

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

No. 24.

A Sonnet.

The angry winds are howling fierce and loud,
The storm-clouds meet in combat overhead,
And darkness, such as once o'er Egypt spread,
Now covers land and sea, a dismal shroud.
On board the trembling bark an awe-struck crowd
Await their doom—perchance a watery bed
Far down among the cruel ocean's dead—
And women weep and manly heads are bowed.
Yet bravely bears the ship the frequent shock,
Nor leaves her course, though furious surges swell;
But shuns the beach and flees the hidden rock
Despite the winds that shriek her ruin's knell.
So fervent friends of Mary firmly mock
The fierce assaults and furious rage of hell.

A. M.

Francis of Assisi, Saint and Poet.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.,

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(CONCLUSION.)

But while the Platonic gallantry of the cavaliers and troubadours for their ladies resulted only in "plays of the intellect,"* Francis' love for his Lady Poverty brought forth some of the most passionate and impetuous poems that poetry knows. Christ, he constantly says, was always accompanied by poverty, and in her arms He died; should not we then love her? With the ardor of a saint and the passion of a poet he held up the emaciated figure of his Lady to the world; and the world—the luxurious, hating, avenging, and sordid world—was brought to revere her.

Francis began to see what the vision at Spoleto meant. During his father's absence he gave away everything that he could give to the

poor, and the gentle Pica did not find fault with him; for who ever saw a good or great son that had not a good or great mother? The lovely views around Assisi, which he had so passionately loved, no longer depressed him with mute questionings as they had done just after his sickness. He could wander in the fields again, cheerful and peaceful. After one of these walks he knelt one day in the old chapel of St. Damian and asked God to direct him. The Voice answered him, as he knelt at the foot of the crucifix: "Francis, go and rebuild My house which is falling into ruin."

Francis took the message literally. He had become as a little child in heart. He did not see that it had even a greater meaning. The house of God, whose foundation can never fail, was threatened on all sides by the lust of power and of wealth which had crept into the very sanctuaries. God, from the very lips of the crucified Christ, had called Francis to build up the walls of His Church. Francis, like St. Dominick, St. Bernard, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Catherine of Siena, was a true reformer, and a true reformer does not begin in bitterness or in railing; he does not tear down, he builds up.

Our Francis was like a child; he had heard the Voice of God; his way was clear; he threw down all the money he had before the good priest of St. Damian's, and going to his father's shop he chose some precious stuffs and sold them, with his horse, in Foligno. His father was away from home at this time. But what did that matter to Francis? Had not his father always given him whatever he had asked for, even when he was most extravagant? And why should the good Pietro, who would never refuse his French velvets and his Italian tissues to decorate a balcony during the carnival processions of the *Corti*, find fault when such stuffs

* Ozanam.

were used for a poor church at the command of God?

But he did, nevertheless. Messer Pietro had not heard the Voice; he could see the revels of the *Corti*, but he could not see his son's heart. It was well for the priest of St. Damian's that, fearing Pietro's anger, he refused the money. Francis then threw it into a window of the church; it was useless; and the priest, moved by his piety and sincerity, took him into his house.

Pietro descended on St. Damian's in search of the money, at the same time vowing vengeance on his son who had hidden himself. Pietro still believed that Francis had kept some of it; for how could any sensible man have sold at Foligno such rich stuffs for so small a price? Francis prayed and praised God for a month at St. Damian's, and then returned to Assisi.

III.

God gave Francis great comfort in those days; he found peace; he gave his will to God, and longed above all things to partake of the sufferings of his Lord. But how unlike the gay leader of the *Corti* he was now! Pale and worn—no longer "point device" in his dress—with unshorn hair and beard, the "flower of Assisi" was greeted as a madman in his native town. The son of the opulent merchant—and in those days a merchant of Pietro Bernardone's position was more powerful than many a noble,—the most brilliant of the gilded youth, had given up all to be poor and humble. This went beyond the understanding of all Assisi. It goes beyond the understanding of most of us to-day when a woman or man gives up the world and takes the vow of poverty. All Assisi said that the once splendid Francis was a madman. He was sneered and jeered at. His father, maddened by the taunts of the townspeople and the disgrace brought upon him by his son, beat him with his own hands, dragged him to his own home where he imprisoned him; but Francis rejoiced in this. Was there not One who had entered Jerusalem amid the waving of palm branches and left amid threats and contumely? Francis escaped through the kindness of his mother Pica. Pietro, returning again from a journey, appealed to a magistrate, Francis to the Bishop of Assisi, who advised him to give up anything he possessed, so that his father's anger might be appeased. "My Lord," said Francis, "I will give him all that is his, even my very clothes." He took off all his garments except a hair shirt, and laid them at his father's feet. The Bishop threw his own mantle around him. An old gown worn by a laborer was brought to him. He

dipped his hand in mortar and drew a large cross on it: "Pietro Bernardone, until now I have called you my father; henceforth I can truly say, Our Father, who art in Heaven; for He is my wealth, and in Him do I place all my hope."

After this terrible renunciation—this literal interpretation of the council to leave father and mother for God—he went into solitude; he praised his Lord in the woods, singing to his Brother the Wind and his Sisters the Birds his poems of the love of Our Lord in the sweet Provençal speech, which, in the beginning of his mission, was his preferred tongue.

And while he wandered through the snow, the blasts that bore it from the north howled around the comfortable chamber of Madonna Pica. On her heart fell the sharpest burden of this parting. Many a time she was to see him in Assisi, clothed in a wretched garment and with naked feet, begging stones from each passerby that the Church of St. Damian might be repaired. He carried the stones on his back, and repaired the breaches in the walls with his own hands, and all the while he smiled and sang and prayed tenderly and ardently. The folk of Assisi could not look unkindly on him long. None, except his implacable father and brother, could resist the sunshine of Cecco's smile. He finished his work on the Church of St. Damian, and began to repair that of St. Mary of the Angels, at the Portiuncula, the little place that he called home—the home of that Order which was to save all Europe to Christianity.

After Mass, on the eleventh of June, 1208, struck by the words of the Gospel of the day—the Feast of St. Barnabas—he tied a rope around his waist and began his mission of preaching the message of the angels, "peace to men of good will." He wore the brown robe, the garb of the poorest laborer of Umbria. This and the rope were all he possessed in this world. He who had loved the "baked sweetmeats," the delicious jellies, in which more delicious fruit lay embedded, like emeralds and rubies set in amber, went from door to door begging the poorest scraps of food that even the household hounds refused. His neighbors saw it with amazement, pity, contempt; but, by and by, the awful lesson of his sacrifice touched their hearts. He was living the life that their Creator had lived. After a time—seventeen years later—he passed away with the seals of Our Lord's approval on his hands, feet and side. The five wounds were stamped upon the body of the servant, and he suffered with his Master. Assisi would then treasure the poor, worn robe and the emaciated body as above rubies.

Francis found a tongue of fire; he went forth preaching. His first conversion was Messer Bernardo di Quintavalli, a scholar, rich, and high in rank; his third, Pietro di Catania, a priest. These two gave all their goods to the poor, and went to live in a wretched hut with Francis, near a hospital for lepers; for Francis loved these wretched creatures whom the whole world had forsaken.

IV.

The great Order of the Friars Minor—since known as Franciscan—began with these men. Monasteries existed, but no man had yet conceived a monastery like this in the hut. Francis drew up his rule. The poverty of his brethren must be absolute; they could neither have anything but their brown robe, with its hempen girdle and wide sleeves, nor could their community have anything. Other orders took vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; but the poverty of the Friars Minor was to be without alleviation. They were to beg and give away all they begged; to preach and minister to the poor, taking no thought of the morrow, like the lilies of the field.

What a contrast the life of these men was to the world around them! In Sicily, the Emperor Frederick II. lived among orange blossoms and fruit, amid flaming arabesques, mingled with the gilded curves of the pomegranate. He had given himself up to all the sensuous pleasure of a Mohammedan Paradise and to all the refinements of Saracen luxury. He scarcely believed in God; he wanted to be a philosopher after the manner of Marcus Aurelius, and to lead the life of an Epicurean. And yet, in the same land dwelt Francis of Assisi, no longer Bernardone! Even some priests, unhappily—as we see from that most charming record of the ways of St. Francis and his companions, the *Fioretti*,—had lost their way in seeking for gold, and the poor were forgotten because they had nothing to give. And the poor, with few to preach to them, and no power to read, were themselves forgetting the Lord of all.

Companion after companion joined Francis, who sang rapturous canticles in honor of his Lady Poverty, and preached words that burned and blazed. And yet he grew more like a child. It is only in the artless narrative of the *Fioretti* that we get the real impression of his wonderful simplicity and innocence. He, above all, was the disciple of the Infant Jesus. Like a child, he loved animals and flowers, and they had no fear and no thorns for him. The rose was to him a type of the Rose of Sharon; the lily, of the spotlessness of the Virgin Mother. "Ah!"

he cried out one day, as he saw a man carrying two lambs suspended by a rope—"ah, why dost thou torment my brothers the lambs in that way?" The man answered that he wanted money and that he was about to sell the animals to a butcher. Francis had just received a fine mantle from a good Christian, and here was a chance to get rid of it and to save the lambs. The man was delighted to get the mantle in return for the lambs. Francis took the pretty creatures in his arms, and, after some consultation, gave them back to their master, making him promise to take good care of them and never to sell them again. And, no doubt, the man, remembering Francis' trust in him, treated the lambs with distinction, and clipped their wool gently until they died. He loved all creatures that were weak, little, or helpless. But what a lesson was this in a time when tenderness to the lower creatures was unknown!

There is not the slightest doubt that he had a strange power over birds and animals. The hunted pheasant and hare rushed into the folds of his robe and felt safe. A great wolf had troubled the people of Gubbio, where St. Francis had ministered early and late to the lepers. The people had reason to fear the monstrous creature, for, like the dragon in the tale of Beowulf, he devoured human beings. But St. Francis, called upon by the citizens, met the wolf and remonstrated with him. And afterwards the brute became friendly with the people of Gubbio, and might be seen harmlessly wandering through the streets for many a day. When he went through a meadow, he had only to speak to his little sisters the lambs, and the whole flock left their shepherds and ran to him. These stories, and many more, are well attested, and may be found in the careful narrative of witnesses. But they are most delightful and fragrant when gathered among the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." One day, in the valley of Spoleto, he saw flocks of doves, crows and sparrows. He ran toward them, but they did not fly from him; and he saluted them, and asked them to listen to the word of God. "My brothers, the little birds," he said, "you ought to love your Creator particularly, and love Him always. He has given you feathers to cover yourselves, wings to fly, and all that you need. He has made you noble among all the works of His hands, and given you a place in the pure regions of the air. And without your having any need to sow or to reap, He governs and nourishes you without giving you a care." At these words the birds fluttered their wings, and he went in and out among them; and, as they

touched lightly against his robe, he blessed them. His companions were consoled and edified by the sight; but Francis accused himself of negligence for not having before spoken of God to the birds since they had listened with so much respect. Ozanam cites this as one of the instances where the poetic faculty of transfiguring all things by a divine light was shown by St. Francis.

St. Francis loved poetry and sang poetry. Miracles sprang up after him like flowers. When he touched the ulcerous and livid sores of the lepers they were cured. But what moves us most is not the miracles—they have been part of every saint's mission,—but the constant joy that shone from the eyes and the heart of the little brother of the poor, and the singing of all created things for him. One of his disciples, St. Bonaventure, says that when he spoke the name of Jesus it was as if he had heard some interior melody of which he wanted to retain the notes.

V.

There was no rule at this time which obliged Francis to seek the approbation of the Pope for the Friars Minor. But he hastened to Rome, and appeared travel-worn, barefooted, rope-girdled before the sovereign Pontiff. Innocent III. knew this world too well to imagine—from the point of view of worldly wisdom—that a poor, simple, and fervent poet could convert it. Innocent knew only too well how near the brink of vast losses the Christian world was. He would willingly have hoped in the fiery eloquence of the humble friar; but how could he believe that poverty would lead a land eaten up with avarice to long for the kingdom of Christ and to follow the evangelical counsels? He dismissed Francis, and then, warned by a dream, recalled him. As Vicar of Christ, he dared not refuse his countenance to a man whose only desire was to follow the way of evangelical perfection.

Blessed by the Pope, the Order grew. It became as a balm to the wounds of the world. The friars lived among the poor; they knew the poor; they spoke the language of the poor; they were utterly poor themselves; the little chapel of the Portiuncula, given them by the Benedictines, being all they had in the world, and it was a ruin. "If we are poor," said Francis to Pope Innocent, "we shall not need soldiers to protect us." Who, even in those troubled times, could rob men who possessed nothing? The time had come when Francis no longer sang in the language of France. He was the first of Italian poets to use the speech of the common

people, for next to his Lord and the virtue of poverty, he loved them. He gave the example to Dante, who likewise sang for the people in their own language, in spite of the remonstrances of lesser scholars.

We of the modern world have not yet sufficiently acknowledged our debt to St. Francis. It was he who saved literature from extinction among the people. There were great poets among the friars; he did not stipulate that his followers should be learned, but he taught them by example to respect letters. He would never destroy or tread on a written page. If it were Christian writing, it might contain the name of God; even if it were the work of a pagan, it contained the letters that made up the sacred name. And yet these friars, whose head showed such reverence for the written word, have been accused of fostering ignorance! Let us remember that the heaviest debt our literature owes is to the Italians; and that if St. Francis had never lived—if he had been a rude fanatic, a Calvin, a Knox—the Italian would never have acquired that exquisite form and symmetry which impressed all our poets from Chaucer to Surrey, from Surrey to Longfellow. Fra Pacifico, who had been a great poet in the world, was asked by St. Francis to reduce his own poems to metrical form. "St Francis," says Ozanam, "thus gave a great example of respect for those rules of art with which the best minds never dispense." And after him came the magnificent poet, St. Bonaventura, and Jacomino di Verona, and Jacopone di Todi, the author of the *Stabat Mater*. Dante, in the second canto of the *Paradiso*, did well to celebrate the glory of this man, from whose innocence and simplicity flowed the highest wisdom and the finest scholarship.

But, though the debt of literature to St. Francis is large, that of Christian civilization is larger. When he went to get the blessing of Innocent III., the people of Christendom were in sore need. They needed teachers of Christian truth and morals. They needed disinterested teachers whose example would give them faith in the Word of God. They wanted living pictures, for they could read no books. Heresy showed itself in high places; the emperor was at open war with the Church, and the Saracens in the pay of Frederick II. even menaced the town of Assisi. The crescent might any day glide above the cross, and Europe—if the people continued to drift away from the Word of God—might in time become Mohammedan. It was not impossible. The Crusades, after all, were defensive as well as offensive. The Sultan—whom St. Francis visited and filled with respect

—was neither far off nor powerless. Who could save Europe from Falsehood under a Christian mask, as represented by the mighty emperor, or Falsehood open and fanatical, as represented by the Sultan? Then there were a dozen hideous doctrines, made attractive to the ignorant easily dazzled by might and wealth and novelty. And so Innocent III., God-inspired, welcomed Francis; and thirty thousand zealous friars in a short time awakened souls and hearts everywhere, and Christendom was saved.

Christmas was the favorite feast of St. Francis; and he determined to celebrate it in a manner of his own. On a mountain near Greccio, he had a rough stable built into which rude figures of St. Joseph, Our Lady and the Infant Jesus were put. At midnight Mass was sung. The shepherds from all parts of the country crowded to the spot with their rough musical instruments. The ox and the ass, as at that blessed morning at Bethlehem, were tethered to the stalls. And while all were engaged in adoration, a heavenly Child came into St. Francis' arms and disappeared again. Thus was the beautiful ceremony of the crib celebrated. He knew well how to speak to the people; he knew neither shame nor fear; had he been less of the symbolism of a poet, he would have been less of a saint.

As I have said, he loved a poem; his life was an epic, though his arms were only those of the spirit. He regenerated Italy and the world; against the licentious novels of the day, his followers set the *Fioretti*, sweet, humorous, pure, poetical. At his death, he was still the poet. On the fourth of October, 1225, he asked to be let die like the poorest of God's poor. His brother gave as alms an old tunic; he asked to be buried on the Infernal Hill, near Assisi, where the worst of criminals were laid. "Sing," he said to the Brothers Leo and Angelo, "sing my 'Canticle of the Sun' that I may add a song in praise of my sister Death." After this they read to him the Passion of Christ. On his hands and feet and side they found the impression of the wounds of Christ; he had literally suffered with his Saviour and like his Saviour.

The lines he added to his poem, the "Song of the Creatures (*Cantico della Creature*)," or, as it is sometimes called, the Song of the Sun (*Cantico del Sole*), were on Death:

"Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art thou
From whom no living man escapes;
Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;
But blessed be they who die in thy sweet will,
The second death can strike at them no blow.
Praise, thanks and blessing to my Master be,
Serve ye Him all with great humility."

And, with the last words of his last poem on

his lips, the new saviour of Christendom, the first poet of Italy, the most effective reformer the world ever saw, the chosen of the Seraph the little child of God, ascended to Heaven.

ST. MARY'S, Notre Dame, Ind.

Railroads and their Construction.

BY CHAS. A. PAQUETTE, '91.

As I sat at my window yesterday, thinking of—what? well, of almost anything but my classwork, a train suddenly came into sight. Although nearly a mile away, I could see it plainly as it rounded a curve, leaving behind it a trail of smoke, and glittering as it reflected the sun from its polished machinery. It puffed heavily as it ascended a steep grade and, once at the top, started again with renewed speed, and soon disappeared behind the distant trees. Now, seeing a train may be an everyday occurrence; but just now railways and railway trains have more than passing interest for me. Why? Because I intend to prepare an article on the subject, and as my time is rather limited, it behooveth me to lose no time. But railway construction is such a vast subject that it would be folly to attempt to go over the whole field of work, and I must of necessity confine myself to a short explanation of the principal operations gone through in the work. It will not be necessary to go into the history of railways, as that may be found in any book on the subject, and the object here is not so much to treat of railways as of their construction.

I think that the general idea of running out a railroad line is that the engineer sets up his instrument at the starting point, and continues in a straight line towards his destination, until he runs into a mountain, a river, or some other obstruction; here he pauses long enough to put in a curve, an excavation, or a bridge, and, the obstacle passed, he continues on in the original direction. Quite different, indeed, is the actual *modus operandi*. To be the clearer I will take a particular case. Let us suppose that a company wishes to build a railroad. First, the terminal points are decided upon. The next difficulty that presents itself is, what would be the most advantageous route. An old and experienced engineer starts out across the country to be cut through. He is usually mounted on horseback, and his instruments consist of a note-book, a sketch-book, or photographic outfit, and a pocket compass; this much and nothing more. All he

does is to examine carefully the country of the proposed route, and to make notes of its general character. Where a sketch or a photograph would aid materially in making the notes clearer it is put in; every mountain or hill is noted; each river or depression, together with its general direction, is jotted down; even the soil and the very flora of the country do not escape the argus-eyed engineer. After going over the whole route with equal care, he submits his reports to the company together with the advantage and disadvantages of the country. In his reports he also suggests one or more lines presenting the fewest obstacles to a railway line. This preliminary survey is called the reconnaissance survey.

Should the company decide that it would be to the best advantage to pass the road through that tract of country, they send out another experienced engineer, known as the locating engineer. His work consists in running out the lines suggested by the reconnaissance engineer, and determines which of them is with the fewest obstacles to the construction of the road. Among the duties of the locating engineer is that of preparing an exact map so as to include the country within the limits of the most preferable of the railway lines. This map should show in detail the typography of the country, the position and direction of water-courses, fences, etc., and should give names of property owners along the line.

The final route having been decided upon, a levelling party is sent out to ascertain the differences of level along the line. To show this graphically, they must plot a profile of the line and in it show the grades to be used, the bridges and culverts to be put in, and the cuts and fills together with their depths. After all this has been done, the final party is sent out to construct the road. Everything is simple enough as long as there is level ground; but this rarely continues for any great distance; either the ground rises or there is a slope. In either case, should the rise or slope be slight, the difference of level can be overcome by putting in an easy grade; but should the slope be too pronounced to be overcome by the mere friction of the locomotive wheels on the rails, other means must be resorted to. Should the ground have a tendency to rise, a "cut" must be made in order to form an easier grade. If the land be sloping, "filling" must be resorted to for the same purpose. The "cuts" and "fills" should be so distributed that the earth taken from excavations may all be used in forming embankments. It requires not a little sound judgment to determine the grades

along a line. Most engineers agree that a short, steep grade is much better than overcoming the same difference of level by a longer development. However, heavy grades should in all cases be avoided. The ordinary grade is from 50 to 60 feet to the mile; the maximum grade allowed by railway companies is about 120 feet. Much heavier grades have been built, in some cases the grade being from 280 to 300 feet per mile; these are exceptional cases, however. Sometimes, where there is no alternative, other means besides mere friction of overcoming grades are employed. In some tracks a third rail is laid between the other two and somewhat elevated above their plane. On this intermediate rail are run from the locomotive two horizontal wheels, one on each side, which may be tightened upon the rail at pleasure according to the steepness of the grade. The method was used on Mount Cenis, where a grade of 440 feet to the mile was overcome. Another method of ascending steep grades is the use of cogged drawing wheels on the locomotive running on toothed rails. This is the method used on Mount Washington.

However, the cases just cited are only short roads, and these methods are not applicable to a long route. If the engineer should come to some locality where a hill had to be traversed, he would be obliged to resort to excavation. If the hill were too high to make a "cut," a tunnel would have to be dug through. Tunneling is another important branch of the science of engineering. A profile of the hill or mountain, in the vertical plane of the proposed tunnel is first made, and at every two or three hundred feet vertical shafts are sunk. When these shafts are sunk to the depth of the tunnel, an excavation is made in each direction until all the shafts are connected by this excavation or *drift*, as it is called. This being done, the drift is gradually enlarged to the size of the intended tunnel. Should the tunnel be passed through unstratified rock, no additional support will be necessary; but should it be in loose soil, then it will be necessary to build an arch of masonry about the tunnel to prevent the soil from falling. In loose soil the excavating must be conducted with great care, as the workmen are in constant danger from the caving in of the *drift*. To provide against this a sheathing of boards cover the sides of the *drift* and, as the workmen dig forward, these are removed, and replaced by the masonry. After this is built up, the earth is carefully rammed between it and the side of the excavation to prevent any injury to the masonry by the sudden settling of the soil.

In direct antithesis, as it were, to tunnelling is bridge building. If the engineer should come to a depression too deep to be filled by an embankment, he puts up a bridge or a viaduct; but as this work is a separate branch of engineering, it would be out of place to discuss it here.

Now that we have briefly considered grading, cutting, filling, embankments and tunnelling, it remains yet to discuss not the least important part of a railroad, the road-bed. After the ground along the line has been graded and levelled, a course of broken stone or gravel is laid upon the natural bed. This is what is called the ballast; it is spread along the line at a depth of from ten to eighteen inches, and is put in to allow the water to drain off freely. The cross-ties are imbedded in this ballast, and the gravel well pounded about them. In some of the railroads more recently built, instead of using cross-ties, longitudinal ones were used, but when they are used it requires an extra amount of precaution to have them well imbedded to insure even settling. The rail used by all railways to-day is known as the "T" rail from the shape of its cross-section. The rails are fastened to the sleepers by large spikes, and the rails are connected with each other by what are known as "fish-joints"—iron plates on each side of the rail. Steel rails are, of course, the only kind used now.

In laying a track much care should be taken when the constructing party comes to a curve. The outside rail should be given an elevation sufficient to counteract the centrifugal force and prevent the flanch of the wheel from being driven along the side of the rail when the rolling-stock is moving at the highest supposed velocity. I recall one particular case now in which a train came around a curve near Toledo at a rather high rate of speed, and twenty-two inches of flanch were broken off one of the driving wheels; this showed a defect in inclining the curve transversely. With equal care should sidings or crossings be put in.

The gauge of nearly all roads is the "standard," 4 feet 8½ inches across. Some roads used what was known as the "narrow" gauge years ago, but nearly all of them have since adopted the standard. I only remember having seen one narrow gauge road, the "Clover Leaf," and that is now used in connection with the standard gauge. When a double track is built, there should be at least two feet space between passing trains. Between the tracks there should also be a depression of at least eight inches to carry away the rain. In embankments or cuts,

the slope should always be greater than the natural slope of the soil to guard against a washout.

Railroads should be run in a direction such that they may touch at all of the most important cities or towns along their route, particularly those which are, really or prospectively, commercial places. In a word, a railroad, being a permanent thing, should be laid out not for the present merely, but with an eye to the future, and—but the subject is practically inexhaustible—so I may as well stop right here.

Writing the Date.

There is a great diversity of usage nowadays in the writing of a date. Looking over a number of private letters, the Listener has found them dated in all the following ways:

- (1) December 24, 1890.
- (2) December 24th, 1890.
- (3) 24th December, 1890.
- (4) 24 Dec., 1890.
- (5) Dec., 24, 1890.
- (6) 24th Dec., 1890.
- (7) 1890, 24 December.
- (8) 12 | 24 | 90.
- (9) XII., 24, 1890.

It would be hard to say which is the most approved of these methods. It is very much according to the taste and fancy of the writer, like the spelling of the immortal Samuel Weller. Perhaps the commonest method is No. 5, while the most vulgar is No. 8. It smacks of the retail store, and of laziness, too. Personally the Listener does not like an abbreviation in a date, and consequently does not like No. 5. We ought at least to have the appearance, with our friends and the general public, of having enough time at our disposal to write out the full name of a month at the top of a letter.

None but a slave should be under the necessity of abbreviating it. No. 3 is old-fashioned and rather English; No. 1 and No. 2 are sensible and approved methods. The letter dated "XII. 24, 1890" was written by a schoolmaster, and is to be classed as an evidence of eccentricity rather than of haste or laziness. It has a sort of antique, Romanesque appearance, too, though, to be consistently classical, it should, no doubt, have been written XII., XXIV., MDCCCXC.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE man who will complain that a twenty-minute sermon is too long will sit half a day watching a couple of chess-players making two moves.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE PROPER CAPER.

Take a "trot" horse
 Into class—why, of course,
 To see a stern tutor
 Become very cross.
 And show what respect
 In his "nibs" you repose,
 By reading your "pony"
 Right under his nose.

—*Spectator*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, February 28, 1891.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

Love of country is a virtue of such moment in the social order that the want of it reveals a man who can never be a good citizen or a worthy member of society; nor can he congratulate himself with the thought that his name will be handed down to posterity with either feelings of love or respect. Hence, in the work of education, which implies not only the storing of the mind with knowledge, but also, and indispensably, the developing and bringing into play all the good and noble sentiments of the heart—the king of social virtues, patriotism, ought to be fondly cherished and assiduously fostered. There is no better way of increasing this spirit of devotion to country than by appropriate observance of time-honored customs whereby public expressions of esteem are shown to the memory of those whom our nation honors for their heroic deeds of self-sacrifice.

That Notre Dame is not backward in fulfilling this obligation, and that her students enter heart and soul into the design and wishes of their instructors in this regard, as in all others, will be amply attested by the following account of the entertainment given by the Thespians on last Tuesday, commemorating the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of Our Country.

Four o'clock found Washington Hall crowded to its utmost capacity with members of the Fac-

ulty, students and invited guests. The exercises were opened by the University Orchestra which played "The Hope of Alsace" with correct taste and expression, eliciting great applause. When the Orchestra ceased the Choral Union rendered "Crowned with the Tempest" in a manner surpassing any we have heard for many a day. We had hoped for something good from the members of the vocal classes, nor were we disappointed.

The singing of the Glee Club was exquisite, and the same may be said of the Choral Union. We congratulate the members, who show remarkable proficiency for the short time they have been under the able instruction of Prof. Frederick Liscombe. Mr. Hummer next appeared on the stage and entertained the audience for twenty minutes with a well-prepared oration on Washington. It was an excellent effort both as to style and delivery. No doubt the occasion had much to do with the fine display of oratorical powers with which the young man is gifted.

The curtain rose; the main part of the evening's entertainment had begun. "William Tell," a drama in four acts, was the play given. Mr. Berry as "Tell," the hero of the drama, was faithful to the character he assumed, and fully entered into the spirit of his part. How pathetic was the scene between father and child, when Tell was given the alternative to shoot the apple from his son's head or behold him die! We would like to speak more at length of Mr. Berry's acting, but limited space will not permit; suffice it to say that the *rôle* could not have been filled in a more acceptable manner by any amateur. "Gesler," personated by Mr. Brelsford, was a part difficult to act well; but he did it justice. His manner showed deep study and a clear conception of what he was to say and do. "Henry" (Tell's father) was ably represented by Mr. J. B. Sullivan. "Albert" (Tell's son) was admirably executed by Jamie O'Neill, who acted the part of an affectionate son in a faultless manner. This young gentleman deserves the highest encomiums for his acting; he has wonderful self-possession and ability for one so young. "Sarnem" was faithfully portrayed by Mr. J. Fitzgibbon. It is unnecessary to speak of the remaining characters individually; for if we were to mention all those who deserve praise, we would have to write down the names of all who took part. But justice bids us call attention to the praiseworthy manner in which Mr. Wright performed his difficult part, with very little study or practice. The play was one of the best witnessed in Washington

Hall; some say it was the best ever given there; be that as it may, the young gentlemen have reason to be proud of their efforts.

M. D.

Our Nation's Hero.*

BY J. SYLVESTER HUMMER.

It is an instinct of human nature to render honor to the authors of great achievements. From the earliest ages, as far as history can penetrate, we find the records of this universal custom. Archæologists point to the obelisks of Egypt, the palace ruins of Babylon, and the triumphal arches of Rome, which stand solemn and stately paying a silent tribute to the great men of the infant world. This custom, traced back to the morning of time, has come down from sire to son, and prevails at present with undiminished enthusiasm.

As the year in its course brings round this February day, a grateful people pause in their mirth and their employment to contemplate the blessings they enjoy, and to weave a garland to the memory of their greatest hero—the immortal Washington. In every part of this broad continent we hear his name and praises sung; while stealing over the waters comes an echo from other lands where hearts innumerable beat in sympathy with ours.

And ask you why such ardent demonstration, why such tributes and extravagant honors? Draw aside the curtain that hides the events of a century—oh! what a stirring picture comes into view! The American colonies have thrown off the British yoke and proclaim their independence. For days a surging throng has crowded the streets of Philadelphia, awaiting the decision of a body of patriots. The excitement is intense. Suddenly the old bell in the tower rings out the momentous tidings. The die is cast. The cry of "Liberty!" taken up by the multitude, is echoed and re-echoed throughout the colonies, and men of all ranks and conditions respond to the call. Though lacking in skill and discipline, they nourish in their bosoms the flame of patriotism, and every movement reveals the determination to conquer or die. At their head we see General Washington—the man to whom all eyes are turned in hope.

The armies meet; history is repeated. Once more the little Spartan band meets the Persian legions. Battle follows battle; the air is filled with the roar of cannon; the smoke grows

thicker and thicker. Victory lies now with the Briton, now with the Colonist. Washington is everywhere directing his forces, and balking the well-laid plans of the cunning enemy. His presence is electric; wherever he appears he inspires his men with the wildest enthusiasm. Trenton, Saratoga, Monmouth and other battle scenes pass quickly on. The sufferings of the colonial army are terrible. Yet, despite all the disadvantages of inferior numbers, of poverty, cold and famine, the intrepid Washington is able to keep the invading hosts in awe, and seven years after the first blow was struck for Liberty came the end. And what a glorious end! On that chilly October morn, while in his home across the Atlantic the royal minister rushes to and fro, crying out in mad despair: "Oh, God, it is all over; it is all over!" the army of King George surrenders at Yorktown, and all around from every town and village, from every hill and valley, arises a deafening shout which goes on resounding from ocean to ocean, through forest and mountain chain, until the whole land rings with the joyful cry: "Victory! Victory! Thank God, we are free!"

The war is over. The din of battle has died away, and Liberty sends her bright morning beams to dispel the clouds of smoke still hanging over the scenes of strife, and to cheer the newly-born Republic as she enters the sphere of nations.

But where now is Washington? Where is the "guardian genius of the Revolution?" The people seek him; their gratitude knows no bounds; they press him to accept a crown and rule over the land for which he fought. Yet he firmly refuses their offer, resigns his commission into the hands of Congress, and returns to his rustic home. What heart, at all sensitive to the view of moral greatness, can behold without admiration the man who saved a country, renounced power and honors, and retained for all his services no other reward than that country's love.

On the banks of the Potomac he seeks to live in peace and cultivate his farm. But no; his mission is not yet ended. The state of his country again demands his service. The external foe indeed is vanquished, but within the body all is discord and distress. The Government under the Confederation is inadequate to preserve the union of the states; the army is on the point of revolt; the public credit is almost worthless, and the ardor of patriotism is chilling under poverty's icy stare. Liberty seems a mere delusion; from all sides comes the clamor for a change. Washington realizes the import of this crisis. Though domestic tran-

* Oration delivered at the celebration of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 24.

quillity has infinitely more charms for him than the excitement of public life, he hesitates not a moment, but leaves his home at the call of duty to assume the direction of a national convention. Four months the fathers labor without intermission. Out of the loose materials of the Confederation they rear a stately structure whose strong walls and lofty turrets bid defiance to foreign foe and inward strife. On its ramparts flutter the stars and stripes, and under its protection begins a new life in the Republic. Again the people show their gratitude and affection for Washington. With one voice they call him to the highest station, and, unwilling though he is, the love of his country, and regard for her safety, compel him to accept the honor.

The task which now confronts Washington is such as few statesmen have ever been called upon to perform; yet never was man better able to contend with difficulty. By his wisdom and discretion he allays the ferment of distrust, secures stability and energy to the new government, and proves to those who doubted that Liberty is not an empty name. No prejudices, no affections, no interests are seen to interfere with his great duty. The results of his administration give proof of the purity and solidity of his principles and the patriotism that inspired his actions. A sound credit is created at home; the public debt is provided for; the existing troubles with foreign nations are promptly settled, and foreign ports are opened to the commerce of the United States. The agricultural and mineral wealth is steadily increasing; internal dissention and jealousy are laid to rest, and the star of promise rises in the heavens and hovers over the land of Liberty. For eight years Washington continues in his eminent sphere, watching with careful eye the growth and progress of the young community, and laying deep the foundation of our national policy on the basis of morality and religion; and when at last his eyes are closed forever his memory does not die! It is perpetuated in his works, and grows more precious as the years glide on.

Among the heroes who have made an impress on the ages, Washington stands pre-eminent as the champion of liberty. With this grand idea is his fame inseparably united. It was engraven on his heart in infancy; it filled his youthful mind with noble sentiment; and in manhood it became the polar star that guided his course in storm and calm. It was his love of liberty that led him out of the ranks of men and impelled him to draw his sword and free a nation. To preserve the hard-won liberty to the people he

devoted all his efforts; all his influence, all his life.

Would you estimate the debt of gratitude that America owes to Washington? Consider the many blessings that Liberty has brought her. Contemplate the grandeur of our institutions; our bright sisterhood of states, like the glowing planets of the heavens, each one moving in its own celestial orbit, yet blending in one harmonious whole; our peerless Constitution; our wise and beneficent laws; our wonderful prosperity. Then look around you, and behold the scenes that greet you on every side: Our virgin forests are replaced by waving seas of golden grain; the noise of machinery proclaims our vast industries; our *Titans* plow the waters of every clime; institutions of learning distribute their treasures over the land, and countless spires, turned heavenward, direct man's thoughts to the "farther shore." This is Liberty; this is the light that encircles fair Columbia's shores. Its rays are taken up by the waves and carried far out into the ocean; and wherever they lap the shores of foreign lands, and wherever the names of America and Washington are heard, there is the love of liberty implanted in the hearts of men, and sooner or later tyranny dark and gruesome shall roll away before the dawn of a new era.

Oh, noble Washington! We hail you as our nation's hero; we admire you as a dauntless warrior, a devoted patriot and statesman; we love you as the father of our Liberty. Your name is our inspiration; your memory is our treasure; your counsels are the beacon lights that guide us on our way to national greatness and prosperity. With the help of Providence we will listen to your voice; we will heed your warnings, and will strive to realize your ideal; and then we need not fear that our nation will share the fate of ancient empires that came and went, and left scarcely a relic of their existence; but in future ages the United States may stand, like some giant mountain against whose sides the winds and storms of centuries beat in vain—a monument of strength and indestructibility.

Local Items.

- Hot water, please.
- The "Black Knights."
- They made William *Tell*.
- Gesler did not even get an apple.
- The small Minims were all crying.
- The mountain scene was immense.
- We decline to continue the debate!
- The howling of the wind was realistic indeed.

—Columbians and Philopatrians next in order.

—The Band was out in full force last Tuesday.

—He made his bow by sneaking off with the bow.

—The last meeting of the Congress was a lively one.

—Races before breakfast have been declared to be unhealthy.

—The members of the Glee Club feel proud, and well they may.

—Who will be the contestants for the Oratorical medal this year?

—The St. Cecilians and Thespians are now through; Columbians next.

—The Hall was filled with visitors, but the actors could not see their faces.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGrath, Chicago, spent Thursday last with their son John, of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Philip Farley, of the Kimball Piano establishment, Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—The Columbians are aroused. They have already declared their intention of surpassing the Thespians. Success to them!

—The time has expired, and now the eccentric twelve appear among us with beaming countenances shorn of the festive beard.

—Debates are, as a rule, dry; but with plenty of action, one of our societies endeavors to make them interesting. That's right. More action.

—The library of Holy Cross Seminary has received many additions recently, owing to the efforts of the genial curator, Mr. J. Boland, C. S. C.

—The cultured appreciate culture. The Boston *Republic* reproduces the poetic gem that recently appeared in our columns anent rubescent —.

—The Seniors are already engrossed in discussing the possibilities of base-ball. It is said that no year ever gave better promise for athletics.

—The national airs that resounded through the corridors last Tuesday morning aroused the patriotism of the inmates of the second and third flats.

—Everybody seemed delighted with the vocal music rendered on the 24th inst. It is matter for regret that our singers do not appear more frequently.

—With the musical talent, vocal and instrumental, in the University this year, why not have some pleasant *soirées* that were so frequent in days gone by?

—The bulletins for the months of January and February are being made out this week, and will be read in the various halls to-morrow or Monday evening.

—The Minims still come, and each new arrival is an additional joy to the "Princes"; but it is the 150th prince that will secure Very Rev. Father General's *grand dinner*.

—Contortionists are not in demand, and the market is full of them. Occasionally we find pleasure in their impromptu performance; but educated people want earnest work.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were Mrs. P. W. Rend and daughter, Miss Minnie, of Chicago, Illinois. They spent a few days visiting Master James Rend, of the Carrolls.

—Washington's Birthday was most enthusiastically celebrated last Tuesday. With military parades, martial music by the Band, and the exercises in the Opera House, the day passed off pleasantly.

—The competitive drills of the members of Company "B" for the medal are carried on with great enthusiasm. Master Ellwanger was the lucky one at the last contest, and Master Dempsey sported the prize the week previous.

—The stage managers at the last entertainment deserve great praise for the ease and speed with which they manipulated the scenes for the various parts of the drama. Messrs. J. McGrath and E. Schaack have the thanks of the Thespians.

—The Columbians held their third regular meeting Thursday, Feb. 19. The programme of the evening was put aside, and the society devoted its time and attention to the "St. Patrick's Day" celebration. Mr. McDonald was elected to membership.

—The following line is inscribed with much tenderness to an esteemed friend whose proboscis has suddenly assumed a ruddy hue—owing to the cold weather, of course.

AD JACOBUM.

Celavit nares in manibus roseas.

—Indoor base-ball is a recent addition to the many enjoyments of the Juniors. On Tuesday last a spirited game was played in the gymnasium. The score was 14 to 1. The ball, however, is the size of an ordinary football, and the difficulty experienced by the pitcher in trying to curve it causes much merriment.

—We have been requested to announce that those intending to engage in the Oratorical Contest should hand in their names to the Reverend Director of Studies before the 15th of March. The day for the contest has not as yet been fixed upon, but we understand it is to be some time during the Month of May.

—The Thespians are under obligations to many students from Sorin and Brownson Halls who so kindly volunteered to aid them in carrying out effectively the details of their play. It is not always the correct and proper rendition of the leading *rôles* that makes a play a success; the symmetrical rounding up, by a careful attention to details, needs to be secured.

—The energetic Director of the Manual Labor School is making strenuous efforts to have the quality of the work performed by the young men under his guidance represented at the World's Fair Exposition. He has already secured room for such an exhibit, and will, no

doubt, afford some interesting views of the progress made in the industrial arts.

—LOST.—A bunch of keys. Finder will confer a favor by leaving them in the Students' Office.

—The students of Sorin and Brownson Halls wish to express their thanks to Bro. Paul, Prof. Edwards and the Crescent Club Orchestra for the kind entertainment provided last Wednesday evening.

—Rev. President Walsh will preach the panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Detroit, on the 17th prox. Rev. Father Morrissey has been engaged to lecture on the evening of the same day at the Cathedral in Fort Wayne.

—Professor Gregori is preparing material for the execution of the two colossal frescoes to be placed on the façade of St. Edward's Hall. Each of the colors has to be selected with the greatest care in order to be able to stand the inclemency of our western winters.

—Through the kindness of Rev. President Walsh the Brownson Hall men enjoyed a pleasant social reunion last Wednesday night. The Crescent Club Orchestra was in attendance and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion by selections from its extensive *répertoire*.

—The Orchestra should have its regular rehearsals. The members cannot be expected to play without at least some knowledge of the pieces to be played; Tuesday and Friday evenings are the nights arranged to have these rehearsals. There is good material for a first-class Orchestra this year; but it is only by continual practice that one becomes perfect.

—The following is the list of subjects for English essays:

I. THE LIFE AFTER DEATH (as treated by Newman, Dante, Milton and Rossetti).

II. IS THERE AN ALLEGORY IN THE "IDYLS OF THE KING?"

III. THE MISSION OF THE NOVEL.

IV. STYLE: AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENGLISH STYLE.

V. THE SONNET.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., returned last Thursday from Connersville, Ind., where he had been engaged for a whole week in preaching a Temperance mission with the most gratifying results. We learn that his genial presence and eloquent speech made him very popular in the city, and he will long be remembered as the "boss carpenter" of the great edifice of Temperance therein raised.

—On Sunday last, Co. "A" had two competition drills, the first of a series to continue throughout the session; they were won by A. and G. Lancaster, respectively. This plan of "drilling down" is considered to be the most effective in attaining proficiency in the execution of the various military movements. When the warm weather permits, it is hoped that the companies will, by the prompt performance of orders, win the admiration of visitors.

—The second regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held

in St. Edward's Hall on Monday, Feb. 23. The speakers were Masters O'Neill, Stephens, McPhee, Finnerty, Marre, Durand, W. Crawford and Cornell. Masters Roesing, Lee, Ransome, Coon, Vorhang and Wolf were admitted to membership. To the great delight of all the members the president announced that the next meeting would be held in Science Hall, when he would do his best to instruct and entertain them by some scientific experiments.

—To such of our readers as may still be engaged in wrestling with the intricacies of Horace, we take pleasure in commending Sarnem's translation of these lines from the ode "Ad Pyrrham":

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?"

The translator has ingenuously imparted a new and beautiful meaning to the words, and revealed a hidden charm that must have been quite unknown to the elder generation. But "the world do move."

—The regular weekly meeting of the Mock Congress, held last Sunday evening, was called to order by chairman J. B. Sullivan. The evening was devoted to the discussion of the "Education Bill," which was supported by a strong Republican majority, by the F. M. B. A. and by a few Democrats. After a debate of two hours, in which many took part, and especially the "and others," the bill was passed. Hon. J. E. Berry (Dem. member from Colo.) introduced a bill relating to mortgages. It is commonly reported that the Hon. C. Gillon, the distinguished temperance advocate, is drafting a high license measure.

—The Notre Dame Chapter of the Agassiz Association held its second regular meeting on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18. After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, the President gave a short instruction and made several suggestions concerning the plan of work for the members. Then followed the programme for the evening, in which Messrs. Combe, Vurpillat and Powers took active part by reading well-written essays on very entertaining subjects. Mr. Rothert made a few interesting remarks pertaining to the nature and growth of cones. The report of miscellaneous business was next in order, and after having received due consideration, the meeting adjourned.

—On last Tuesday morning the College Band, under the direction of Rev. Father Mohun, discoursed some excellent music in the rotunda of the main college building. Many members of the Faculty and a large number of students from the various study-halls listened attentively to the soul-stirring strains, and the applause which greeted the organization at the close showed that their efforts were highly appreciated. The serenades in the reading-rooms of Brownson and Carroll Halls afforded a pleasing treat to the students of those departments.

The following is a list of the members of the Band and the instruments they play:

Solo B \flat Cornet—Rev. M. Mohun, B. Tivnen, W. Yenn; *1st, 2d and 3d B \flat Cornets*—A. Dacey, E. Chassaing, B. Shimp; *Solo Alto*—F. Vurpillat; *1st Alto*—S. De la Pena; M. Miskiewitz; *2d Alto*—A. Nester, H. Aarons; *1st Tenor*—V. Vurpillat; *2d Tenor*—A. McPhilips; *1st Trombone*—M. Lauth; *2d Trombone*—M. Franks; *Baritone*—Prof. E. Gallagher; *E \flat Bass*—Prof. M. McCune; *B \flat Bass*—E. Schaack; *Piccolo*—B. Bachrach; *Bass Drum*—P. Fleming; *Snare Drum*—L. Monarch.

—One of the dignified Seniors sallied forth in search of victims last Sunday, armed with a stereopticon of uncertain dimensions, and met, by appointment, a large and admiring audience in District School-House, No. 4. There were all signs of a gala-day about the home of learning—little children, just out of dresses, toddled about wholly oblivious of what was in progress, while stalwart yeomen leaned against the neighboring fences. When all was in readiness (*i. e.*, when the heavy bed-clothes were hung over the windows) our hero appeared before the assembled grandeur of the township and took them on a trip through the primeval ages of the world. But the irreverent *Chargé d'affaires* reproduced an aged mule which had somehow been secured by the "Kodak." The lecturer, however, was equal to the occasion. Pointing to the large ears of the beast, he declared, with the air of one who was imparting the most ordinary truism, that fishes in the early ages had wings as well as fins, and that this great fish was called an Ichthosaur. His hearers seemed much edified by this announcement and the lecturer, nothing daunted, pursued his theme. When he had done, the air fairly trembled with enthusiasm, and the walls shook with applause. The gentleman has promised another lecture at an early date, and it is probable that a representative of the SCHOLASTIC will accompany him, when full particulars will be given.

—The American flag, patriotism and George Washington were loyally and enthusiastically honored and eulogized at Notre Dame to-day. On all principal holidays Columbia's banner—of finest texture and ample proportion—waves prominently above the main entrance of the University. This is not a custom of to-day—it is older than any member of the "Old Boys' Association." Long before priests, Sisters, professors and students of Notre Dame enlisted as chaplains, nurses, leaders and privates in the war for the Union they were accustomed to see the loyal flag regularly displayed above hall and class-room. If the flag becomes frayed or soiled a new one is proudly and ceremoniously presented to *Alma Mater* by the class of the year. When the large, new lecture hall was erected, several years ago, no dedication name was considered more appropriate or worthy of honor than that of Washington. In this hall the students have heard earnest, unpartisan words on patriotism from most eminent clergy and laymen, from Ireland, Spalding, Ryan and Keane; from Harrison, Hendricks, Blaine, Storrs, Rosecrans and

Dougherty. To-day's exercises were interesting and well prepared. The forenoon was devoted to general dress parade, special and prize drills of the cadet companies. This afternoon the members of the Thespian Society, composed of the leading and oldest students, delivered orations and presented a praiseworthy rendition of the drama, "William Tell."—*Cor. Chicago Herald, Feb. 25.*

—On Tuesday, the 24th inst., a very pleasing entertainment was given in honor of Washington's Birthday, by the Thespian and Musical Societies of the University. The exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Overture—"The Hope of Alsace"..... *Verdi*
University Orchestra.
Grand Chorus—"Crowned With the Tempest"—*Ermani*
Choral Union.
Oration of the Day—"Washington"..... J. S. Hummer
Vocal Selection—"The Tar's Song," University Glee Club
Overture—"La Giza Ladra"..... *Dubruli*
University Orchestra.

PART II.

"WILLIAM TELL."

Characters.

Gesler.....	H. P. Brelsford
Sarnem, His Lieutenant.....	J. J. Fitzgibbon
Rodolph,)	Austrians, {
Lutold,)	
Gerald,)	F. Chute
William Tell.....	J. McBokum
Albert, His Son.....	J. St. Elmo Berry
Henry, Tell's Father.....	Jamie O'Neill
Melctal, Erni's Father.....	J. B. Sullivan
Erni,)	Patriots in {
Furst,)	
Verner,)	P. Blackman
Michael.....	J. J. McGrath
Pierre.....	J. Sinnott
Theodore.....	C. Cavanagh
Savoyard.....	E. Du Brul
Austrian Officers, Archers, Soldiers, Mountaineers, Citizens.	B. Chute
	F. J. Sullivan

—The St. Cecilians had looked forward to the fourth regular meeting of the society to be something beyond the ordinary; for the literary programme was composed of some of the best talent of the society, while the debate "Resolved, that the present Jury System be Abolished"—was to be discussed by the leading members of the organization. They were not disappointed in their anticipations. After the preliminary business of the evening had been transacted the literary programme was commenced. A. Jewett read an interesting essay on "Ivory," followed by F. Thorne, who favored the society with one of Bill Ayer's humorous productions. He had worked his hearers up to the highest pitch of excitement when D. Casey took the floor, and capped the climax by giving a selection, "A Yankee in Love." After allowing a few minutes for the society to again come to order, the Rev. President announced the debate. Those on the affirmative were: P. Murphy, E. Du Brul and M. Hannin; on the negative, R. Boyd, J. Fitzgerald and M. Quinlan. Gathering their men together, the debaters proceeded to choose judges. This done, P. Murphy opened the attack

in able and well-written arguments, calling attention to the jury system as it stands at present and the many evils which arise from it. Mr. Boyd then took the floor, and in an elaborate manner upheld the negative, bringing to light the many good qualities of the present system of trial by jury, and refuting the arguments of his opponent. At the close of his remarks the society attested their appreciation by long-continued applause. Mr. Du Brul, in a few well-chosen remarks, upheld the affirmative; his arguments being in themselves forcible, but they became even more so by the fact that he delivered them instead of reading from manuscript. Mr. Fitzgerald was next on the negative. He gave a short sketch of the history of trial by jury, of its many advantages over other methods of meting out justice, denying, in forcible language, the assertion that our grandfathers were all old fogies; that it is impossible to find a jury a majority of which are virtuous, honest, Christian men. His few remarks won for him the applause of the society. It was now discovered that it was long passed the usual time for adjournment, and word being sent from the study-hall that they were waiting for the society, the Rev. President thought it advisable to postpone the debate until the next meeting. To this proposition there was a vigorous protest from those upholding the affirmative who wanted the debate to continue, and who stated that if it was postponed, they would refuse to debate at the next meeting. The bluff was not well taken, however, and the society adjourned amid the objections of a few, the acclamations of the many, and for the good of all.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Du Brul, Gillon, Hummer, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, Prichard, Paquette, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, F. J. Sullivan, Vurpillat, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Bell, Brown, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, T. Coady, P. Coady, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Chilcote, Dechant, Devanny, J. Flannigan, T. Flannigan, Franks, Gruber, L. Gillon, Grothous, Gaffey, P. Gillon, Gorman, Heard, Hawthorn, Hauskee, Houlihan, Hubbard, Heineman, Hagan, J. Johnson, Jacobs, O. Johnson, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Keenan, T. King, Lesner, Layton, Lorie, G. Lancaster, McGrath, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Maurus, Monarch, McAuliff, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McErlain, J. Murphy, McCallan, Moshier, McGinnis, F. Murphy,* Newman, Norton, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Parker, Rebillot, Rudd, Roberts, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Wood, Weakland, Youngerman, Yenn, Zeitler, Miller.†

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Casey, Chassaing, Cole, Coe, Collman, Connolly, Collins, Coll, Cummings, Corry, Cheney, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Dierkes, Eagan, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Ar-

thur Funke, Fleming, Falvey, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Gerlach, Gifford, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund, Garennes des, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Hannin, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kick, Keith, Kaumeyer, Langevin, Leonard, La Moure, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Mattox, Martin, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Neef, Orton, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Payne, Pomeroy, Prichard, Pope, Pena de la, Quinlan, Russell, Renesch, Roper, Roberts, W. Regan, Rend, Rice, Shimp, Schillo, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sutter, Sullivan, Scheiffele, Treff, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Todd, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Yingst, Yates, Zinn, Zoehrlaut, Cahn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, Allen, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Crepeaw, Christ, J. Correy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Durand, Ezekiel, Everest, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Griesheimer, Gavin, Hoffman, Hathaway, Hamilton, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Londoner, Lounsbery, Lonergan, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Langevin Lee, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lawrence McPhee, McCarthy, Maternes, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, McGinley, Nichols, O'Neill, O'Connor, Oatman, Otero, Pieser, Paul, Patier, Patterson, Platts, Ronning, Ransome, Rose, Russell, Roesing, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stone, Steele, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Young.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Dechant, C. Gillon, L. Gillon, O'Neill, I Mitchell, Cassidy, Neef, Maurus, O'Shea, V. Vurpillat, P. Murphy, McAuliff, Blackman, Berry, J. King, Dacey, McConlogue, Sanford, Wright, H. Murphy, Prichard, Joslyn, Davis, J. Flannigan, Fitzgibbon, Paquette, Hummer, Carroll, O. Sullivan, Cavanagh, Heard, Burger, F. Vurpillat, W. Roberts, J. McKee, F. McKee, E. Ahlrichs, A. Ahlrichs, H. Wood, D. Cartier, Brelsford, Rother, N. Sinnot, F. Chute, Priestly, Allen, J. B. Sullivan, R. Sinnot, Hoover, Tivnen, Howard, L. Chute, Du Brul, Carney, Palmer, Quinlan, Fitzgerald, Kearney, Wolff, C. Scherrer, Jewett.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE:

Moral Philosophy—C. Burger; *Logic*—Messrs. Fitzgibbon, N. Sinnot, F. Vurpillat; *Latin*—Messrs. Cavanagh, Just, A. Ahlrichs, J. King, McGrath, Hennessy, Miskiewitz; *Greek*—Messrs. N. Sinnott, Kehoe, J. King; *Civil Engineering-Theory*—Messrs. Paquette, Hoover; *Execution*—C. Paquette; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Burger, Brelsford, Hummer, Cavanagh; *Analytical Mechanics*—Messrs. E. Hoover, Prichard; *Calculus*—Mr. Murphy; *Analytical Geometry*—Mr. C. Dechant; *Trigonometry*—P. Hennessy; *Geometry*—Messrs. M. Lauth, E. Blameuser; *Algebra*—Messrs. Dechant, E. Ahlrichs; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Berry, Fitzgibbon, Just, Neef, Paquette, N. Sinnot, F. J. Sullivan; *English Literature*—Messrs. P. Lorie, Dacey, Quinlan, Heard, Dechant, Fitzgerald; *English Composition*—Messrs. Burns, E. Brown, Corrigan, Frizzelle, Franks, E. Mitchell, McCartney, F. Roper, E. Scherrer, Slevin; *English History*—Messrs. Joslyn, F. Vurpillat, J. McKee, H. Murphy; *Modern History*—Messrs. Carney, J. Flannigan, F. Hennessy, Hummer, Keough, Kearney, L. Monarch, Wolff; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Blameuser, E. Scherrer, Yenn, J. Gallagher, E. Mitchell; *Geology*—Messrs. Neef, J. Brady; *Physics*—Messrs. P. Murphy, Hummer; *Botany*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Du Brul; *Zoology*—E. Blameuser; *Cytology*—J. Combe; *General Biology*—V. Vurpillat; *Surveying*—M. Joslyn.

* Omitted by mistake for three weeks. † four weeks.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The blessings conferred by the immortal Washington ceased not with his day and generation is the sentiment of St. Mary's pupils, who owe to his memory an extra recreation day on the 23d, a "long sleep" and a pedestrian excursion. A prominent feature of the latter was the presence of the "Star-spangled Banner" proudly floating over the heads of the merry walkers.

—After the reading of the weekly notes on Sunday, Feb. 22—which occasion was brightened by the presence of Very Rev. Father General—a German selection was well recited by Lottie Dryer. Miss G. Clarke followed with an original essay on the appropriate subject "Washington." The production—a highly creditable one—did not, however, surprise her listeners, to whom the writer's literary talents are well known.

—The Christian Art Society is the name of an association organized last week, and whose membership comprises those only who are pupils in the art course. Its object is to awaken renewed interest in all that pertains to this subject by the perusal of art literature. The following are the officers: President, Miss K. Hurley; Vice-President, Miss I. Horner; Secretary, Miss M. Hurff; Treasurer, Miss E. Dennison; Librarian, Miss K. Ryan.

—A select audience, consisting of the Graduating and First Senior Classes, supplemented by a number of Sisters, on Thursday last, listened to the previously-mentioned lecture on "Moral Liberty" by Rev. Father Fitte, C. S. C. Although at the outset the Rev. speaker disclaimed the title "lecture" for his effort, it was soon evident to all that it fully deserved the name. In well-chosen sentences, with many a nicety of phrase, was set forth that tremendous power of man—moral freedom—together with the dual will-force inherent in our nature, and the never-ending warfare thereby entailed. All present were highly gratified by the lecture, and look forward with pleasant anticipations to the second one of the course, to be given on March 5.

—A delightful glimpse into the fair land of letters was that afforded by Prof. M. F. Egan's last lecture on "Standard Novelists." The value of the novel, as a vehicle for conveying to the world a message of importance was made prominent with its power for evil in the hands of the careless or unprincipled author. All the great novelists whose names sparkle upon the pages of English literature were enumerated, together with the works of each most worthy of perusal as well as the marked characteristics of the individual authors. In an age made up, if we may so speak, of but two classes—the novel-maker and the novel-reader—the importance of the lecture can hardly be overrated, coming as it does from one who knows whereof he speaks.

To the Hon. Daniel Dougherty.

What though in matchless words the poet sings,
Or with gay strains Apollo wakes his lyre,
Not every heart is thrilled; but thine the fire,
O orator, enkindling hope that brings
To pallid cheek the glow; thy magic flings
A spell o'er listening hearts; thy words inspire
To noble deeds, and, spurned all base desire,
To virtue's shining heights the soul upsprings.

O gifted son, nor Greek nor Roman name
Outranks thine own; and thine the witching art,
To lead us willing captives to thy feet;
The world, in homage bent, attests thy fame,
Well names thee "silver-tongued." O noble heart
Thus will all coming time thy memory greet.

Slang.

We Americans are decidedly progressive; we scorn to walk in beaten paths; life is too short to take one's time, consequently there is much unnecessary bustle and confusion. This spirit of restlessness, so characteristic of our country, while it has resulted in many inventions beneficial to mankind, still leaves us open to a more serious charge—that of inventing words and phrases wherewith to express ourselves. The pure, simple English in which Shakspeare, Milton and, more recently, Cardinal Newman, found words with which to express the loftiest sentiments, should be sufficiently copious for all demands. But instead, the modern mind is employed in inventing, and each newly-coined word or phrase is hailed with delight, until the one who is responsible for its introduction comes to look upon himself (too often herself) as a genius. In fact, to keep pace with the times, it would seem that one must employ expressions which on the surface, at least, have the appearance of good (?) usage.

Thus slang has crept into our language, and by none is it seized with such avidity as by the young, who labor under the impression that to use these latest innovations gives them a certain prestige in society. If this be true, then the refinement of such society is questionable. For example, young ladies love to designate things pleasing to the senses as "exquisite," "perfectly lovely," and such like extravagances. Thus in many a schoolgirl's vocabulary are found such words as in truth deserve a prominent position in the long catalogue of "gushing" expressions, while her brothers glory in being among the first to adopt the latest slang phrase. So, too, has the inveterate punster grown to be such a familiar figure that we are undecided

whether to laugh at his wit or become disgusted with his levity. To him the charms of the pun are irresistible, and on the slightest pretext, this little weapon of strained wit is employed. Surely some of our authors would turn in their graves could they but hear the irreverent play made upon their names!

Here it may be asked, how is it that slang could find an entrance into a language which by its pleasing variety alike delights the rude taste of the illiterate and the refined judgment of the learned? We know not, unless it be an evidence of our fallen nature; for truth to say it is not of recent growth, traces of it being found in many early writers. Knowing its vulgar ancestry—for the term itself is supposed to be of Gypsy origin—what a pity that the people of this age should stoop to corrupt their language by the use of slang, thereby emulating the counterfeiter who makes and circulates base coin.

Yet so prevalent has become its use that it is now difficult to draw the line between slang and pure expressions; and unless further inroads be arrested, what a difficult task lies before the future student of rhetoric, when the lawful restraints imposed by that study are ignored, are broken down, and unlimited license given for the coining of words! It is well said that "a lie is a foul blot in a man"; so is it true that a slang expression, is almost equally offensive; and as our words are the scales in which our refinement is balanced, too much attention cannot be paid to the use of correct and appropriate language. If one continually indulges in coarse, inelegant expressions, it will gradually lead to looseness of thought; and as looseness of thought begets laxness in actions, one's entire character may be changed by the habitual use of slang.

Thus, if we would stand foremost amongst the nations remarkable for purity and elegance of language, it should be a matter of national pride with each one to help towards this grand result by refusing to adopt even the smallest word in connection with which could be discovered the faintest suspicion of slang.

The English language—derived from so many sources that it is capable of expressing the most delicate shades of thought and meaning—may be compared to a piece of mosaic which pleases, not so much by the beauty of each little part as by the skilful arrangement and blending of the whole.

Let one color be misplaced and the harmony is destroyed. He who dared, wantonly, to remove one of these pieces, substituting an inferior article, would stand convicted of an act of vandalism. How much greater the offense resulting from the use of slang; for they who indulge in it, not only mar the beauty of the language but contribute to its degradation.

ANNA E. HOWE

(*Second Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Brady, Black, Bonebrake, Bogart, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Crilly, Call, Carpenter, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, B. Du Bois, Davis, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Daley, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Horner, C. Hurley, Hurff, Haitz, Hughes, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, G. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, Mullaney, McPhillips, E. Murphy, L. Nickel, E. Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Ryder, Ripley, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sena, Seeley, Singler, Thirds, Tipton, Tod, M. Tormey, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Witkowsky, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, Clifford, Dennison, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, B. Germain, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, Kelly, Mestling, Quealy, Roesing, Shaffer, M. Scherrer, J. Smyth, L. Schaefer, S. Smyth, Seeley, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, Windsor, Young.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Dempsey, Crane. Promoted—Misses Kimmell, Bassett, K. Ryan.

3D CLASS—Misses S. Hamilton, E. Dennison, Clifford, Charles, Neimann, E. Wagner, L. Du Bois, Evoy, M. Burns, Tod, Girsch, Hanson, Robbins, M. Scherrer, L. Schaefer, Kinney, L. Kasper, Palmer, K. Hamilton, Mestling, M. Witkowsky, Roesing, E. Murphy, M. Tormey, Fossick.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

1ST CLASS—Miss I. Horner. Promoted, Miss K. Hurley.
3D CLASS—Miss A. Mullaney.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Hurff.

CHINA PAINTING.

3D CLASS—Miss B. Bonebrake.

OIL PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Miss M. Murphy (promoted).

3D CLASS—Misses Tipton, M. Hess, Pengemann.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Dennison, Kimmell, Thirds, Tipton, Charles, Evoy, Cohoon, E. Churchill, Adelsperger, Tod, Quinlan, G. Cowan, H. Van Mourick, Black, Galvin, Rizer, Wolff, Coleman, Johnson, Kingsbaker, M. Roberts, Murison, Kirley, A. Moynahan, B. Winstandley, Grauman, Young, M. Wagner, Whitmore, K. O'Brien, Hunt, Pengeman, McGuire, McCune, M. Donehue, Fitzsimmons, Margaret Donehue, Cooper, McCormack, Hopkins, A. McPhillips, Sanford, N. Moore, L. Kasper, Brady, Kinney, Butler, Crilly, M. Byrnes, Hughes, McCarthy, Seely, G. Bogart, Robbins.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Clifford, Wagner, B. Davis, M. Davis, Dennison, Wurzburg, Holmes, Girsch, Kellner, Quealy, A. Cowan, Adelsperger, Schaefer, M. Bachrach, Hamilton, Meskill, Hickey, P. Germain, Fossick, Van Liew, B. Germain, Seeley, Mills, Bartholomew, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Crandall, Gilmore, M. Cooper, Coady, Augustin, M. Scherrer, Kasper, McLoughlin, Roesing, C. Young.