

•YIVE•QUASI•CRAS•MORITURUS.

No. 37.

An Etude in C#.

"He took the cake,—but not *the* cake."—NEW PLAY.

'Twas the fragrance of Araby greeted his nose;
There was promise of sweets in the odors that rose,
As he passed by the kitchen, and suddenly grew
A wild longing to test, as the bee tests the dew,
The "idyls" in pastry that fairies might make,
And known unto fame as the "Graduates' cake."

So at supper that night, "Ah what bliss to the taste
Is this cake!" he exclaimed. Then he thought, "I will haste
To my friend, tried and true, for I'd like him as well
To enjoy the rare treat, and together we'll dwell
On the gifts fortune sends; so I think I will take
What is surely a piece of the 'Graduates' cake.'"

He was guiltless, indeed, of all evil designs;
For he, too, was beguiled by the fair outward signs.
This delusion has called us to pity your lot;
You were caught in the snares of a deeply laid plot;
You were victims, indeed, of a grievous mistake
In supposing you ate of the "Graduates' cake."

And if horrors ensued from the *morceau petite*,
(Will you pardon the French?) not *our* cake did you eat.
But the feast we have offered for death holds no charm,
And the hamper that reached you need cause no alarm.
Then, oh kneel, and revoke your rash vow for the sake
Of the only original "Graduates' cake."

Q. LINARY.

John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

"The Lion of the Fold of Judah."—O'CONNELL.

The "Life of Archbishop MacHale," by Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, in two volumes, is a work which bears in every line the stamp of intellectual power. The style is lucid, the philosophy deep, and the estimate of the great prelate's character just. The coloring is rich without exaggeration; the landscape painting true to nature, and the historical sketches of political parties in Ireland since the Revolution of 1798 drawn with a master's pen.

In every social crisis remarkable men arise. In the struggles of Irish independence many great men have arisen. One of these was John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam in the western part of Ireland. Born in 1791, he appeared in one of the most important epochs of the world's history. The teachings of Jefferson and Franklin found their way into many hearts across the Atlantic. The French Revolution soon followed the American and changed the face of Europe. The success of Washington and the fervid eloquence of Mirabeau created in Ireland an ardent hope of civil and religious liberty. The yoke of serfdom had pressed the people for centuries; their ancestral faith had been proscribed, and now the hope of national independence roused the people to a state of frenzy. Nowhere in Ireland was this excitement more keenly felt than at Tubbernavine, the birth-place of MacHale—a hamlet on the eastern slope of Mount Nevin in the most picturesque part of Connemara. The place of his nativity, encircled with scenery grand and romantic, with hills and lakes and woodland, made sacred with classic legends, historical recollections and the glories of Milesian valor, inspired the child of genius with that love of faith and fatherland which makes his name imperishable. His mother tongue was Gaelic. He knew English, Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian. He is one of the very few men who have left masterpieces in two languages. One of his best works is "Evidence and Doctrine of the Catholic Church," written in English and Irish. It has been translated into all the modern languages.

John of Tuam is not only illustrious as a prelate, a prose writer, a polished speaker, he is also eminent as a poet. He translated "Homer's Illiad" into heroic Gaelic metre, and Moore's Melodies into Gaelic, using the same

metre as Moore employed. He was the greatest scholar in the Gaelic tongue.

He came before the public as a writer in 1820, under the assumed name of "Heriophilos." His letters appeared regularly for twenty-seven years, and rank with those of Junius and Dr. Doyle. His style is strong and dignified, showing the influence of Burke and Shakspeare. His public career covers a period of more than sixty-seven years, during which he never made a single mistake. In the fierce arena of polemics and politics MacHale had to deal with men of acknowledged ability—Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerson, Lord Derby, Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. It was he alone that saved Ireland in the Sadlier-Keogh conspiracy; and saved Ireland from the effects of the plot entered into by English demagogues and statesmen to ruin her cause on continental Europe, and especially at the Vatican.

In this trying crisis of Irish history the Archbishop had to contend with troubles at home and abroad. Cardinal Cullen, misled by British promises, became the tool of the "English garrison." O'Connell died, leaving his son John to take his place with nothing to recommend him but the name of his father. The "Young Irelanders," driven to revolution by despair, were now in prison, or in the penal colonies of England. The "Lion of the Fold" became the leader of a nation. He led that nation, poor and down-trodden, not without success, against the strongest and the proudest in Europe. Isaac Butt owed his influences to MacHale; and the present Irish Party is indebted not a little to the Archbishop of Tuam. As a modern writer puts it: "MacHale was the bridge connecting the Repeal Movement of O'Connell and the Irish Party of to-day."

The ideal of the Archbishop was the restoration of his country, which had been paralyzed by the Act of Union. This ideal was embodied in his "Repeal Programme," and is the foundation of Gladstone's Home Rule policy. From the beginning of his public career it was the main-spring of his acts, his words and his movements. He defended his convictions with the fearlessness of a Hampden, the patriotism of a Pym, the coolness of a Jefferson and the fluency of a Mitchell. History has accorded to him the character of a statesman whose diplomatic abilities in many respects resemble those of Wolsey and of Richelieu. He had the capacity to grasp broad principles, and the power to distinguish between means and ends. His end was the freedom of Ireland and the happiness of mankind. This end he never changed; and to attain

it he always used the best means. His voice was ever raised against the hereditary foes of his country; and ever ready to plead the cause of suffering Erin at the bar of public opinion.

His zeal and love were unchangeable. He was as true to the client for which he plead as the needle to the pole. His judgment never failed him; no English statesman could deceive him, and no British intrigue could delude him.

Calm and majestic as the grand old mountains of his native Connemara, he kept the enemy at bay; and for more than half a century filled a place in Irish history second in importance only to that of O'Connell. And well does he deserve that place. Who showed more love for the land of his birth; more zeal in the press, in the pulpit, on the platform, in the cause of mankind; more steady resolution to keep clear of the snares of English statesmen, in order to be able to serve his country at all times; more courage in asserting the rights of civil liberty and the principles of eternal justice?

HUGH O'NEILL (*Law '91*).

To the Graduates' Cake.

"Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come."
—DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Is it a snowflake or a lily fair?
Or mass of cherry petals in a gleam
Of April sunlight; or a golden dream
Of the ambrosia that the high gods dare
To taste with reverence, but yet never share
With Philistines who only human seem?
And scorn this cake, of all earth's cakes the cream,
A symphony in cooking, rich and rare!

Thy icing, like froze music, he has scorned,
Thy feathery lightness, like a summer cloud
In ambient air—unto the poet's eye,
A moment's bliss!—and then forever mourned!—
And he has scorned thee, he of that vile crowd
That wallows in pig's feet and rhubarb pie!

I. M. N. DIGNANT.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the shores of the picturesque Island of Corsica, washed by the placid waves of the deep, blue Mediterranean, stands the quaint little town of Ajaccio. In this obscure spot was born, on August 15, 1769, just two months after the conquest of Corsica by the French, one who was destined in after years to astonish the whole world by his military genius and glorious achievements.

This was Napoleon Bonaparte. His ancestors were Italians, and had he been born two months sooner his fortunes would have been

those of a son of Italy. The future emperor of the French was reared among the hardy islanders, while they were making their last efforts for liberty in striving to throw off forever the odious yoke imposed upon them by the French.

In 1789, Napoleon wrote: "I was born when my country was sinking; the cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed and the tears of despair surrounded my cradle from my birth." Yes, surrounded by such influences, Napoleon grew up with the reminiscences of the struggle for liberty deeply burned into his memory. These same reminiscences, no doubt, added to the natural gravity of his character, if, indeed, they were not one of the first causes that led to the development of his wonderful genius. While yet a mere child he had high patriotic ideas which seemed to be his by instinct rather than acquired from others.

When an aged relative was at the point of death he called the children to his bedside and said to Napoleon's brother, Joseph: "You are the eldest, but Napoleon will be head of the family. Take care to remember my words." Napoleon did take care to remember them; and some writers say that he immediately fell to beating his brother as if to show the truth of the old man's prophecy.

His father, Charles Bonaparte, having been artful enough to ingratiate himself with the French authorities, procured for him an appointment to the military school at Brienne at the early age of eleven years. Here he was a hard-working student showing a great aptitude for mathematics and an especial fondness for history in general, and the histories of ancient republics in particular. At Brienne he was a pensioner upon the king, while his companions were all sons of dukes and princes. They used to taunt him with his poverty, and this led him to seek solitude rather than their society. This fact probably caused much of the gloominess in his character.

In 1783 he was transferred to the Military Academy at Paris where he greatly distinguished himself. At sixteen he received his commission as 2d Lieutenant of artillery and was stationed at Valence. It was here at Valence that he first awakened to ambitious designs, dreaming of some day rescuing his beloved island home from the oppression of its conquerors. It was here at Valence that the French Revolution, breaking out in unmitigated fury, found the young Lieutenant of artillery who should afterwards dazzle everyone by the brilliancy of his exploits.

In 1792 he was commissioned captain, and on June 20 of that year witnessed the horrors committed by the mob at the Tuilleries. Although disgusted with the cruelty and barbarity of the revolutionists, he recognized their immense power and invincible strength, and determined to make use of them for his own advancement; serving France because he could not serve Corsica.

He began his glorious career at the siege of Toulon. Thenceforward victory followed victory, and promotion was rapid. After he had attained to the title of general, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior. In this position he had entire control of the troops stationed at Paris.

One morning an interesting boy, twelve years old, burst into his office and demanded that his father's sword be given up to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnais, the son of a general in the revolutionary army, who had been killed by order of the monster, Robespierre. Napoleon commanded that the sword be given him, and the boy received the sacred relic with tears of joy, covering it with kisses. The next day his mother came to thank the young general in person for his kindness towards her son; and the beauty and grace of Josephine Beauharnais made a lasting impression upon Napoleon. Thus it was that he met his future empress consort, the only woman he ever loved, but whom, nevertheless, he cruelly deserted for *state reasons*, inflicting immense pain, not only on that gentle soul, but upon himself also.

Only three days after his marriage he had to leave his lovely bride and go to Italy at the command of the Directory. After a successful campaign he returned to Paris and led a life of quiet retirement for a short time in the Rue de la Victoire, so named in honor of its illustrious inhabitant.

The Directory, however, fearing the rising popularity of the young general, determined to send him away. They wished him to conquer England; but he thought that the best blow at the English could be aimed at them through their power in Egypt. This he afterwards confessed to be the greatest mistake of his life. The Directory, satisfied to have him anywhere except in France, furnished money and troops, and he embarked for his famous Egyptian campaign. In Egypt he and his soldiers suffered untold hardships, and the troops were kept from mutiny only by the heroic example set them by their chief.

Meanwhile, the storm of discontent against the Directory was brewing. Napoleon was

quick to see and take advantage of it. Giving up the command of the army in Egypt to his generals he embarked for France and landed on the shores of Provence in October, 1799. At every stage of his journey to Paris he was hailed with acclamations as the people's last hope. At Paris the garrison as well as the populace openly greeted him as head of the state, and in November 9, 1799, he was declared first Consul.

A short while before this, however, the Directory—the successors of the Convention which had abolished the worship of God and substituted for it the worship of the infamous Goddess of Reason—this Directory had taken as an excuse for war an accidental riot in Rome during which a French emissary had been killed. An army was sent to Rome; the Eternal City was pillaged, and the Holy Father, Pius VI., was dragged into exile and died at the age of eighty-two years at Valence.

The Directory thought that the papacy perished with him; but how foolish are the expectations of those who persecute God's Church! All the other nations of Europe felt that another Pope *must* be chosen, and early the next year Pius VII. was elected to fill the papal throne. Notwithstanding all the efforts of its enemies towards its overthrow, the grand edifice founded by our Blessed Saviour upon the Rock of Peter still stands in all its primitive strength and glory, and it will always stand till the end of time.

After Napoleon's election as first Consul, the second Italian campaign followed. This was the campaign in which the famous battle of Marengo was fought. By the treaty of Luneville, in February, 1801, the Papal States were restored to Pius, and in the following July a concordat was made between him and Napoleon, providing for the restoration of religion in France. On Easter Sunday, 1802, the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame, which a few years before had been profaned by the revolutionists, again resounded with hymns of praise to the Most High, in commemoration of this glorious event.

On May 18, 1805, Napoleon was declared Emperor of the French, and on December 2 he was crowned at Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII. At Milan, on May 26, 1806, he placed the Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy upon his own head. Thereafter he styled himself Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

Behold, then, Napoleon at the zenith of his power! Still he was not satisfied! He wished to control the Church! He wished to make her subservient to his interests! Everyone knows how the heroic Pius VII. defended his charge, but not with worldly weapons. On June 10, 1809,

the imprisoned Pope sent forth a bull excommunicating the mighty emperor! All Europe admired the heroism of the old man, but Napoleon scornfully asked: "Does the old fool think that this will make the arms drop from the hands of my soldiers?"

Not content with persecuting God's Church, he must needs divorce Josephine and marry Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Austrian Emperor. In March, 1811, his son, the duke of Reichstadt, was born; but this event, so long looked for as the one prop necessary to the empire's stability, was not hailed with as much enthusiasm as might have been expected.

Napoleon, intoxicated with success, did not see the storm clouds that were lowering about him. He did not heed the angry mutterings of discontented Europe. In 1812 he started on his disastrous Russian campaign, and on September 15 of that year, the "Grand Army" entered burning Moscow. After a short delay, in hopes of the czar's treating for peace, that terrible retreat began on October 19—that retreat in which the soldiers suffered all the possible horrors of cold and starvation; that retreat in which they were continually harrassed by the enemy, and so utterly worn out with fatigue that even the cry "the Cossacks are upon us!" failed to rouse them from their lethargy.

Then, O mighty conqueror, then the arms did drop from your soldiers' nerveless hands; yea, and their frozen hands and bleeding feet dropped to the ground cut off by the bitter cold, and finally the bodies then fell by the wayside waiting for the last *reveille* when all shall accuse you of being the cause of their miseries. Where is that "Grand Army" of 550,000 men? Where is that magnificent array with which you crossed the Niemen? Go, count how many are languishing in Russian prison pens, and count also how many have perished, and all this at your command and to further your projects of ambition! Go, count now how many remain! Yes, you have scarcely 50,000 of them now. More than two hundred thousand captives are in Russia awaiting your coming that they may once more enjoy their God-given liberty; and the blood of a quarter of a million of men cries to Heaven for vengeance upon the one man who sacrificed them all, aye, and more, too, upon the altar of his ambition!

After this campaign there was a general uprising in the towns of Germany, and a coalition was formed against Napoleon. This coalition was composed of Russia, Austria and Prussia. With incredible skill he soon raised an army of a half million of men, who seemed to

spring from the ground at his imperious summons. With these he took the field and defeated the allies several times. These troops, however, though they did bear the name of the "Grand Army" were not the men of Austerlitz, and at last Napoleon was defeated at the battle of Leipsic.

The French, though disheartened by their reverses, weakened by continual war, deserted by their allies and hemmed in by foes on every side, still resisted as well as they were able; but on March 31, 1814, the victorious Austrians, Russians and Prussians marched triumphantly into Paris where they were looked upon by the populace as deliverers rather than as conquerors.

Napoleon, abandoned by all whom he had raised to greatness, was compelled to give up his empire, and to govern in its stead the little island of Elba with the empty title of emperor. With Shakspeare we exclaim: "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Yes, he the great Napoleon, the victorious general, the master of Europe, was at length forced to exchange the vast dominion he had called his own, extending over the whole of the western part of the continent, for a paltry island off the coast of Italy—an island with an area of ninety square miles.

Even in this the hour of his humiliation the army was still loyal to its great chief. From his island empire he anxiously watched the course of events. He saw the Bourbons restored to the throne of their ancestors. He saw that France hated her position as a conquered nation, governed by a king imposed upon her by her conquerors; and, seeing these things, he determined to make an effort to regain his lost power. He escaped from Elba, and when, in March, 1815, he again set foot on the shores of Provence, near the very same spot on which he had landed years before from Egypt, he was again received with shouts of joy, and regiment after regiment sent to check his progress marched back with him to Paris ready, nay eager to fight and eager to die for him. On March 20 he entered the city of Paris, whence Louis XVIII. had fled but a short time before.

Napoleon's arrival spread great consternation throughout Europe, and the news coming to Vienna, where the great European potentates were assembled, created the greatest excitement. The allies immediately determined so to crush him that he would never be able to rise again.

Napoleon quickly raised an army of 130,000 men, "robbing the cradle and the grave," as the saying is. With these he went to Belgium to

give battle to Wellington and Blucher, the English and Prussian commanders, before the Austrians and Russians could combine forces with them. The decisive struggle occurred on June 18, 1815, at Waterloo, a village not far from Brussels.

Numberless volumes have been written about this great battle which decided the destiny not only of Napoleon, but of the whole of Europe. Though Napoleon was a master of the art of war, though he did wield his forces with consummate skill, yet the tide of battle turned against him, and the victor of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena was at last completely defeated.

After Waterloo he formally abdicated his throne, and surrendered himself to the English. He was banished to the Island of St. Helena, where, with a few friends who voluntarily exiled themselves to be with him, he dragged out a few more years of existence. He finally died on May 5, 1821, having been consoled by the prayers and ceremonies of the Church he had persecuted when at the height of his power. The last words he pronounced were "France! the army! Josephine!" His body was removed to France in 1841, and now lies buried in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris.

Napoleon's personal appearance was very striking. Though small of stature, his figure was well knit and active. His features were clear-cut, with brilliant, deep-set eyes.

In character he was grave, serious and even gloomy. He loved his soldiers, and was in turn loved by them with a love amounting to worship. With his officers he maintained the air of a superior; but a private from the ranks could speak to him with a freedom that would not be tolerated from an officer. On account of his disregard for his personal safety in battle he was nicknamed "The Little Corporal." He always had the greatest consideration for them, and in return they willingly toiled and suffered and died to further his ambitious projects.

Thus did Napoleon play his part on the stage of history, in the drama of life. He who had raised prostrate France from the horrors of revolution into the horrors of long-continued wars; he, the skilful general; he, the great conqueror, for whom the dying soldier had always a smile and a blessing; he, so long considered invincible, was at last conquered; and, dashed from so lofty a height, his fall was all the more terrible! Oh, what a transition! One day master of Europe with Europe's states and Europe's sovereigns at his feet, the next a miserable exile, a captive at St. Helena.

E. DU BRUL, '92.

A Kaycologic Barcarolle.

L'AMENDE HONORABLE.

Late we wrote a slight effusion,
 Just exposing an illusion
 As to what a person chews in
 Masticating certain cake.
 Since our verse—although veracious—
 Gave impressions quite fallacious,
 We herewith an efficacious,
 Just apology would make.

True, the cake that we berated
 Did its deadly work as stated,
 And our appetite quite sated
 With idyllic themes in dough;
 But we erred in designating
 As its cooks the Graduating
 Class whose members merit *fêting*,
 As we now proceed to show.

Since the night we ate and sorrowed,
 Life hath brighter colors borrowed,
 And we've put away the war ode
 Which we then did undertake;
 And, moreover, maids judicious
 Since have sent us a delicious
 (O ye gods and little fishes!)
 Graduates' authentic cake.

Talk of feasts in fields elysian,
 Talk of *mets* by *chefs* Parisian,—
 Never did your blessed vision
 Such a loaf as this one see;
 As it lay within the basket,
 Jewel of a wicker casket,
 Almost prone one felt to ask it:
 "What fair nymph created thee?"

Slices eaten? Well, the number
 Was not small, and yet my slumber
 No dread nightmare came to cumber
 With a single pain or ache;
 But methought that angels flying
 Through my dreams kept ever crying:
 "Verily, there's no denying
 That the Grads. do 'take the cake!'"

IDA ZWORNITT.

"The Vicar of Wakefield."

BY FRED. EMIL NEEF, '92.

Oliver Goldsmith, misled by the allurements of fortune, left his native country and wandered through all Europe only to return as a penniless vagabond. But the fruits of that romantic adventure were precious: "The Traveller," a poem, and "The Vicar of Wakefield," a novel, were written; and the name of "poor Goldsmith" was stamped with the seal of immortality. In this essay I shall take into consideration Goldsmith's masterpiece of prose—"The Vicar of Wakefield."

This novel was written simultaneously with "The Traveller," and was afterwards sold for sixty pounds to save its author from imprisonment for debt. It was published in the year 1766. Men of letters recognized it at once as a master-work of English prose. As the way to Goldsmith's popularity had already been opened, this new production soon won the appreciation of the people.

The story is told in the first person by the Vicar himself. Although the plot is of itself intensely interesting, nevertheless, all the essentially unimportant minor accessories are brought forth in such a way as to make them at times extremely effective. One thing, however, cannot evade censure: I do not believe that the many accidental meetings which take place are in accordance with the laws of nature and everyday life. In all probability Goldsmith was himself aware of this fact, for he offers a pretext for so many casual meetings through the person of the Vicar, and attempts to give a sufficient excuse by comparing them with fortuitous concurrences of a much different nature.

The characters of the story are well chosen and carefully modelled. The title of "Vicar of Wakefield" for the hero of the novel was perhaps suggested by the writer's father, the reverend Charles Goldsmith, who was a clergyman. As becomes the Vicar's office, he is ever serious and ready to give advice. His wife is not prudent and foreseeing as he is, but still she often overrules her husband. George is the most interesting character inasmuch as his history embodies a portion of the history of Goldsmith's own life. In fact, with all the characters some fragment of the author's history seems to be connected.

On reading the "Vicar of Wakefield" the first thing that struck me was the witty and entertaining style in which it is written. Nor could I help being impressed by the pure and harmless description of rustic simplicity. It reminded me of the words:

"Innocently to amuse the mind is wisdom."

At the climax I felt the effect of contrast. From a half-witty and half ironical-style there was a sudden change to pathos touched at times with a spark of innocent wit to relieve the mind and to show the contrast more deeply. Critics have attempted vainly to blast the reputation of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but their efforts were feeble and fruitless. The clouds may for a moment overshadow the brilliancy of the sun, but they must soon disperse again to reveal that orb beautiful and resplendent as before.

But time seems to have changed the minds of the people. At the present age we begin to discover the merits of Goldsmith's works. Though we may read Tennyson for the technical perfection of his poetry, or Shakspeare for the naturalness of his drama, or Milton for the grandeur and sublimity of his epic, we admit that for pure, clear and simple English prose we must choose Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

An Exciting Race.

In the autumn of 1880 two students, John Sherlock and Thomas Grey, had been advised by a physician to spend a few months in the woods to regain their impaired health. This long good-bye to study would, of course, postpone the day of graduation; but it was thought best to follow the advice of the physician; and, according to the programme made, the young men were to pitch their camp among the numerous beautiful and picturesque lakes of Northern Michigan where game is always plentiful and sometimes of a size that daunts the bravery of a veteran nimrod.

John and Tom, with a man who was taken along to serve as cook, left their homes in Detroit with the necessary supplies, and arrived at the site of their camp about the middle of November. They spent the first week preparing a comfortable abode, which they made especially strong to withstand the heavy snows of that region. Their furniture was simple, but answered all purposes, and even two of their bunks served for locks on the door. These bunks were made of thick planks, and two of them placed in line between the door and opposite side of the room made it impossible for any one to enter.

During the first month the larder was well supplied with game of various kinds, including ducks, wild turkeys and two deer; but in December a fall of two feet of snow stopped, at least for a time, their hunting excursions. But this time was not of long duration; for, having grown tired of being shut up in camp, they decided one morning to take a trip on snow-shoes in search of game. But just before starting it was discovered that one of the snow-shoes was missing; so Tom determined to go alone. He started out, intending to visit the shores of a neighboring lake where they had killed one of the deer.

About a mile from camp was a small creek. The current was so swift that the stream had not been frozen entirely over, and Tom found considerable difficulty in crossing. At last he

came to a place where the stream was covered, except about four feet in the centre, but the ice was strong enough to bear him even to its edge, and, with a little exertion, he reached the opposite bank. Soon after crossing he saw a partridge alight in a clump of bushes not far distant. He followed and came to the place where the bird appeared to have settled; but saw instead a number of large tracks like those of a bear. He raised his gun and was on the alert, for he remembered that bears were very fierce at that time of the year. Then he entered the bushes, and, hearing a hoarse grunt, stopped still. Looking in the direction of the sound, a large cinnamon bear met his eyes. Both bear and man were surprised for an instant. The bear had found very little to eat since the snow, and his hunger caused him to approach the hunter. Tom aimed and fired both barrels, but he was so nervous that the first shot missed, and the second had as an immediate effect to excite the anger of the bear. Seeing the animal—now raging from the effects of the wound—approach at a rapid pace, Tom turned toward camp, dropping his gun in his excitement.

Although the bear occasionally broke through the crust on the snow, he was slowly gaining on Tom, who was growing tired from carrying the heavy snow-shoes. Tom saw that he could not maintain the race unless something intervened in his behalf to check the progress of his pursuer. Suddenly it flashed upon him that he might rid himself of the shaggy animal at the river, the banks of which he had almost reached. Fortunately, Tom came to the stream at a place where the unfrozen space was only six feet broad, and with an effort which was greatly strengthened by fear, he cleared a space which before seemed impossible. The bear was close behind and with his eyes fastened on the man came on at unslackened pace. Even before Tom had looked around to see if he was still pursued, he heard a splash and gave a sigh of relief. The bear had plunged into the swift current and was instantly carried under the ice.

The hunter, almost exhausted, was barely able to crawl to camp where he recited his adventure to his excited listeners. He had only one regret: that he could not have the bear's hide to remind him of his narrow escape.

C. B. DECHANT, '93.

SEEING the strides of socialism in Europe, the students of the Catholic University of Louvain have organized a society whose object is to train the members to be able to cope as public speakers with the socialist evangelists.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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

Notre Dame May 30, 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.

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

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

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

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

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Now is the time for the pessimists and cranks of the press to come out with their annual little "speech" or "joke" about the graduate and his oration. These jaundiced mortals seem to be rather scarce this year, but no doubt they will soon be heard from.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. Augustin Daly and his company of distinguished dramatic artists will visit Notre Dame on Monday, June 15. During their stay they will entertain the students with one of their classic plays and the rendition of the *Pater*, which was translated for Mr. Daly by Prof. Egan, and created a great sensation in New York on its presentation a few months ago. Mr. Daly pays this visit to the University in compliment to Prof. Egan and the Faculty, and the compliment is indeed highly appreciated.

—We have received the first number of *The Rosary*, a monthly magazine conducted by the Dominican Fathers of New York. As its title indicates, it is published with a view to encourage and propagate devotion to our Blessed Lady by spreading the knowledge of one of the most devout practices in her honor. The Rosary is the compendium of Catholic Theology and belief, and impresses upon the thoughtful mind the true position of the Virgin Mother of God

and the fitness of the honor that is given to her. This thought forms the guiding motto of the new magazine, but does not prevent it, in the realization of its aim, from entering the domain of general Catholic literature. Evidence of this is given in the first issue of the publication. In addition to a number of learned and instructive articles on the Rosary there are many contributions, in prose and poetry, of a literary and interesting character, from well-known writers. Prof. Egan, of the University, contributes a beautiful sonnet and the initial chapters of a very interesting story, entitled: "A Marriage of Reason." Among other contributors are: Very Rev. L. I. Hickey, O. P.; Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P.; Rev. William Livingston; Eliza Allen Starr; Marcella A. Fitzgerald; J. E. Berry (Class '91, Notre Dame), etc. All in all, the first number of *The Rosary* gives a happy presage of the long career of success and prosperity which we heartily wish it. The magazine is beautifully printed, with an ornamental and appropriately designed cover, and published by P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York.

—The Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, was a very welcome visitor to the University during the week. He arrived on Tuesday at noon and remained with us until Thursday afternoon, in the meantime delivering two very interesting and instructive lectures before the students.

It is only an extraordinary speaker who will unite with grace, earnestness and eloquence intellectual qualities of the highest order; and just such an exceptional orator is the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. No matter what the learned Bishop treats of, his talks are always interesting and fraught with genuine ideas; but when he touches on education—a subject to which he has given such particular attention—mere words fail in expressing all his power and excellence. And it was to one of these literary treats that an appreciative audience was invited on the afternoon of the 26th inst., when the Rt. Rev. Bishop spoke of sincerity in study and particularly of sincerity in the study of language. He showed conclusively that without language, whether of sound or sign, there can be no thought, and that without thought man must fall back into a state worse than primeval barbarism. He insisted that the study of language was as much a science and as firmly based on first principles as chemistry or physics. His whole discourse was a masterly plea for the preservation and perfection of that by which

men may think; an earnest refutation of the rash assertion made by "mere machine men" that the study of the classics is not beneficial and does not tend to higher education. Bishop Spalding's evident earnestness and admirable style stamped this lecture as one of the most thoroughly thoughtful he has delivered at Notre Dame. The subject of the second lecture, delivered on Wednesday morning, was "Books," and was treated in the masterly manner so characteristic of the eminent prelate. But we must reserve a more extended notice for our next issue.

A Letter from Very Rev. Father General.

Letters were received during the week from Very Rev. Father General Sorin. From among them we take for publication the one addressed to his little *protégés*, the Minims. The letter was written on board *La Gascogne* under date of May 16, and is as follows:

"MY DEAR YOUNG 'PRINCES':

"How are you? I trust everyone in the dear little family enjoys the best of health and feels the happiest being in the world. Indeed, I do not know of a single home upon earth the inmates of which are blessed as you are. May each one of you learn how to appreciate more and more fully every day the rare and unspeakable favors so abundantly bestowed upon his precious youth! What a debt of gratitude you owe to your beloved and wise parents, whose tender solicitude has chosen for you such a beautiful spot, so universally admired, so naturally inspiring the purest sentiments that will make of every student of St. Edward's the honor and daily increasing joy of his dear home, and a model citizen for life. Pray for your dear parents. You will never know here below how much you owe them. May God reward you for your filial and fervent prayers for me, who never forgets you and never will!

"E. Sorin."

The Compulsory Education Law.

(Continued from last week.)

If we undertake to recur to the fundamental principles on which man's liberty, in the matter of education, is based, we must, in order to understand them, recur to the fundamental principles on which society is based.

WHAT IS SOCIETY?

The family was the first human society. It was divinely established from the creation of man, "Male and female created He them," and ordained that, separating from all others, they should cleave to each other, and increase and multiply. Their union was to be lasting as life and holy as love. The object of this union was to bring forth and perfect new creatures for the honor and glory of God. Remember there is no question yet as to the rights of the state. The state does not yet exist. The state comes into being later by the union of these families.

At present we have only the families, and only such rights and duties as exist in the family. What duties exist there? Of all beings the human infant is the most helpless and remains longest in the need of care. The parents owe protection, nurture and education to their children; the children owe love, respect, honor and obedience to their parents. The children have a right to nutrition and education; the parents have a right to control as to both of these things. This right is exclusive. No other family may interfere, and as yet the state does not exist. These duties are imposed by natural law, by the very nature of society and the members of it. The rights which necessarily accompany these duties arise also, therefore, from the natural law, and are therefore inherent and inalienable. How long were these rights held by the parent before there was any state in existence? How soon was the first state government formed? Until a state was formed these rights must have been held and exercised by the parents. When did the state ever get these rights from the parents? They were natural rights; how could the state get them? Natural rights cannot be taken away by force. The *right* will remain no matter *what* force may be used. Natural rights cannot be surrendered voluntarily. They are inalienable. They exist because of duties divinely imposed. Those duties always remain, and of necessity the rights remain with them forever. How then could the state ever obtain these rights? Therefore of necessity to the parent alone belongs, and with the parent alone must forever remain, the exclusive right to control the education of his children.

The family was the first human society. It was a society small as to numbers, but perfect in its organization, possessed of all the rights and powers needed to fulfil the object of its existence. Upon all its members were imposed certain duties. Upon the man, as head of the family, was imposed the duty of governing this society, hence the *right* to govern it; and to govern it is to control its policy as to the best means of accomplishing the object of the society. When families became numerous in a certain region it was necessary to have a union of these families for the preservation of order, and to provide for the common defense. The heads of these families met for the purpose of agreeing with one another as to what means should be adopted to secure these ends. The moment a number of families had agreed to act together for these purposes, there was thereby a new association formed, a new society established; there was a birth of something; or, if we use a term derived from the Latin—*natus*—born, we may say there was a nation of something; and as we call the most important of all books simply the Book, with a large B, so this important birth or nation was spoken of as the Nation, with a big N, and the thing born, the new society, came to be called a nation. A nation in this sense is not necessarily large or powerful. The United States recognizes

many Indian tribes as nations, and makes treaties with them as with other nations. The primary meaning of the word state means a condition, or mode of being. When these various families assumed a new mode of being with regard to each other, they existed in regard to each other in a new state or condition, and this new mode of existence, being a most important state or condition, came to be called a state, and finally the new society itself came to be called the state. Nowadays a state is formed quickly.

A convention is called; there is some discussion as to the terms upon which the people agree to live together under the state relation; the parties come to an agreement. A memorandum of that agreement is made in writing and signed by the members of the convention; the memorandum is called a constitution; it is submitted to the people for their verdict; the people confirm it, and lo! in a few months a new state is formed. The early states were not made so suddenly. Slowly, generation after generation, one principle after another was accepted, never reduced to writing, but gradually acted upon until a more or less perfect state organization was obtained. But when obtained, a state so organized was not something separate from the people; it was simply the people themselves acting together in a certain way for a certain purpose. In the early democratic states, when any general laws were to be enacted, the people gathered together in the legislative hall or place of council and voted the laws in person. The appointing of deputies to act for them was simply a device of the later day when the people had become too numerous to act together in person. To understand well

THE RIGHTS OF THE STATE,

let us keep to the original republican state, where the people who possessed inherent political power, exercised it in person, and not by deputies.

In the days of the early state to be an adult male was to be almost without exception the head of a family. When the heads of families met to make laws the legislature was in session, the state was acting, the state was making laws. These heads of families knew the natural law; they knew their duties as to their children; they knew their duties with regard to the education of their children. They knew that for each one of them the faithful compliance with that duty was a matter of conscience, and that for that faithful compliance they would be held accountable by the Author of their being. Does anyone say this is fanciful because in early times man was savage? Some men were and are yet; but the education of children began at some time, and I am speaking of the time when it began. When in those times the industrial occupations of men became so numerous and various that it was practically impossible for the people to attend to all of them in person and to instruct their children also in person, the question arose with them whether they might

in conscience commit this duty of educating their children to other persons especially devoted to that work. As long as it was a question of simply employing private tutors to come and reside in the home and give instruction under the eye of the parents, there was little question about it—merely one as to the fitness of the persons so employed. But when it became a question of sending the children out of the house to a school common to several families it began to raise a serious question; but even then it was purely an individual question, particular to each parent, whether he could in conscience permit his children to attend such a school. That was a question which each parent was in duty bound to examine and determine for himself. He could not consent that his neighbors determine it for him. They were not responsible to God for the souls of his children. They had no duty with regard to his children, therefore they could have no rights with regard to his children; therefore no mere majority of his neighbors sitting in general council with him might enact any law compelling him to give any particular kind of education to his children, nor any particular amount of it, nor to give it at any particular time, or for any particular length of time. The duty of any one member of that assembly toward his own children in the matter of education was simply a moral duty, a matter of moral obligation between himself and his Creator, and one which his neighbors had no right to undertake to compel him to perform. The utmost that those other parents could do by right would be to agree to have a school in common, a common school, a public school establishment in a certain place in which certain instructions should be given, and send their children to it, *if they liked!* But they would have no right to compel *other* parents to send *their* children to it, nor to compel other parents to give the *same kind of instruction* at home as given in that central, general, common, public school.

A PARENT'S OBLIGATION.

Each parent is under obligation to give his children a proper education. This obligation is imposed upon him, *not by his neighbors*, but by his Creator. He is responsible for the proper discharge of his duty in this matter, *not to his neighbors*, but to his Creator. Therefore he must be always left free to judge for himself what instruction it will be proper for him to give to his children. His neighbors have no right to judge for him in this matter.

Now, if that would be true at any stage in this world's history, and under any circumstances, it must be true at all stages and under all circumstances, because the natural law is always and everywhere the same.

But the alleged compulsory education law of Ohio does attempt to prescribe what instruction a parent shall give his child, and where and when, and to what extent, and is, therefore, in violation of the natural law, consequently null and void.

Books and Periodicals.

THE KNIGHT OF BLOEMENDALE and Other Stories.
"Ave Maria" Office: Notre Dame, Ind.

CARMELA. By Christian Reid. Same publishers.

Of these publications the first named is a collection of stories which originally appeared in the *Ave Maria*, and proved so attractive to the readers of that magazine as to warrant their publication in book form. The "collection" embraces a series of twenty stories which are indeed very entertaining and of such a character as to provide a profitable and pleasant hour for all classes of readers.

In regard to "Carmela" the mere mention of the name of the writer should preclude the necessity of any notice. Christian Reid is one of those few great novelists of the day whose works are always in demand, and are read with unflagging interest by those who seek for the purest and best in literature. Not the least among the productions of her facile pen is the story of "Carmela," which appeared first in the pages of the *Ave Maria*. We are glad to see it republished in permanent book form.

HOW TO GET ON. By Rev. Bernard Feeney.
New York, Cincinnati & Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The necessity of the moral element in education is becoming daily more clearly demonstrated by experience. Every right-thinking mind is now forced to admit that the training of the will is of paramount importance, and the proper direction of this faculty in the youthful mind is to be considered in preference to all else that concerns mental or physical culture. This forms the leading idea of the work before us, which is one of the most useful publications for young men that have appeared for some time. The means whereby success in life may be attained, and the causes that lead to failure, are set forth by the author in clear, precise language, based upon sound principles and expressed in an attractive and entertaining style. A mention of some of the subjects treated in various chapters will serve to give an idea of the value of the work: "A High Ideal"; "Be Determined to Succeed"; "Some Ways and Means of Success"; "Healthy Tone of Mind"; "Cheerfulness"; "Love of Home"; "Curb the Passions"; "Independence of Character"; "Mental Culture"; "Life Spiritualized," etc., etc. "How to Get On" should be in every household throughout the land.

—From Georgetown University we have received a copy of the lecture recently delivered by Martin F. Morris, LL. D., Professor in the Law School of the University. The subject of the lecture is "The Contest Between the Civil Law of Rome and the Common Law of England," and is treated in an able and instructive manner.

—We have received from the publisher, John

Singenberger, St. Francis, Wisconsin, a valuable musical publication entitled, "Laudate Dominum," which comprises a number of selections for Mass and Vesper services, hymns for Benediction and the various festivals of the year. These pieces, written in the most pleasing style of Cecilian music, have been arranged for two and three female voices with organ accompaniment, and compiled by Prof. Singenberger. The work forms a large folio volume of about 170 pages, and must prove acceptable to church choirs generally.

—The fifth paper in *The Popular Science Monthly's* illustrated series on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus" describes the manufacture of wool. It appears in the June number, and the writer is S. N. Dexter North, Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and special agent of the Eleventh Census. The odd title, "Our Grandfathers Died too Young," will doubtless call attention to Mrs. H. M. Plunkett's article. The essay describes the progress in sanitation which has doubled the average length of life in civilized countries within a few hundred years. A great number of curious customs are included in a remarkably readable essay on "Survivals from Marriage by Capture" which Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Ellis contributes. "The Pearl of Practice" is the title of a book of quaint medical prescriptions, printed in London over two hundred years ago, some extracts from which are embodied in an article by Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for June continues the notable series on "The Great Streets of the World," and "Ocean Steamships"; Francisque Sarcey being the author of the article on "The Boulevards of Paris," and William H. Rideing contributing the paper on "Safety on the Atlantic." The illustrations in both groups continue to be very rich, and appropriately supplement the text, adding to its significance and picturesqueness. Another group of articles—that on Practical Charity—is represented in this issue by a sympathetic and often amusing account of "Boys' Clubs." The author—Evert Jansen Wendell—has for a number of years taken very active part in the work of these most charitable associations, and writes from the fullest knowledge and great personal interest in the clubs. Amateur photographers will find much to interest them in the article on "Some Photographs of Luminous Objects," with many illustrations reproduced directly from the negatives by mechanical processes. The fiction includes stories and sketches by F. J. Stimson, Bliss Perry and Maria Blunt. There is also an essay on Molière by Andrew Lang, with a striking portrait as the frontispiece of the number. John C. Ropes contributes a calm, critical review on large lines, of some of the most significant features of the Civil War, viewed as illustrations of military science and strategy.

Obituary.

—Mr. Michael Condon, father of the Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C., Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., died at his residence in Peterborough, Ont., on Saturday, the 16th inst. The deceased had attained the venerable age of 92 years, and was highly esteemed as an upright Christian and a good citizen, and his death was the happy crown of a long, useful and faithful life. To Father Condon all at Notre Dame extend their respectful and sincere sympathy. May peace and rest be given to the soul of the departed!

Local Items.

- Decoration day.
- Peffer, du bass en Drâach!*
- Ye "local" is under the weather this week.
- The poetry of this number is sweet and spicy.
- The triple competitions will be held June 9 and 10.
- The oratorical contest is fixed for the evening of Wednesday, June 10.
- "Red Rogue's" cunning trick proved a failure. That is why he became so frenzied.
- Preliminary meetings are now being held to decide the honors at Commencement.
- Books are not boomerangs even though the first three letters are the same in both words.
- The next event on the programme will be the appearance of Augustin Daly's company on June 15.
- It is rumored that some one, apparently a spring orator, has been seen walking around the lake with pebbles in his mouth.
- Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Roesing, of Chicago, paid a visit to their son Frank, one of the most promising young boys in the Minim department.
- The study of French literature seems to have a soothing effect on excited people, to judge from John's calmness after he had taken up Racine.
- Professor Egan's weekly lectures at St. Edward's Hall are fully appreciated by the Minims as may be seen from the close attention paid to every word.
- The "picnic" of the Philodemic and Columbian Literary Societies on Thursday last was a grand success. We hope to give a full account of it next week.
- To-morrow (Sunday) the solemnity of Corpus Christi will be observed. After the Solemn High Mass the procession of the Blessed Sacrament will take place.
- "Fox" has undergone a metamorphosis which has changed him to the state of lion. It may be of use for the unwary to be reminded of the saying: "Rouse not the lion in his den."
- We tender our grateful acknowledgments to the Class of '91, St. Mary's, for the privilege

of sharing in the beautiful cake with which the editorial fraternity was recently favored. It was indeed a triumph of culinary skill.

—Lost—In the bath house on Wednesday morning, May 13, between the hours of nine and ten, a small pearl rosary with silver cross and chain. Finder will please leave in the Students' Office or Junior study-hall.

—Very Rev. Father General sent a copy of the picture of the S. Bambino di Ara Coeli, Rome, "to the best 'Prince.'" The Minims, with their characteristic generosity and courtesy to new arrivals among them, voted it to Claude Francis.

—Masters Claude and Ernest Francis, of San Francisco, were entered on Wednesday last as students of the Minim department. The fact that the Minims have in their ranks boys from such distant points as San Francisco, New York, Boston, etc., speaks volumes for St. Edward's Hall.

—Memorial Day services were held in the College Church this (Saturday) morning. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, and an eloquent sermon delivered by Very Rev. Provincial Corby who served as chaplain in the army of the Potomac during the whole civil war. After Mass the military companies marched in procession to Cedar Grove Cemetery where lie the remains of many former soldiers. Addresses were delivered by Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., who was a chaplain through the whole war, and the Hon. B. F. Shively, member of Congress from this district.

—It is said that last year in England one hundred serious accidents resulted from the Rugby game of football. Twenty-two young men died of blows, kicks, ruptures and other painful accidents, and seventy-eight others were crippled and disabled. The *American Catholic* says: "To see the Rugby game played by civilized Americans in one field, and then witness a game of lacrosse in another by American savages, would give the thoughtful mind some pause; the one a disgusting exhibition of brutality, the other all lightness and grace. A prize-fight is a pretty thing compared to the Rugby game, and a Mexican bull-fight, child's sport. The Rugby should be abolished in disgrace."

—P. J. Gillon led his "Brotherhood Blues" team to victory in two games on Thursday last, morning and afternoon. The features of the morning game were the fine pitching of Mug and Langan, and Hennessy's left-handed grand-stand catch of a fly. In the afternoon the pitching of Mug and Stanton and Langan and Olde showed up in grand style, while the batting of Joslyn, Whitehead, Hawthorne and Richardson was up to the usual standard. The scores:

<i>Morning Game</i> :—												
BLUES	—2	5	0	0	1	=8						
REDS	—6	0	0	0	0	=6						
<i>Afternoon Game</i> :—												
BLUES	—2	5	0	0	2	5	5	5	2	=26		
REDS	—0	4	0	0	5	0	5	8	0	=22		

—The Ohio base-ball club has been organized

with the following players, all of whom hail from that glorious State which has given to our country so many great men, and from the happiness of its people and the beauty of its scenery richly deserves the title of—well, posterity will give the title:

Covert, c.; McCabe, p.; Bell, 1st b.; Fitzgibbon, 2d b.; Carroll, s. s.; Davis, 3d b.; O'Kane, r. f.; Dechant, c. f.; Rebillot, l. f.

As is easily seen, this is an all star aggregation, all the players having been signed by the different teams in Notre Dame. If the "Prairie Wonders" from Illinois, the "Corn Huskers" of Kansas or the "Wood Cutters" of Minn., desire to meet these Buckeye sluggers they can get a game by writing Mr. Hugh Carroll, Brownson Hall.

—The second game of a series of three between the Brownson Hall second nine specials and the M. L. S. team took place on the grounds of the former. A good game was played by both nines, and for some time it was anybody's contest. The superior all-around work of the specials eventually gave them the game. The features consisted of the battery work of McGrath and Dacy, the double plays of Carroll, Walsh and O'Kane, Rebholtz and Litot, and the batting of Walsh and O'Kane.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
M. L. S.:—I 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 5=8
2ND NINE SPECIALS:—0 0 3 0 1 3 1 3 *=11
Base Hits: M. L. S., 5; Specials, 8. Errors: Specials, 5; M. L. S., 7. Batteries: for M. L. S., Joyal and Higgins; Specials, McGrath and Dacey. Double Plays: Carroll to Walsh to O'Kane, Walsh to O'Kane (2), Rebholtz to Litot. Umpire: Spalding. Scorer: V. Vurpillat.

—The second nines of Brownson Hall played their second championship game on Thursday afternoon, and it was a fine contest from start to finish. At first it looked as though McGrath and his *Reds* had a mortgage on the game, but things got evened up later on. Double plays were of frequent occurrence, and the championship would have gone to McGrath's *Reds* had not King, centre fielder of Doherty's *Blues*, saved the game in the eighth inning by lining a two baser out to left field, which brought in two runs and the game. The battery work of Hubbard and Kellner was a special feature as was also the pitching of McGrath.

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

Base Hits: *Reds*, 2; *Blues*, 5. Double Plays: Brown to Aarons, Dahler to Walsh, Woodard to Spalding. Umpires: Newman and Robinson. Scorer: V. Vurpillat.

—One of the most beautiful and edifying sights we have witnessed this year was the First Communion of the children of Notre Dame parish on Sunday last. Their instructors—the Rev. F. Reuter and Bro. Frederick—took care that the occasion should be, as is fitting, forever memorable. At the hour of ten the happy children, each with "a Guardian Angel" (dressed as an acolyte for the boys and clothed in white for the girls), entered the church and, slowly filing up the central aisle, took their places in

the front pews. At the same time Rev. W. R. Connor, C. S. C., assistant Pastor of the church, attended by Revs. J. Adelsperger and J. DeGroot, began the Mass. After the Gospel, Rev. Father Hudson delivered a most touching exhortation to the children. At the proper time the prayers before Communion were recited aloud, and the happiness of the little ones was complete when they approached the Holy Table and received for the first time the Body of Our Lord. After the Mass the communicants were feasted in the college refectory, and after this came the ceremony of the renewal of baptismal vows. The entire function was conducted with much solemnity, and the excellent music furnished by the choir, directed by Mr. J. Just, contributed greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.

—The yearly hopes and anticipations of the St. Cecilians came to a focus on Thursday the 21st, when, amid cheers, colors and music they rolled over B. Philip's artistic shield and pulled out into the avenue on the way to "ye famous St. Joe Farm." All looked beyond the green girted horizon in the east with laughing eyes and watering mouths; bright visions of hayseed rollickings, chewing gum festivals and a day of general bliss had so tightened up their little hearts and stomachs that the measured funereal tread of Mr. Shickey's best-blooded nags was somewhat painful. Foot races, butterfly dances by Dusie, pot gun practice by the church duet and general antique gymnastics by the singing class, prevailed throughout the journey into the land of corn and hogs, when at last they came to that steel pathway known as the Grand Trunk RR. Here an inspiring dash between the iron horse and P. S.'s Maud S team took place in which impromptu speeches by the band and painful mutterings by the bass drum donated their charms to the excitement. P. S.'s nags beat, and the iron horse became angry and got hot. Safely installed at the Farm under the tender hands of Rev. Father O'Hanlon and Bro. Lambert, the music was brought back into the brass instruments and the milk thrust into the veins of ye gentle youths. The creamy fluid found its way where the gastric membrane twineth, and the owners of the same were full. Parties of twos and threes wandered over the premises to view the land of the birth of their dinners and secondary meals. The Republicans held a convention in the barn, the Farmers in the clover, and the Democrats on a popular platform. Dinner interrupted Jewett's 150 yards dash for an onion patch, and Mike Q. had to come from his poetical heights to feed his inspiration on earthly food. At dinner Bro. August's buttons failed to stand by his reputation, but flew right and left; Joco floundered and was carried out; the table cried for mercy and was relieved of its burden. When the floor began to give way Father O'Hanlon made a few very happy and appropriate remarks during which he was frequently applauded. Father Morrissey, the loved Director of the Cecilians, thanked the Rev.

Father for his welcome and kindness. From there the crowd dispersed to find suitable spots whereon to rest their heavy stomachs, and soon the place resounded with the sonorous mutterings of the inner man, and, gently, wreaths of incense-breathing smoke filled the air around unseen. Ice-cream topped off the day, and the homeward way was taken after hearty thanks had been given to the hospitable denizens at the Farm. Nearing home an exciting dash between the company and a drove of pigs took place, in which one little pig took a turn at the wheel of fortune and beat. After a most pleasant drive all arrived at the College, grateful for their never-to-be-forgotten trip; and with cheers for Father Morrissey and all concerned in their enjoyment, the day ended.

—The following item, clipped from the *New York Sun* of May 17, will, no doubt, give the keenest pleasure to the large number of friends and admirers of Harry Jewett, '90. Speaking of great men in athletics, and commenting on the athletes who have the all-around championship at their mercy, the *Sun* says:

"Harry Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, may be a competitor on June 2; but it all depends upon whether he can get in condition. He complains that the fixture is held too early in the season. He is a natural athlete, standing 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighing 170 pounds. He has a record of 10 1-5 seconds for 100 yards; 5 feet 8 inches for the high jump, and over 21 feet for the broad jump. He has also put the 16-pound shot over 36 feet; but he is weak in throwing the hammer, throwing the 56-pound weight, running the hurdles, pole vault and the one-mile run. Many are of the opinion that he will not qualify in the event, and that he will thereby be ruled out. Certain standards are set for each event, and if an athlete fails to reach three of the standards he will be disqualified. Jewett can stay out of the pole vault and the one-mile run, for instance, and still win the competition if he can score points enough in the other eight events. If, however, he should fail to reach the standard in one more event he will be disqualified from the whole competition, and his points will go to the next best men in all events where he scored. Jewett is quite likely to win the 100-yard run, running high jump, running broad jump, and to take second place in putting the shot, which gives him 18 points. He will probably win as many single events as Jordan, the latter being almost a sure winner in the pole vault, half-mile walk, 120-yard hurdles and the one-mile run. Jewett is practising daily, and no surprise need be shown if even in the short space of time he develops great form."

The others who with Jewett have equal chances are Daniel Long (B. A. C.), Malcolm W. Ford, A. A. Jordan, Arthur Schroeder, O'Sullivan and H. L. Williams, of Yale. It is unnecessary to say that our best wishes and hopes rest with Hal, for he is still our boy; and while he runs with the Gold and Blue he will be sure to win; at least if our desires be gratified, Hal will get there, and we are confident that he will. 'Rah for Hal and the all-around championship! Hal added another gold medal to his already armored breast by winning the 150-yards Challenge Medal Race at Detroit, May 16. Reporting the event, the *Free Press* says:

"The first heat found Harry Jewett, Charles Annesley, Fred Shipman and J. A. W. Sumner ready for the pistol. Jewett was scratch, Annesley 7 yards, Shipman 13 and Sumner 15 yards. Sumner led, and it was not until after

the 100 yard mark had been passed that Jewett came up. He was going like a whirlwind, and shot by the others in turn winning easily by three yards in 16 seconds. Annesley got second and Sumner third. The starters in the second heat were J. W. Thompson, W. R. Frazer, Theo. Luce and J. P. Cullen. Cullen was at the 11 yards mark, and Thompson, Luce and Frazer at the 12. Frazer won it, but there was very little room between him and Luce. Cullen was third. Time, 16 2-5 seconds. Firsts and seconds were to run in the final, but Luce dropped out and only Jewett, Annesley and Frazer started. Jewett won in a walk in 16 1-5 seconds, with Annesley second."

Still the banner of Gold and Blue moves onward, and "our Hal" bears it. Jewett for America's champion, so say we all.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Aarons, Blameuser, Bell, Brown, Benz, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Chilcote, Dunlap, Delany, Frizzelle, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Green, Hawthorn, Hauskee, Heard, Houlihan, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, Karasynski, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Kennedy, Lesner, Layton, Langan, M. Moshier, Manly, Mitchell, Maurus, J. McKee, McKee, McConlogue, McErlain, F. Murphy, C. Murphy, J. Murphy, Newman, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Rebillot, Robinson, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Soran, White, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler, King.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Ball, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Bachrach, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Coe, Connelly, Connell, Collins, Connors, Cummings, Corry, Cahn, Clarke, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dolan, Dempsey, Dierkes, Ellwanger, Foley, Farrell, Alfred Funke, Falk, Fales, G. Gilbert, H. Gilbert, Gerlach, J. Greene, Gifford, A. Greene, Grund, Des Garennes, Hill, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hannin, Jackson, Kearney, Keogh, Kennedy, Kaumeyer, Langevin, La Moure, N. Luther, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Morrison, Monarch, Martin, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Miles, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Russell, Renesch, Roper, Alfred Regan, Shimp, Spurgeon, Schillo, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sutter, Sheuerman, Traff, Tong, Teeter, Thomas, Thome, Tod, Taylor, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yates, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

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

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Friday last Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., gave an instruction at the May devotions, taking for his text the words of the Litany of Loreto, "Help of Christians, pray for us."

—Professor R. Seidel gave a violin recital in the Senior study-hall, on the 21st, showing himself master of his instrument, and holding his audience charmed to the close of the entertainment which seemed all too short.

—The members of the graduating class, on May 26, had their special class privilege, namely, a trip to St. Joseph's Farm, where everything was done by those in charge to make the day one to be remembered with pleasure.

—The lecture given on Tuesday last by Dr. M. F. Egan was, as usual, most interesting; presenting as it did the writers near our own time, there was a special pleasure in following the characteristics, the influencing agents and literary status as outlined by Mr. Egan regarding Moore, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth and others.

—At the last Sunday evening reunion, Miss J. Currier read "Seen and Unseen," by Father Ryan; her pleasing voice and clear enunciation adding to the beauty of the power. Annie O'Mara then read a German selection, inculcating a valuable lesson for "little folks" on the government of the tongue. The meeting was presided over by Very Rev. Father Corby.

June Roses.

When winter's frown has melted into smiles,
And gladsome notes the merry wildwood fill,
The earth is joyous, and all nature sings
Till every heart responds with happy thrill.
Then, casting far her sombre robes away,
Sweet Nature lends a benediction blest;
She breathes upon the day a holy calm,
And lulls the night to heaven-guarded rest.

She wears upon her breast warm roses red,
And roses white are softly clustered there;
From every rose the sweetest incense breathes,
Of subtile perfume on June's balmy air.
Alas! the rose's bloom must lose its flush,
The dew-kissed petals, withering, fall away,
And June of all its treasures be bereft,
For earthly beauty lingers but a day.

And so our life, tho' rose-strewn it may be,
Must patient wait the Master's final call,
While years, as petals, drop off one by one
As silent as the rose-leaf's gentle fall.
But e'en the rose its mission doth perform,
Outpouring fragrant life in every breath;
So we, by deeds of good, may give to God
The incense of our lives, when called by death.

MELICENT HURFF (Class '91).

"Who Walks May Read."

Emerson tells us in his clear-cut style—cameo-like in its precision of outline—that "books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts"; and though we cannot but feel the truth of these words, who would for a moment think of giving up the companionship of books? By their means we have crossed the bridge between the Old World and the New; between now and long ago. They have introduced us to the old philosophers, whom we have found enveloped in the dark clouds of paganism groping toward that light, faint glimmerings of which at times seemed to reach them. How true it is that book opens book! The theories advanced by one scientist suggest yet other hypotheses to a second, and each step in the development of knowledge is a link in the chain that leads to God, the Author of knowledge.

Aside from information, what a source of pure pleasure books are to us! what a sweet solace they have often been! The companionship of friends may prove tiresome, but in the society of books we cease to tread life's practical paths; we soar higher, and are inspired to noble and worthy thoughts; there is closer intimacy and sympathy between thought and thought than thought and word. What a kindly satisfaction to read written that which lies close to one's own soul! Books are indeed revelations at times, and yet, they are but transcriptions from the works of nature, the original of which, as Emerson tells us, is ever open for our perusal. From the preface of earliest remembrance, when dawn transfigured the pages before us until the sun sets upon the leaf marked "Finis" is there much to marvel at. In the humblest forms she teaches the greatest truths. See the geologist studying a common clay bed; he examines closely formation after formation, and, lost in thought, he slowly wends his way back to the chaos that was the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth. The mineralogist, the zoölogist, the astronomer and the botanist find in nature a text-book whose author is Omnipotence. But these scientists are not nature's only pupils:

"Who walks may read without his books,
And sermons hear when lips are still,
From sky and flowers and little brooks,
And all may hear them if they will."

We can all understand the sweet language of the little flowers, the silvery laughter of the rippling brooks, and the voice of God speaking from out the raging storm.

The mappings of the studded vaults of the heavens point out to us the mighty power and wisdom of the King whose realms they are. The majestic forms of the clouds, the darkened sky rent, as it were, by the lurid flash of lightning is to the artist's eye the perfection of grandeur from which he sketches his picture and into which he has merged a part of himself. To the musician these same elements speak in a different strain: the weird music, the wailing harmony of the mighty winds as they sob through the tree-tops and die away moaning as they came, speak to his soul and elevate him above the things of earth until his rapt heart hears the sounds of heaven.

And nature around and about us, enveloping us in a gracious mantle of mystery, bids man seek and find, read and learn of her hidden beauties. We recognize in her handiwork the operations of Omnipotence, and faith leads us onward and upward to the Creator: "Reading, man shall know all knowledge, and seeking, man shall find his God."

ROSE VAN MOURICK (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, M. Byrnes, Brady, Bogart, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Cooper, Call, Carpenter, Dority, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Dempsey, Margaret Donehue, M. Donehue, Daley, Evoy, Farwell, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Horner, Howe, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Hutchinson, Hopkins, Haight, D. Johnson, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, G. Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahey, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, Murison, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, Patier, Pugsley, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Robinson, Smyth, Sena, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, S. Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Whitmore, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, M. Burns, Clifford, Cowan, K. Coady, M. Davis, B. Davis, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, Meskill, O'Mara, Quealy, E. Shaffer, Schaefer, Seeley, Soper, S. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, E. Wagner, White, Young.

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, S. Hamilton, M. Murphy, M. Clifford.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Charles, Niemann, E. Wagner, L. Du Bois, Evoy, M. Burns, Tod, Girsch, Robbins, M. Scherrer, L. Schaefer, A. McPhillips, Kinney,

L. Kasper, K. Hamilton, Witkowsky, E. Murphy, Fossick, Mestling, Maude Hess.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

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, Pengeman.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah.

The corner-stone of the new Sacred Heart Academy, on east Twenty-fifth street, was laid yesterday at 3 o'clock, and the ceremony was witnessed by over 3500 people. The weather was threatening, and passing showers prevented many from turning out who had fully expected to do so. By the time for the service to begin the sun shone out in all its brightness. The pulpit and choir platform was beautifully decorated for the occasion with red, white and blue bunting and a number of American flags. Ample provision had been made for the accommodation of all, and everyone could not help but feel proud that here in Ogden we are to have the largest school building in the West. It will be a massive structure and an ornament not only to the appearance of the city, but a credit to our educational endowments. It will be three and a half stories and a basement. . . .

The address on the occasion was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Scanlan. He said: "Christianity teaches that education is the development of the whole man. Not only the moral and intellectual knowledge, but the heart and soul should first be educated that man may reach his great end. This is but following the teaching of the Divine Master when He says: 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' We hold this idea because we are Christians, and we are consistent indeed in holding it. If you want proof of our earnestness cast your eye over these foundations, broad and deep, begun but a few months ago, and here will be taught not only secular knowledge, but, best of all, an education of purity, holiness and good citizenship of this free Republic."—*Ogden Blade*, May 25.