been displayed by the popes, not during a particular period only, but for over fifteen centuries.

I do not claim to be an advocate of the right divine of kings to govern wrong. Possibly there are circumstances—which very rarely present themselves, if you will—in which blind, unfaltering submission, even to legitimate authority, kingly or otherwise, becomes a baseness, a crime, and a treason to humanity. I would not wish to deny the Italian people a right, for the simple exercise of which I feel myself at liberty to venerate as sacred the memories of a Hampden, an Emmett, or a Washington. When the Americans revolted against England, a manifesto of grievances was published to the world. On the contrary, the abolition of the temporal power of the popes was brought about by the cabals and intrigues of secret societies and by a corrupt press.

Pius IX. even at one time excited the alarm of conservative Europe by his zeal for reform. Louis Philippe, the Kaiser of Austria, and the Czar of Russia struggled to preserve the old ideas; Pius IX. was in the breach to inaugurate the new. What was his reward? Count Rossi assassinated in the streets of Rome, the city given up to a mob, and, in the name of liberty, the most frightful excesses unblushingly perpetrated.

Again, to excuse the spoliation of the pontifical territory, we are not unfrequently met with the argument of universal suffrage and the will of the sovereign people. I deny that in the present case universal suffrage has had anything to do; and I maintain that freedom of election was absolutely impossible when Rome fairly bristled with foreign bayonets, and her streets were filled with the scum of every capital of Europe. But we Americans are but too apt to place over-much reliance on the will of the sovereign people and to forget the deplorable consequences to which it has so often given rise. We forget that it was the clamors of a fickle populace that enthroned the Goddess of Reason on the altars of religion not one hundred years ago; we forget that it was the clamors of a fickle populace that hurled from the Tarpeian rock the savior of his country; that it was the clam-

ors of a fickle populace that visited the just Aristides with banishment, and that punished the innocent Socrates with death; and, “bloodiest picture on the book of time”; we forget that it was the clamors of a fickle populace that consummated a Deicide on Calvary.

If we are to invoke the principle of popular suffrage, who more likely to profit by it than the popes? In whose favor will the popular verdict be more frequently pronounced? Suffrages in their case—bear this well in mind—were not extorted by force or won by fraud, but were the spontaneous act of successive generations, who place or replace themselves under the guardianship of the Holy See with the most unequivocal marks of fidelity and devotedness. Let us remember, for instance, that Italy rose up in arms to prevent the assassination of Pope Sergius; that the Romans and the Lombards united to defend Pope Gregory II. against Leo the Isaurian; that the people of Spoleto and Beneventum protected Gregory III. against the attacks of Luitprand; that Pope Stephen II., on his return from France, was greeted with the title of “Savior of his Country”; that Adrian was requested by the people of Istria to receive them under his care and protection; that Sergius entered Rome yielding to the prayers of his people; that Leo IX., Alexander II., and Nicholas II., accepted the tiara offered by the emperor only after their election had been acclaimed by the Romans; that Gregory VII. was declared king and pope amid the acclamations of the clergy and the multitude; that Calixtus II. was delivered by his own subjects from the antipope Bourdin, and that in return he brought back splendor and abundance into the city which covered him with benediction.

Later on we find Alexander III. entering Rome amidst a people on their knees, and the impious attempts of Aragni against Boniface VII. punished by the Romans themselves; the seven popes of Avignon called back from exile by the voice of orators, of poets, and of saints; Gregory XI., in fine, re-establishing his throne in a city which had been brought to the verge of ruin by the absence of the popes, but which was filled with joy at the prospect of their return.

What eulogiums have been passed on the popes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries! What unequivocal marks of admiration and confidence did the sovereign people not heap upon them! Gregory VII. was proclaimed the friend of his country; Alexander VI. the people’s man; Julius II. the liberator of Italy, and Leo X. the father of the renaissance and of religion.

But not to go back so far, have we not seen

in our own days, in spite of secret societies and a perfidious press, the verdict of popular suffrage and popular acclamation passed three times in favor of Pius IX.—in 1846, 1850, 1857.

If popular suffrage is to be taken as the criterion of the justice of a monarch's claim, what must we think of a sovereignty which, like that of the popes, has for over a thousand years been acknowledged, and to which fidelity has been sworn in every city and in every village of his dominions at the accession of each succeeding pontiff; which has been regretted whenever eclipsed; hailed with acclamations whenever it reappeared, and which has never for one day forgotten either one of its rights or one of its subjects?

If the plighted faith of princes, coming to reinforce popular sanction, is deserving of any confidence, then what must we think of a sovereignty, like that of the popes, whose titles have been renewed from century to century by Pepin, Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnaire, Lothaire, Otho the Great, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick II., Rudolph of Hapsburg, Charles, Maximilian, and, in our own century, by the allied monarchs of all Europe in 1814, and again in 1849?

As the case now stands it may be briefly summed up as follows: If any throne in Europe was legitimately acquired, it was that of the popes. If any throne in Europe was filled by princes who deserved well of their subjects, of mankind, it was that of the popes. If in the annals of modern history there occurs any one instance more flagrant than all others of a violation of all principles of justice and right, it is the spoliation of the pontifical territory. What conclusion, then, are we obliged to draw? When a wrong has been done, justice requires that it should be repaired—that restitution should be made. When a dynasty has been unjustly dispossessed, it is only right that it should be reinstated. Such reasoning would hold good in the case of a purely secular and temporal dynasty; but—and this is the strongest argument we have to advance—the popes cannot be considered as an ordinary secular dynasty.

In favor of their sovereignty there are reasons, besides the simple pleadings of justice, which cannot be smoothed over or explained away. We may, indeed, admit that no princely race has received from Heaven the right of sovereignty for all time; that a race may be called, as was that of Saul, and afterwards rejected; we may admit that the well-being of no country is bound up with any particular dynasty,—though the state of England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, the present condition of

Spain, and the revolutions that have convulsed France for the past three quarters of a century teach us clearly enough how dangerous it is to interfere with the established order of things.

A merely temporal dynasty, we will suppose, is overthrown. A greater or less injustice has always been committed; more or less confusion ensues for a certain time; but, eventually, matters resume their ordinary course, and the probabilities are that no one is seriously injured.

In the case of the popes, however, we are not free to draw any such conclusion, unless the teachings of history have been entirely lost on us. And why? Simply because it is absolutely necessary that the pope should acknowledge no dependence in his own sphere, and because history proves that independence in spiritual matters is almost incompatible with subjection in matters political; because not only the religious, but also the political interests of Europe are bound up with the existence of the temporal power; because the action of faith and religion has always diminished in direct ratio with the temporal dependence of the pontiffs; because neither in the Middle Ages nor in modern times has the papacy been able to find a middle state between slavery and royalty; because this problem is to-day more difficult of solution than ever, and the popes have the liberty of choosing only between a throne and a prison.

The Church of Rome is not, and never can be, a state-church, made to work for the benefit of this or that monarch, of this or that political institution. She is Catholic; she is the Church of the human race. Her head can therefore acknowledge no dependence. In the language of an eminent French statesman: "Spiritual and temporal must remain united at Rome, that they may be kept apart in the rest of the world."

I will not, to illustrate this thesis, point out the debased condition of the Eastern Church, which for so many centuries has been slavishly subservient to emperor or czar. I will not show the patriarchs of Constantinople or of Moscow chosen, unseated, reinstated, at the nod of a capricious despot, and obliged to sanction every error, subscribe to every contradiction, and remain blind to every crime. Nor need I point to an archbishop of Canterbury receiving, or rather rejecting doctrines at the bid of a club of deists, or unbelievers, known as the Privy Council, until scarcely a dogma of Christianity remains untouched, or a sacrament goes unquestioned.

Of course, we need never apprehend such a fate for the Church of Christ. Founded on the rock of truth, we know that she never can depart from the teachings of Christ. But, nevertheless,

does not the present state of the Greek and Anglican Church tell her clearly enough what trials she would have to undergo, and what rude assaults she need expect? Did she need to be convinced, she would have but to consult her own history.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Football.

Football is obviously gaining in popularity, and bids fair soon to become an established national sport. A few years ago it was played only in two or three of the leading colleges; now it is established in all the colleges and in the preparatory schools. Moreover, it is getting a hold outside the college circles; athletic clubs in the cities have their elevens, and every year the game attracts a larger and larger audience from the miscellaneous public. The combination of discipline, individual skill, and brute strength which it calls for; the splendid fierceness of the game; the element of personal combat, which delights the savage instinct lingering in the breasts even of the most civilized among us—these qualities account for its growing popularity, and promise a vogue even wider than it now enjoys. There would be little rashness in predicting that within ten years we shall have in the great cities professional elevens like the professional base-ball nines, and that thousands will gather to shout themselves hoarse at the exploits of hired rushers and backs.

This prospect suggests some questions as to what will be the quality of the game when it is no longer exclusively in the hands of the gentleman amateur. It differs from sports like base-ball and cricket in some important respects. In the first place, violations of the rules of the game are easy, and give distinct advantages to the side that practises them. Thus, if you violate the rules by running ahead of a comrade of yours, who is carrying the ball, and harass the member of the opposing team who tries to tackle him, you help most effectively toward scoring. If a rusher "holds" his *vis-à-vis* in the rush line—*i. e.*, not merely blocks him by getting in his way, but grabs him and holds on—he enables his own half-back to get through so much more easily without being seized. This is "foul play," in the technical sense; and, unfortunately, there is also abundant room for foul play in the literal sense. If your opponent in the rush-line is an effective player, it is a fine thing to disable him by "winding" him, or gouging in the stomach, or strangling viciously when you tackle, or giving him a smart blow on the nose if you happen to know his nose is very sensitive (this illustration is from a notorious case). There is a constant suspicion by each party that the other side is trying to "lay off" its good players; sometimes the opposing rushers fall into regular fisticuffs, and in any game a

brutal fellow has abundant opportunities to abuse its possibilities.

Further—and this is another distinguishing feature of the game—the foul plays, technical and literal, are very difficult to detect and prevent. When the ball is put in play there is a confused mass of running, rushing, blocking players with heads, arms, legs, heels intermingled; and it is impossible for any umpire to see more than a small part of what goes on. The unfair or brutal player has more than an even chance of escaping detection; and, at worst, he will only be disqualified, and a fresh, unfatigued hand take his place.

Given these peculiarities, and given also the extraordinary feeling which the college public, graduate and undergraduate, has about the success of the college teams, and it is easy to see why the game, even in the hands of the gentleman amateur, tends to degenerate into a competition of underhand play and of "slugging." Not unfrequently it is tacitly understood that the referee is to close his eyes to fisticuffs, and to let the opposing rushers fight it out to their hearts' content. To such a pass had the sport come a few years ago that the Harvard faculty prohibited its undergraduates from engaging in intercollegiate matches, and removed the prohibition only when certain changes were made in the rules with the design of removing the objectionable features. The most important of these changes was the addition of a second umpire or referee whose special duty it is to watch the players; an acknowledgment of the absence of honor among gentlemen which gives the strongest evidence of the temptations to unfair play in the game. The immediate result was some improvement, but the improvement was not great, and promises not to be permanent. The spirit of the American youth, as of the American man, is to win, to "get there," by fair means or foul, and the lack of moral scruple which pervades the struggles of the business world meets with temptations equally irresistible in the miniature contests of the football field.

Transfer these conditions to contests between professional athletes, before the sort of public that now goes to the base-ball games, and the development is not likely to be in the direction of moderation. There is so much of the savage left in the average citizen that nothing draws like a prize-fight; and if we permitted gladiatorial shows they would be enormously profitable. If football reaches the stage in which base-ball now is it will be the slugging matches that draw, and the managers will respond to the demand. Possibly in the end its brutalizing effects will become such that, like the prize-fight, it will have to be prohibited by law. Meanwhile, the game grows apace; and the world is treated to the curious spectacle that the one absorbing question for the graduates and undergraduates of two great institutions of learning is whether eleven Yale boys can beat eleven Princeton boys at football Thanksgiving Day.

Local Items.

- Snow.
- "Thistles."
- Five minutes.
- Jing, ling, ling!
- Maturate fugam.*
- Where is the dog?
- Who is the culprit?
- Watch for the filaloo.
- Look out for the examinations.
- Those negatives were very fine.
- Two more weeks until vacation.
- Are you going home Christmas?
- He says he would rather not fall.
- Who is the author of "Thistles"?
- Look out for the duet in the last act.
- When will they come before the public?
- A. D. Sire is here for early examinations.
- And the wind blew through his whiskers.
- The "key" was found to the ghost story.
- He is very talented, but who he is, we wot not.
- Johnnie, Nemesis is on your track; get your gun.
- We hear a great deal of talk about the class in Photography.
- Carroll Hall has a new faculty. Mr. Girsch will answer all questions.
- This is an age of reforms—even the laureate of Watertown has subsided.
- The Band has added a few more pieces to its already extensive *répertoire*.
- What is the matter with the clock in Carroll Hall? It has a wheel in its head.
- What has become of the stereopticon entertainment spoken of a few weeks ago?
- That medley was way out of sight. So say certain Carrolls who had listened from afar.
- "Ice on the lower lake" was the welcome report of early explorers last Thursday morning.
- "I was a little nervous at first, but not at all afraid." How is it, inhabitants of the second flat?
- The "Malediction" is occupying a good deal of the recreation hours of our younger Thespians.
- The Carrolls are enjoying themselves with their old snow-plough under the charge of the third Prefect.
- The Kodak fiends took advantage of the beautiful sunshine last Thursday and captured several innocents.
- Next week we shall publish the names of the members of the Faculty comprising the boards of examiners.
- That photographer has, no doubt, made up

his mind to keep it dark; he has not made his appearance for some time.

—Much regret is expressed that the Irish envoys could not accept President Walsh's cordial invitation to visit our College home.

—The John Boyle O'Reilly memorial meeting was indeed a success, and well worthy of that pure and disinterested patriot in whose memory it was given.

—Prof. Albert F. Zahm was very seriously ill during the week, but is now happily recovering. We hope soon to record his complete restoration to health and his presence once more among us.

—KICKER: "How is it, Professor, that on my bulletin I have only 70 per cent. for English?"

PROF.: "In a moment of weakness I gave you 15 per cent. more than you merited. It will not occur again."

—The bulletins for the months of November and December will be made out in the course of a few weeks. We hope each one will see to it in time that his Christmas report will be a creditable one.

—The author of the essay on "Lamennais and His System," which appeared recently in the SCHOLASTIC, has received encomiums from distant parts. His article was a spicy one, and will bear close study.

—Well, now, this *is* something new. We have always thought that warehouses were made of brick or stone, but now our "friend John," comes boldly forward and announces that he has—a "paper warehouse." What next?

—The last of the competitions in the various courses for this term was finished during the week, and all efforts are now directed towards the examinations which will be held Thursday and Friday, December 18 and 19.

—The discussion to which the line "*Spectandum nigris oculis nigro capillo*" gave rise in one of our Latin classes the other morning was very interesting, and those who ventured an opinion on the matter showed themselves pretty familiar with ancient classic lore.

—Rev. President Walsh and Prof. M. F. Egan went to Chicago on Saturday last to attend the reception given the Irish envoys. It was deeply regretted that circumstances necessitated a change of plans on the part of the envoys which prevented them from paying the promised visit to Notre Dame.

—The Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, was a most welcome visitor to the College on Wednesday last. The distinguished prelate entered his nephew at the University, and addressed the students in words of timely and practical advice. We hope he will find time to visit us soon again.

—The promotions in the various classes for the next term will be made according to the results of the examinations and the advice of the Professor of each class. No class in the regular

courses can be discontinued before a certain average is reached, and consequently the notion that the mere attendance in a class for one term ensures promotion is false.

—Mr. Martin Prezezizienkowski of South Bend, Ind., says the *Boston Republic*, comes forward with important information and clears up a mystery. Mr. P., etc., says that names like his are not so hard to pronounce as at first glance they seem to be. He says that all such names have a great many silent letters, and when they are eliminated the pronunciation is within the reach of all. Therefore, what heretofore has been a mystery as to how any man, woman or child should be able to pronounce these names is no mystery at all. All you need to do is to write to one of these gentlemen and find out what letters in his name are silent and the work is more than half done. For instance, Martin's name is pronounced "Scuzz-ghin-koff-sky," and that is all there is to it.

—The tenth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society was called to order Wednesday, Dec. 3. After the reading of the minutes, Master Dorsey read a well-written paper on "Oratory as an Art"; Master W. Bates gave an interesting account of the "Impeachment of President Andrew Johnson"; Master J. Coll read a well-written essay on "Tariff, the Cause of Smuggling"; Master W. Gerlach gave a sketch of the "Life of Lafayette." Selections were also delivered by Masters J. Girsch, W. Dierkes and P. Wellington. Master P. Gibert amused his hearers by reciting a selection in French. The President then congratulated the members on their success in rendering their parts. On the whole, the meeting was a very interesting and successful one.

—At the John Boyle O'Reilly memorial meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Vocal Quartette..... "The Night"
Messrs. Berry, Howard, F. Chute, Hummer.
Oration..... "John Boyle O'Reilly as a Journalist"
Mr. J. B. Sullivan.
Duet..... "The Petrel's Cry"
Messrs. Steiger and Schaack.
Oration.... "John Boyle O'Reilly as a Patriot"
Mr. C. Cavanagh.
Duet..... "A Sail in Sight"
Messrs. F. Sullivan and Howard.
Oration..... "John Boyle O'Reilly as a Poet"
Mr. W. Morrison.
Duet..... "Home! Dearest Home!"
Masters Gifford and Gerlach.
Oration..... "John Boyle O'Reilly as a Man"
Mr. H. P. Brelsford.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, one of the best of our college papers, has entered upon its twenty-fourth year. The writer vividly remembers his entrance into "journalism" with the advent of the SCHOLASTIC. When it was launched upon the turbulent sea, its anticipated responsibilities were so great that it was deemed advisable to train a little regiment of editorial thunderers, and so the work was divided: three students assumed the grave editorial responsi-

bilities, and shared the herculean task of astounding their literary brethren. With the second number the writer of this became an "editor." From its pretentious beginning, the SCHOLASTIC has steadily progressed until it has become an authority in the college world. There may be a reunion of the original editors when the silver jubilee is celebrated.—*C. T. A News*.

—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held last Saturday. The exercises of the evening were, as usual, very interesting. Mr. J. Sinnott and Fred B. Chute answered questions, and a debate, "Has the stage an immoral tendency," was ably discussed by O. Rothert and C. Gillon in favor of the subject, and J. Wright and J. Berry on the negative. Arguments were put forth in such a manner, *pro* and *con*, by these gentlemen as to show how much good a society, like the Philodemics, will do for anyone; for one marked feature of this society is that every debate is argued with a great improvement on the one the same young men had an opportunity to speak on before. The points of the negative were the stronger, and a vote of the society decided accordingly. J. Fitzgibbon and H. Murphy spoke briefly on the subject under discussion, after which Rev. Director O'Neill made a few very appropriate and instructive remarks.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held in their society room, Thursday evening, the 27th ult. President Gallagher called the meeting to order. After the criticism on the previous meeting was read, Mr. Wood delivered a declamation in a manner becoming to a finished elocutionist. The debate was, "Resolved, that United States judges should be elected." Mr. O'Neill opened the debate with a good speech on the affirmative side; Mr. T. King followed, and defended the negative side with ability; Mr. Dacy spoke on the same side; his speech was the best of the evening. Mr. J. Sinnott closed the debate, and what points were lacking in his fellow debator's speech were furnished by him. The President, after carefully weighing each argument, decided in favor of the affirmative side. After this, a general debate, which has become one of the regular exercises of the society, was participated in by Messrs. P. Coady, Walsh, Monarch and Langan on the affirmative side, and Messrs. McConlogue, Ahlrichs, Cassidy and Allen on the negative. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, that sports are beneficial to students." After an interesting talk by the President on the general debate, the society adjourned.

—On Saturday last the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association of St. Edward's Hall duly commemorated the forty-eighth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame. Rev. President Walsh and others of the reverend members of the Faculty honored the occasion by their presence. The entertainment, always acceptable to the

venerable Superior, as the heartfelt testimonial of filial devotion on the part of his youthful protégés, reflected, as all present testified, the greatest credit upon those who took part in the exercises. The speakers in conclusion did not fail to compliment the "princes" in words that they know how to appreciate, coming from those who only give praise where it is due. Very Rev. Father General spoke at length and with a voice and gesture that would have done him credit forty years ago. After thanking the Minims—with a tone of sincerity and affection that could not fail to be understood by even the youngest—and complimenting them on the marked improvement he found in each of their little performances, he spoke of the early days at Notre Dame, paying a glowing tribute to the virtues of his saintly predecessors, the Reverend Fathers Baden and De Seille, to whose prayers he attributed the great blessings God had given to Notre Dame. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Greetings—Chorus—*Emerson*.....Vocal Class
C. McPhee, F. Ransome, F. Cornell, C. Furthmann, H. Hathaway, L. Trankle, E. Coon, A. Loomis, W. Scherrer, G. Funke, A. Crawford, W. Hamilton, G. Bixby, J. Marre, F. Brown, F. McPhillips, A. Ronning, G. Zoehrlaut, P. Stephens, F. Finnerty, E. Mestling, G. Chapaton, W. Allen, J. Curry—accompanied by V. Washburne.
Address.....W. Crawford, G. Scherrer, F. Cornell
Boulanger March (Piano)—*Rosewig*.....V. Washburne
Recitation—"Persevere"—*J. Brougham*.....T. Finnerty
"Chills and Fever".....H. Myers
Recitation—"Independence Bell".....W. Crawford
Medley (Duet).....Vocal Class
Recitation—"Pickwick's Dilemma"—*Dickens*, G. Bixby
Recitation—"Kate Shelley"—*J. Hall*.....P. Stephens
Recitation—"Mrs. Caudle's Lecture"—*D. Ferrolld*,
F. Cornell.
Air Suisse (Piano)—*Czerney*, F. Cornell, W. Hamilton
C. Krollman.
"Memorare" (Trio)—*Lambillotte*.....Chorus

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Brelsford, Bovett, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hackett, Hummer, Herman, Hoover, Hempler, Howard, Murphy, Morrison, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Prichard, Prudhomme, Paquette, Reynolds, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. J. Sinnott, C. Scherrer, R. B. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Benz, Burch, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, T. Coady, P. Coady, Colton, P. Crowley, J. Crowley, Cahill, Dechant, Dahler, Devanny, Dunlap, Flanigan, Gillon, Gruber, Gaffey, Hennessy, Hauske, Houlihan, Henry,* Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Kyle, Kelly, T. King, Lesner, Layton, Langan, Lindeke, Myler, Manley, Mug, Mitchell, Mahaney, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, Murphy, F. McKee, J. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, J. Newman, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Roper, Rebillot, Robinson, Stanton, Schwarz, J. F. Sullivan, Spalding, White, Wall, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.*

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, Brady, E. Bates, Blumenthal, Boyd, B. Bates, Boyle, Carney,

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Casey, Cregier, Connolly, Collins, Coll, Connors, Cudahy, Cummings, Chassaing, Dion, DuBois, Davidson, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Lormier, Ellwanger, Fitzgerald, Foley, Falk, Alfred Funke, Falvey, Arthur Funke, Fox, Gibert, Gillon, J. Greene, G. Gilbert, A. Greene, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Hake, Haddican, Howard, Jackson, Jewett, Kearney, Kennedy, Kawmeyer, Keith, Langevin, Leonard, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, McCartney, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, McDonnell, Mattes, H. Mitchell, Monarch, H. Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Payne, Pomeroy, Palmer, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Russell, Renesh, W. Regan, Roper, Reilly, A. Regan, Scallan, Sugars, Stapleton, E. Smith, Sutter, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Wellington, Wolff, Weinmann, Welch, Yingst, Zoehrlaut, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquil, ard, J. Coquillard, Cornell, Curry, Crandall, Cross, Chapoton, Christ, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Everest, Grant, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Henneberry, Howell, Jonquet, King, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbery, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Longevin, McPhee, McCloud, Maternes, McGuire, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, Nichols, J. O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Priestly, Pellenz, Piesser, Paul, Ransome, Rose, Russell, Stephens, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, Warburton, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Zoehrlaut.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Dechant, L. Gillon, O'Neill, Neef, Maurus, O'Shea, V. Vurpillat, P. Murphy, McAuliff, Correll, B. Bachrach, Blackman, Schillo, Dacey, McWilliams, McConlogue, Clayton, Sanford, Joslyn, F. Prichard, Combe, Fitzgibbon, Paquette, Hummer, O. Sullivan, Cavanagh, Heard, Burger, F. Vurpillat, Lorie, W. Roberts, F. McKee, E. Ahlrichs, A. Ahlrichs, H. Wood, Brelsford, N. Sinnott, Rothert, F. Chute, Reynolds, W. O'Brien, Allen, J. B. Sullivan, R. Sinnott, Hoover, Tivnen, L. Chute, DuBrul, J. M. Brady, Ross, Carney, Palmer, Quinlan, Ayer, Fitzgerald, Keough, Kearney, Wolff, C. Fleming.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Mr. C. Burger; *Logic*—Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Ahlrichs; *Latin*—Messrs. Brelsford, A. Ahlrichs, J. King, Marcyniak, Quinlan, Dechant, Fitzgerald, Hennessy; *Greek*—Messrs. Burger, Crumley, Santen, J. King; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Hoover, Paquette, Prichard; *Civil Engineering Drawing*—C. Paquette; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Burger, Brelsford, Cavanagh; *Descriptive Geometry*—Messrs. C. Gillon, O. Sullivan; *Calculus*—Messrs. O. Sullivan, Neef, Murphy; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Maurus, Quinlan; *Trigonometry*—Mr. Maurus; *Geometry*—Messrs. J. Fitzgerald, Dacey, Kehoe, Stapleton; *Algebra*—Messrs. Casey, Dechant; *English Literature*—Messrs. O'Rourke, James Fitzgerald; *English Composition*—Messrs. Greene, Gallagher, W. Hennessy, Manley, Healy, Walsh, V. Rebillot; *English History*—Messrs. F. Vurpillat, N. J. Sinnott, H. O'Neill, P. Houlihan, W. Hennessy; *Modern History*—Messrs. Hummer, Wolff, Dacey; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Kearns, Blameuser, Gallagher, Yenn, E. Scherrer; *Botany*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Maurus, Hummer; *Physiology*—Messrs. P. Hennessy, Santen; *Chemistry*—Messrs. O'Brien, Neef, O. Sullivan, Murphy; *Mechanical Drawing*—C. Mitchell; *Architectural Drawing*—Messrs. O. Sullivan, C. Gillon, E. Wolff, Jewett, Pomeroy; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. Gruber, Casey, Reilly; *Free Hand Drawing*—Messrs. Tong, C. Connor.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Welcome guests at St. Mary's are Miss B. Wilson, of Philadelphia; Miss M. Cawley, of Trenton, N. J., and Miss Maggie Hutchinson, of Chicago.

—Visiting St. Mary's during Thanksgiving week were: the Misses Lynch and Quill, of Chicago; Miss E. Dempsey, of Mainstee, Mich., and Mrs. B. Stokes, of Louisville, Ky.

—A competition, embracing the chapters devoted to Grecian history, was held last week in the Third Senior class. The Captains, Miss J. Zahm and Miss G. Lauth, acquitted themselves creditably; and, together with the Misses Chase, Donahue, Norris, Davis, Quinlan, Churchill, Charles and Cohoon, worked earnestly to make the contest a success.

—The first of the series of *musicales* to be given during the year took place on Tuesday evening, November 26. The Misses J. English, S. Ludwig, N. Morse, L. Nickel and C. Hurley showed great improvement, and will, without doubt, make their mark at the coming examinations. Miss D. Deutch's skilful playing of the Mandoline, accompanied by Miss Nickel, together with Miss L. Nester's harp solo, gave to the entertainment a charming variety. The vocalists of the evening—the Misses Bassett Wile, Balch and J. English—sang with much taste, eliciting no little praise, and proving their ability to make the vocal work 1891 a perfect success.

—At the academic meeting on Sunday last, after the reading by Miss H. Nacy of a poetical tribute to Very Rev. Father General, commemorating the anniversary of his first holy Mass at Notre Dame, the first number of the "Princesses' journal" was read by their representatives Bonnie Windsor and Helen Eldred. It contained a number of peculiarly striking articles, showing that the Minims look upon the practical side of things, even though the class poet was given a place in its columns; on the whole, so pronounced was its success that the Seniors and Juniors are hereby warned to look to their laurels. Very Rev. Father General, to whom it was dedicated, after expressing the pleasure it afforded him, called upon the Rev. Father Zahm to speak more at length on the subject, who complied with kindly words of encouragement.

—A visit to the fancy-work room betrays the attraction that draws so many of the young ladies to that department; for there may be seen in various stages of progress work plainly announcing that the holidays are not far off. Articles dainty in device and lovely in execution challenge admiration, prominent among which may be mentioned a sofa pillow in apple-green surah veiled by the misty bolting cloth,

on which are wrought, with rare delicacy, a number of wild roses; a fire-screen of black satin, in which the graceful palm tree is conspicuous, the latter worked in various shades of olive silk, and so artistically done as to leave nothing to be desired; here a centre piece for a dinner-table, wrought in the fashionable Roman embroidery, with doilies to match, attracts attention by its quaint prettiness, while toilet sets of all descriptions, their bright hued silks toned down by the ubiquitous bolting cloth, show that the dear ones at home are not forgotten.

A Treasure Divine.*

The poets have told us in heart-songs
That life is not measured by years,
That naught is of weight in the balance,
Save grief and its vintage of tears.

The soldier sings loud of earth's glory,
Hard won on the dread field of strife;
His laurels he flings in the balance,
And lo! 'tis his measure of life.

The miser gloats over his treasure,
And joys are unseen as they pass;
He coins his life's blood as he murmurs:
"Ah! gold is the sand of Time's glass."

And some hold the wine-cup of pleasure;
In madness its poison they drain,
While singing "Now, who shall deny us,"
Life's pleasures outweigh all life's pain!

Ah! all of life's pleasures Elysian,
All joys that our senses allure,
Are lost, when we place in the balance
One treasure that e'er shall endure.

'Tis the Mass, that Holocaust sacred,
Oblation of worth beyond price,
The offering that ransomed earth's sinners,
The sign of a God's sacrifice.

The words of a priest at the altar,
Just tremble a moment in air—
O'er a morsel of bread and a chalice,
Lo! Christ and His angels are there!

Then swift let us place in the balance
All joys that our bosoms have thrilled,
The loves and the friendships that gladdened,
The glory our yearnings have filled;

Rich gold of the long vanished ages,
And gems from the heart of the sea;
All fruits that have fed man's ambition
From glory's Hesperides-tree;

The knowledge of all of earth's sages,
The music the poets have sung,—
All, all that was wine to the spirit,
As wildly life's joy-bells were rung.

* Affectionately dedicated to Very Rev. Father General Sorin on the forty-eighth anniversary of his first holy Mass at Notre Dame.

Then, softly, as angels surround us,
With reverence we place in life's scale,
A soft whispered Mass said at day-dawn
Ere stars of the night have grown pale.

Ah! then is the scale-pan of pleasure,
Its burden of glistening dross,
Outweighed by the mystical offering
Of Christ on the tree of the cross.

And from the first beams of the morning
That steal like soft waves on the strand,
Till shadows of twilight close gather
And veil in dim grayness the land,

The joy-bells of Heaven are chiming;
Forgotten is sin and earth's pain,
For Mass-bells unnumbered are ringing,
With mercy and peace for refrain.

Ah! life, yea, and death, too, when measured
In scales held by power divine,
To be worth, need the baptism holy
Of Christ in the chalice of wine.

And you, our dear Father and patron,
Have held in your hands consecrate
That God who is Love and Redemption,
That God who assumed man's estate!

Oh! long may you still have the blessing,—
That blessing beyond all compare!
And when at the foot of the altar,
Loved Father, remember us there!

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bunbury, R. Butler, Brady, Breen, Bradford, Black, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cochrane, Campbell, Crilly, Cooke, Cooper, Call, Dority, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Mary Donehue, Dougherty, Dougherty, Evoy, Farwell, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Horner, Hughes, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, Mullaney, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pugsley, Quinlan, Quinn, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Ruger, Spurgeon, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, Sena, Thirds, Tipton, Tod, H. Van Mourick, Violette, Wile, Witkowski, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Whitmore, Wolffe, Waldron, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Campbell, Culp, Clifford, M. Davis, B. Davis, M. Fossick, Gilmore, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McGuire, Meskill, Mabbs, Reeves, M. Scherrer, S. Smyth, Soper, Schaefer, N. Smyth, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Finnerty, Girsch, Henry, McCarthy, McKenna, A. McPhillips, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, B. Windsor, Young.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses O. O'Brien, Dority.

1ST CLASS—Miss Gibbons.

2D DIV.—Misses Deutsch, McFarland.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Hurley, Ludwig, Nickel.

2D DIV.—Misses English, N. Morse.

3D CLASS—Misses Currier, Nester, A. Ryan, A. Tormey, Quealy.

2D DIV.—Misses Coleman, Dempsey, A. Wurzburg.

4TH CLASS—Misses Balch, D. Davis, Doble, B. Du Bois, Fehr, Fitzpatrick, Haitz, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, M. Smyth, Thirds.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Adelsperger, Bero, E. Burns, Churchill, Eisenstädt, Maude Hess Kellner, Kimmell, G. Roberts, K. Ryan, R. Van Mourick.

2D DIV.—Misses Bassett, Boos, Brady, Bradford, K. Charles, Clayton, M. Davis, E. Davis, Dennison, De Sena, Dougherty, L. Du Bois, S. Hamilton, Mollie Hess, Hutchinson, Kasper, McCune, N. Moore, Niemann, C. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Pugsley, Quinn, Reeves, Root, Sanford, Spurgeon.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Allen, Augustin, M. Burns, M. Byrnes, M. H. Bachrach, Campbell, Chase, A. Cooper, Daly, Margaret Donehue, Evoy, Fossick, Galvin, Graumann, Minnie Hess, Holmes, Hunt, Kelly, Kenny, A. Moynahan, Quinlan, Soper, M. Wagner, Witskowski, G. Winstandley.

2D DIV.—Misses Black, R. Butler, Cochrane, M. Cooper, Green, Hopkins, Kieffer, Lynch, McGuire, McCormack, M. Moore, Murison, Murphy, Norris, Naughton, Palmer, Rose, N. Schermerhorn, E. Smyth, Tipton, Tod, E. Wagner, Zahm.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. J. Bachrach, Bartholomew, L. Beach, Campbell, G. Cowan, Gilmore, Good, Howe, E. Hammond, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Mabbs, E. Meskill, M. Moynahan, O'Leary, Quirk, Ruger, J. Smyth, Yong, H. Van Mourick, Van Liew, Waldron, B. Winstandley.

2D DIV.—Misses Culp, Hickey, K. Hamilton, Kasper, L. McPhillips, B. Windsor.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Hamilton, Mestling, Schaefer, M. Scherrer, White.

9TH CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, Ella Burns, Crandall, Eldred, Otero.

10TH CLASS—Misses Finnerty, McKenna.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Nester.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss L. Du Bois.

5TH CLASS.—Miss C. De Sena.

6TH CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Stokes.

ORGAN.

Miss M. Schermerhorn.

VIOLIN.

Misses B. Du Bois, Anson.

GUITAR.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss M. Clifford.

5TH CLASS—Miss R. Butler.

6TH CLASS—Misses Breen, Tipton.

MANDOLIN.

Misses Deutsch S. Smyth, B. Du Bois, Nickel.

BANJO.

Miss A. Ryan.

The names of those not taking the regular course—are omitted in the above classes.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Horner.

2D CLASS—Misses English, Balch, Wile.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Bassett.

3D CLASS—Misses Allen, Buck, Howe, Eisenstädt, M. Fitzpatrick, Rentfrow.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses McFarland, M. Schermerhorn, Hutchinson, Hughes.

4TH CLASS—Misses S. Hamilton, Coleman, Cochrane, Gibbons, M. Smyth, Haitz, Stokes, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, M. Burns, B. Bonebrake.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Moore, M. Hess, Neimann, L. Young, Patier, Kasper, Kieffer, Clayton, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Rose, Boos, De Sena.