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## Cupid and the Pansy.\*

The pansy, loveliest of the violet kind,  
Was once in color white as dropping snow  
Till Cupid shot a dart from out his bow  
At a fair Vestal who with love ne'er pined.  
It missed, and swiftly as the winter wind  
It fell on this fair flower, and changed it so  
That its snow-white was gone, and lo!  
A blushing purple was to it assigned.

Our life doth differ from a pansy thus:  
That when our souls are touched with Satan's dart,  
And purpled o'er with sin's deceitful hue,  
The leprous tints may be removed by us  
If we but turn with truly contrite heart  
To Him who heals all sin-sick souls anew.

N. E. C.

## A Few Words About Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate, the greatest of living English poets, stands to-day in the full effulgence of his power. No poet in the history of letters has reigned with such splendor. He has thoroughly experienced the two extreme phases of the world's regard. His writings entitle him to take the first rank among English poets; and it was only a "matter of course" that after the death of Wordsworth, in 1851, the privilege of wearing "the laurel greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base" should be offered to him. Indeed, no poet has kept the popular heart beating in unison with his magic pen; no poet at the advanced age of eighty years wears the mantle of superiority so worthily as the subject of this sketch.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809 at his

\* Suggested by the reading of the speech of *Oberon* to *Puck* in Shakspeare's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," Act II., Sc. i.

father's parsonage at Somerby, Lincolnshire. He was educated by his father, who was rector of Somerby; and in due course proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. His early life in Lincolnshire had fitted him well for the beginning of what ended well—his college education. In his younger days his character was industrious, his principles manly and his intellect bright. His first works were a volume of poems published in conjunction with his brother Charles, when they were boys, and also a prize poem whilst undergraduate at Cambridge. It was during the year of 1829 that he wrote a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo," which gained for him the Chancellor's medal—a prize then offered for poetry. In his younger days, Tennyson's favorite poet was Thompson; but as he grew older, Byron's "fiery, volcanic, furious and lurid" language produced an effect upon him which he was forced to acknowledge in his writings.

In 1830 his first volume of poems, chiefly lyrical, appeared. In this volume we readily recognize Tennyson's ambition of becoming a poet, and his ability to succeed. This volume contained "Claribel," "Lilian," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and "The Dying Swan." The appearance of this volume was not received with great favor by the public, but it contained a fineness of art which in no indefinite manner announced the coming of a true poet.

Two years later, 1832, his second volume appeared, containing "The Miller's Daughter," "Locksley Hall," "The Talking Oak," and the allegory, "Lady of Shallott." In the "Lady of Shallott" we have the representation of poetry; "Locksley Hall" is considered by many a poem wherein thought, passion and imagination help to enrich it with those qualities that are essential to good poetry. Another of the poet's famous poems, entitled "Maud," contains beau-

tiful stanzas which eat themselves into our memory. "Maud" is a love-story which, on its first appearance, was not received enthusiastically, and it seemed to have puzzled the critics. It is very poetical and suggestive of beauty; for instance:

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime  
In the little grove where I sit. Ah! wherefore cannot  
I be  
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season  
bland,  
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer  
clime,  
Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent sea,  
The silent, sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land?"

After the publication of his second volume, it is said that, owing to the criticism passed on his writings by the literary journals, he printed nothing for ten years. In 1842 his third volume appeared. His reputation, however, had not lessened; on the contrary, after the appearance of his second volume, it slowly but surely extended itself. His third volume was called "English Idyls and Other Poems." It contained, among the most important poems, the "Morte d'Arthur," "Saint Agnes," "Sir Galahad," and others. In this volume we find all the characteristics of the poet. The art he displayed in the choice of words, his vivid paintings of English country life has been equalled by no modern poet. Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" is undoubtedly the finest poem ever written in any language. In 1847 "The Princess" appeared, and in 1850 "In Memoriam." After the publication of "In Memoriam," Tennyson's popularity increased considerably. The subject of this poem was Arthur Hallam, a son of the eminent historian, and a chosen friend of the poet in his earlier days at Cambridge. It is a series of elegies, and is a tribute of affection to the memory of his dear friend.

The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was published in 1852; and since that occurrence few events of more than ordinary interest in the eyes of Englishmen have taken place without eliciting from the laureate some poem worthy of the occasion. The "Idyls of the King," published in 1859, were suggested by Sir Thomas Malory's "Legend of King Arthur's Round Table." It is an epic poem the title of which was taken from Theocritus, a Sicilian poet, who wrote in Greek, and greatly influenced Tennyson. The word "idyl" means a small pastoral poem. The "Idyls" are complete, though scattered through several books; they follow each other in this order: "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Eneid," "Sivien," "Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas

and Ettarre," "The Lost Tournament," and "The Passing of Arthur." The "Idyls of the King" at once took rank as one of the noblest poems in our language. Everywhere it was received with enthusiasm, and it may be considered a heresy to question the perfection of its poetical expressions. Among Tennyson's dramatic compositions are "Queen Mary," "Harold," "The Cup" and "The Promise of May." Great credit can be given him for these excellent dramas. His clear style and life-like personages are worthy of giving his plays a high and deserving standard. Tennyson's new volume of poems contains "Demeter and Persephone," written in his noblest manner, and pictures "Demeter" as "bringing her long-lost daughter back to Enna that the local influences might disperse the mists that seem to cling about her soul."

"Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd eyes  
Awed even me at first, thy mother—eyes  
That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power  
Draw downward into Hades with his drift  
Of flickering spectres, lighted from below  
By the red race of fiery Phlegethon."

As a specimen of Tennyson's mechanical manner we have "The Ring," the longest poem in the book. It is a ghost-story told in the form of a blank verse dialogue. There are other poems, entitled "Merlin and the Gleam," "Romney's Remorse," and a few charming little lyrics: "The Roses on the Terrace," "The Snowdrop," and the much-quoted "Throstle." "Crossing the Bar" is the title of a poem which contains verses among the gems; and it is touched with a rare grace:

"Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea;  
  
"But such a time as moving seems asleep;  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
  
"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;  
  
"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."

There are songs yet to be sung by a voice that has still such notes in it, by the voice of one who represents the spirit of our time, who has ministered to the natural appetite for poetry in the people; who has given the reading world more and keener delight than any other author,

and one whose place in the literature of the English language ranks first as an English poet of the present generation. "May the great poet of our time drop slowly down

'Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top,'

and may we hear his voice again and again ere he reach the silent sea."

E. C. PRUDHOMME.

### The Relation of Poetry to Morality.

"Poems are the gates of Heaven or Hell;  
And God's or Satan's face  
Looks through their every word into your face  
In blessing or in blight,  
And leaves upon your soul a grace or trace  
Of sunlight or of night."

The influence which poetry exercises over morals cannot be overestimated. All art, indeed, is a powerful incentive to good or evil; for art is but the expression of the beautiful; and to the beautiful the souls of men are drawn as irresistibly, and would feign cling as tenaciously, as the iron filings are attracted and adhere to the magnet. In like manner, the power of the visible manifestations of the beautiful to attract and influence man's free-will will be greater or less according to the degree in which, by the finer qualities of his genius, that expression of the beautiful is made more perfect.

No matter in what field of poetry we may wander, whether in the lofty strains of the epic or in the simple melody of the lyric; in the passionate lines of tragedy or in the ridiculous passages of comedy, all tend toward exercising in man a more or less greater moral influence. The ultimate end of all poetry should be to make some useful impression on the mind. This impression is made by indirect methods: as by fables, narration, by representation of character, or by imparting instruction.

In this respect poetry differs from a moral or philosophical treatise, and it is by means of its form that it has several advantages over prose. By the charm and versification of its numbers, by the descriptions, embellishments and episodes which it weaves, it detains and engages our fancy. It fixes also useful circumstances in the memory. Hence it is a field in which a man may gain great honor displaying his genius and knowledge.

A poet does not set himself to work, like a philosopher, to form the plans of a treatise on morality; his genius is fired by some great enterprise which appears to him noble and interesting, and which therefore he selects as

worthy of being celebrated in the highest strains of poetry. There is no subject that does not always afford some general instruction. In the immortal epic of Homer there is what may be assigned as the moral of that poem that God avenges those who have suffered injustice; but when they allow their resentment to carry them too far, it brings misfortunes upon themselves.

The end of an epic poem is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or to excite our admiration. This is accomplished by representations of noble and virtuous characters and heroic deeds; for exalted virtue is the object which all mankind are formed to admire. Therefore it is plain that epic poetry is favorable to virtue.

Valor, truth, justice, fidelity, piety, friendship are the objects which are presented to our minds in such grand compositions. The mind is purified from sensual and mean pursuits, and accustomed to take part in great and heroic enterprises. Were it in the power of skeptical philosophers to weaken the force of those reasonings which establish the essential distinctions between vice and virtue, the writings of epic poets alone would be sufficient to refute their false philosophy, showing by that appeal which they constantly make on the feelings of mankind in favor of virtue, that the foundations of it are laid deep and strong in human nature.

Dramatic poetry exerts a most powerful influence over morals; and in tragedy, the higher form of the drama, the effect that it produces on the mind is truly wonderful; no kind of writing has so much power, when happily executed, to excite the strongest emotions. It is a mirror in which we behold ourselves and the evil to which we are exposed; a faithful copy of the human passions, with all their direful effects, when they are suffered to become extravagant.

As in epic poetry our admiration cannot be raised, so neither in tragic poetry can our passions be strongly moved unless there is virtuous emotion awakened within us; and although dramatic poets may be guilty of improprieties, though they may fail to put virtue in precisely its proper point of light, yet no reasonable person can deny that tragedy is a moral species of composition.

There is in the literature of our language—in fact, of all languages—a style of writing which appeals to the baser passions, and which is not worthy of the name of poetry. True poetry is the language of the heart, and excites the most sublime and beautiful feelings in the soul. But this feeling of sublimity and tenderness cannot be felt unless our minds are susceptible to vir-

tuous emotions. He whose heart is indelicate and hard; he who has no admiration of what is noble and praiseworthy, nor the proper sympathetic sense of what is soft and tender, must have a very imperfect relish of the higher beauties of poetry. He may see what is cold, coarse and palpable, while the chaster and simpler ornaments escape his notice.

"Virtue, the flower ethereal, whose home  
Is laid in fields Elysian, oftentime  
Culled by the hand of angel forms that roam  
The fragrant walks of bliss, will wafted be  
Down on the blighted earth. Its scent diffused  
Entrances; mortals call it poesy."

P. E. BURKE, '93.

### Survey for a Railroad.

BY E. M. HOOVER.

#### I.

#### RECONNAISSANCE AND PRELIMINARY SURVEY.

When the poet's soul found expression in the thought "Science moves but slowly, creeping on from point to point," he little dreamt of the wonders the future would unfold. We live in an age of progress. The light of science is advancing, but its noonday is not yet. The discoveries and inventions of the past are to the advancement of to-day "as is moonlight into sunlight." Time presents no account, either in the records of history or the annals of tradition, that is as prolific in resources or as fruitful of inventions as our own. Every department of physical knowledge has received a new impetus. A generation has not passed since the possibilities of the electric fluid was an unknown quantity; now we have electric lights, electric cars, and it is simply impossible to say how far its usefulness will be extended. The time is not long passed since this State, now crossed and cut with its numerous railways, had no other means of transport save the stage. Now every hour we may hear the whistle of the locomotive as it tears along with lightning speed upon the great public thoroughfares. With these few preliminary remarks I will pass to the discussion of my subject—railroads.

Having decided to build a railroad, and also where to build it, as far as the terminal points are concerned, the next question that presents itself is: What gauge is to be used, Standard or Narrow? By gauge is meant the distance between rails. There are many points which can be urged in favor of both Standard and Narrow gauge; but, on the whole, the advantage seems to be with the former, as all the leading roads of the country have adopted this system.

This of itself is of the greatest importance, as it facilitates and makes possible the transfer of the rolling-stock of one road to another. The terminal points and gauge having been decided upon, the next thing is to carefully study the resources of the country through which the road is to pass, in order to form an exact idea of the amount of future traffic that will probably be done by the road. Traffic may be divided into two kinds: Through Traffic, or that which goes directly from one terminus to the other; and Way Traffic, or that which goes from the terminal stations to intermediate points, and *vice versa*. The amount of traffic depends upon the connection with other roads at the terminal stations and the resources of the country passed through. The class of traffic and the direction in which the bulk will have to be carried will, to a great extent, determine the location, cost of construction, establishment of grade, and operation of the road.

Having fully considered the theoretical part of the subject in all its various bearings, the next and most important thing to be done is to make a careful reconnaissance of the country through which the road is to pass; the object of this reconnaissance is to find where the best line for a railroad lies between the terminal points chosen. In this examination, the purpose must be to get a good general idea of the topography of the country passed over, the position, size and direction of all the water-courses, the height of all such controlling points as will have any bearing on the proposed line, and the location of such towns as are of enough importance in themselves to make it advisable to include them in the projected route. Having become thoroughly familiar with the country, by means of the reconnaissance, the Locating Engineer has in mind one or more lines which appear to him to present the fewest obstacles to the construction of the road.

The preliminary survey, one of the objects of which is to actually put on the ground as many of these lines as may be deemed expedient, should now be made. The engineer in charge must use care never to pass over what might be the best line. If there is any doubt at all as to which is the most available, they should all be surveyed, and from the data obtained an exact comparison can be made of their relative merits. Another object of the survey is to obtain such data on each side of these preliminary lines, in order that an exact map of the country can be made of such a width as to include within its limits the best line for a railroad, in all its details between the terminal stations. This

map should show all the topographical features of the country, and should also have on it the contour lines, in order that a paper location can be made if desired.

The next thing is to make the practical survey. This is done by a corps of engineers consisting of one Transitman, two Chainmen, two Rodmen, two Stakemen, two Axemen, under the direction of a Chief of Party, who is responsible for the amount and class of work done and who reports directly to the Chief Engineer. The Chief of Party receives full instructions from the Chief Engineer, as to the lines to be run and the methods to be used in the field. He must be well acquainted with the country, and have a clear knowledge of what he has to do and how to do it. With this understanding, the work commences and proceeds as follows: The Chief of Party shows the Transitman the point from which the line is to start; if this point is not well defined, it must be made so by driving a stake at that station. As an additional precaution, the stake should be *tied in*, that is, referenced to points on permanent objects in such a way that if it is moved the point can be re-established with accuracy.

When the point is thus marked, the transit is set over it. The Transitman takes his place behind the transit, and the Chief of Party goes ahead with a lining rod, and by means of this rod, which he sticks into the ground at any desired point, indicates to the Transitman the direction in which the line is to be run; the Transitman sights on the rod, and the Chainmen, accompanied by the Stakemen, chains from the starting point to the rod, the Stakemen putting in a stake properly marked at the end of each chain. When the point indicated by the Chief of Party is reached, a plug is put in with a tack point and guard stake.

The Transitman takes the magnetic bearing of the line, and notes it in his transit book; he then takes his transit and moves on to the first transit point, the Chief of Party in the meantime having gone ahead to indicate the direction of the new line. The rear Rodman stops at the point just left by the Transitman. When the transit is set up on the new point and levelled, a back sight is taken on the rod, which is held on the starting-point; if this is all right, the telescope is reversed and the new line run out the same as the preceding one. In running these lines, enough data must be obtained to enable the engineer to make accurate plans and profiles of each line. The data for the plan is obtained from the preliminary survey.

In order to obtain data to plot the profile of

the lines and establish the grade lines, a level party, consisting of a Leveller and Rodman, are sent over the preliminary lines surveyed. The object of their work is to get the actual height of each station above some known plane, called a Datum plane. The first thing to be done by the Leveller is to get some point to start from; if the new work connects with some old-established line, then the Leveller should start from some point on this old line, the height of which he can obtain; but if there is no permanent point, the height of which is known, then the Leveller must establish some point and get its height above the sea level; this permanent point is called a Bench Mark. Not only is this starting point called a Bench Mark, but all permanent points which the Leveller may establish along the line for future reference are called Bench Marks.

In getting a Bench Mark, the object is to get some firm point which cannot be moved, and is so situated that it may be readily found again. The most common method of making a Bench Mark is to take some large tree and chop a place on the root and drive a tack in the top of the point; then the point and all around it should be marked over with keel. On the side of the tree, at a convenient height to be readily seen and on the side next to the line, a large blaze should be made, and on this blaze should be marked clearly with keel the letters B. M., the number of the B. M. and its elevation. In running a line of levels on preliminary surveys, Bench Marks should be established every two thousand feet.

The Leveller proceeds with his work as follows: Having a starting-point, or B. M., he sets up his level at a proper distance from this point and, levelling his telescope, sights it on the rod which is held on the Bench; the point on the rod where it is cut by the horizontal hair of the telescope is noted; this is called *ax*, or *back sight*; and this reading on the rod, added to the known height of the Bench, gives the height of the instrument. Having the height of the instrument, sights are taken on the different stations. These, or *fore sights*, are subtracted from the height of the instrument, and give the elevation of each station. From the data obtained as above the profiles of the different lines and the establishment of the grade lines are worked out.

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TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

—G. Herbert.

Kingly Rule.

A SCENE.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

HENRY VIII., King of England.

FRANCIS, King of France.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Lords and Ladies, Officers and Attendants.

*Scene.* Ardres, France, Field of the Cloth of Gold.

(*Enter FRANCIS, HENRY and WOLSEY.*)

FRANCIS: Welcome, good Henry, to our sunny France! In truth, I have long wished to see you; I am certain that our love is mutual; and I assure you that I am not unworthy of your esteem.

HENRY: Your welcome is too kind; I thank you!

FRANCIS: You now have your desire. You wished for France, and if you do not possess it, still you are the master of this ground.

HENRY: Sire, I have not, I can assure you, cast a wishful eye on your kingdom; and have only come to see you in fulfilment of my promise; nor have I ever in my life seen one whom my heart seems more predisposed to love.

FRANCIS: We shall agree admirably, I am sure. But let us go to the valley of the raspberry and the red hawthorn. We shall there see some good sport. But stop! the train comes here.

(*Enter French and English Lords.*)

NORFOLK: We are come, my good kings, to match broadswords with these French. My gracious sovereign, do you but bless me before my battle with Alençon, and I'll surely win.

(*HENRY blesses him.*)

ALENÇON: Good Francis, dost thou hear? We shall see if the blessing is infallible. Art thou not ready, Norfolk?

NORFOLK: Yes. To the front!

(*They fight, and ALENÇON is wounded.*)

HENRY: See, Francis, the English win now as at every time and in every place. My Lord Norfolk, I congratulate you.

NORFOLK: 'Twas your blessing, your Highness. But now twelve English and twelve French bowmen fight.

HENRY: I'll wager anything my men will win!

FRANCIS: Five thousand francs.

FRANCIS: I'll take the wager, cousin!

HENRY: See how well my bowmen fight!

FRANCIS: If I had some of my Bretons here, we should soon see which were the best.

HENRY: No boasts, brother. My English are still the conquerors.

FRANCIS: My Bretons would beat them as if they were children.

HENRY: You talk but idly. Brother, I challenge you to a contest.

FRANCIS: I accept, but it must be on horse that we fight.

HENRY: Agreed! Come on! (*They mount two chargers and take lances.*)

FRANCIS: I am not your equal, but will give you good battle. (*They fight, and FRANCIS breaks his lance.*) Hold! Henry, let us cease. I have broken my lance.

HENRY: I have you at my mercy, cousin; but I will yield to your request. (*They dismount.*) Let us rest, Francis, and discuss our affairs of state together. (*Enter WOLSEY.*) I am glad to see you, my Lord. Where were you these past weeks?

WOLSEY: I have but just returned from Guynes where I did leave the Duke of Buckingham.

FRANCIS: Welcome, good sir! We have missed you from our sports.

HENRY: And now, do you ask Francis what he'll pay for a neutrality.

WOLSEY: What if the Dauphin and the Princess Mary wed? Would you pay one hundred thousand crowns annually?

FRANCIS: Provided that their issue be seated on the English throne, I would.

HENRY: Then, Wolsey, have the papers made and signed, and quickly, too; for it is late, and we must be off to Guynes to see his royal Dukeship. Good night, Francis! Do you accept this necklace in my remembrance?

WOLSEY: I'll see you anon. Farewell!

(*Aside.*) And this is the peace of kings,—thus with their whims they juggle with the life of subjects!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

H. C. MURPHY, '93.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

Among the many books in the English language there are few as well known as "The Vicar of Wakefield." It is a book which every man of a liberal education should have read; and one that every student of English literature should read—not for the story, but for the language it contains. The style is simple and at the same time interesting. There is but one sentence in the whole book which any school-boy cannot understand; and that is in the letter written by Mr. Burchill to Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs, when he says: "As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue con-



taminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences." When a person reads this he does not know whether the writer meant that the two Misses Wakefield are not respectable, or the company in which they are about to go.

The most perfect character is the Vicar; but while we love him for his benevolence, his resignation, we must smile at the contrast between the sense of his conversation and the simplicity of his conduct; also at the wise maxims he utters on every occasion and which are always overruled by the pertinacity of his wife and daughters.

This story, when it was first published, was as not as highly valued as it is to-day. When it was first published Garrick said that there was nothing to be learned from it; and Johnson called it a mere fanciful performance. If Garrick were to live to-day, and were teaching a class of English literature, no doubt he would recommend it as one of the first books his class was to read. Johnson, when he said that it was a mere fanciful performance, meant, perhaps, that the construction of the story is full of improbabilities.

J. S. BRADY.

#### Happiness.

How blessed is he who is happy! His wealth transcends all computation. Kings would gladly give riches, honor and glory to come and share it with him. Man's life is but one continued effort to reach that bright goal—happiness; for the brief taste he had of it in the beginning implanted in his soul an insatiable yearning which ceaselessly impels him onward in his search from generation to generation.

The greatest minds the world ever possessed labored from youth to old age to find the golden road which ends in happiness. Countless have been their rules and precepts. No way was ever too dark or rough or wearisome for them to tread, and no danger was ever too great for them to brave.

What strange thing is this, then, that has ever exercised so great a charm over all mankind,—so wonderful a charm that in its fascinating light all other treasures of earth are dwarfed until they sink to nothingness? It is a fairy-dream in which a veil of beauty is thrown about this rugged life of ours, and which, as one looks through it, softens and obscures the lurking-place of pain.

But the happy man sees not as in a vision.

His sight is only deeper and farther reaching than that of his fellowman. For our earth is beautiful, and was not made for the abode of sorrow; that was brought into it by discontented man. See how the happy look with ever-growing gladness upon the providence of God. To such all nature, happy with them, wears a smile of quiet joy. And the destroying flight of Time brings no distress, because when it shall have overtaken them they will realize but the consummation of their felicity; for true happiness must go hand in hand with virtue.

J. F. S.

#### College Gossip.

—The College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., opened on the 8th inst. with a very large attendance, and the brightest prospects for one of the most successful years in the history of the institution.

—The German Government recognizes the new Catholic University of Freiburg in Switzerland as on the same footing as the other German, Austrian and Swiss universities, and so allows terms kept there to count as with the rest of the universities.

—Father Curran, a young priest of the diocese of Bathurst, has secured \$25 and a medal from the Royal Society for the best paper on "The Microscopic Structure of Australian Rocks." The contest was open to geologists all over the world. Father Curran has recently been appointed Government lecturer in geology, and resides in Sidney, N. S. W.

—*The Signal* is the title of a new bright little paper just issued under the auspices of the Academy of St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo County, Ind. It will be published quarterly by the Ladies of the Alumnae Association, and edited by Miss Frances Howe, so well known in literary circles. It has our best wishes for the long and successful career, of which the opening number gives such bright augury.

#### IN KENTUCKY.

A rope he found  
That lay around,  
And took it home, of course.  
It chanced that the  
Extremity  
Was fastened to a horse.

The neighbors bound  
A rope around  
A tree's convenient limb.  
It chanced that the  
Extremity  
Was fastened on to him.

#### DE FUNIBUS.

Rure Titus funem portavit forte repertum:  
Accidit ut funem subsequeretur equus.  
Arboris e brachio strinxit vicinia funem:  
Adnexum funi contigit esse Titum.

—*Stonyhurst Magazine.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—On Sunday last, the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary—one of the patronal festivals of the Congregation of Holy Cross—occurred the formal opening of the scholastic year. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Linneborn, C. S. C., and an instructive and appropriate sermon delivered by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C. We take pleasure in laying before our readers, in this issue, a synopsis of Father O'Neill's eloquent discourse, which was heard with rapt attention, and made a deep impression upon the minds of all present. The year '91-'92 thus opens under the brightest auspices, and bids fair to be the happiest and most successful in the annals of *Alma Mater*.

—We are grateful to be able to say that there has been a marked improvement in the condition of Very Rev. Father General since our last issue. Despite the extreme heat which prevailed during the week, the venerable patient has rallied, and gives every assurance that the happiest results will soon reward the care and attention which he is receiving, and be a blessed response to the many fervent prayers offered in his behalf. We hope that all friends will continue their prayers to Heaven that the coming patronal festival of our Father Founder, the 13th prox., may find him restored to health and strength, and that he may be spared to celebrate many another St. Edward's Day with his devoted children in this grand old home of Religion and Science which he has established.

## Duties of Students.\*

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."  
—Ps. 126, 1.

While these words of the Psalmist, implying the worthlessness and instability of all projects from which is excluded the idea of God and His providence, are especially applicable when there is question of the weightier undertakings of men, they are not without their fitness as a motto for the beginners of any work, however seemingly commonplace; and they form an apposite text for the few plain, practical reflections which I purpose making this morning on the occasion of the opening of a new scholastic year. All that I shall say to you is comprised in the formula: "Be well with God." This is but a variation of St. Augustine's, "Love God and do what you will;" and it is, therefore, the embodiment of a thoroughly adequate rule of life. As most formulas, however, are the better for explanatory comments, it may not be amiss to discuss with some particularity the line of conduct which you must pursue in order to be well, and to remain well, with God; to specify what you will be impelled to do if you love God; to tell you, in short, how you should set about building this house of your education at whose inception this morning we fervently invoke the blessing and co-operation of the Lord, so that your labor in building it may not be vain.

Your lifetime, of which the year now beginning will form one stage, and possibly the last one, has been granted to you that you may devote it to the service of your Creator; hence your chief concern during the coming ten months should undoubtedly be to preserve God's friendship, to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, to safeguard the interests of your immortal souls. True, you will have to do much that is not purely spiritual; you will have to perform many duties which apparently have no immediate bearing on your eternal destiny; you will, in a word, be solicitous and be troubled about many things; but bear in mind that in your case, as in that of Martha, the sister of Lazarus, there is only one thing necessary. In a relative sense, of course, many things are necessary: your physical development and mental culture, for instance; but remember that, before and above all else, you are Christians, children of God, heirs to the kingdom of heaven; and that the only thing absolutely necessary is

\* From the sermon on the occasion of the opening of the scholastic year 1891-'92, by the REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.



that you do not forfeit your rights to that inheritance.

You have repeatedly heard that education in the true sense of the word—such an education as you have come hither to seek, and as we, with God's blessing, will help you to attain—consists in the harmonious development of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral faculties. Now, were there any clashing, any conflict, any incompatibility among the elements of this triple culture of body, mind, and heart; were the attainment of one possible only by the abandonment of the other two, there could be no question as to which element should receive your attention; which one should be chosen, which two rejected. From the Christian point of view, it is unquestionably far better to be a pious blockhead than an impious scholar; a righteous dwarf than a scoundrel of splendid physique,—far better to be deformed in body, and a dunce in mind with a virtuous heart, than to be what the graduates of many an educational gymnasium in our day and country not infrequently are, physical and mental athletes, but also spiritual starvelings and moral cripples. In a word, if there were, in the cultivation of the moral faculties, in the education of the soul, anything antagonistic to physical training or to mental discipline, it would still be your paramount duty to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice."

Fortunately, however, no such antagonism exists. On the contrary, the physical, intellectual and moral faculties admit of simultaneous development; and so complete is the harmony among them that they reciprocally aid one another in the formation of the thoroughly educated man. It is quite possible to be physically strong and active, mentally quick and brilliant, and, at the same time, spiritually good and holy; quite feasible to form concurrently habits of healthful exercise, of intellectual labor, and of Christian piety; quite within the power of each one of you to acquire, during the next ten months, abundant stores of strength for the body, knowledge for the mind, and virtue for the soul. The attainment of these blessings should be your aim; and your endeavoring to secure, not simply any one or two of them, but all three—strength, knowledge and virtue—will be the best evidence that you have arrived at a just conception of the purpose for which you have come to college—that of being formed into vigorous, scholarly, and Christian gentlemen.

This being your ideal, how shall you best attain it? To speak first of your moral training, or of the religious side of your education, I

need scarcely tell Catholic young men that the two great means of preserving yourselves in the grace of God, the best possible aids in the acquisition of virtuous habits, or in the destruction of vicious ones, are prayer and the sacraments. Prayer is absolutely essential to the well-being of your souls. No Christian man, much less boy, can afford to live his life independently of God, to order his daily actions on the principle that he is sufficient unto himself.... As for the sacraments, it is hardly too much to say that a young man or boy who frequently approaches the sacred tribunal of Penance and the Holy Table where our Lord offers Himself to be the food of our souls, is, if not a model student, at least the material from which such a student can be readily moulded. . . .

From the consideration of these obligations incumbent on all Catholic young men, whether in or out of college, let us turn to those which peculiarly affect the student. The perfection of man consists in the complete conformity of his will to that of his Creator. We are well with God when we habitually do what God wills us to do. One of the most poignant griefs possible to souls desirous of leading worthy lives is the state of doubt or uncertainty as to what is God's will concerning them. This grief need never be yours, assuredly not during your career as students. God's will, so far as you are concerned, is "writ large," so that he who runs may read. He desires you simply to fulfil perfectly the duties of that state in life to which His divine providence has led you. You will be acting in conformity to His sacred will just so long as you deserve the comprehensive name of "good students." Now the determining cause, or at least one of the determining causes, of your coming to college is presumably your own or your parents' desire for your mental culture. The development of your physical powers might be accomplished at home fully as well as in college; the same thing is true, though in a lesser degree, perhaps, of your moral training; so that you are here principally for the cultivation of your intellect. Hence, considered merely as students, your first duty is undoubtedly diligent application, is continued study, is real, earnest labor in storing your minds with knowledge. To neglect this would be a palpable injustice to your parents and to yourselves. You are unjust to your parents when by habitual idleness and laziness you fail to profit by the time allotted you for study. Students, especially the younger ones, are apt to look upon want of application as a very light matter. Some seem to imagine that, if they can loaf or read novels

without the knowledge of Professors or Prefects, there is no harm done. Let us see whether this be the case.

Your maintenance in college for a year costs your parents from three to four hundred dollars. They intend, we will suppose, that you shall complete some one of the regular courses. Now if, on account of your idleness, you are forced to remain in that course a year longer than would have been necessary had you applied yourself thoroughly, it is clear that you have constructively robbed your parents of the amount paid for that extra year. . . . No, no; it is not a light matter, this indolence; and the student who habitually wastes his time, or a considerable portion of his time, is guilty of an injustice towards his parents that amounts to a very grievous sin.

The idle student is, moreover, unjust towards himself, and chiefly for this reason: his neglecting to profit by the opportunities afforded him in college may, and not rarely does, lead to the loss of his vocation. God has some place in the world marked out for each one of you; there is a particular position, business or calling that is peculiarly yours. If, through your own fault, you remain incompetent to fill that position, or, in other words, if you culpably lose your vocation, you immeasurably increase the difficulties of your life, and materially lessen the chances of its success.

A notable loss of time is, then, grievously sinful; and any loss of time is sinful to some extent. You are doing your duty as good, conscientious students only when, in the study-hall, you apply yourselves seriously to the tasks given you, and, in the lecture-hall or class-room, listen attentively to the explanations of your Professors. . . .

And what shall we say of the student who, after idling away the time which he should have devoted to the preparation of a "duty," copies that of a companion, or plagiarizes from a key or a translation? He is simply acting a lie in passing off, as his own, work which is not his; and one who habitually or frequently resorts to such dishonest means, can have neither a very tranquil conscience nor any perceptible amount of self-respect. It goes without saying that such practices, instead of advancing, retard your mental growth. You can make no real progress where you do no real work. Do not fancy that any college or university can educate you without your own co-operation. At most the University can but afford you opportunities of educating yourself. In the acquisition of knowledge, only that which you have made your own will prove genuinely and permanently

useful. One mathematical problem worked out by yourself is worth a dozen which you can solve because you have been told the method of solution; one page of fair English, wholly yours, is worth a score appropriated from a volume in the library; five lines of Latin or Greek which you have translated by dint of study and thought are worth a hundred which, in college cant, you have "got up" with a "pony."

Study, then, serious, continued study, is your first duty,—study during the time given for that purpose; and, let me add, during that time and no other. Recreation is quite as essential as is mental application. If you work conscientiously during working hours, it is eminently natural, right, and proper that you should play heartily and well during time of play. Do not look upon the student who encroaches on his hours of relaxation, in order to continue his studies, as a model whom you should imitate. Such a young man has more ambition than judgment. If he persists in studying during all the regular study hours and a portion of those allotted to recreation, he will defeat his own aim; for, as a natural consequence, his overtaxed brain will be unable to do as much real work in the ordinary and extraordinary hours combined, as it could do, were it sufficiently relaxed, in the ordinary hours alone. The ambition to please your Professors and to be first in your class may be laudable and good; but if you cannot be first without endangering your health, be content to remain second or third. . . .

Another duty of the student is obedience. One of the conditions of youth is its continual subjection to the control of superiors, its obligation of always obeying somebody. At home, you owe obedience to your parents; in college, to the rules of the institution, and to the Professors and Prefects who are the exponents of those rules. Without obedience, there can be no progress, order, peace, or happiness; and consequently this duty is a very important one. Jesus Christ Himself has taught us its importance. He lived thirty-three years on earth; and the record of thirty of those years is written in three words: *Erat subditus illis*—"He was obedient to them." He was submissive to His Mother Mary and to His foster-father, St. Joseph. His glorious example should inspire you, and lead you to obey always and everywhere; not servilely, because you are under the observation of superiors, but voluntarily and manfully, because it is right. Taking even the low ground of expediency, it is surely best for you to observe the rules. Granted that you find them severe; common sense dictates that you should

make a virtue of necessity, and obey with good grace, since obey you must. For—and it may be well here and now to emphasize the fact—the regulations of the University *must* be observed, and any infractions will entail a punishment proportioned to the seriousness of the offense. Nor should there be any difficulty in observing these rules. They are the results of experience; they have been formulated by men who have in view no other object than the promotion of your interests; and they are no stricter than has been found necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose which has brought you to Notre Dame. Let me add that those who would not be injured by more relaxed disciplinary regulations, experience no difficulty in observing the rules; while those who complain of their severity are invariably students who would turn to their own detriment the fuller freedom which laxer rules would give them.

Speaking of complaining, let me counsel you to beware of developing into that most unlovely of all characters in the student world, that pestilential nuisance, the chronic grumbler. It is scarcely necessary to describe him. You all know him as one who seems to have but one clearly-defined idea in his mind—that it is his bounden duty to find fault with everything and everybody connected with the institution. In his opinion, just the right thing is never done; or should it occasionally be accomplished, it is never done in just the right way. He is never without a subject of complaint—this Professor's methods, or that Prefect's harshness, the too short recreations, the too long prayers, and so on *ad infinitum*. Don't, let me beg you, don't stultify yourselves by imitating such a character as that. If you have any real grievance—and since we do not claim absolute perfection either for our system, or for the men who enforce it, it is quite within the range of possibility that you may have—go to the properly-constituted authorities, ask for its redress, and then—hold your peace. That is the manly way of acting. The unmanly, the cowardly way is to foment dissatisfaction among a number of your companions till something serious results from it, and then to cringe before the authorities, make hypocritical professions of satisfaction, and endeavor to sneak out of the difficulty, as the chronic grumbler invariably does. . . .

To summarize, this year is a portion of a lifetime all of which you owe to God; it will prove a success if, during its progress, you are faithful in accomplishing God's will; that will be that you fulfil well the duties of a student; and those duties are the practice of virtue, earnest study,

legitimate recreation, and fidelity in observing the rules. Take, this morning, such resolutions as the foregoing considerations may have suggested. God will bless them, will aid you in keeping them, and will reward your perseverance by granting you that peace of mind which, in its fullness, comes only to those who with a tranquil conscience can look back from month to month on daily duties loyally done.

#### Books and Periodicals.

—Wolcott Balestier, who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the new novel which *The Century* will publish, is a young American now living in London. He is a writer and a business man as well, being a member of the recently-organized firm of Heinemann & Balestier, of Leipsic, which is publishing a series of copyrighted English and American novels on the continent of Europe in the fashion of the Tauchnitz editions.

—The October number of the *Rosary* (New York) is the first issue for the month consecrated to the beautiful devotion in whose honor the magazine is published. It contains an article from His eminence Cardinal Gibbons; an ode, in honor of Leo XIII., by Rev. W. D. Kelly; "The Tomb of St. Dominic, the Cradle of Modern Art," by John A. Mooney, with illustrations specially prepared; "What a Dominican did for St. Teresa," by Rev. Charles W. Currier, C. SS. R.; and a Sonnet by Aubrey de Vere. Augusta Theodosia Drane's "Life of St. Dominic" still continues; and Maurice F. Egan's story reaches a point of deepest interest. The Children's Department takes on the new features of *Rosary* illustrations and verses.

—"The Trouble Grandpa Nature had with the Horse," by L. J. Bates; "Bee-Hunting," by Rowland E. Robinson, and "A Joint Snake," by E. Olin, are three peculiarly interesting Natural History articles in the October *Wide Awake*. "A Night with Russian Wolves," a blood-curdling, true story by Lieut.-Col. Thorndike; "Jessie's Chickens," a home-life story by Hattie Tyng Griswold; "Edith's Guinea-Pig," a travel-story by Esther George, and "Bronson Company (Limited)," another home-life story by J. H. Jamieson, are very entertaining. A Moqui folk-tale of "The Genesis of Earth and Moon," a Norse folk-tale of "Why the Sea is Salt," the "Margaret-Patty Letter," the "Drawing of the Child Figure" (Miss Rimmer's art-paper), "The Lake Maidens," a literary narrative by Miss Garland about the daughters of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, with portraits, and the Peppers Serial, the Italian Child-life serial, and "Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn," together with the poems and pictures, and four pages of "Men and Things" anecdotes, make up a most readable number.

### Personal.

—Charles C. Kolars, '86, is meeting with great success in his law practice at Le Sueur Centre, Minn.

—Thomas Dillon, '71, and wife, John J. Fitzgibbon, '62, and Charles T. Cavanagh, '91, were very welcome visitors to the college on Tuesday.

—William P. Devine, '88, made a brief visit to Notre Dame last week, and received a cordial welcome from his friends and former fellow-students. Mr. Devine is engaged in real estate business with Leander J. McCormick, Oxford Building, Chicago.

—The numerous friends of Bro. Philemon, C.S.C., the genial Director of St. Pius' School, Chicago, were agreeably surprised by a flying visit from him last Wednesday on business connected with the Community. He and his efficient corps of assistants are meeting with distinguished and well-earned success in their work, and the prospects of the school which they conduct are brilliant.

—We are pleased to state that Mr. George E. Clarke, '84, has accepted the Chair of Oratory in the University. All at Notre Dame cordially endorse the sentiments expressed in the following, from the *South Bend Tribune* of the 24th inst.:

"President Walsh, of Notre Dame, was in the city last evening, and proffered the chair of oratory at that institution to Mr. George E. Clarke, the rising young attorney. The offer came wholly unsolicited and unexpected, and Mr. Clarke, after being assured that it would not materially interfere with his law business here, accepted it. He will spend two evenings each week at the College, and the rest of his time in his office in this city. The position has been practically vacant since the death of the lamented Prof. J. A. Lyons, who filled it so acceptably for more than a quarter of a century. The selection of Mr. Clarke is a high compliment to his abilities. While a student at the University, through a full course, he was always prominent in dramatic and oratorical contests, and one of Prof. Lyons' favorite pupils; and, being thoroughly familiar with the art and the needs of the College in this direction, is peculiarly adapted to fill the important place as a member of the Faculty. Mr. Clarke's many friends in the city and elsewhere will be pleased to hear of his promotion."

### Local Items.

—That squirrel hunt!

—Salute to the feast!

—Navigation has opened.

—Benny acted as executioner.

—"Smile" has two pairs of —

—"Sport" still holds his watch.

—What's the matter with the sun?

—The military companies have begun to drill.

—This month of September is a "scorcher."

—Are we going to have a boat race on Field Day?

—Where, oh! where is the promised box of "two furs"?

—There are enough wheelmen to form a good club this year.

—The "Awkward Squads" will begin to drill on October 1.

—The two "Blokes" were visible to the naked eye last Tuesday.

—"Why don't you get a team that can play ball to come here?"

—It is feared that the football men will be few and far between.

—"Is it possible that you, barbarians, do not know your Horace?"

—Fatty G. says that he'll get that diamond ring, or die of starvation.

—Philosophers, remember that a bush in the hand is worth two in the —

—"Stroke! stroke!" is the sound that is now wafted o'er the rippling waters.

—A game with a picked team from South Bend has been arranged for this week.

—The wound has healed, and the Sorin Hallers are once more united to their fatherland.

—The Sorinites are practising for Field Day. The Brownsons had better look to their laurels.

—NOTE.—Teamsters should not drive faster than a walk while passing around the Presbytery.

—Some interesting games of handball are played in the Brownsons' gym. Many of the new-comers have learned the meaning of "hand out, hinder," etc., and have, moreover, developed into good players.

—The continuation of Sammy's "Sketches" has been crowded out this week. We are obliged also to defer until next week the publication of a very interesting communication received too late for insertion in this issue.

—A new system of appointing the officers of the military companies will be followed this year. Only those deserving promotion will be promoted. If an officer neglects his duty, he may see others pass up that were far behind him.

—The second regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held on Wednesday evening, September 23. At this meeting a large number of names were proposed for membership, voted on and duly elected. At the next meeting the Constitution and By-laws will be read and discussed, after which the regular program for the weekly meetings will be inaugurated.

—The regular semi-annual meeting of the Notre Dame Athletic Association was held Thursday, September 24. The following officers were elected: President, Col. Hoynes; Vice-President, P. Coady; Secretary, N. J. Sinnott; Treasurer, T. H. Coady; Corresponding Secretary, P. Fleming; Field Reporter, H. C. Murphy; Directors, Father Kelly and Bro. Paul; Captain Special team, Chas. J. Gillon; Captains first nines, J. C. Combe and —; Captains Football Teams, D. Cartier and T. H. Coady. The election of a captain for the Varsity football team was postponed until later in the season.

—The greatest game of ball ever known in the history of Sorin Hall, was played between the “second and third flats,” Thursday afternoon, on the Manual Labor grounds. The game was rather tame and uninteresting for the first four innings, as the “second flat” men had a picnic with the “old settler’s” delivery, and stole enough bases off Dacy to make his hair gray. At the end of the fifth Captain Gillon, of the second floor, went from the box and put in his pony battery, P. Murphy and Scherrer. The third floor men scored five runs before Murphy succeeded in striking the “greaser” out. In the next half the second floor men pounded Dacy, who had gone in to pitch, for six runs. “Fitz’s” men then got enough runs to bring the score up to 13–18. The game was called at the end of the 7th inning on account of general “tiredness.” The features were the fine playing of T. Boland at first base, and the battery work of Gillon and Hannin. The newly-discovered “phenoms,” McGrath-pitcher and Dacy-catcher did poor work. The second flat men took kindly to “Mac’s” curves, while Dacy threw to bases like the “wild man of Borneo” on a tare. Umpires, Schaack and Lancaster. McAuliff and Combe did good work.

—On Wednesday evening, September 16, the Philopatrians held their first meeting in their elegant new society room for the purpose of reorganizing for the present scholastic year. After an appropriate address by the President, who congratulated the members on their new quarters, and spoke in an encouraging manner of the bright prospects for the Society, a Secretary *pro tem.* was appointed, and the election of officers took place with the following result: 1st Vice-President, W. E. Bates; 2d Vice-President, R. Slevin; Treasurer, W. Gerlach; Recording Secretary, J. Hack; Corresponding Secretary, Jno. Girsch. The election of the other officers was postponed to the following meeting, which was held Wednesday evening, September 23. Seven officers were then elected and nine new members admitted. The officers chosen are as follows: Librarian, P. Wellington; Historian, O. Bergland; 1st Censor, E. Dorsey; 2d Censor, A. Leonard; 3d Censor, H. Cheney; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. Yingst; Marshal, C. McPhee. The new members admitted were: W. Nichols, G. Johnson, F. J. Brown, T. Finnerty, P. Stephens, G. Bixby, G. Funke, Chas. McPhee, and H. Kuntz. The newly-elected officers delivered their inaugural addresses, after which the meeting adjourned.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—On Wednesday, the 23d inst., the members of the Law Department met in their apartments, Sorin Hall, for the purpose of organizing a Law Debating Society. Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, called the meeting to order. On the motion of Mr. Hugh O’Neill, seconded by Mr. Louis Chute, it was “Resolved, that this body organize as the Law Debating Society of the University.” The following officers were then

elected: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, Hugh O’Neill; 2d Vice-President, L. P. Chute; Recording Secretary, P. Houlihan; Corresponding Secretary, G. Lancaster; Treasurer, M. Cassidy; Censor, P. Ragan; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. Kleekamp. The subject chosen for discussion at the next meeting is: “Resolved, that the Jury System has outlived its usefulness and should be abolished.” The disputants on the affirmative are: Messrs. L. P. Chute and T. Ansbury; on the negative, Messrs. H. O’Neill and L. J. Whellan. The chair then delivered a speech on the relative advantages of city and country life in the practice of the law. The Colonel is always eloquent; but he never rises so high as when touching any subject bearing on the dignity of the bar. He spoke for an hour, and held the attention of his audience with his appropriate aphorisms, practical suggestions and realistic descriptions of the lawyer’s life at the city and country bar.

—BASE-BALL:—A one-sided game was played on the college campus, on the afternoon of September 20, between a team from South Bend and Sorin Hall, assisted by Messrs. Combe, Chassaing and Fleming. The Sorins won by a score of 14 to 4. But for a few costly errors in the second and third innings South Bend would have been shut out. The feature of the game was the battery work of Gillon and Combe, who are in excellent practice after a summer’s sojourn in Wisconsin. Gillon pitched a phenomenal game, striking out seventeen men. His delivery was a puzzle insolvable by the South Bends, who only made three safe-hits. He was ably supported by Combe who caught an errorless game, and did not let a South Bender steal a base. The playing of “Fitz” at first is also worthy of mention. The following is the complete score:

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Gillon, p.....	5	2	0	5	0	20	1	
Fitzgibbon, 1st b.....	4	2	0	1	8	0	0	
Combe, c.....	4	2	0	1	16	2	0	
Cartier, 2d b.....	3	2	1	1	2	0	3	
Hannon, 3d b.....	6	1	2	1	0	0	0	
McGrath, r. f.....	4	1	0	2	0	0	1	
Chassaing, s. s.....	2	2	1	2	0	5	2	
Fleming, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	1	1	0	
O'Brien, c. f.....	4	1	0	2	0	0	1	
<i>Total</i> .....	36	14	5	15	27	27	8	
SOUTH BEND.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Calvin, 1st b.....	4	1	0	0	10	1	2	
Casey, s. s.....	5	1	0	0	0	1	2	
Hanley, 3d b.....	5	1	0	0	3	0	3	
F. McIntyre, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	1	
Weaver, r. f.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	
W. McIntyre, l. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	
Bamhart, 2d b.....	3	0	1	0	3	3	2	
Tesky, p.....	4	0	1	0	6	7	0	
Leps, c.....	4	0	1	0	2	2	2	
<i>Total</i> .....	34	4	3	0	27	16	12	
SCORE BY INNINGS:—								
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOTRE DAME:—	2	5	1	1	1	0	0	3
SOUTH BEND:—	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0

Summary: *Earned Runs*: 0; *Two Base Hits*: Cartier and Fleming. *Base on Balls*: off Tesky, 10; off Gillon, 3. *Hit by Pitched Ball*: by Tesky, 4; by Gillon, 1. *Passed*



*Balls*: Leps, 5; *Wild Pitches*: Tesky, 3. *Left on Bases*: Notre Dame, 7; South Bend, 7. *Double Play*: Tesky to Hanley. *Struck out*: by Tesky, 1; by Gillon, 17. Umpire: H. Carroll. Scorer: A. E. Dacy.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brady, F. Chute, L. Chute, Coady Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Gillon, Hannin, Lancaster, Langan, H. Murphy, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Breen, Burns, Brennan, Baldwin, J. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Brookfield, F. Cummings, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Crampton, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffery, Crilly, Cole, Castenado, Coll, Curry, Doheny, Dinkel, Davis, Delany, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Flynn, Funke, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, Flanagan, R. Harris, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, Holland, Hawthorne, E. Harris, Jacobs, Jewett, Kearns, Krembs, Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, E. Kelly, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Lindeke, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Moxley, McClure, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, McGonigle, E. Mitchell, Magnus, McErlain, McDonnell, McDermott, Nockels, O'Donnell, Ocenasek, Olde, O'Neill, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, Raney, W. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Robinson, Rudd, Regan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Sherman, Schillo, Scallen, Stanton, Thompson, Thayne, Tillenburg, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Walker, Whitehead, Weaver, Zeitler,

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Connell, Corcoran, Crawford, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, C. S. Fleming, C. F. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Gerlach, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hoffkamp, Hamilton, Hagus, Hargrave, Hughes, Hittson, Janssens, Johnston, Kreicker, Kauffman, Kountz, Kindler, Kraber, Kinneavy, Kerker, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, Luther, Leonard, Miles, Mills, W. Miller, J. Miller, Mitchell, Major, Meyers, Marr, Marre, Moss, McCarthy, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Brien, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rend, F. Reilly, W. Reilly, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Strouss, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Stone, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens, Smith, Spenger, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Theit, Teeters, Thomas, Thornton, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yaeger, G. Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Allen, A'Hearn, Brown, R. Berthelet, Ball, V. Berthelet, Burns, Blumenthal, Cornell, Cross, Crandall, Corry, Curry, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, F. Crépeau, Coulter, Chapoton, O. Crépeau, Croke, Christ, Curtin, H. Durand, B. Durand, Elliot, Everest, Egan, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Freeman, Finnerty, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Howard, Hilger, Hathaway, Higginson, Jones, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Kinney, Keeler, Kern, Kuehl, T. Lowry, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Londoner, Longevin, Lonergan, Loughran, Langley, McIntyre, McPhee, Maternes, McCarthy, McGinley, Morrison, McAllister, Nichols, O'Neill, Platts, Pratt, Pieser, Patier, Pursell, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Stuckart, Swan, S. Trankle, F. Trankle, Tussner, Thomas, Trujillo, White, Wolf, Weber, Wilcox.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss Maud Clifford, '89, spent a few days last week at the Academy where she is ever a welcome visitor.

—Now that Very Rev. Father General is improving in health, hopes run high that he may soon honor St. Mary's by at least a short visit. Every day at recreation time, many eyes turn longingly towards the avenue leading from Notre Dame to see if his carriage is not in sight.

—The first reunion of the Children of Mary was held on Monday last, at which the appointment of the following officers took place: President, Miss L. Norris; Vice-President, Miss J. Zahm; Secretary, Miss Nacey; Treasurer, Miss Fitzpatrick; Librarian, Miss Adelsperger; Sacristan, Miss M. Robinson. The regular election for the scholastic year will take place on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

—Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial, C.S.C., presided at the academic meeting of Sept. 20, on which occasion he made a few timely remarks of kind counsel, the remembrance of which must insure earnest endeavors in the path of school-life. After the usual reading of good notes, Miss Linnie Farwell recited one of A. Procter's beautiful poems, and L. Dreyer told, in a charming little recitation, a story called "The Sermon in the Stocking."

—Sunday, the Feast of the Compassion, a festival especially dear to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, was duly solemnized at St. Mary's. At the Community Mass, which was offered by the Rev. Chaplain, all the Catholic pupils approached the Holy Table, the Children of Mary wearing their blue badges for the first time this year. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by Very Rev. Father Corby. Rev. J. French, C. S. C., delivered a touching and practical sermon on the words: "O all you who pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow."

—The second Tuesday of the scholastic year was chosen as the day on which to reorganize the various literary societies. The Graduates and First Seniors, forming St. Teresa's Society, met in the Library and elected the following officers: President, Miss S. Wile; Vice-President, Miss C. Gibbons; Secretary, Miss K. Morse; Treasurer, Miss A. Haitz; Librarian, Miss L. Nickel. St. Catharine's Society has as President, Miss J. Zahm; Vice-President, Miss L. Farwell; Secretary, Miss D. Davis; Treasurer, Miss M. Robinson. The Preparatory classes, forming St. Agnes' Literary Society, elected Miss M. Riser, President; Miss R. Whitmore, Vice-President; Miss E. Evoy, Secretary, and Miss M. Hess, Treasurer. Even the Juniors took part in the election programme, and, as a result, St. Angela's Society has as President Miss B. Davis; as

Vice-President, Miss M. Tormey; Secretary, Miss S. Meskill, and Treasurer, Miss L. Holmes. The course marked out for each class is a thorough one, and much benefit must necessarily be derived therefrom, as the work is interesting as well as instructive.

### Auld Lang Syne.

From Scotia's rugged heather-broidered hills,  
From banks and bonnie braes,  
From highlands, where the wild bird gaily trills,  
As in proud Stuart days,  
There wafts a song round which fond thoughts entwine,  
And soft the echoes answer "Auld Lang Syne."

The winds have caught and borne the sweet refrain  
O'er ocean's surging crest;  
The sea's sad voice has touched in memory's strain  
The minor of unrest.  
And stronger grows the song of olden time,  
Vibrating with deep heart throbs of each clime.

The strains of martial music, echoes sing  
Of Bruce's valiant cry,  
That long o'er Bannockburn will bravely ring,  
"Oh, let us do or die!"  
But 'neath the sound of victory's glorious call,  
The tones of many a mournful requiem fall.

Soon lost in Scotland's glens and merry rills  
Will be her lays of fame;  
The words that rang across the highland hills  
To honor Wallace's name,—

Dim echoes through Times misty corridors,—  
Will fade away on far celestial shores.

But when the heart-strings sound the low sweet chord,  
Oft heard in days of yore,  
Awakened at the touch of Scotia's bard  
Who sang of mystic lore,  
A thousand souls take up the love-fraught cry,  
And "Auld Lang Syne" is borne on many a sigh

To all, the hallowed words of "Auld Lang Syne"  
Awake the heart's deep thought;  
To those in joy and those who sad repine,  
The song is pleasure fraught.  
The old, the young, where'er their footsteps roam,  
Are borne upon its strains to "home, sweet home!"

The snows of life's drear winter may surround  
The warrior's manly face,  
And on his aged brow, with laurel crowned,  
We may Time's foot prints trace;  
Let "Auld Lang Syne" some wandering minstrel raise;  
He lives once more in happy by-gone days.

And nearer fancy brings dark-visaged war;  
Once more the battlefield,  
The hiss of balls, the cannon's deep harsh roar,  
Are to his mind revealed.  
The patriot blood fresh surges through his veins  
Responsive to the call of martial strains.

He sees a cottage in the kind embrace  
Of hills with verdure clad,  
And through the braes the laughing brooklets trace  
Their silver paths and glad;  
Still at the door, his aged mother stands  
To speed her boy who goes to foreign lands.

The blessing that a mother's heart then gave,  
The tender, last farewells,  
Those memories that live beyond the grave  
Where love eternal dwells;  
All, all awake when "Auld Lang Syne" he hears;  
He feels his mother's kiss, he sees her tears.

And to the mother's heart how dear the song  
That tells of other days!  
Ah! how the thoughts of joy and sorrow throng  
Before her spirit's gaze.  
She sees no more her sons as stalwart men,  
The song has brought their childhood back again.

Nor time nor space can bid the heart be still,  
For memory knows not years;  
And loving thoughts the spirit gently thrill,  
Forgot are griefs and fears,  
When o'er the harp-strings of this weary life  
The hand of Time is swept, and hushed is strife.

Our youthful hearts have felt no touch of woe,  
Ken not the face of grief;  
They have not learned the vain and idle show  
Bound up in life's bright sheaf;  
And "Auld Lang Syne" to us brings not the past,  
But bids the pulse with longings beat more fast.

Ah! days will come when 'neath the touch of care  
The world will darksome be,  
And ought of life that then is bright and fair  
In memory's glass we'll see;  
While thro' our tears the happy past will shine,  
Our school-days then will be our "Auld Lang Syne."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" We hear  
The whisper in our heart;  
Shall we, who've lived as friends for many a year  
Forget because we part?  
Ah no! our happy school-days we shall shrine  
Forever in our souls for "Auld Lang Syne."

THEDE BALCH (*Class '91*).

### Duty, Life's Pole-Star.

Numerous as the stars that form the Milky-Way are the allurements that invite man as he traverses the vale of life; but as there is but one pole-star, so duty alone can lead him aright. An abiding sense of duty is the distinctive mark of a strong character; it is the light which guides man through the darkness of adversity; without it, the individual falls at the first temptation; whereas, led on by its brightness, the weakest becomes strong and courageous. True to his star, as is the magnetic needle to the north, he pursues his way unmindful of the false beacons that invite to ruin.

To the lonely traveller on life's devious paths many a Will-o'-the-wisp flickers in the distance, luring to repose when the star of duty beckons him to labor. For one, political preferment may be the light which leads to paths of danger; he listens not to warning voices, but, lured on

and on, he follows the light, regardless of the pain he may inflict on the hearts over which his ambition carries him. Gold may be the star of another; he follows with unwavering footsteps the narrow gleam which it sheds, and sacrifices love, honor and truth,—all, at the shrine of avarice. How many around us follow the little pleasure lights, the butterflies of social life, whose wings glisten with an alluring but false brightness, and dedicate their energies to the cause of dress and fashion! Science, too, may lead astray; for when not the outcome of Christianity, it is but a reflection from the torch of truth, and leads man from God instead of guiding him towards the Author of science.

What, then, is to insure our safety in our passage through Time's domain? Are we to be without guide or defence? No! a merciful Providence has given a light to our feet kept burning by the teachings of a God; and this beacon is Duty, the star of life. In all walks its influence is felt, whether we study man in his relations with his Maker, or with his neighbor. While we follow the voice of conscience, we know that that voice but expresses the positive law given to Moses on Mount Sinai, which comprises our whole duty; and, with faith as our animating motive, and the Church as our guide, ever pointing to the star of duty, it is impossible that we should be led astray.

Duty to our neighbor often includes duty to our country, in the fulfilment of which sacrifice is always more or less involved,—sacrifice of comfort, of affection, and, indeed, not unfrequently of life. What nobility of character and what unselfishness is exhibited in him who adheres to duty! We cannot but admire and respect a man thus strongly animated.

The sense of duty may not be stronger in him who is elevated in rank than in him whose position is lowly. Patriotism reigns not more strongly in the heart of the valiant commander in the thickest of the fight than in that of the sentinel on duty who must pace slowly up and down, though his soul be burning with the desire to meet the enemy in the field. All may not be called upon to show great heroism in the fulfilment of life's vocation, as was Brutus in the execution of his sons, but duty means sacrifice whether its requirements be few or many.

Strength comes with burden; and, dark though the clouds of adversity may be, brightly shines the pole-star of life, the star of duty, which bids us struggle on in the narrow way; and if we but follow its guidance, then shall our pathway lead to a haven of rest where the demands of duty shall yield to its rewards exceeding great.

CAROLINE HURLEY (*Class '91*).

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, M. Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, M. Byrnes, Call, Carico, Charles, E. Churchill, A. Cooper, Clifford, G. Cowan, Crilly, D. Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, Ellwanger, Evoy, Farwell, Fitzpatrick, Lucy Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Haitz, Hellman, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Johnson, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, L. Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, Morse, La Moure, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, McCune, Nacey, Nichol, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Robbins, Sanford, E. Seeley, A. Smith, M. Smyth, Stewart, A. Seeley, C. Sena, A. Schmidt, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winsteadley, B. Winsteadley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, Whitmore, Zahm, Zucker.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Berthelet, Baxter, Boyle, Coady, Curtin, M. Cooper, A. Cowan, Crandall, Culp, M. Davis, E. Davis, A. E. Dennison, M. Dennison, Dreyer, Doble, Eberts, Ford, A. Girsch, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hickey, Hopper, Holmes, C. Kasper, Kline, Kingsley, Londoner, Meskill, Mills, M. Nacey, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, S. Smyth, Schaefer, Tormey, Tilden, A. Williams, White, Woolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Ahern, K. Buckley, J. Dysart, N. Finnerty, H. Girsch, M. McCormick, A. McCarthy, L. McKenna, M. Wormer.

THE advocates of compulsory education, or the right of State interference, find but little support from Herbert Spencer: "It is surprising," he writes to the newspapers, "with what light hearts people are led to abrogate the order of nature and to substitute an order of their own devising. All life on the earth has risen to its present height under the system of parental obligation. The process has so worked that the best nurtured offspring of the best parents have survived and maintained the race; while offspring inadequately nurtured have failed to leave self-sustaining posterity. And now it has come to be thought that these strong parental feelings which in billions of creatures throughout millions of years have worked so beneficially, may, with advantage, be replaced by public sentiment working through State machinery. The replacing of parental responsibilities by social responsibilities will inevitably cause degradation and eventual extinction."

No help but prayer,  
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world  
And touches Him that made it.

—Tennyson.