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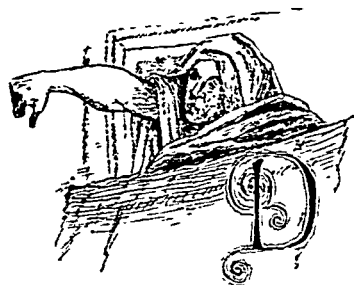
JOSEPH JUST, '92.

Maius adest: vultu radiat Natura sereno,
Filiolis ridet Virgo Maria suis.
Sol vento nebulas tandem removente coruscat
Mitior, et tepida luce renidet humus.
Vere novo terræ expandunt gratissima late
Viscera, dum variis floribus herba micat.
Nonne vides somno ut trepident exurgere campi,
Ac plantis niteant arboribusque comæ?
Nonne sonant blanda volucrum dulcedine silvæ,
Fluminum et argento purior unda fluit?
Nunc timidi passim lepores saltare videntur,
Nunc apium turbæ roscida mella legunt.
Per salices querulo zephyri cum murmure perflant,
Ingenuus calido corde susurrat amor.

Hæc celebrare solet rerum miracula vates,
Hæc etiam extollunt laudibus agricolæ.
"Mens viget in vasto Naturæ corpore," clamant
Christicolæ: "toto vivit in orbe Deus!"
Quumque oritur sertis redimitus tempora Maius,
A pueris colitur Sancta Maria piis.
Teque tuumque, Dei Mater, circumdamus altar,
Candida ponentes lilia mixta rosis.
Numine nos foveas, Virgo intemerata, benigno:
Quid Nostra Domina fortius esse potest?
Natorum, alma parens, quæso, memorare tuorum,
Ante pedes Domini munera nostra feras.
Mentibus infundas cœlestia lumina cæcis,
Frigidaque igne sacro pectora adure precor.

Filiolos utinam conjungat gratia Christo,
Perpetuus quos cum Matre beabit amor!

The Arena.



URING the reign of the Emperor Commodus, the famous archer, there lived at Rome two citizens—Cincinnatus, a Roman, and Neobolus, a Greek. They seemed to be close friends and almost inseparable; but this friendship on the part of Cincinnatus was not genuine; for ever since their schooldays at Rhodes, he cherished a secret hatred for Neobolus. This aversion arose from the petty jealousies of the class-room. Here Neobolus invariably showed himself to be endowed with superior mental faculties, and in the race for honors was far ahead of his companion, Cincinnatus, who, though he was first in the gymnasium and in the athletic contests, yet never won the coveted prizes in scholarly pursuits.

These little heart-burnings, incident to school-life might have soon been forgotten; but when the Greek took as his bride the fairest maiden in Rhodes, the Roman's cup of disappointment was full, and his only aim in life became revenge. He determined to get Neobolus in his power by advancing him large sums of money to engage in business, and then ruin him. This, after long years of patient waiting, he was about to accomplish; and now, when every avenue of escape seemed closed, he decided to throw off the mask and reveal his true character.

Meeting him one evening after a banquet, Cincinnatus commenced to upbraid the Greek for his slowness in paying his debts, and said, angrily: "By Hercules! you shall return my sesterces before Phœbus ushers in another day. Our friendship ceases here; you shall be ruined ere to-morrow's sun unless the denarii due me are paid. Ha! ha! It is now time for my revenge."

Neobolus, astonished at the speech, replied: "Friend, I pray thee, why this change of feeling toward me, your life long associate? You can have no fear for your money; my wine ships will soon arrive, and then you shall receive the whole sum. You say our friendship shall cease—our friendship cemented by years of companionship? Perhaps we have stayed too long over our wine cups. Let us renew our old pledges and be friends again. Have no fear for the money—"

Cincinnatus interrupted him, saying: "No, it is not money I want, but my revenge."

"Revenge?" Neobolus replied, "revènge for what? Have I ever injured you?"

"The Roman never forgets," Cincinnatus said. "Revenge for what? Let the view be retrospective; go back to our schooldays at Rhodes; there was I often humbled by you. How many times did I burn the midnight oil to gain some coveted prize, but only to be defeated by you! My efforts were in vain, yours were crowned with success!"

The Greek, more surprised than ever, answered: "In the friendly contests at Rhodes I bore no ill will against you. I worked for the prizes to please my father and satisfy an innocent pride; but I felt no malice towards you. I often assisted you, gave you encouragement as I thought to a most intimate friend; told you all my plans in life, held you as a brother. No, do not break our friendship, the result of years of mutual love and respect. Come, give me your hand."

"No, never shall those greedy hands grasp mine!" Cincinnatus replied: "Like the wiley Greek that you are, you never met me where there was danger of defeat. You shunned the cestus and avoided the gymnasium; you only wished, like your astute ancestors, to excel in the fine arts. From that dear brother, as you call me, you took the only one who could have made him happy; you thought nought of my sad feelings on your marriage day when my promised bride was made your wife. And for this you shall be ruined with your family."

"Give me an opportunity of saving my family; wreak your vengeance on me, but only have pity on my son and daughter," said Neobolus.

Cincinnatus answered: "I shall offer you one chance to save your precious family."

"Tell it to me; I knew you would not be so cruel." The Greek quickly replied.

"You have a son Hector by name," the Roman said, coldly, "a youth of great promise, a most handsome boy; I have often heard you speak of his success in the schools and also in the gymnasium; I shall give him an occasion to show his achievements in the martial exercises."

"What do you wish to imply by this?" asked Neobolus.

"I'll tell thee," hissed the Roman; "I shall release you from my power, destroy the papers showing your indebtedness to me on one condition; that your son meet me in the arena at our next games. Do you agree?"

Neobolus, terrified at this horrible proposition, could scarcely utter: "My boy, a youth of twenty summers, fight you, a trained warrior—you who have so often been victorious in the arena? No, you do not mean this?"

"Away!" Cincinnatus angrily said; "I'll have no more of your sweet, insinuating words; return

me an answer ere to-morrow, or you shall be ruined."

II.

Rome was all excitement, for it was the second day of the games held in honor of Commodus. The vast amphitheatre was densely packed; the chief topic of conversation was the emperor's skill with the bow on the previous day, when by his unerring aim he had saved the youth Claudius and his bride Cynthia from being mangled by the hungry tigers. The enthusiasm of the populace for the emperor knew no bounds; and as it was rumored that to-day Commodus would again demonstrate his right to be called the incomparable archer," the populace were eagerly awaiting the scene. The procession of the gladiators was over, and the dismal song, *Ave, Cæsar, Imperator, morituri te salutamus!* was uttered by some of them for the last time. And now the magnificent pageant was ready to commence. All anxiously glanced towards the emperor and awaited the signal. Those who were fortunate enough to obtain seats commanding a good view of the emperor, saw him nod to one of his attendants, a trumpeter, who immediately arose, saluted Commodus, and blew three loud blasts; this was the long-expected signal.

The silence which had fallen on the assembly was broken by the sound of wheels, and two slaves—swarthy Africans—were seen hauling an immense, covered cage into the arena; they placed it at some distance from, and directly in front of, the emperor's throne. The cover was taken off, revealing to the gaze of the multitude a ferocious-looking tiger that plunged madly against the bars endeavoring to get at the two slaves who withdrew from the arena.

While the populace wondered what would next take place, a youth of about ten years quickly descended from where Commodus stood; he carried in his hand a bow and some arrows. The costly attire and proud bearing of the youth indicated his Patrician origin—he was the emperor's son; the concourse recognized him, and welcomed the boy with prolonged plaudits. When the applause had ended, the boy advanced towards the cage, then, to the horror of all, he coolly opened the door and retreated towards the centre of the arena. The beast, already aroused by the shouts of the people, was startled at the clang of the iron door, and seeing it open hesitated a few seconds; then, with a bound that almost overturned the cage, leaped forth upon the sand and looked wildly about. When it saw the boy coolly standing at some distance away, its animal instincts returned, and

the beast crouched low upon the sand ready to spring upon the helpless child. The spectators, now raised to the highest pitch of excitement, moved nervously, and the slight commotion caused by this attracted the attention of the tiger, for it slightly turned its yellow head away from the emperor's son, who drew his bow, and with his tiny arrow struck the ear of the crouching beast. All gazed horror-struck at the sight, expecting to see the child mangled by the enraged brute; for the boy's small arrows could scarce pierce the thick hide of the brute. Not so. Did you hear the hiss of the arrow that came from the emperor's quarter? Why plunges the tiger so wildly? why does the blood spout out upon the arena? whence came that feathered shaft? If you would know, turn towards Commodus; there he stands, bow in hand; his old nerve has not deserted him. Again he draws the bow, again the same hissing noise is heard; the boy is safe; for, see a second arrow has struck the huge beast, and the king of the forest drops lifeless. Before the audience fully realized what has happened the youth takes a short sword, plunges it into the neck of the beast, and, leaving it there, is soon in his father's arms.

Before the applause which greeted this unparalleled feat of the emperor had died away, two gladiators came into the arena and, walking past the carcass of the tiger, saluted Commodus and made ready for the deadly contest. The dissimilarity of the two was very marked; they were neither equal in years nor in size. The first was almost a giant and towered above his antagonist, who, though he was tall, yet had more the proportions of a runner than of a gladiator; and he moved with greater freedom than his older and more bulky companion. The giant, as he may be called, seemed all confident of winning the contest, and looked contemptuously at the youth who appeared to be affected with great nervousness, and was very pale. But the experienced eye could easily see that the muscles of the former were soft and shapeless, and that he did not have that elasticity in his step which is so indispensable in all games requiring agility. The suppleness of the youth caused many to remark that he had some hope of victory, provided he could prolong the contest and tire his opponent.

While the spectators were considering the probable outcome of the battle, the signal to begin was heard. The two stood facing each other; the elder, whom we now recognize as Cincinnatus, waved his sword towards his patrician friends, seated near the emperor; then, with a look of scorn, rushed towards his intended victim, the

son of his former friend, and thought to overcome him with his superior weight. Hector now, all nervousness being cast away, divining his intent, stepped lightly aside, and his huge opponent lumbered past, and nearly fell upon the sand, though he did not neglect to cover his side with his shield and ward off the blow aimed at him. Cincinnatus recovered himself, and, looking around, became more cautious; he then feinted at the head of the boy; but, suddenly changing his position, sought to pierce the heart of Hector; here again he was baffled, for he only encountered the shield of his antagonist; but such was the force of the thrust that Hector was almost pushed off his feet, and had Cincinnatus been quick enough, he might have despatched him.

The huge warrior became greatly enraged, finding his attempts to deceive Hector in vain, and began to strike wildly; but again and again his thrusts were foiled; at the same time he was loosing his breath and puffing loudly. This was the moment long awaited by Hector. Seeing Cincinnatus breathless, he now executed a series of rapid cuts and feints, and was fast bewildering the excited Roman, who had already retreated some paces from the centre of the arena. The partisans of Cincinnatus, seeing his peril, shouted words of encouragement; the Roman grew desperate and resolved to make a final stand, hissing through his teeth a word scarce audible; but Hector heard it and replied: "Yes, you shall have revenge!" Then a vision of his father ruined and his sister a slave came before his eyes. His movement was quicker than that of the tiger which had lately bit the dust of the arena; his sword had descended; all heard the crash on the shield; but why does he not repeat the blow? No, he has not received an under thrust, for the sword of Cincinnatus is bloodless. Hector tugs at the shield of his opponent. The people, some standing on the seats, marvel at the look of despair on his face; he stands stupefied; all now see what had happened. A common accident of the arena has befallen him, for such was the force of the blow that his sword transfixed Cincinnatus' shield and it could not be extracted. The populace, pitying the misfortune of the boy, call upon the gods to assist the unfortunate youth now at the mercy of his opponent. Some one, more collected than the rest, seeing the sword which had been left sticking in the carcass of the tiger, shouts to Hector to run for the weapon. This timely suggestion recalled the boy to his senses, and he turns and runs in the direction of the dead tiger, while the unwieldy Roman, too slow to take advantage of Hector's misfortune, allows him to pro-

ceed some paces before he starts in pursuit.

Hector's only hope lay in his obtaining the desired sword; his fleetness of foot could alone now aid him, and as he hears the panting of the Roman close behind, he redoubles his efforts and, avoiding the pools of the tiger's blood, he is fast distancing his pursuer. The partisans of Cincinnatus among the patricians shout to him to hurl his sword at the back of the Greek, trusting that he might be so fortunate as to send the weapon through his heart; but the Roman fears to risk the attempt.

On they sped—the youth bent on saving his father and sister, the Roman on revenge. Hector wins, for now he stands over the tiger, and as he extracts the weapon, he hears a dull thud and a groan. Turning around, he prepares himself for the onslaught; but he sees the Roman lying prostrate on the sand, and vainly endeavoring to rise. Cincinnatus groans and attempts to tear his shield away from his breast; he raises himself on one knee, but only to fall back again; his body is covered with blood. His friends ask what has happened, and cry out to him to guard himself, for Hector stands over him with uplifted sword. He makes another attempt to rise, and as he drops back all see the cause of his disaster. Cincinnatus did not notice the pools of blood which Hector had so carefully avoided, and, stepping into one, the slippery sand of the arena threw him upon his shield in which the sword of Hector had remained fixed; and as he fell it pierced his breast. Instinctively the Roman raises his hand for mercy; but his eyes close too soon to see the upturned thumb of the vestal virgins.

Hector refuses to plunge his sword into his expiring enemy, and, hurrying from the horrible spectacle, he meets Neobolus, his father, and together they offer sacrifices in thanksgiving for the victory over the implacable Roman.

N. J. SINNOTT, '91.

THE students of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, recently enacted the "Malediction" with marked success. The youthful actors were nearly all *débutants*; yet, owing to their careful training, the play was admirably rendered. The citizens of Austin turned out in a body to witness the performance, and at its close demanded a second presentation of it, so great was their pleasure at the manner in which the young Texans bore themselves. This is but another proof of the successful college work performed by the Faculty under Father Hurth's guidance and, indirectly, too, of the popularity of Prof. Lyons' plays.



JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.

"O fleur de la chastité"—*Sir John Froissart.*

I.

The fairest flower of Arthur's Table Round,
And purest in his mighty heart was he,
The virtuous knight, Sir Percivale Galis;
Of all that famous fellowship, whose deeds
O'er rang the world and unto Arthur drew
The chivalry of earth, none matched with him
In feats of arms and noble acts, save two—
The amorous lord, Sir Lancelot du Lac,
The peerless arm of Arthur's Table Round,
The fearless pride of Camelot, the sun
Of golden courts, the mailed hope of king
And lords, who brake their humble spears upon
His steeléd breast, like paling limes before
The tempest's breath: his heart was greater far
Than swell of ocean's sob, for there he kept
The priceless gem of Arthur's heart and throne,
The love of fair and treacherous Guenever.
The other one, whose flashing might bore down
The spear of Percivale and crowned his heart
With halo, rayed of gentler deeds, was he,
The courtly virgin knight, Sir Galahad.

II.

Within the marble halls of Camelot—
Where sat the king in banquet state, and brake
The bread of love with peerless knights, where lords
And ladies fair, in raiments softly wrought
With threads of sunshine hiding gleam of stars,
And armored dress, far flashing bright, with helms
Of burnished gold and shields of scaléd steel,
With speers of needle point and oaken shaft,
There grouped the Table Round, the greatest strength
Of Christian world and kings;—within these halls,
Beside this Table Round, there stood a chair,
Renowned as being occupied by none,
And it was called by name "The Perilous";
For he who was to fill its cushioned seat,
Was one who in his heart should be as pure
As virgin saint, and in his iron arms
A lion's strength, and he should be the star
Above the starréd knights; for none should bear
Him down, though stronger than Antæus bold;
Not only this, but he should seek and see
The Holy Grail, which was the Sacred Cup
That Christ had held on Thursday's Feast, and it
Contained the Blood of Him, the Son of God,
The Saviour of the world, and it had come
Into this realm, but none knew where 'twas hid.

III.

And now the story is that Galahad
Sat in the chair called "Perilous," when he
Was made a Knight of Table Round; and all
Made marvel much, for well they knew that as
Aurora waned and came again, so he,
The beauteous knight, Sir Galahad, was he

Who should no equal find and win the sight
Of Holy Grail, for so grave Merlin said.

IV.

And now the time had come when clustered round
Their idol king, and while the rippling laugh
In trembling haste caught up the royal ring
Of jewelled cups o'er blushing with their fill,
Uprose a fair and stately form, more like
The Herakles of Myth than man of flesh;
And on the quivering air he poured his heart,
And with a breath he broke the roseate chain
That bound inscented, breathing hours the heart
Of king to knights; and with a sacred oath,
Inspired by Holy Ghost, he swore if 'twas
The will of Heaven, he'd leave the pompous court,
Depart from kingly smiles, and in the ways
Of danger's hand he'd seek the secret spot
Where now the Holy Grail was hid. Then all
The knights, on hearing this, arose and in
One voice made unto God and to the king
An oath, as like to that of Sir Garwayne's.

V.

And thus the Table Round was broke, and too
The strings of Arthur's heart; for well he knew
That now his throne was weak, for none were left
To hold its seat against a jealous foe;
But more because of all that fellowship
But few would rest again in marble halls
Beneath his kindly hand, for Death would claim
Them as his own in strife or fell disease;
And so his heart, beneath the fire of love,
In pearling drops that melted in its depths,
Gave up to parting knights his sorrow great.
And there beside the king, in tearful mien
And heaving breast, the false but beauteous queen
In sorrow stood and watched the dimming glare
Of armored knights fast fading in the shade
Of darkling woods.

VI.

And coming to the king,
To bid a fond farewell, with tearful eye
And shaking hand, but stern as marble's soul
And straight as shaft of spear, Sir Percivale
Rode up, and like a snake uncoiling from
A crushéd foe, he from his horse unwound,
And leaping to the ground he quickly knelt
And bowed before the weeping king; and like
A burst of sun through pall of darksome clouds,
His helm threw back the shafted rays that broke
In blinding dust upon the burnished gold;
And stooping low, the trembling Arthur prayed
His love and blessing on the prostrate knight,
And gently lifting up the glowing face,
He kissed his seal upon the brow and cheek
Of Percivale, and drawing forth the sword
Excalibur, and resting blade upon

His head he prayed the strength for arm and soul
 To bear the weight of sword and Satan's hand.
 He was about to rise, when on his neck
 He felt a glittering chain, and casting up
 His moistened eyes, he saw the beauteous face
 Of Guenever bent close to his, and in
 Her hand a golden cross resplendent with
 Reflecting gems, and on his arméd breast
 She laid the cross and gently touched his brow
 With quivering lips; then sadly turned her head
 And wept until her sobs an echo found
 Within the heart of virtuous Percivale:
 Then, like a frightened stag, he leaped upon
 His prancing steed, and, plunging spurs into
 Its flanks, he sped into the gathering shade
 And soon was lost beneath the cloak of night.

VII.

And now Aurora felt the breath of sun
 And blushed herself awake, while from the field
 Of azure blue the angel-throated birds
 Poured forth their matin hymns and sang the morn
 Upon her upward path around the world.
 And gently riding on his steed, enclodeth
 In burnished mail and like a myth of old,
 The valiant knight, Sir Percivale, came on,
 And like a golden throne, his shield gave back
 Reflecting shafts of morning sun that found
 Their course, through laden arch of cracking pines,
 And musty barkéd limes, that locked their arms
 In fond caress above the verdant way;
 And kissed with shadows soft, the incensed heart
 Of buds and pearly dripping bells. No more
 Majestic steed yet bore majestic knight,
 Or pranced with conscious pride, than that on which
 Our chosen one now rode into the wood.

VIII.

In measured beat its heaving sides arose
 And fell in gilded waves, and on his head,
 Like unicorn, he bore a pointed mask
 That shone in flashes, brightly hued; upon
 His flanks, o'er fishy scales of steel, he bore
 A golden cloth that rolled in changing folds;
 While clank the heavy battle-axe thumped out
 A deadened note to clink of linkéd steel:
 And resting on his milky shoulder, there,
 Like one great sun upon a duller sun,
 Resplendent in its blinding glare and rich,
 The shield of Percivale in beauty hung.
 Upon its face, two lilies richly wrought
 Of whiteness more than white, in softness were
 To represent the glowing purity
 Of virgin knight, Sir Percivale Galis.
 Upon this haughty, almost conscious beast,
 In statue, like an Atlas made, in face
 More like a dream that's not of earth or Heaven,
 How true a man, more like a god; in dress
 Of burnished, shining gold, the noble knight
 In marble straightness sat, upon his brow,
 With open mouth, a helmet brightly shone
 Of common steel, but rich with threaded cloth
 Of gold and drops of pearls and stones; upon
 His breast, in diamond lustres, lay the cross
 Of Guenever, and, like a serpent's coil,
 With scaly back and folding shades, his legs,
 In steeléd armor clasped, hung loose beside
 His heavy sword and battle-axe. His spear,
 Erect and polished bright, from massive rest
 To starry needle point, whose end was lost
 Above the whispering leaves and shedding limbs.

IX.

Thus on his easy course, his courser wound,
 No point in view, yet keeping straight. At last
 The surging forest rang with echoed call
 Of clarion's note; and, leaping from the grass,
 The mighty steed, like lightning's flash, flew on,
 And bounding past the laughing pansy's face
 And nodding shrubs; on wings of fiery speed
 He flew, until the winds blew back the gold
 Of clustering locks and drove the horse's mane

Into the eyes of Percivale; again
 The sleeping forest rang with louder call,
 And faster flew the snorting steed; still on
 To where that blazing bugle call rang out
 In measured challenge tones, for well he knew
 That ringing blast defiance bore. The steed
 Plunged on, and threw the sward in clods behind.

X.

Far down the grove, on steed of raven side
 And clad in silver-tinted mail, erect
 As trunk of pine, and at his weedy mouth
 A bugle held from which he sent the long
 And trembling call, there stood a knight with nought
 Upon his shield—a knight of pigmy strength
 Looked he and poor as ne'er knight was. And when
 Sir Percivale looked on and saw this one
 He to his lips held up a bugle fair,
 And from its glowing mouth blew forth,
 In answering tones of richest sound a loud
 Returning call, and then he quickly drew
 The plunging steed upon his haunches strong,
 Until he almost stood erect in air,
 And striking then his shield with gauntlet hard,
 He placed his spear in rest, and struck his shield
 Again, until it rang in muffled tones.
 The other knight, whose plain attire spoke not
 Of high estate, brought down his shaft in rest.
 And, throwing on his shield, made fast his belt
 And turned to face Sir Percivale; and all
 Around was still and calm as earth before
 A storm, save far and near the whispered moan
 Of quivering forest leaves; the piping thrush
 And lark that sings unto the sun was still.
 And now the mighty steeds, with hoofs on high,
 With nostrils swelling fast and eyes that flashed
 The fire of fight run wild, and leaping like
 Fierce demons hot from hell, and snorting loud,
 As maddened beasts they crushed the bit. The knights
 Drew down the helmet's face, and sitting fast
 Within the saddle's polished seat, they looked
 At each and every part—the spear, the shield,
 The sword, impatient steeds. And now at last,
 Like sudden shock of uncontrolled pain,
 The beasts sprang forth, as deep into their sides
 And heaving flanks the spurs were plunged, and like
 The distant echoes thunder's clap they beat
 The earth; 'twas but a whirring flash as on
 They flew with wild and snorting, plunging speed;
 Then, like two monster thunder-clouds that rush
 From east and west, and meet in furious fire
 And roaring claps, and so with mighty shock
 That shook the very earth, these flying steeds
 Rushed one upon the other, and the sharp
 And ringing crash of spears on shields, the cries
 Of knights, the echo of a splintered shaft,
 The maddened thump of hoofs, the hollow thud
 Of falling steed, the clink of mailéd coats,
 A hoarse and piercing groan of wounded horse,
 In one grand union rolled from tree to tree,
 From clump to clump, from wood to wood, until
 The waving echo died far off upon
 The pansy-laden hills and woke the lark
 To song more sweet than hymns, beyond the clouds.

XI.

And now the battle raged; again they rushed
 With fiery haste and struck the pointed spears,
 With aim unerring, hard upon upon the shields
 That blazed as suns; but with an eye more straight
 Than straightest shaft, and strength more like a god's,
 The stranger knight, with steed of blackest night,
 With speed more like the lightning's livid flash,
 Fell on Sir Percivale and forced him, horse
 And man, in wounded heap upon the ground;
 But, like another flash, Sir Percivale
 Rose from the tangled heap and, drawing forth
 His mighty sword, cried out with furious ire:
 "Come on, thou false and recreant knight, or kneel!"
 And now 'twas hand to hand—a clash, a cut,
 A blow that shook each man, a measured tune
 Of deadened tones; and now it was a cut,

A swinging blow, a hack, another cut,
 And panting hard, they swung their flashing blades;
 Now one is hit, but still he swings that sword—
 A thud, a clash, still on they fight; a miss
 That proves a wound to him that missed; now up,
 No down, until they weaker grow; at last
 The stranger knight, with sword on high, lets fall
 A crushing blow that tears through helmet, sword
 And all, and on the trampled sword he fells
 The noble knight, Sir Percivale Galis.
 And, bending o'er the prostrate form, he said:
 "A stronger arm, I'll swear, I never found;
 And greater knight, I fear, I ne'er shall find";
 So keep thy helmet closed, unconquered thou,
 Strong heart, strong arms, if judging by thine eyes.
 This word! ne'er fight again because the knight
 Is poorly clad; he may be more than poor;
 But here's my name and think of it betimes,
 Now know I'm Galahad, a servant poor
 Of Arthur's noted Table Round. Farewell!

XII.

Then, with a stifled groan of pain that coursed
 His wounded loin, Sir Percivale arose,
 And with a cry that died upon his lips
 He called the victor knight to stay; for he
 Had yearned within his sinless heart and sought
 To find the noble knight, Sir Galahad;
 For well he loved him with a love that chains
 The soul of man to throne of God; then back
 He fell from waste of blood and lost the light
 Of day. He longed to follow after him—
 The knight, Sir Galahad—but there upon
 The tumbled earth his steed lay stiff and cold,
 And he went round and round a misty ring
 Within his head, and fell into a night
 Of vague and dreamless pain.

XIII.

The night came on in starry beauty's robe,
 And kissing each and every leaf and bud,
 A sleeping pearl she left as jewels for dawn.
 And lying there a faintly shadowed form,
 With bloodless lips and marble brow from which
 In crystal beads the dew ran down, a cold
 And almost lifeless heap was Percivale.
 And now, as night drew almost over head,
 He woke, and back to earth his thoughts returned;
 And kneeling by his side he saw a poor
 And ragged wench with hair as pale as face
 Of stars. And straight to him she spoke with voice
 As fierce and cracked as ne'er he'd heard before;
 "Sir Percivale, what dost thou here?" she said.
 "I do no good nor bad," he faintly moaned.
 "If thou wilt swear to do mine will, I'll bring
 To thee my horse; 'twill bring thee where thou wilt."
 "I'll swear," he said, for fresh came back the thought
 Of Galahad, and now he longed to go.
 She left him then, but soon returned and by
 The gilded bridle led a fairy raven steed,
 More black than darkest night herself; a grand
 Colossal piece of Nature's grandest mould;
 And it was clothed in jet and gold that made
 Sir Percivale alive with wonder, and up
 He leaped, forgetting wound and helper too;
 And with a bound was on the monster's back,
 And plunging spurs into his sable flanks
 He sprang he knew not where; the snorting beast
 Flew faster than the wind that whistled past
 The speeding knight, like storm around a tower;
 He faster sped, and if 'twas fast, it now
 Still faster grew, until the trees in one
 Dark band flew by; and down the parchéd throat
 Of Percivale the weeping winds blew back
 His weakened breath; and thus for hours they sped,
 The fiendish steed ne'er slacking speed,
 But faster flew.

XIV.

And thus upon their dark and dangerous course
 They dashed, until they came upon a rough
 And roaring water's edge that splashed in waves
 Which rolled in thundering tones and hissing foam;

And straight the demon-flashing steed flew on
 To meet this boisterous flood, and plunge into
 Its briney mountain depths and bring the knight
 Into its murderous foam; at this it flashed
 Upon the mind of Percivale that he
 Was on a beast that's born of hell; and quick
 As grace and arm could move, he crossed himself;
 At this the demon steed gave forth one wild
 And fiendish shriek, and, throwing to the ground
 Sir Percivale, plunged in the maddened waves
 With hellish cries and roars, for he was hell
 Itself; and from the pressing clouds that hung
 In massive black, the crooked sheets of light
 Like blinding furies shooting, pierced the storm
 And lit the cursing waves in jewelled fire
 And sank in lurid, forkéd haste into
 The trembling depths of Neptune's angry heart;
 Then howled the mad and trembling winds like cries
 Of myriad souls in damning chorus joined;
 And as the fiend passed on, the water burned,—
 And all around the air was filled with steam
 And sulphur smoke, while on the stony ground,
 A lifeless heap lay bleeding Percivale.

XV.

And as the morning dawned, the sea went back
 And left the scorched rocks to bleach and crack:
 And as the sun came round the whiteness of
 His light woke up the ebbing flow of life
 Within the senseless knight, and soon he oped
 His azure eyes and looked far o'er the sea;
 And thanking God for mercy and for grace,
 He knelt him down to pray; and as the sun
 Threw o'er the quivering sea a golden veil,
 And warmed the purple-bleeding pansy hearts,
 Far out a bark of fairest build and mould,
 With wings of Mary's white, flew o'er the waves
 And drew unto the shore, and from its bow
 Came strains of purest harmony and song
 To wake the trembling heart to deeds unknown;
 And from the sides a voice in sweetness called:
 "Come, Percivale, and enter in my ship
 To sail to where the Holy Grail awaits
 Thy virgin soul." And, rising from the stones,
 He went into that vessel fair, and with
 A burst of heavenly anthems grand it passed
 Into the burning eastern sun and left
 A chord of earthly melody to join
 The dying echoed hymn of Paradise:
 For all life of Percivale was song
 In praise of God, and death united these
 Two strains of earth and Heaven.
 "Jesus, keep his soul!"

The Products of Our National Game.



HAT HAMLET in far-off Denmark was wont to catch flies and stop grounders is evidenced by his call for "judgment" in Act V. and Osric's answer "a hit, a very palpable hit." This remark would lead us

to believe that Hamlet was the captain and also that he was a *kicker*; whether the umpire was protected with a revolving armor, or whether it was necessary to call in the police to defend him from the infuriated heir-apparent, Shakspeare has forgotten to men-

tion. But that Hamlet knew how to address him, and that Osric could tell a foul from a base-hit, is apparent from the above quotations.

It is an historical question, and therefore out of the scope of this article, whether we can trace the origin of base-ball back to the time of Hamlet. History, no doubt, is against us; so we will have to conclude either that Hamlet lived before his time, or that he had the happy faculty of dipping into the future and pulling up golden treasures. Our national game has, however, lived long enough to make an impress upon our national life. And who doubts but that its influence has been for the better? Like all other affairs which have interested man, out of it have arisen many products, some of which it can be justly proud and others which are not so creditable.

The crank or, more elegantly, the enthusiast, is the chief product of our great game; he is an individual easy to recognize, but hard to describe. As soon as the snow leaves the ground his heart turns to his favorite pastime. Winter is hardly endurable to a real, live crank—one who devours base-ball news, dreams of scores, and is always talking about this or that great player. It is only in the spring that he begins to enjoy life; in the summer he lives, and in the fall he relapses again into his quondam existence. The scores of all games past, and his predictions of future ones are on his tongue; the notable players he has on his fingers' end, and he is particularly in his element when he narrates how McSwilligan hit the ball over the fence when there were three men on the bases, and thus won the game for the champions. The enthusiast, to an admirer of base-ball, is an excellent entertainer, to the rest of mankind a bore.

Base-ball slang, like other distortions of our language, is expressive but inelegant. A purist would naturally object to discovering how Jones connected with one of Flaherty's curves, and sent a grass-cutter, which was too hot to handle, to the short-stop, and thus reached second; or how the left-fielder forgot to close his hands on a sky-scraper, and made an inglorious muff. It is said that a ball player could order a dinner by calling for a hot grounder, when he would mean a potato, and by using other expressions, which I have forgotten, but which could stand for the articles we have on our *menu*. Slang is always bad, and professional slang is the worst. Our noble national game, while it has given us a strong and healthy rising generation, has also given us a slang that should be extirpated from the ball field as completely as it is eschewed in polite society.

The small boy, while he cannot be called a product of base-ball, is still a large admirer of the game and of the ball player. He believes implicitly anything the player says; and the smallest word let fall from his jewelled mouth is treasured by him for months afterwards. He is ready to do anything to come under the notice of his idol, and he dreams by night and by day of a professional base-ball career. He is not so much a player as he is an admirer; he would walk miles to see his favorite club cross bats with some rival team, and would forget to eat his dinner if a conversation relating to base-ball were being carried on at the street-corner. If he has not the money—which often happens—to pay his way into the grounds, he will perch himself upon the branch of a tree, or peep through the cracks in the fence; and when the game is over he will know as much about it as the blue-blooded occupier of a grandstand seat. Like Banquo's ghost, the small boy refuses to be downed; and it is safe to say that as long as the national game retains its present popularity so long will the small boy live his life of careless joy as one of its merry camp-followers.

More insufferable than the crank—because he combines the qualities of the enthusiast with the less harmless ones of the player—is the man who thinks he can play. Such fellows are as numerous as the flies that torment a sleeping out-fielder. What he lacks in playing abilities he usually makes up in loud-mouthed and disgusting coaching. When he makes, by some lucky chance, a good play he wishes all to know that to him alone belongs all the credit, and he proceeds to make himself more conspicuous than ever. He is always posing for the grandstand, and is never so happy as when he has received its applause. There are few walks of life that do not possess many of these would bes, but base-ball seems to have an over crowd of them. They deluge every newspaper with their advertisements and haunt every college. The man who thinks he can play is usually an individual that requires but little success to inflate him; and he soon finds that a seven hat wont fit, and it will be necessary to get a larger. Such a person is worthy of the contempt that is so freely bestowed upon him.

One of the most pleasant things to carry through life is a broken finger or a stiff finger joint. Both are found on the hands of every man who has aspired in times past to win fame or fortune upon the ball field. They are remembrances of our youthful days that are destined to stay with us till the end of our earthly

sojourn. They cannot very well be handed down as heirlooms, or given as souvenirs, but remain the immovable possession of their owner. While it cannot be said that a broken finger adds to the beauty or symmetry of the hand, yet there is not one disjointed joint that does not call up reminiscences at once pleasant and agreeable. For this reason its beauty is only seen by the owner, while it is left to the observer to discover its ugliness.

J. R. FITZGIBBON, '92.

The Awakening of Proserpine.



INTER is past; the heart
of nature warms.
Beneath the wrecks of
unresisted storms,
Doubtful at first, suspect-
ed more than seen,
The southern slopes are
fringed with tender
green."

These lines, from Oliver Wendell Holmes, convey to our minds the reality that Proserpine, the genius of spring, has arrived with all her charms, ecstasies and graces. The eye cannot glance in any direction but it beholds evidence to verify this verse. The earth has long since thrown off her ermine mantle, donning one far more exquisite as well as picturesque—a verdure which surpasses the beauties of all the works of art. The howling winds have sounded a retreat, and their wailing melodies, which have intensified the sorrow in many a wounded heart, are heard no more. The smooth and glittering ice, which formed a glassy floor over the lakes and streams, has melted away, while the water composing it has mingled with that which was protected from the cold and wind by its smooth surface. The rivers and brooks which were wrapped in the slumber of death during the winter months have come to life as if by magic, and they ripple down the mountain sides, through woods and meadows, in sun and shade, refreshing man and beast, as well as fertilizing the sections through which they pass. The trees, once clothed with ice, seeming lifeless, have budded, and now shake their leaves in the morning breeze. The laughing sun seems to stay in his course, and turns the cloudy earth into a glittering ball which reflects his rays, causing plant life to spring forth with new vigor.

Yes, spring is here at last after the long and dreary winter has passed away. Nature is now in her glory. She has reached the zenith of her power, so far as pleasing man, the beasts of the

field, and the fowl of the air. She has cause to be proud, and should receive the praise of the poets for her noble efforts to escape the realm of Pluto. Everything in the universe is in harmony. The meadows are more beautiful and graceful than at any other time of the year. Their long grass swaying before the wind, first in one direction and then in another, presents a striking contrast to the tide of the ocean. Shakspeare describes them most beautifully in these lines:

"When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smacks all silvery white
And cuckoo-birds of yellow blue
Do paint the meadow with delight."

The pastures which have been deserted by the cattle for a more desirable abode during the cold weather are dotted here and there with these animals, whose frequent inarticulate outcries signify their praise and thanks. They are busy munching the grass beneath their feet and keeping it at an equal height. The surface presents the appearance of a lawn which is nearly as regular as one under the hand of a gardener.

As in the time of Homer and Virgil, the farmer is busy tilling the soil and planting various kinds of seeds, hoping by his industry to be bountifully repaid for his labor, and the florist is busy setting out his plants that he has cared for since the previous autumn. The soft descending showers have caused grass, flowers and buds to shoot forth, and the envelope which now shrouds the earth is the most beautiful sight ever gazed upon by the eyes of man. The sweet April showers have caused the trees to bud; blossoms and leaves now afford shade which is eagerly sought by many a care-worn traveller. The violet and buttercup thrive at their feet, while sweet songs of birds are echoed and re-echoed throughout their branches. The robins are busy building their nests and by their songs it is easy to tell that they appreciate the situation. The golden plumage of the oriole looms up through the leaves like an oasis in the desert. In the fields we notice the crow and hawk who, though not beautiful, are performing the work laid out for them. Not only in the daytime do we hear the music of the birds, but also by night. The wail of the whip-poor-will comes to our ears telling us of her sorrows. Longfellow asks in the following lines questions to which everyone should answer "yes."

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree tops even
Are half way houses on the road to heaven."

These are but a few of the many decorations which charm the earth at this time. The view of the descending sun is a new joy. Before its rays depart they color mountains and the sky a purple hue. The western horizon is colored a fiery red, while golden beams are reflected from the upturned leaves upon the eye in dazzling rays. The flowers are closing, the birds are seeking a resting place; everything is quiet as the last smiles of the setting sun disappear.

This season—

"The swallows homeward fly,
The roses scattered lie"—

is eagerly looked forward to by the botanist. All forms of plant life have been studied by him, but this is not sufficient; he is not satisfied until he has analyzed every form within his reach. When the most delicate species are examined and their differences noted, he wonders if man is ingenious enough to construct such a multitude of variety.

The month of May is, especially, one of the fairest of the year. The rising sun opens the primrose and the cowslip and leads them around with her as her daily circuit is made; daisies and buttercups peep from every field; the air is filled with delicate perfumes coming from every quarter. Various kinds of buds, of as many varied tints—crimson, blue, white, yellow—are everywhere, and they will soon mature and become magnificent. Hills and groves are filled with God's blessing. The bees are busy collecting honey. These perform a great service to nature in assisting the fertilization of flowers. The most picturesque scene of all is the rainbow shower. Small drops descend as gracefully as snow; the huge ball that lights the earth can be distinguished behind the clouds, while the heavens are painted with the most uniform colors.

This is the era of the poetic scene. They are inspired by the uniformity, fairness and correctness which cause them to gush forth in sweet strains of melodious rhyme. Their thoughts are so ecstatic that they seem to flatter nature; but it is impossible to do this with all their dreams and imagination.

When we observe all the flowers that paint the earth such exquisite hues, the millions of birds whose songs are but the glory of the universe, the sparkling and clear stream winding in majestic curves, connecting the different cities which lie near their course, and innumerable other details, we cannot help but believe in the existence of the Omnipotent. Wherever we

turn we are brought in contact with His magnificence, and see the result of His untiring zeal. And who is so ignorant that he cares to know nothing more about the Hand that causes the rivers to turn in their course, the refreshing showers to fall and nourish the fields, the flowers, grass, leaves and moss to spring from Mother Earth, the birds and beasts to communicate their happiness? If there are any such individuals they had better retire from the companionship of their fellow-man, until they are able to appreciate that work which has never been equalled and which can never be excelled.

This is the season of diseases. If afflicted with that epidemic, which has a forced grip upon the ambition of nearly every person, making them lazy and unenergetic, namely *ennui*, go forth into the open air and list to Nature's teachings; observe the flowers, animals, trees and mountains; in fact, every detail that makes up the beautiful scenery; listen to the songs of the birds and the music of the running waters; partake freely of the refreshing breezes and throw all worldly cares aside. It is easy to see, after doing these things, that the stimulating influence of these agents has acted as a tonic, refreshing and invigorating the individual to such an extent that he feels.

But Spring does not last a very long time, and we should enjoy its pleasant influence while it is here. Soon the scorching rays of summer will descend upon the earth, making everything dry and sterile, and we will look with many wishes that this season had not vanished.

ALBERT E. DACY, '93.

My Queen.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

VICTORS in tourney for love and duty,
Chivalrous knights in their golden prime,
Knelt at the throne of the Queen of Beauty,
Ages ago, in the olden time.
Kneeling they proffered, and deemed it honor,
Guerdons of valor, the tourney's prize;
More than repaid just to gaze upon her,
Reading their bliss in her love-lit eyes.

Lances no longer we tilt for glory,
Gone is the pomp of the tourney now;
Still, like the knights of the olden story,
Lovers the queens of their hearts avow.
Peerless is mine: with her grace none other
E'er may compete, here below or above,—
Queen of the Maytime, O Mary Mother,
Grant, for my guerdon, one smile of love!

—Ave Maria.

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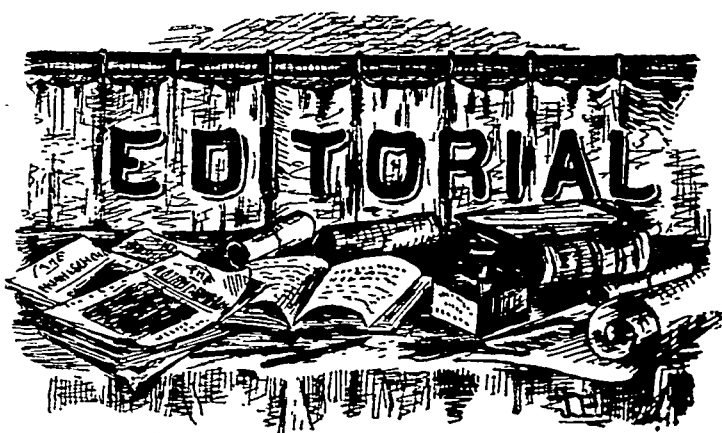
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Notre Dame May, 2, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has 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.

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—One of the great events of the week in our little college circle was the visit of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, D. D., Rector of the American Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Always a welcome visitor, the presence of the distinguished prelate is made more than ordinarily agreeable by the kind words of advice with which he does not fail to greet the students. In our local columns an account is given of the reception accorded Bishop Keane, but we must reserve for next week a report of the grand lecture with which he favored us.

The Month of May—The Student's Month.

NO ARK and dreary winter with its days, that held so much that was repellent to the blood of youth, have gone and left us lovely May, the student's month, with its songs and budding flowers and thoughts of labor well performed. The poet, too, dreams that May is made for him, and so it is; and therefore is it made for students; for every young man who has heart and brain and sympathy is, in some manner, a poet, though he never sing a song. And it is, indeed, fitting that the happiest time of the twelve-

month should, as it were, be set apart for the special enjoyment and profit of those who are living the happiest part of their life.

For the diligent student, these bright, sunny morns are harbingers of days of gladness and congratulation, because the consciousness of time well spent is always a source of pleasure; and the thought that a year has not come and gone and left us as we were before never fails to delight. All the good that one has done seems figured in the sweetness of the flower-specked mead, in the red-shot sky at sunset; and a day in May is more than meet reward for all the sorrow of the bleakest month in winter. Now, of all times, we recognize that the sorest troubles have their end, and that what often seems the herald of despair is, indeed, the precursor of fair hope.

For the dilatory, too, this merry May-time is doubtless a source of congratulation, though it be not wholly without regrets. Its very beauty admonishes everyone of the error of their ways, and offers the wholesome instruction that all time is good time; that the recollection of neglected opportunities is a curse to make after-life miserable, and—what is most profitable knowledge to a young man—that hell is paved with good resolutions which never knew fulfillment. All this it teaches one; and much more the student with a wayward mind, but a noble heart, who will learn to bless these happy hours for the lessons they bring him, and begin to know the truthfulness and hopefulness of the aphorism—"all's well that ends well."

May also offers an instructive example of patience and perseverance that is seen in nature at no other time. From the beginning of spring we have marked how the delicate leaves have had to contend with late frosts and blasting winds; how they never seemed impatient of their lot, and now we see, with unqualified delight, that their perseverance has conquered, and in their victorious joy they deck the trees with the finest foliage. Is not this a beautiful lesson to testy, desponding humanity? Well has May been chosen as the student's month, for full fraught is it with profitable teaching.

It is indeed befitting the harmony of things that the loveliest month of the year should be dedicated to the most beautiful type of womanhood the world has ever seen. The enchanting virtues which May seems to possess are, in an emblematic way, the prerogatives by right of our Holy Mother Mary. Purity, patience and perseverance, moral excellencies which are so necessary to the advancement of every real student, have reached in her their highest per-

fection. Even the poets who never knew the sweetness of her love sang pæans which came unbidden to their lips—pæans to her who is in truth “our tainted nature’s solitary boast.” Those to whom the truth of the Immaculate Conception does not come home in all the splendor of its reality must at least appreciate her wondrous loveliness; and with the sense of deepest gratitude venerate her who has done so much to promote and preserve the natural virtues of our race. The knights of old were wont to do battle and perform heroic deeds for the glory of those whom they held in love, and shall we fail to honor Mary who loves us with more than a mother’s affection? Can we not at least strive to do what God Himself has done who has honored her as no other creature ever has been or will be honored? And what month were more becoming in which to honor the Blessed Virgin than this delightful time of May?

Her title of *Sedes Sapientiæ* is one of the grandest expressions of the incomparable dignity of Mary; and it is under this appellation that students should invoke their generous patron. Devotion to the Mother of the World’s Redeemer is coexistent with the beginning of Christianity. Through the long and dreary ages of persecution; despite the assaults of heresy and so-called free-thought it has flourished and come down to us with a vigor that can only be accredited when we know the worth of prayers to Mary. Thus we see the twilight of the present century marks the universality of the beautiful form in which the devotion finds expression in the Month of May, begun but little more than one hundred years ago by children in Rome. It is, indeed, fitting that this should be so, for the intercessory power of her to whom every true Christian heart realizes that in the present dispensation of God’s providence, he owes all that is nearest and best, is unlimited; and it is consoling to think that no one has ever prayed to the Mother of God in vain.

And while it is ours to draw from this fountain-head of wisdom, we should spend this happy month in drinking deep of the knowledge which is given us to make us nobler men. There is only one May-time on which we may count, and that is the present: “The flower that blooms to-day, to-morrow dies.” Were we to learn each useful lesson that the life and example of Mary can teach us, assimilate her unconscious love, her patience and perseverance, her hope of something better, then, in truth, merry May would be made the typical student’s month.

T. A. CRUMLEY, '92.

The Rev. A. B. O’Neill on “John Boyle O’Reilly.”

ON Monday afternoon the Rev. A. B. O’Neill, C. S. C., delivered the long-expected lecture on John Boyle O’Reilly. There were many reasons why this event should be looked forward to by all with pleasurable anticipations. The well-known charm of the reverend lecturer’s literary work, his intense, inspiring love for the poet whose life and labors he sketched, and the interest and attractiveness which go to make up the story of O’Reilly’s life—all these were circumstances to raise expectation to its highest pitch, and to whet the appetite of the critics. And seldom were anticipations more perfectly realized. From the time when the lecturer began by depreciating his own ability to do justice to his theme, until the moment when he closed amid enthusiastic plaudits, the interest of the audience never for a single instant flagged.

After a short introduction, the reverend lecturer proceeded to trace the genealogy of the poet and to picture his environments during the impressionable years of youth. The manner of his education was then looked into, and many of those who hang in rapture on the songs he sung in life were astonished to learn that he quitted school forever when he was but eleven years old. At this early age he entered upon his journalistic career which continued uninterrupted until the incident occurred which changed again the current of his life, and left him an unhappy but stout-hearted convict upon Australian shores. The romantic story of his escape from prison and his subsequent landing on our coast was detailed with all an artist’s grace and power, and with just such honest critical admiration as would have delighted the manly heart of O’Reilly could he have been present.

His career as a journalist was next considered. Father O’Neill was perfectly qualified to speak of Boyle O’Reilly in this respect, for the poet had been his hero from earliest youth. His mission among men, he said, was distinct, and the sentiment expressed by Col. Higginson, and quoted by the lecturer proved the truth of his words. That he was an orator of remarkable power cannot be doubted, and a strong novel remains to tell of his genius for fiction. This many-sided man had yet one crowning glory, for O’Reilly was a poet. It was under this aspect that the lecturer loved to consider him. Himself a poet of singular sweetness, he cannot

but feel the dignity and responsibility of consecrated lips that are sent into the world to sing time songs for the betterment of men. His characterization of poetry in general and of O'Reilly in particular impressed all who heard it as one of the truest and most beautiful ever given to the world.

No doubt, Father O'Neill's great difficulty in lecturing upon such a subject was to determine what should be omitted. There were so many great thoughts and good thoughts clamoring for utterance that it was difficult to choose between them. So, too, the critic's task, in the appreciation of his lecture, is to select a few out of many bright points for notice. This we have endeavored to do in some slight manner, and we close this hurried sketch by quoting, with permission, the conclusion of the lecture which is of special interest to all at Notre Dame:

"As students of this University, you owe him a little love; for he had a genuine affection for your *Alma Mater*. Keenly alive to appreciation, he was heartily grateful for the tribute which, ten years ago, in the form of the Doctor's degree, Notre Dame, first among the universities, paid to his genius; and had he not been cut down so prematurely, he would this year or next have been doubly grateful for the reception of Notre Dame's proudest distinction—the *Lætare* medal. From a number of letters in which he wrote affectionately of the University that adopted him as her son, let me quote a short one which, I think, you will like. On the appearance of 'In Bohemia,' a few years ago, an appreciative brother-editor here at Notre Dame sent the poet a few words of congratulation, telling him, among other things: 'You love the poor and lowly, and one day the people will sing your songs.' O'Reilly replied: 'Somehow the most delightful words that have ever reached me—those that remain longest, and give deepest pleasure—have come from Notre Dame, which I have never seen. It is worth living and working for to receive so kind a letter as this you send me. I thank you deeply for the expression. I long to go to Notre Dame, but am chained here to heavy and unceasing responsibility. I send my gratitude and love to take my personal place.'

"Great men grow greater by the lapse of time,' and I venture the prediction that a century hence that letter will be treasured as not the least valuable of the papers in the University archives.

"One characteristic incident and I have done. A Scotch lady going down a street in Boston, about a year ago, saw a distinguished-looking man lifting his hat and bowing gracefully to two laborers who had just saluted him. When he had passed on, the lady asked one of the men who he was. The answer was: 'There goes the first gentleman in America—John Boyle O'Reilly, God bless him!'

"For generations to come, when the visitor to Holyhood Cemetery, pausing by a grassy mound at the base of a colossal monolith—Nature's unique and fitting monument to a peerless son who loved her well—shall inquire 'whose grave is that?' the answer will be, 'There lies all that was mortal of one of the truest noblemen whom the world ever knew, the friend of humanity and the very greatest of Irish-Americans—John Boyle O'Reilly, God rest his soul!'"

Father O'Neill was frequently compelled to pause, while the pleasure of his audience found expression in vigorous applause, and it is safe to assert that no lecture in the course on "Epoch-making Men" was more generally and thoroughly appreciated. C. J.

Glittering Generalities.

WE English-speaking people are said to be a practical race, and there has come to be more of censure than of praise in the remark. We are too practical—practical at the expense of the graces and humanities—most of us.

The result of this is that our New World life is a drudging, work-a-day sort of an existence; and we Saxon-Normans are developing our Saxon habits of thought to the neglect of those idealistic impulses—the legacy of our warmer Latin blood.

We are very busy nowadays. We work and eat and sleep and find time for little else; for Mammon is a greedy god, and claims the undivided allegiance of his devotees. The Muses flee abashed from the clamorous marts of trade, and the imps of pelf hold high revel in the desecrated sanctuaries of the arts. But this is a tendency, not a state. Already there are signs of a reaction. Many of us, who a few years ago were striving for material gain with all the tenacity of our Saxon nature, have acquired the riches that we sought, and now seek the wealth of mind and heart.

Perhaps, after all, the sordid spirit of Occidental life is rather the result of environment than of natural tendencies. Western civilization is new, and has been too deeply concerned in its struggle for bare existence to give much thought to the amenities. But all this now is changed. We have acquired a competence, and may now enjoy the leisure once denied us. Society has become settled, the crudities of formative civilization are worn away; and it is fair to believe that the New World will yet surpass

the Old in the arts and graces, for it is hampered by no traditions and may appropriate what is good and discard the bad and mediocre. Its spirit is vigorous and aggressive; its purposes pure and its ideals high; and when it seeks to adorn the fabric of its civilization—which has been two centuries building—with the ornament of more æsthetic and artistic things, it will approach the work with the same straightforward tenacity that it has devoted to more essential, if more sordid tasks.

H. P. BRELSFORD.

“Don’ts” Appropriate for the Season.

DON'T think that because May is here and the flowers are in full bloom you are licensed to fill the papers with spring poetry. When the sun is doing business at a ninety-eight-degree-in-the-shade gait and two or three juvenile ants are playing leap frog on a man's back he may not fully appreciate your genius. Sit down, thou youthful poet; commune with your inner self, and you'll learn something to your advantage.

Don't play ball unless in the opinion of others you are able. Your own judgment on this point should not be followed, for it will often lead you into difficulties from which you cannot extricate yourself and preserve your dignity. You may have been able to play years ago, but you are out of practice now. You can lie about your former prowess on the diamond, but your veracity may be questioned if you handle a ball now. This advice also applies to men who still wear uniforms.

Don't pay any attention to the man who advises you to change your underclothes on the first of May. Change yours every week, if you have any. If you haven't, don't change them. This rule is general.

Don't monopolize the spring fever joke. It is pretty old now, and it would be well for you to consider the advisability of calling it in.

Don't admire the beauties of May. In reality the features of that important month deserve but little commendation. In cities house-cleaning and moving mark the advent of May. No one knows just why it is that the family must adjourn to the roof and the house be torn inside out to give it a cleaning; but it is probably for the same reason that one man rents a house that has been left vacant because it is uninhabitable. In the country, life is not a pastoral dream, no matter what poetry says about it. The farmer says differently, and he ought to know. The coming of May means to him that

there is considerable work ahead. He goes forth into the fields, practises the pastime known as honest toil, and incidentally demonstrates the advantages of a high protective tariff. To the poetical eye all this may seem worthy of turgid rhapsodies in iambics, but in practical life it is a debatable question.

Don't abuse the tramp. He is one of the ornaments of our country, and by his unparalleled perseverance he has elevated his calling to the rank of a profession. The tramp has a bright future before him, if he would care to devote himself to literary pursuits, as he has phenomenal abilities in the sphere of fiction. He is a great American traveller, and furnishes plenty of excitement to relieve the monotony of farm life, and, when not in the neighborhood, is easily tolerated.

Don't be too severe with the idiot who anxiously inquires if it is hot enough for you. He aims to be a public benefactor, and if the temperature does not merit your approbation he would probably have it changed. He is a harmless monomania, but deal leniently with him; borrow an axe and send him to where his favorite query will be most appropriate.

CHAS. T. CAVANAGH.



H. C. MURPHY, '93.

- June next.
- Hurry up! Hurry up!
- On hand on the side there!
- The Band concert this afternoon.
- Preparation for the triples will soon begin.
- We regret that *our* Bostonians are not among the greatest men in the world.
- “He played with the Leavenworths last season, and pitched for Cornell for four years.”
- Lawn-tennis occupies the recreation hours of the cultured members of Sorin Hall and others.
- Professor Wm. Hoynes was absent Thursday and Friday. He was called to Chicago on law business.
- Do not miss the Band concert this afternoon. The members will appear in their new uniforms for the first time.
- Our artists, Messrs. J. Paradis and W. Mor-

rierson, are deserving of great praise for their skillful drawings in this number.

—Hon. W. J. Onahan has the thanks of Prof. Hoynes and the students of the Law Department for a copy of the "Ordinances of Chicago."

—Applications for catalogues of the Law Department are numerous. Indications point to a large attendance in that department next year.

—The medal for the competitive drill in the Minims' military company, kindly presented by B. Cajetan, was won this week by Master Wolf.

—Bulletins for the months of March and April were made out last Thursday, and will be read in the various departments this evening and tomorrow.

—Judging by the programme of the concert to be given by the University Band this afternoon, all who attend may be assured of a rare musical treat.

—Boyd's pitching is first class, but he is a little weak. If he had more weight he could easily strike out the heavy batters of Brownson and Sorin Halls.

—An interesting feature of the last meeting of the St. Cecilians was the reading by member Hennessy of a letter from the ex-city attorney of New Orleans in regard to the Mafia troubles.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., formerly Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Richwood, Wis., has returned to Notre Dame to prepare for a trip to Ireland on business for the Community. Father Maher's many friends are pleased to greet him and to see him enjoying the best of health.

—A very interesting game of base-ball was played on the 26th inst., by the M. L. S. boys and a team from South Bend.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—

I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
M. L. S.:	3	1	0	1	3	4	5	1	2=20
SOUTH BEND:	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0=2

—The ball game of Thursday last was intensely interesting. When, during the last half of the 10th inning, the score was a tie, and a misplay would have lost the game, Gillon made his wonderful double play, and the crowd cheered until hoarse. It is games like this that keep up the interest in the national game.

—The meeting of the 51st Congress, held on April 26, was very interesting. The discussion of the bill appropriating \$10,000,000 for the building of war ships occupied the attention of the members. Good speeches were made by J. B. Sullivan, J. R. Fitzgibbon, T. Coady and J. E. Berry. The last meeting for the present session will be held May 4. The subject of debate is the "Compulsory Education Bill."

—The Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C., Rector of the Seminary, has just concluded a series of really eloquent sermons at the Students' Mass on Sundays. He treated the Sacrament of Matrimony and kindred themes in his own masterful way, and the one cause for dissatisfaction was found in the shortness of the series. Father French's position as Professor of Moral Theology makes him peculiarly fitted to touch upon

that subject, and his exposition of it charmed all his hearers.

—Henry J. Steis (*Law '86*), is the Prosecuting Attorney of Pulaski and Starke counties. He has held the position for several years, and discharged its duties with honor to himself and his *Alma Mater*. We are pleased to learn that by general consent he is ranked among the ablest and most successful Prosecutors in the State. He would have been elected Judge in November had he not declined, on account of his youth, to allow his name to go before the convention for nomination.

—On last Thursday evening, as the devout children of Our Lady filed out of the church after the opening of the month of May, they were surprised and delighted to see in the west the words *Ave Maria* in illumination. The letters were large and well-formed, and the effect, as seen across St. Mary's lake with the beautiful picture reflected in the water, called forth exclamations of pleasure from all who looked upon it. It was touching to behold this evidence of the piety of the young seminarians, who effected this highly artistic work under the skilled direction of the Rev. F. Reuter, C. S. C. Our Lady will not fail to reward the devotedness of her youthful clients and their zealous Rector.

—THE BOAT CLUB.—After a two weeks sojourn in the Infirmary, where he was sent to recover from injuries received at his last interviews, the reporter sallied forth to discover the prospects for the boat club. He has given this report with his will to the SCHOLASTIC, and has requested that future reporters beware of boating men, as they are sure to be "strong of arm and limb."

Choosing Mr. Tom Coady as his first victim, the reporter asked him "how things were coming."—"Not our way, for certain," responded the doomed oarsmen.—"Who will be captains of the crews?"—"I have not yet decided."—"Who are your choices?"—"Haven't thought of any."—"Have you any good material in the club?"—"Why, yes. We have some first-class men. Fitzgibbon, C. Gillon, Combe and Castenado are 'way up.' If they practise they will surely become good oarsmen. 'Fatty' aspires to the position of assistant coxswain, but I am afraid he will blow away if he gets into a boat."—"Will you row this year?"—"Yes, I think I will. I want to work off some of this superfluous flesh, and rowing is a good way to do it."

Mr. L. Chute thought that the chances for a good crew were remarkably good. "What do you think of the new members?" he was asked.—"They are good strong men and will make first-class oarsmen. C. Gillon and Fitz can pull with any of them, and, of course, our old men, Coady and Cartier, will be in shape."—"No, I don't think much of Schwartz's chances of getting into one of the four-oared crews."

Mr. C. J. Gillon was enthusiastic over the boating prospects: "I am glad that I joined the club," he said. "Base-ball does not compare

with rowing, and I think I will drop the former. No, I don't know anything about the candidates for captains, and can't say who will be chosen."—"Is it true that Schwartz and Castenado are to have a tub-race?" he was asked.—"I believe that the arrangements have all been made, and the race will take place May 32."

Mr. Fitzgibbon, being asked who would be selected captains, replied: "I do not know, but I think Louis Chute and Tom Coady are the best men for the four-oared crews. The *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline* should be managed by Cartier and Combe."—"Is rowing good exercise, Fitz?"—"Well, youngster, I should guess yes. There is nothing like it. Why, look at those muscles. They are not 'out of sight,' you can bet. Well, I believe I'll go down and row awhile. Sitting around don't agree with me."

Mr. Walter Castenado was reading an advertisement with the heading "Fat Folks Reduced" when he was besieged. "Well, Waltah, are you a candidate for coxswain of the *Evangeline*?"—"Yes, sir, and I reckon 'we all' will carry the day."—"Who are your choices for captains?"—"H. G. Schwartz, J. R. Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Cartier, Combe, McGrath, Sanford, Chute, Hoover and Cavanagh."—"But why do you mention all these when four will suffice?"—"Well, you see, if I slight any one he will be sure to whip me, so I take the safe side by naming all the strong men," said the logician.

Mr. C. Cavanagh was approached, and asked for "straight tips."—"I haven't any on hand just at present, but I will give you some of my own opinions if you wish," he replied. Being assured that these would be acceptable, he said: "I think the prospects for boating are very good. We have in Fitzgibbon, T. Coady, Chute and Gillon, four of the best oarsmen to be found, and the other men are good too. The only trouble with Schwartz is that he does not swallow enough Leaf to keep up his wind. Castenado isn't heavy enough for a good oarsman. No, I do not wish to row this year; but if any crew desires the services of a good coxswain, direct them to me, will you?"

—VISIT OF THE RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE:—The announcement by Rev. President Walsh on Monday last that the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America, would visit the University on Tuesday was received with great enthusiasm by the members of the Faculty and the students. There is no more welcome visitor to Notre Dame than this distinguished prelate, and as his visit here was sure to include a "talk" to the students, every one awaited with eager anxiety the moment when they would behold him once more on the platform in Washington Hall. His two lectures of last year on "Christian Manhood" and "Christian Patriotism" had left such an impression in the hearts of all at Notre Dame as to make them eagerly desire for a further opportunity to drink in those grand words of wisdom which were sure to fall from his lips. The students turned

out *en masse* to welcome Bishop Keane, and immediately after dinner on Tuesday the military companies of the different departments, headed by the University Band, formed a line and proceeded down the University avenue to meet and escort him to the College. The sight, indeed, was a most imposing one as the companies marched up the avenue with that precision to the commands of the officers in charge for which the military boys of this year are so noted, the band playing and the stars and stripes floating in the breeze. Arriving in front of the College steps, the companies, re-enforced by all the students, formed a semicircle, and as the learned divine passed up, the College cheer reverberated through the balmy air.

As soon as the Bishop, Very Rev. Father Sorin and President Walsh had reached the top of the University steps, Mr. H. P. Brelsford, Class of '91, stepped forward and, in that clear, ringing, eloquent voice for which the young gentleman is noted among his fellow-students, delivered a few words of welcome in a manner that deserved the very high compliment paid him by the head of the great Catholic University. Mr. Brelsford spoke as follows:

"RT. REV. BISHOP:

"In addressing you on behalf of the students a few words of welcome to Notre Dame this afternoon, I feel that I perhaps perform a useless office. It is needless to assure you of a hearty greeting here; for you can read your welcome in the kindling glance of the eye, and can feel it in the warm clasp of the hand. But it is not only to accord you the welcome of which you must have felt assured that we detain you for the moment; it is to tell you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, that we are sensible of the honor your presence confers upon us; that we are grateful for your past visits and hopeful for many future favors of the kind. It is to tell you that we at Notre Dame, as well as those in the great wide world outside, have watched with pleasure and admiration your sterling and successful efforts in behalf of Christian education. The Catholic University of America stands to-day a monument to your devoted zeal—a splendid fulfilment of splendid plans; and yet we know that the great University of to-day is but the realization of yesterday's hopes and the promise of to-morrow's accomplishments. And, in conclusion, Rt. Rev. Bishop, the students wish to take this opportunity to honor him whom two continents have been pleased to honor, and to pay the just tribute of praise to the Christian scholar and patriot priest."

Bishop Keane responded in a few words, thanking one and all for the grand reception they had given him, and assuring them that his trip West afforded him no greater pleasure than the opportunity of visiting Notre Dame. The announcement by him of a half holiday was received with great applause, and we are sure that his advice: "Boys, go now and enjoy yourselves," was faithfully complied with.

—♦♦♦—
The Athletic Association.

—
A CORRECTION.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

We notice with pleasure that a little card of ours, inserted some time ago in the SCHOLASTIC, has elicited such an abundance of hearty thanks

from our friends in Sorin Hall. While, of course, quite undeserving of the gratitude which their praises so eloquently express in a "Reply to a Card," we are happy in the thought that our brief explanation instituted an enquiry which has enabled the fairer minded of our deluded athletic brethren to ascertain the facts underlying the "late unpleasantness," and to see the wisdom and justice of Brownson Hall's action in the matter.

We make a brief reply to some truly *remarkable* utterances of that curious faction, who, it appears, must make up for the smallness of their following by the extravagance of their pretensions.

First of all, we cannot admit the truth of the statement that "there is but one association claiming the title." Unfortunately for base-ball interests, there is, we may say, a body of malcontents who have been, and are still, endeavoring to wrest the well-earned title and prestige of the *true* Notre Dame Athletic Association from its lawful possessor. Then we are astounded at the writer's disregard for the truth or, perhaps, to be charitable, *ignorance* of the truth, when he says: "It cannot be proved or shown in any way that the association in Brownson Hall ever had a constitution," etc. - To this all that need be said is that the constitution of the association is in the hands of the proper officer, and can be produced at any time.

Finally, we have no doubt that the "fittest" will survive without any assistance from the Sorin Hall contingent. Having, we think, sufficiently exhausted the "Reply," we may, in closing, give some reasons for our proceedings in the past. First, we did not play their nine because they succeeded in inducing several of our best men to refuse to enter the contest against them. Second, they employed outside players (which is distinctly forbidden by the constitution and contrary to all custom) to assist them in upholding their alleged claims. Now, when our discontented friends shall have seen the folly of their conduct we cordially invite them to again become members of this association which has ever been looked upon with pride by every student of the University.

BROWNSON HALL.

N. B.—We hope the great questions involved in these communications will be settled before the month is over.—ED.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Brelsford, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Du Brul, Hackett, Hummer, Hoover, P. Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Prichard, Paquette, Rothert, O. Sullivan, Schaack, C. Scheerer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, J. B. Sullivan, Tivnen, Vurpillat, Wright, Lonergan, Berry.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Benz, Brown, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, P. Coady, Cahill, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Chilcote, Dechant, Devanny, Dunlap, Delany, Frizzelle, T. Flannigan, P. Fleming, J.

Flannigan, Franks, Gillon, Gruber, Green, Gaffey, Heard, Hawthorn, Hauskee, Houlihan, Hubbard, Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, Kearns, Karasynski, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Kennedy, Lesner, Layton, Langan, G. Lancaster, J. Murphy, McGrath, J. McCabe, F. McCabe, Manly, Mug, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, H. Murphy, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, F. Murphy, Norton, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Mitchell, Rebillott, Rudd, Ragan, Stanton, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Tracy, White, Wood, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, Browning, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Coe, Collman, Connelly, Connell, Collins, Cummings, Corry, Cahn, Cheney, Clarke, Dion, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Dierkes, Dolan, Des Garennes, Eagan, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Falvey, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, J. Greene, Gerlach, A. Greene, Grund, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, L. Hoerr, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kick, Leonard, Lorie, Luther, La Moure, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Molitor, Morrison, Monarch, Martin, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCarty, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, Miles, Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Orton, Payne, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Russell, Renesch, Roberts, W. Regan, Rend, Shimp, Schillo, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sutter, Sullivan, Traff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Tod, Thomas, Taylor, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blumenthal, Bixby, Burns, Blake, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Croke, Chandall, Chapoton, Cross, O. Crepeau, E. Crepeau, E. Christ, Corry, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Durand, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Fuller, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, W. Freeman, J. Freeman, Girsch, Griesheimer, Gavin, Hoffman, Healy, Hathaway, Hamilton, Howell, Higginson, Jones, King, Krollman, Kinney, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Lawton, Loughran, Londoner, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbury, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lawrence, McPhee, McCarthy, Maternes, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, MacLeod, McGinley, Nichols, Otero, O'Neill, O'Connor, Pieser, Pellenz, Paul, Patier, Platts, Ronning, Ransome, Roesing, Rose, Russell, Stephens, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Steele, Thomas, Trankle, Trujillo, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Warburton, Young, Zoehrlaut.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Dechant, C. Gillon, L. Gillon, I. Mitchell, O'Neill, Cassidy, Monarch, Neef, Maurus, O'Shea, Castenado, V. Vurpillat, P. Murphy, McAuliffe, Correll, Scholfield, Bachrach, Blackman, Schillo, Berry, Dacey, J. King, McConlogue, Sanford, Wright, H. Murphy, Joslyn, Davis, Combe, Flannigan, Fitzgibbon, Paquette, Hummer, Carroll, Hackett, O'Sullivan, Cavanagh, F. Vurpillat, Heard, Burger, P. Lorie, P. Fleming, W. Roberts, J. McKee, F. McKee, E. Ahlrichs, A. Ahlrichs, Wood, Cartier, Brelsford, Rothert, N. Sinnott, F. Chute, W. O'Brien, Allen, T. Coady, Langan, J. B. Sullivan, R. Sinnott, Hoover, Tivnen, L. Chute, Du Brul, J. Brady, C. Mitchell, M. Hannin, Carney, Palmer, Quinlan, Fitzgerald, Keough, Kearney, Thorne, Wolff, Hoerr, C. Fleming, C. Scheerer, Jewett, Ayer, Boyd.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Messrs. Brelsford, C. Cavanagh; *Logic*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Fitzgibbon, O'Neill; *Latin*

—Messrs. Just, F. J. Sullivan, A. Ahlrichs, J. King, Bachrach, Crumley, T. Hennessy, Fitzgerald, Miskiewitz, P. Murphy; *French*—Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Neef, Des Garennes, Allen, Blameuser, Davis, Joslyn, Palmer, Weakland, Rebillot; *German*—Messrs. Sanford, Dacey, Casey, Monarch, Wolff, Kearney, Lorie, Arthur Funke; *Spanish*—T. O'Rourke; *Civil Engineering*—(*Theory*) Messrs. C. Gillon, Hoover, Paquette; (*Practice*) C. Paquette; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Burger, Cavanagh, Drumley; *General Geometry and Calculus*—Messrs. O. Sullivan, P. Murphy; *Analytical Geometry*—E. Maurus; *Surveying*—E. Maurus; *Trigonometry*—W. Correll; *Geometry*—Messrs. Keough, Blameuser; *Algebra*—Messrs. Dechant, Delany, Kearney, M. Prichard; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Weakland, Manly, H. Wood; *English Composition*—G. Anson; *English History*—Messrs. Joslyn, McAuliffe, Lesner, P. Coady, Boyd, Donohue, Crumley, Fitzgerald; *Modern History*—Messrs. Carney, Hennessy, Leo, S. Hummer, Monarch, Quinn, Schlink, Wolff; *Ancient History*—Messrs. E. Scheerer, Blameuser, Yenn, McCabe. Mitchell, Devaney; *Physics*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, H. Murphy, Hummer; *Botany*—A. Ahlrichs; *Zoology*—B. Blameuser; *General Biology*—Jos. Just; *Literature*—Messrs. Maurus, Hoerr, P. Lorie; *Criticism*—C. Paquette.

Letters from the Archives of Bishops'
Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

XII.

Letter written by the late Miss R. Carroll, describing the personal appearance of Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll.

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1885.

“DEAR PROF. EDWARDS:

“I cannot yet send you the letters written by the Archbishop as my papers and relics are still at my old home Duddington, which has been sold. We moved to another house in too great a hurry to bring everything with us, but I shall soon have altogether here, and then I will try to find something to please you. We never saw the Archbishop, as he was a half century older than our father, Daniel Carroll, of Duddington. An old family servant, aged eighty-five who belonged to my great aunt, tells us he had seen the Archbishop many times when visiting her house. In appearance the Archbishop was not tall, but short and fat. He had brown hair before it turned gray, blue eyes and wore shorts with knee buckles when in parlor dress. This old servant has a good memory, and it is equal to a book to hear him talk of all the grand old people of early days. . . . The Archbishop was a cousin to our father, whose first wife, Ann Brent, was the Archbishop's niece. . . . This is all I can write now, but I will write soon again.”

“Very truly yours,

“REBECCA CARROLL.”

XIII.

From the same to the Director of the Bishops'
Memorial Hall.

“ . . . Captain Ignatius Fenwick was the step-father of Daniel Carroll of Duddington. He sent the three brothers Daniel, Henry and Charles to the English Academy at Liege, Belgium, in 1784. We thought the accompanying ancient prospectus* and old bills would be interesting. The letters we send are from my grandmother's (Mrs. Fenwick's) sister, a Carmelite Nun who died in 1817. She was devoted to her relatives and family in this country having gone with many Maryland ladies to join the Carmelite Order in Hoogstreate there being no convent in this country at that period. Mrs. Fenwick, my father's mother, was Mrs. Carroll Fenwick by second marriage. No children by second marriage.”

* The prospectus referred to is that of the English Academy at Liege, Belgium, which appeared in our last issue. *Et.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. J. R. Hankla, of Topeka, Kansas, and Mrs. E. Wagner, Chicago, were welcome visitors during the past week.

—One of the most interesting and instructive lectures of the scholastic year was that delivered on Thursday afternoon by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C. A more appreciative notice will appear next week.

—On the evening of Saturday, April 18, was given the final lecture of the musical course by the Directress of that department. It dealt with “Traditions Concerning Egyptian Music,” bringing to light many facts scarcely thought of by amateurs in the art, and which will doubtless be productive of lasting good.

—The usual ceremony in the observance of St. Mark's day took place on Saturday, the 25th, namely, a procession to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, directed by our esteemed chaplain, the Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C. The chanting of the Litany of the Saints awoke the morning echoes, and the blessing of the Queen of Heaven was invoked by the singing of the *Regina Cæli*.

—Professor Egan's lecture of Tuesday last was of a very practical nature, giving, as it did, the distinctive features of the pre-Raphaelite school of poets with those which characterize writers of the opposite school. Many hints and suggestions were given, valuable to young writers, the Professor strongly insisting that the secret of true art in composition is to convey to the minds of others the impressions of the writer.

—In the absence of Very Rev. Father General, the Academic meeting of April 26 was presided over by the Rev. Chaplain. The literary portion of the program was furnished by the Third Senior class, whose members appeared for the first time as editresses of *The Chimes*. The paper was well read by the Misses Pugsley and Reeves, and was an interesting number, reflecting credit upon the earnest young workers on this their first entrance into the field of journalism.

A Reverie.

Once when wrapped in visions golden,
Seemed my steps a path to trace,
Leading to a sunlit garden
Radiant with beauty's grace.

Clambering vines and trailing ivies,
To the drooping branches clung;
And on leafy dell and bower
Sunlight's glorious mantle hung.

Sparkled there a crystal fountain,
Flinging wide its pearly spray,
Vying with the limpid tear-drop,
Hidden in the tulip gay.

From the velvet turf and verdant,
Star-eyed daisies raised their heads;
While the breezes perfume-laden,
Came from lowly violet beds.

Tarrying at the garden's portal,
Longed I much its path to tread,
Till a fairy form and lovely
Smiled away my fear-born dread.

Like to swift-winged dream it vanished,
And my steps with joy elate
Followed close that angel vision,
Heaven-sent for purpose great.

Through the winding pathway's mazes,
Swift the vision onward sped;
Till before my gaze enraptured
Lo! a scene of beauty spread.

From a central stem uplifted,
Gleamed the lily's chalice white,
Purer than the snow on mountain,
When 'tis kissed by morning light.

Close beside it blushed fair roses,
Drawing life from self-same stem,
Warm with wealth of crimson glory,
Fit to grace a diadem.

Half concealed by blooms more gorgeous,
There the modest violet grew,
Like a hidden censer breathing
Perfume from its heart of dew.

Mute with wonder stood I gazing
At this freak of nature strange;
Straightway then with gulde angelic,
Questioning glances interchange.

Then the anger smiled responsive,
To my questioning mute appeal;
And in accents music-breathing,
Did the secret swift reveal.

Whi-pering: "'Tis the Lord's own garden,
And *humility* the stem
From which rise the lovely blossoms,
Rivalling the brightest gem."

"Purity, the gleaming lily,
Charity, the rose of flame,
While the velvet violet petals,
Speak of modesty's fair name."

Then my heart the lesson learning,
Hidden 'neath this mystic guise,
Sought to thank the angel vision—
It had vanished in the skies.

Rural Life.

Some one has not inaptly said that "God made the country and man made the town;" and while admitting the many advantages a city holds out to its devotees, it would seem that the claims for preference belong pre-eminently to the country. In the first place, what life is

more surrounded by the halo of poetry than rural life? Here everything speaks to the beholder in the language of nature. As the humble laborer steps from his cottage—nestling so modestly beneath the overhanging branches of the stately trees—he is welcomed by the merry twittering of birds, the hum of bees and the laughing brooklet that flows gently down the hillside. Here no heavy smoke clouds obscure the blue of the sky; the pure air of heaven bids defiance to the breath of pestilence, and, in the words of our own Longfellow, "far off the noises of the world retreat." But let us follow the worker to the scene of his labors. Blithely he sings as he guides the plowshare through the soil, or sows the seed that ere long the earth may produce the laughing harvest. See him returning homeward when the sinking sun invites to rest. He is weary, it is true, but how different his weariness from that which lays its heavy hand upon his brother in the city! But here some one will proudly point to the magnificent stores of the city, its market-places, groaning under the weight of delicious fruits, its immense grain establishments, as constituting a claim to superiority: but to what is the city indebted for most of its luxuries? Now, the picture of the laborer gathering the fruits so graciously bestowed by the Giver of all good things comes before the mind's eye.

Is it not evident that the proud resident of the city is, after all, dependent upon the humble man whose lot is cast in rural shades? Again, in the country fewer temptations present themselves: there the eager rush for fortune is not found, nor deep drinking of pleasure's cup; and notably absent is gilded vice, which is but gilded misery.

The country is proverbially the inspiration of poets. Why did Goldsmith seek a retreat in the country's green lanes and woody dells, while pondering those works the world has so long admired? Because here everything addressed him in the language of the imagination; and while thus remote from the "maddening crowd," conversing with brooklets, birds and wild flowers, he composed many of those gems that adorn English literature.

Not only has the country inspired Goldsmith, but it has given birth to a much greater genius—Shakspeare. No doubt the beautiful scenery on the banks of the classic Avon, where his youthful days were spent, was the means of awakening his slumbering genius. Undoubtedly, too, that poet of nature, Wordsworth, by whose delicate vision nothing beautiful passed unnoticed, drank deep draughts of inspiration from rural haunts.

Where in the city are to be found the pure, silvery waters of the river that gurgle over its mossy bed as it traverses the land in its haste to meet the ocean? How brightly the sunbeams dance upon its surface as if inviting the beholder to the pleasure of a sail! Let us push our boat from the shore, and, lifting the sails, we are soon wafted down the stream by the freshening breeze. Ere long is seen the weeping-willow bending over the banks as if to drink of the pure, sparkling waters; the flowers on the banks nod in the passing breeze, scattering sweet perfume, and the drowsy hum of the swarming hive alone breaks the stillness, and, altogether, it is the most attractive sylvan scene. The ocean is one of the most sublime objects in nature; but how differently are we impressed by it as it washes the walls of the busy city, or when, standing upon some lonely beach, we watch its waves break in surf at our feet. Happy, then, is he whose lot is cast in rural shades, blessed with

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven!"

DORA SPURGEON
(*Second Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Buck, Bassett, Bero, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, Black, Bogart, Coleman, Charles, E. Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Crilly, Cooper, Carpenter, Calderwood, Dority, Dennison, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Mary Donehue, Daley, Evoy, M. Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Galvin, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, G. Johnson, D. Johnson, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, Mullaney, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nester, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quinn, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Ryder, Robinson, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Tipton, Tod, M. Tormey, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boos, Burns, Clifford, Cowan, Fossick, B. Germain, P. Germain, Gilmore, Hickey, L. Holmes, Kelly, L. Mestling, Quealy, Schaefer, Seeley, Soper, S. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

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

3D CLASS—Misses S. Hamilton, Clifford, E. Dennison, Charles, Neimann, E. Wagner, L. Du Bois, Evoy, M. Burns,

Tod, Girsch, Hanson, Robbins, M. Scherrer, L. Schaefer, A. McPhillips, Kinney, L. Kasper, K. Hamilton, Witkowsky, E. Murphy, M. Tormey, Fossick, Mestling, M. Hess.

WORKING IN GRAYON.

1ST CLASS—Miss K. Hurley.

3D CLASS—Miss A. Mullaney.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Hurff.

2D CLASS—Miss I. Horner.

OIL PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Miss M. Murphy.

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

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

English as She is Wrote.

[Directions as *originally* prescribed for the use of a preparation recently put upon the market].

QUALITY AND WAY TO USE IT.

Spilling a tea spoon in a glass of pure water, it appear as milke, and washing one's self once or more times for day, it has the property:

To cancel every spot from the face and all the body; to make disappear the wrinkle, the skin light and soft like velvet; take off the bade smell of the sweating; it disperses the yellow color and made the face bright of the more vigorous and natural colors, lest these affection be not caused from interior vice inveterate. To take off the burning wich the razor usually cause after shavet the beard, and dry successive eruptions. Empolide for bathing the mesure of one bottle, is very agreable, and it give force and brightness to all the body.

It lessen the tuth ache, putting on some coton damp with this water. Spilling some on the stove, besides to take the hurtful emanation, it spread of a very agreable smell the room; as also spilling some on burning iron is excellent to purify the air in a sick room, without be hurtful to the sick, who instead must feel better. Smelling it often, it take far the fever, so comon in the marshy places; and it is a very good preservative against epidemic.

It has a balsamic vertu to cicatrize the spots of the moschitos, and disappear the mark; as also to disperse the swelling and releive the pain of the scratching and burning of the skin, when it is suddenly damp with that water and put on some coton obliged by a light bandage.