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## What is Life?

Ah! what is life that man so greatly fears?  
At most 'tis but a short and fleeting pause  
Between two vast extents of time, the cause  
Of future joys, perchance of future tears.  
Yet, when this course is run, and Death us nears,  
Dear Nature to this life more closely draws  
Each one, imparting by her wondrous laws  
A love that ever to the past endears.

Take heed; let not thy fond regret oppress  
Thy soul with grief. Go boldly forth to meet  
Thy King enrobed in snow-white bridal dress.  
Receive thy crown, while timbrels' sound so sweet  
Arises softly, and the tuneful lyre  
Accompanies the grand, angelic choir.

K.

Parnell.

BY HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

Within the last few weeks several prominent figures have "shuffled off this mortal coil." The world talked about the death of Smith and Hennessy; was surprised at the sudden exit of Boulanger and Balmaceda, and struck with awe by the demise of Parnell. To-day his name is on everybody's lips. Sudden as the lightning's flash spread the news of his death. In every land, in every tongue, was heard the name of Parnell. In no country, however, was the feeling of sorrow so deep as in the Green Isle for whose freedom he labored so long and well.

As a man, Parnell had his faults; but in the name of charity,

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"  
and let us remember Parnell only for his greatness, not for his folly.

Parnell's birthplace was at Avondale, in the picturesque Vale of Avoca. He was of the same family, on the paternal side, as the poet

Parnell, and the two Parnells—father and son—who stood by Grattan to the last in the struggle against the Union. His mother is an American, daughter of Commodore Stewart, who figured so prominently in American history under the name of "Old Ironsides." Parnell's early life was passed at college and the quiet retreat of his country seat. When he first appeared in public, he had a repugnance for speaking. His manner was cold and reserved; he seemed entirely wanting in enthusiasm; and in his outward appearance, and in his accent, seemed more English than Irish. This was the result of an education in an English University. While he had the cold reserve and the strong accent of an Englishman, he was intensely Irish in his nature. In his mental life he was neither introspective nor expansive. He rarely ever spoke of himself; and he really never knew himself. He was, as the German philosophers say, "purely objective." This objectiveness made his character a mystery to all men, and even to himself. Many of his intimate friends used to say that to Mr. Parnell the being Parnell did not exist. Although he never knew himself, he was a great judge of men. He was rarely ever deceived. In this respect he was a second Napoleon. This keen appreciation of men showed itself in his selection of colleagues, and still more in his leading them.

Parnell was of a dignified and engaging appearance. In stature he was above the medium height. The cast of his features was between the Roman and the Celtic—bold, strong and commanding; his forehead was broad, and his eyes piercing. His pallid face and muscular though light build, marked him as a Stewart; his accent and reserve betrayed his Anglo-Norman blood; while his daring, his generosity, his love of adventure and his patriotism stamped

him as an Irishman. His kindness was proverbial, and his sense of duty to his country before his fall was as unbending as fate. In the moment of danger he was as cool and quick in judgment as he was wanting in fear. His mind, sagacious and powerful, grasped the greatest or the smallest subjects with the intuition of genius. He was not a ready speaker. He was cool, deliberate, passionless in language, gesture and delivery until he was roused to an extreme pitch of passion when he spoke with vehemence and force. He had not the fine rhetoric of Sexton, the pathos of Dillon, the musical swells of Redmond, or the impetuous overflow of O'Brien. As a debater he was inferior to Gladstone and Chamberlain; but in some respects he far surpassed any man in the British Parliament. He had a clear head and a calm temper; his ideas clothed themselves in language always appropriate to the occasion. Gladstone declared Parnell could say what he wished to say better than any other man in the House of Commons. To say the right thing is much; to leave unsaid the wrong is something more. This is the characteristic of a leader of men; and in no man was it brought to such a fine art as in Parnell. He was the captain of the ship; he arranged the guns; his lieutenants fired on the enemy. In diplomacy he had the tact of Jefferson; in administration the abilities of Hamilton. In political sagacity his prototype was Richelieu; in organization his model was Wolf Tone. As a parliamentarian he ranks among the first class. He could marshal facts, discuss figures with the direct of statisticians, and balance arguments with the most logic-chopping members of the House. His manner was not persuasive, but his matter was convincing.

When Parnell first appeared in Parliament he made a poor impression, and was listened to more with curiosity than with sympathy. He allied himself with the noted obstructionist, Joe Biggar. Obstruction was something new on the part of Irish members in Westminster, though often resorted to by the English parties themselves. The Irish members at that time were allied to the Whigs; yet when they asked any redress of grievance, their allies and their enemies coughed them down. Biggar and Parnell, by their united efforts, so clogged the wheels of parliamentary procedure as to compel the English members to recognize their presence. The leader of the so-called Home-Rulers of that time was Mr. Isaac Butt.

Butt was an easy-going, good-natured man, with much imagination and little resolve. He was a lawyer of high standing, and as a speaker

was second only to O'Connell; but his life was tinged with the morbid melancholy that runs through the early letters of Alfred de Musset. For every man he had a kind word, a smile, and some affection. Upon his good nature the English parties played, and often rendered his powers as a leader useless. Parnell was the antithesis of Butt. Parnell was of stern resolve, and determined to yield to no English dictum. This determination, as manifested by his obstruction, soon brought him into notice among leading men; and in 1877, at the English Home Rule Confederation, Parnell was elected President in preference to Butt. Butt's influence began to wane, and he soon disappeared from politics. To Parnell's honor it may be said he never gave a stab to the fallen Cæsar.

In 1879 there appeared a wonderful character in Irish politics—a man whose life had more legend than Gambetta's; a man who a short time before had been liberated from penal servitude; a man who had been convicted for the love he bore his country,—Michael Davitt. His father had been evicted from a small holding, because unable to pay rent, which the crippled state of his finances, after struggling through the famine years, had rendered impossible. Trials and sufferings in exile for a quarter of a century, in which he lost his arm, and only allowed to return to his native land on a ticket of leave, filled his soul with hatred for landlordism and English misrule. His return to Ireland had much to do in shaping the future destiny of Parnell. On the ashes of his former home Davitt collected a crowd of Irishmen, and founded the greatest constitutional movement of modern times—"The Irish National Land League," which is now known as "The Irish National League." At that time Parnell was not an advocate of land reform, and was only converted by the invincible eloquence of Davitt. Parnell, though a landlord when he allied himself with Davitt, became a zealous advocate of the rights of the tenant. For a time the Parliamentary Party and the Land League were distinct organizations. When Parnell gave his adhesion to the League, the Irish movements became consolidated into one great struggle for land reform and parliamentary independence. The position Parnell had attained in the House of Commons marked him as a man, who, if he undertook the leadership of a movement, would carry it through without danger to the end. Davitt saw this, and took a second place; and by the unanimous voice of a united Ireland Parnell became the leader of the Irish people. He fused their passions, their hopes and their

patriotism into a mighty effort. Singleness of purpose was the secret of his success, as he led the people to the borders of the promised land.

In 1879 Parnell came to America, in company with John Dillon and Michael Davitt, to raise funds for the purpose of organization and the relief of distress caused by the famine. Wherever he went he addressed thousands of people. The civil officers in the various States presided at his meetings; and he received that honor rarely accorded to strangers—to only Kosuth and Bishop England before him—of being privileged to address the House in Washington.

The first great reform Parnell worked in the Irish Parliamentary party was to make it independent of English parties. He rallied the forces of Irish nationality everywhere, and, combining determined action with constitutional agitation, he fixed the attention of the civilized world on the wrongs and miseries of Ireland. English leaders and English parties bowed before him. The two great English parties vied for his support. Strong in his position, commanding the followers whom he found a faction, and whom he made an army, he dictated terms to English statesmen, and the statesmen granted them. He, like Toussaint L'Ouverture in Whittier's poem, had great allies—he had Biggar and McCarthy, Sexton and Healy, Dillon and O'Brien, Harrington and Redmond, Gray and Sullivan, besides the three O'Connors and other able men.

Parnell, like thousands of other Irishmen, had to undergo imprisonment for his patriotism. In prison, on the platform, the name of Parnell was surrounded by a halo; but it never shone with such splendor as after "The Times' Commission." For years the *Times* had libelled him, and this newspaper was the organ of the Tory Government. The accusations made by the *Times* were that the national organization depended on a paid system of murder and outrage; that it assisted murderers and other criminals to escape from justice; that the nationalists were implicated in the Phoenix Park murders, and that their denunciations of these dastardly deeds were false and hypocritical. These charges were reiterated by the Tories in the House of Commons, and Parnell was challenged to prove his innocence. For a long time he heeded not the charges; but was forced by Parliament to submit to a trial under a commission conducted by judges who were appointed by the Government. Parnell and sixty-three colleagues were indicted. The commission sat for one hundred and twenty-eight days. England's prisons were swept for men who were offered their lives if they could

swear something to convict Parnell or his followers. Hundreds of criminals appeared in court, like so many corpses from the tomb. This great trial was ended by the confessions and suicide of Piggot and the acquittal of the Irish travesties. This trial was intended as a curse, it turned out a blessing. It was designed to ruin Parnell, it served as his vindication. It removed many misconceptions of the Irish character, the actions and the motives of the Irish people, and dispelled forever the dark cloud that hung over the history of a noble race, and dimmed the glory of a great struggle. No longer were Parnell and the Irish people accused of the foul and dastardly murder in the Phoenix Park; no longer were the patriots subject to hardship and public obloquy and opprobrium when they raised their voices in condemnation of those cowardly deeds.

But this trial was not the trial of Parnell and his colleagues only: it was the trial of ten years' constitutional revolution. At the beginning of the national movement, the Irish peasant stood trembling before the landlord and his minions; to-day he stands erect as becomes a freeman. In the course of those ten years secret societies gave way to constitutional agitation; despair to high hopes, and distrust of the English people to feelings of friendship. During those ten years Parnell was the most interesting figure in Parliament. He was not only the chief of a devoted party, but a second Warwick, who posed as the master of the situation in the British Parliament. He advocated the political ideas of Gavan Duffy on the lines of moral force marked out by O'Connell.

One of the theatrical occurrences of his life happened when he turned out of power "the liberal ministry of broken pledges." Gladstone was then Ireland's greatest enemy; he had in his cabinet the best talent of England, and stood at the head of the strongest government that had sat for nearly a hundred years. Parnell had a motion to put, but waited until he knew a great many liberals were out of London. Then he put the question, and called for a division. The Tories voted with him, and the Government was overthrown. For almost half an hour after the result was known, Gladstone watched Parnell, Parnell watched Gladstone, and the whole House watched them. Parnell sat as impassive as a block of marble; and by his impassiveness brought England's greatest statesman to a sense of the wrongs of suffering Ireland.

A still more theatrical scene occurred in the House of Commons when he entered that build-

ing after his victory over the *Times*. All the members of the House were in their seats; the galleries were thronged by persons of every rank, from the peasant to the prince. The speaker took his chair. The Tories were downcast and sullen; the Opposition and Irish members wild with joy. Whenever the door of the House was opened, all necks were stretched to catch a glimpse of Ireland's leader. At last he entered. All the liberals, including Gladstone, Morley and Harcourt, and all the Irish members, jumped to their feet, and loudly cheered the hero of the day. The applause did not affect him; and when he rose to speak, though the liberals and Irish members were still standing and still cheering, and, though hundreds of opera glasses were turned upon him from the galleries, Parnell remained unmoved, save that his face grew a little more pallid than usual.

Sad to say, in the hour of victory Parnell fell; and over the fallen hero Ireland wept. With tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts, most of Ireland's sons had to abandon the chief who had led them from victory to victory.

It would have been well for the name of Parnell, well for the Irish race, well for the honor of mankind, had Parnell died in the acme of his glory. However, the monument of his genius still stands. Parnell is dead, but the Irish cause is still alive. The cause was greater than the man. If men be ever ready to surrender their lives and their liberties in a good cause, God in time will reward them with victory. Ireland's cause is a good one; Irishmen are patriotic. Let them but be united, and the day is not far distant when the Niobe of nations shall be what God intended,—a nation great and independent.

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#### Temperance.

BY C. J. S.

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The obligation of every moral being, in whatever field of labor he may operate, whether he be subject or ruler, servant or master, member of society or recluse, is veneration of God, obedience to the laws of his country, and charity for his fellow-man. To act in every instance like a man and, dying, bequeath a fair reputation and integrity to posterity should at all times be the aim of everyone. The many recorded examples of great individuals or nations serve as the beacon light to truth and power. The causes which have degraded the individual have acted to the detriment of the community;

for man is interdependent upon his fellow-man, and what is pernicious to the fulfilment of each one's requirements is an evil. And whatever suspends the free exercise of every natural gift is, indeed, an ill that should be uprooted permanently either by private resolve or public indignation.

The subject being in a twofold interpretation the interest of body and soul, the lofty impulses that spring therefrom call for the noblest, most generous and most strenuous efforts of man; for, beneath the baneful guise of pleasure-seeking, many of the best citizens are daily descending from the highest regard for charity, patriotism and principle to introduce into popularity this lethal draught, this germ of civil discord and raging demon of drunkenness. Perhaps it is that some, happy in their ignorant esteem for others, have seen this vice with a superficial aspect; or, maybe, the revolting sight and piercing accent of its certain destruction have not fallen under their notice, else honest men would rise up in unanimous contempt wielding altogether a valiant influence in behalf of temperance and humanity. Others that would, cannot overcome their inability to resist temptation, and they cannot proclaim the admonishing word that is lost to millions: beware of alcohol!

Alas! few return from drunkenness. They themselves, in all their miseries, are doleful landmarks to the traveller in this journey of life. The storm-veiled sun may be darkened for a day, but it shall shine again brighter as though the rain waters had purged each spot and lent an extra lustre; but the drunkard's glory is extinguished. Now no return of happy days! Time and eternity for him are shadowed, and he would hope to be annihilated, but for one more glass.

Yet this deplorable state of hopelessness is not the work of a day. Slowly but surely it entwines its affections around the victim's heart, as the ivy, clambering around the mighty oak, holds fast with its tendrils until the lightnings tear the heart of the noble tree; still it may stand and lift up its shorn branches, unable to extricate itself from the now stern grasp, and groaning with each fresh gust, yet destined to stand unwilling. So it is with man; for drink, after insinuating its craving, soon becomes the master, tyrannizing the will which is no longer free, destroying the intellect that it may not discern right and whisper it to the soul.

Unconscious of threatening danger; we walk the fairest land that lies beneath the weeping stars, rejoicing in our ignorance of brooding

tempests that are gathering so gradually that we scarcely mark the waning of power, of virtue and of liberty. The fires of anarchy formed by this ill-omened breeze—intemperance—leap up from hell, and hiss with menacing tongues around the nation's greatness, mocking peace, instigating rebellion, and daily the depravity with increasing strength tears asunder the chain of mighty unity. Are not our cities teeming with saloons, where idle men, with dizzy brains, may scheme sedition? We know that crimes are not formulated in churches where prayer, like curling incense goes up as a sacrifice of adoration; nor are disturbances planned in business houses where industry dispells all thoughts but of gain. Saloons are the hot-beds of iniquity where wine heats up the soul to villainy.

A morbid mind cannot conceive healthy ideas, as thistles can never produce roses. But such abortive conspiracies, though, indeed, they may have a good object in view, are never successful in their issue. Drink may provoke a worthy desire, yet it also takes away the means of performance. "It sets man, and yet takes him off"; it persuades and again disheartens him in his purpose; it makes the truth more painful, yet it places lying ministers of success in his hands. Unruly passions drag the drunkard down to oppression and despair.

Let experience be our principle of truth, and let us probe to the bottom that we may bear to light any enfeebling effect that may exist, any canker that lies hidden. 'Tis true, we dislike to hear our fellow-man reviled; yet this is effeminate in us, since we should live so that all blame would recoil, and we should pass from lip to lip the word as conscience forms it, giving our pity to the miserable whom we cannot aid, and uniting all in praise of virtue.

We would like to think of him as man should be, as poets write him and the masterpiece of creation, fashioned after the Almighty; a mysterious mixture of dust and immortality; between the angels and the beasts, with every facility to rise higher, yet prone to vice. To disregard the shame of others is, indeed, a noble feeling; but man should know the truth that by the errors of others he may find a way to escape safely out of the surrounding wreck, to rise to fame and the fulfilment of his destinies. The poet has well said:

"The study of mankind is man."

The breeze of prosperity blows forever on ruinous shoals, but, reaching it, soon dies; and stranded barks, once confident in their strength and beauty, lift up their suppliant masts for

mercy, although long since the rough billows have doomed it to destruction. Shattered in every joint, the timbers send out a doleful admonition: Beware! If riches bring pleasure in the dazzling garb of intemperance, then shun it; for it is like the bubble that floats in the air, changing in color until all its richness bursts with pride and fickleness. The delights of riches will ere long be counterbalanced by overwhelming deprivation, and will entail the curses of a wretched life or a drunkard's death.

The hand of Providence is remarkably shown in the difference between the rich and the poor; for both estimate their worth and adapt themselves to their resources; hence a proportion between want and wealth exists which, indeed, for contentment is like the crop of that grim harvester whose cruel scythe

"Levels all rank,

And lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

Temperance must in every place be the password; for besides the burdens that debar the laboring man from earning a surplus above the necessities of life, there is an expense incurred in drinking—a small daily stipend, 'tis true in itself inconsiderable, yet in time the economy of the same would represent many home comforts which are not secured by it. It will equal the interest on a sum sufficient to purchase a home. Such economy is seldom practised. An enormous number of laboring men are deprived of such blessings as a happy family life would ensure, being robbed of their pittance by the curse of intemperance that enriches saloon keepers and purchases final regret. Besides this, consider the loss in time on a carouse, the subsequent reaction, the doctor's bill, the loss of employment, as no one can trust the drunkard, and the multiplied ills that are most prominent features in the poor man's debauch. His hard-earned wages intemperance has used as a club to crush him. Suppose the amount daily expended in drink were reduced from his wages, would he quietly submit? And here the want brings better effect than the enjoyment.

We see these examples daily until familiarity despoils them of their strangeness. To all that mingle in this din of controversy the first step must be caution. Hunt out the foe that lurks behind a smile; make sure of the hidden foe, and the open enemy will soon agree to take the sober man's compromise; avoid saloons which advance on your poverty. The contest for right is great, and requires that you hold up a serene, unclouded head and a vigorous manhood. The enjoyment of virtue is not less than riches. You are the equal of millionaires,



though marble mansions and a politic smile may hide their uneasiness.

## II.

It is proper to know something of the past, as everything grows weak or strong with years. We see in the history of all times the glory of nations rising slowly to eminence, and waning rapidly when their brightness seemed never to be tarnished. The conquests of smaller states have introduced instability in the form of luxury, and debauchery has conquered the victors. Let us glance at the origin and ancient purposes of drink. Intemperance is almost coexistent with humanity, and legends of the vine are as various as the early nations that dotted the uncultivated of the then known world.

Facts have been mixed with mythical fancy; still they retain a remarkable similarity concerning the origin of intoxicants. The East Indians believed that a falcon from heaven descended, planted the vine from whose fruit they pressed *soma*, their libation to the great god Indra, whose provident hand they saw in the blue sky which, dispersing the clouds, released the captive waters. Abundant rains fertilized the fields, and rich crops sprang up to protect them from pestilential fevers and famines. In him they observed more than a source of nourishment. He was their favorite god, and they praised him for the lofty attributes of wisdom, strength and love. The sapphire sky and blazing sun dispelled their fear of darkness, because their childlike minds were astonished and awed at the phenomena of nature that seemed dismal or hurtful to its beauties. This deity possessed an appalling appetite, if we can believe the Brahmic "Sacred Book"—*Rig-Vedas*. To give him strength to kill the black dragon, he devoured three hundred cattle and moistened them with the small draught of three lakes of *soma*. At sunrise, noon and sunset sacrifices, the deity descended and regaled himself; what remained, the priests shared, although such dignity was the privilege of few, and we cannot say that they were drunkards. The *soma* was the supposed vivifying principle of the universe. It was agreeable and a power, inducing morality and intensifying moral impulses. Alas! this is not the property of our modern intoxicants; for they detract all good and leave man a mere remains of what he was.

It is said that on the plateaus of Palestine the luscious grape, climbing wildly, burdening the hills with purple beauty, smoothing every wrinkled rock, and secluding each hateful chasm, comfortably grew as though in native

home. Once the cultivation of grape was extensive and prosperous until Mohammedans restricted it to the neighborhood of Hebron. Although eradicated from the soil, it has weaved itself with clustering fondness about the thymes of ancient Israel. One of several legends says that the deluge washed from the Garden of Eden a branch of the vine which Noah planted, and on the same day it grew, blossomed and bore ripe fruit. Of the juice he partook until a drunken craze possessed him. Another version is that the patriarch, wearied by toil and heat, labored to subdue the stubborn soil, when an unexpected visitor appeared and volunteered to assist him. Then, with seductive praise for the grape, Satan sowed the seed of mortal woe. Noah, silent, shuddering and amazed, saw Satan slay a lamb, a lion and a pig, and in turn pouring their blood upon the nourishing earth so that the first taste shall soften the inflexible and make the heart tender and amiable; a second glass shall inspire hope and courage and strength to the humble and make him bold like the lion; but a deep, long draught shall finally impress excess upon his character and drag him down to the filthy instincts of swine.

The Mussulman says that Satan drenched the earth with peacock's blood, that the vine nurtured by it might make the first influence brilliant and dazzling. Hence the brain begins to whirl, it flashes wit, and loosens the tongue; much time is not given to reason, but thoughts disjointed find hasty words, and deceive the innocent imbibor with promise of increasing mental vigor. But the haughty peacock shall soon boil out; then the blood of the ape shall grin at his downfall and glut at his despair. The purple grape belongs to Ham, because he laughed at his aged father who lay drunk in his tent. Noah, in rage, called down the curse that made Ham and his descendants and all he owned turn black, even the grape.

The legends of the Jews and their neighbors bear a face of truth that is corroborated in the Bible. The other nations have weaved a web of myths which, whilst poetic and exhibiting the inclination of pagans to worship some superior being whose operations they could not understand, also proves the spiritual need that formulated the drink problem among the ancients. They had lost sight of the Sun of Truth, and only the borrowed beams of reflecting moon afforded a dismal glimmering that made them superstitious of every ill and credulous of every element of nature as though they were gods. In their ignorance they revered intoxi-

cation, thinking that the awful hand of some divinity intervened and transported intelligence away, substituting happy revelry. Wine, a product of nature, coming from the grape, is hurtful not in itself, but in the abuse, perverting it from the intention of its creation and leading to ruin. We need not investigate its origin to know its effects. Is it an incentive to enthusiasm? I think not; because the influence it exerts annuls all force of action. Was it given to accommodate our proclivities? If so, does not every gift bear its responsibility? The donor should receive a grateful return for all benefits. The instruments fittest for his purpose are given him to mark out happiness, to carve a character, and to render an account with interest.

Excessive drink is in every way estranged from the intention of our existence, and from a blessing becomes a hateful curse. History is replete with records of the destruction of national greatness by intemperance, although the sword ostensibly accomplished this end directly. For did not the ancients in the unfortunate security of massive walls stand firm against the wrath of surrounding foes and the stroke of clanging steel until the fallacious fiend blunted their intellects, unnerved their limbs and softened their warrior breasts, pillaging the shrine of patriotism, giving the victims to debauchery and death? Those illustrious empires which even to-day are a wonder to civilization—Persia, Media and Babylon, each by rigorous discipline ascended high in the scale of fame gaining supremacy over the then existing powers. Pride was the ruin of their greatness—that pride induced by voluptuousness and drunkenness; for in the conceit of their hearts they forgot to preserve virtue that alone can sustain glory; they gave up sobriety and discipline, and with these prosperity. Is there not the sentiment of despair in the words of Sardanapalus, prince of drunkards, when before the funeral pyre he spoke his hope: "Eat, drink, play, and know that thou art mortal; drain present delights, there is no voluptuousness after death?"

In Egypt the Pharaohs, by ironclad decrees, restrained their subjects from intoxication, and many devices were practised to infuse the sense of its abomination. For instance, when a relative died the family mourned by abstaining for a certain time proportioned to the love or dignity of the deceased. Their fasts resembled our Lent, although the motives were different. They cherished the memory of the departed, whereas we intend to expiate sin, and to praise the Giver of all life.

Greece proclaimed stern mandates checking

intemperance. Aye, in some places, where passions were unrestrained, the slaves were at times made drunk to impress youths with a loathing for this vice, which is the foster-father and most dangerous of all vices.

C. J. S.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### College Gossip.

—The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian temple as her contribution to the World's Fair at Chicago.—*Ex.*

—Near Lake Jovibie, in Southern Florida, is a military college conducted by Benedictine Fathers.

—"Peter Lombard," in the *Church Times*, gives two delightful examination blunders, the genuineness of which is vouched for by a bishop:

1. *A Sketch of Julius Cæsar*—Cæsar was born in the year B. C. 1. He invaded Britain B. C. 55. He was the first which invented Latin; He wrote Cæsar, Livy, Ovid, and, in poetry, Horace and Virgil.

2. *Translation*—*Felices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis, inque domos superas scandere, cura fuit.*

"O lively cats, to whom it was a care to know these things, and to climb to the tops of the houses."

—Uruguay is known in this country chiefly through the frequent presence of United States ships at Montevideo. The capital of the little State is known in naval parlance as "The Mount," and the Rio de la Plata is always spoken of aboard ship as "The River." United States ships returning home by way of the Cape of Good Hope usually touch at Montevideo, and there, for the first time in many weeks, the officers enjoy the luxury of a comfortable club and a good shore dinner. Here the naval vessels of all nations congregate, and the capital has an importance quite aside from its domestic relations. The river at Montevideo is subject to terrific wind storms, and at such times it is almost impossible for a small boat to live in the stream.—*Sun.*

—THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME:—This college was opened at Rome at the close of the year 1859. It was the result of a visit paid this country by the Papal nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, about forty years ago. The buildings occupied were formerly a Dominican convent; were erected in 1603, and were purchased by Pius IX. Their site is at the foot of the Quirinal, and seven years ago the Italian Government undertook to confiscate the property; but a short note from Washington caused the usurpers to abandon that idea, and to recognize that the institution was American property. Its first rector was the famous Benedictine, Dr. Bernard Smith. He was followed by Dr. McCloskey, now the Bishop of Louisville; Dr. Chatard, at present the Ordinary of Vincennes, and Dr. Hostlot, who died some seven years ago. The present rector is Monsignor O'Connell.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We are happy to state that Very Rev. Father General continues to improve in health. The open-air exercise which he is now able to take has had a very beneficial effect, and we have reason to hope that ere long we shall see him in the enjoyment of his old-time vigor.

—In the list of "Class Honors," published in this issue, will be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all the classes of the Course named during the past month. In the "List of Excellence" appear the names of those students who have the best record in the class named according to the competitions which are held monthly.

## Mutability.

Day and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter succeed one another; the earth moves on in its orbit; the appearance of the heavens is constantly changing before our eyes, and yet, though we see these changes, we seldom reflect upon the onward march of time, and that we, like the heavens, which we observe from night to night to be changing, are constantly undergoing alterations, though in a manner less perceptible. It is true that these changes, which are constantly taking place, do not sometimes cause even a thought; yet our ideas of things do not keep pace with what we know to be the case. If a child be taken from our sight, and we do not see it for several years, we often feel an interior dissatisfaction when we see it again; for it is not as we expected it would be, or it does not look as it did.

When an edifice is erected we admire the beauty and polish of the material, the excellence of the workmanship and the genius of the architect. But this admiration is only for a day or two; it then becomes commonplace, and we notice it in particular no more. The rains, the winds, the frost and the heat are, nevertheless, at work the same as if we watched it day and night, and soon our attention is called to the fact of some part of it becoming dilapidated or time-worn—or perhaps the architectural taste has changed a little. Thus we, too, insensibly

grow old, and finally a silver hair apprises us of the fact. Mutable, indeed, are material things. Little changes like these make up the events of our life, and at last our time comes, and we are called to the silent tomb; our race is run; we are interred, and the world takes no notice of it, but passes on as if nothing had happened. We look upon common things as almost nothing; and when at each pulsation of the heart a soul is separated from its companion the body, death itself then is but another of the common occurrences, and passes unnoticed. Thus does generation after generation pass away, and it is only by reflection and mental abstraction that we become conscious of the great fact. Yet, what are all these things but the ruins of time that fall under our observation? And we barely notice them, heeding them not; it does not cause us to look into ourselves or contemplate our own nothingness, and admire the Omnipotent who thus causes and ordains all things.

We step into our library, take up the Iliad of Homer, and read of the downfall of Troy, of the thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers whose ashes have long since been scattered by the winds. We cast our eyes upon the books that grace the shelves, and see there a history in many volumes—literary works by men whose final resting-place is not known; but what does all this teach us? We take down a volume of history, read from it the events of the times of which the historian is speaking, and we read there of nations whose very existence is now no more. Livy speaks to us of the founding of Rome, and carries us back into the mystic past, apprising us of the fact that there was a time in the history of Rome when written history did not exist. Yet though it is of great extent even now, how little compared to the whole! and Rome! how changed from the time when Livy penned his immortal lines! And thus with the histories of other nations and other peoples. But even these are but the brief outlines of the events of the times. The pyramids—who can unveil the mystery in which they are shrouded? who can relate their origin? who can give the name of the builder? They most probably stand as the monument of events considered great in their time; but what these events were no one can tell, and we stand in silent admiration of them. Truly did some one say "time flies,"—and, he might have added, the memory of it.

Within the period of written history, how many and how great changes have taken place! A Mahomet appears among men, declares himself the last of the prophets, is at first hooted



at, and made to fly for refuge from his native city, yet in less than fifteen years he counts his followers by thousands and not by units, and his armies are threatening the destruction and plunder of the whole Christian world; kings and nations bow in humble submission to his sway, and yet he is but a blind fanatic. Look at the world to-day, and reflect what it was nineteen hundred years ago. Where now are the worshippers of the Court of Mount Olympus? Where are their altars? A world steeped in the dregs of sin and licentiousness, in vice and corruption,—a world looking upon immorality as a virtue; but how different to-day! Though wicked and sinful still, yet it is saintly in comparison. All these things have taken place before the eyes of men, and yet who noticed them? Like changes may be going on now, and we cannot be expected to notice them. The hour-hand of a clock travels around the dial-plate twice in the twenty-four hours, and if we watch it steadily we cannot perceive it is moving: so with these changes that are brought about by the addition of *littles*. All we can do is to compare the state of things now with that of some period in the past which is sufficiently distant to enable us to see the cause and the effect. The pages of history present to us strange incidents that have taken place, and we feel that we are reading a romance rather than a collection of facts; they are strange to us, for the times have changed, and mutilation has crept in. History is indeed the monument of the ruins of time; yet how time-worn are even its scanty pages! Scarcely does it extend over one half of the time since man's creation. We follow it back from age to age, and begin to notice, even in it, changes of great importance. As we observed of Livy, it takes us back into the *mystic* past; not, indeed, that the past was in itself any more mystic than the present, but history has made it appear so.

But it is in language especially that we are able to mark the changes by well-defined outlines; for this is a thing of primary importance, and of such a nature that a change in it can be more readily noticed than in the manners and customs of the people which, though they change more rapidly, still are not of so much consequence. It is an established fact that no living language can remain permanent; there is constantly at work in it some elements that are causing it to change form in some respect. And it is by these little changes that language reaches its perfection, then becomes corrupted, and finally is called a dead language.

Yet these are but the moral changes that are

and have been taking place since the time man came to reside upon the earth. But these are not all; we open the volumes of science, and what startling facts are not demonstrated to us! The earth itself has undergone wonderful changes. We look into its rocks, and read therefrom a history of the world's formation and of the changes it has undergone since first it began to revolve in space. Deeply buried in the rocks of the different formations we find the fossil remains of animals long since extinct. In what is called the Reptilian Age by geologists there existed huge monsters and gigantic beasts to which the largest animals with which we are acquainted are but as infants. The change of the earth from an incandescent state to that which it now has, and the various effects that this transition must have caused, is a subject well worth the attention of any one; in fact, it forms one of the most important, as well as interesting, of the natural sciences.

How vast, then, are the ruins of time! Age after age has rolled into the mighty past, and yet how scanty are the recollections of them! How frail is human knowledge! We look upon it and attempt to span the immensity with the mind's eye, but in vain. At best we can catch but a brief outline, so immense and grand are these ruins, speaking to us in voices of thunder of the mutability of temporal and physical beings, and calling upon us to admire the omnipotence, immensity and wisdom of Him who thus ordained all things, and to whom all things are known. B.

#### Summer Sketches

##### V.

##### PARIS.

JULY 10.—I started out this morning to "do" Paris; but, as far as I can judge at the present hour, very little comparatively has been *done*. Where there is so much beauty, one is apt to become attracted and riveted to some particular spot and leave all else for a future occasion. Such, at least, was the case with me to-day when I got as far as the Louvre. But let me tell you how it all happened.

As I said in my last letter, the College de Ste. Croix is just about one block outside of what may be called the "city limits," although the neighborhood is so well and richly built up that were it so situated relative to any great American city—say, for instance, within easy reach of our enterprising World's Fair Chicago—it would at once be "gobbled up," or "annexed" to the larger city, and, we would say, to the advantage

of both. But here the fortifications make a line of demarcation that is strong and clear, while the revenues accruing from the *octroi*, or duty levied upon goods brought within the city gates, are so great that they will not be easily given up. You have no *octroi* in the United States: the "protective tariff" supplies everything needed in that line, and more too; and whatever may be said against the *octroi* may be applied with equal force to your protectionists in America. However, "it is an ill wind that does not blow somebody good"; and though this *octroi* does make the necessities of life, food, etc., a little dearer in Paris than two feet outside the gate, yet the people are compensated, inasmuch as the revenue is applied to the embellishment of the city! So it is with protection everywhere. But this is no time for conundrums; I merely allude to this source of revenue—which seems to me so utterly at variance with the constitution of any *Republic*—as one reason why a long time may yet elapse before the beautiful little city of Neuilly will form part and parcel of the great city of Paris.

The gate nearest to the College at the beginning of the Avenue du Roule is called the *Porte des Ternes*, from the street or avenue of the same name which runs through the city. (It may be just as well to state here, once for all, that in this dissertation—I should say letter—when I speak of city, I mean all Paris. You must know—I do, and will tell you more hereafter—there is in Paris a *cit  *. In London you have the "city," and by and by, after all the World's Fair business is over, you will have one in Chicago. There's no hope for New York now. It is all well enough to talk about "going down to the city." But the *prestige* before the nations is what counts, and the New Yorkers missed it. *Nuff sed.*)

That long parenthesis has put me out. The *Porte des Ternes* is a neatly ornamented arched gateway, I should say about fifty feet wide, including the gates on either side of the main entrance to the avenue. On the left, as you enter the city, is a little house or booth, where the "boss bull dozer," or chief of the *octroi* business, sits down while the *officiels*, four or five in number, keep watch outside. Any respectable-looking person, armed only with an umbrella—as your humble servant is accustomed to go in his daily peregrinations—may pass along unchallenged. But let a valise or a package of any kind be added to the collection, and you are hailed immediately, *Monsieur, s'il vous plait.*" Through curiosity, I stopped on my way to witness several *rencontres* of the kind. But, more

forcibly than anything else, what impresses one with a sense of the reality of these *barri  res* or gates is the great number of carts and wagons of every description that are standing waiting for admission into the city. They are loaded with all kinds of merchandise, and oftentimes, as I saw to-day, they have to be unloaded and each and every separate article examined by an *officiel*. Well, it is all for the *octroi*. (Muldoon, at my elbow, says the word means—it *ought* to be for the king, but it isn't.")

About two blocks to the west is another gate, larger and more ornamental, styled the *Porte de Neuilly*, which forms the terminus of the *Avenue de la Grande Arm  e*, leading directly to the *Arc de Triomphe*. The walk thereto is most pleasant, and on your way you meet the beautiful little chapel of St. Ferdinand of which I spoke in my last letter. You will imagine that my supply of adjectives must be very short when I can only say "beautiful"; but really there is no other term that can in a way serve to express my appreciation of these "approaches" to Paris.

But let us get in the city and be done with it. And first, shall I tell you why I choose the *Porte de Neuilly* this morning? Of course you won't tell it to anybody at home. There is a large square in front of the gates, and this portion of *terra firma* is at the present time utilized by a "open air circus," with the usual accompaniment of athletic and terpsichorean performances. I merely mention this to show that I thought not of these things, and looked only to the architectural adornments of the gates.

Well, with my formidable umbrella, I passed unchallenged within the gates. But, need I say that here in this sublunary sphere misery in some shape or form always accompanies us? Gentle Editor, did you ever try to walk with a corn? No doubt you have perambulated by the aid of a cane. But let me assure you that the cornal excrescence which I have been privileged to possess for the past few weeks is not at all conducive to ambulatory exercises. So, relying upon the beneficial results of your researches into the mysteries of *cornucopia*, I may safely say that—I hailed a cab. And if I did, there was a scene. The one that I called was *une voiture    quatre remises*, and I had to go the whole hog or none, so to speak. "*C'est trop!*" said I. A shrug of the shoulders—meaning, of course, "If you don't like it, you can leave it,"—was the reply. I went further on, and shortly hailed another chap with a *voiture    deux remises*. I had my French all prepared, but of course it would not do to spring it on the poor fellow all at once. So, with the

most perfect *sang froid* (I always carry a little of that with me. It is highly recommended for persons travelling; but it should be kept in a cool place), I jumped in, and said, simply and quietly: "*A Montmartre.*" With *nonchalance* (that is a peculiarity of these drivers in Paris. You remark it everywhere, even in the interchange of courtesies that takes place when three or four, racing from different directions, try to cross the same spot at one and the same time.)—well, with the aforesaid, the *cocher* turned around and said in English, without the least trace of accent: "That will cost you two francs, sir. It is very far from here." I was somewhat surprised and, to tell the truth, not a little displeased, because it seemed to be a reflection on my Parisian accent. However, I was at home, as it were, and we both spoke English in regard to prices. The upshot was that he asked me: "Are you in a great hurry, sir?" And on receiving a negative response, he said: "Well, I will take you through the principal parts of the city." And so he did. Through the *Avenue de la Grande Armée*, under the *Arc de Triomphe* and through the *Champs Elysées*, but wait; if I were to tell you where he brought me you would say that I was simply repeating names from some guide book, and would not believe me; and you know my reputation for veracity is one of my most cherished possessions. Suffice it to say, he dropped me, at my request, at the Louvre, of which I will tell you later on.

I must say, before leaving, that no stranger can fail to be impressed by the perfect cleanliness which marks the streets of Paris. Sweepers with their machines are at work at early morn, and at regular hours the Seine is turned on and gutters flooded; and, by the way, not such water as the Chicago river furnishes, but a pure, clear, limpid stream, and utilized, as I have seen it, by families for household purposes.

SAMMY.

#### Personal.

—James C. Dougherty, of '85, is sojourning in San José, Cal.

—Mrs. Lindeke, of St. Paul, Minn., with her daughter, Mrs. Scharman, is visiting her son William at the University.

—The Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., the worthy President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame on Wednesday last.

—A letter received during the week brings the good news of the safe arrival at Port Said of the missionary Fathers who left Notre Dame at the beginning of last month for India.

—Dr. Fred J. Combe, of '86, writing from his

home, Brownsville, Texas, wishes to be remembered to the officers and professors of the University. Fred is doing well in his profession, and hopes to meet all his old friends here during the World's Fair year.

—Among the welcome visitors here on St. Edward's Day, and who were overlooked in last week's report, were George Cartier, '90, of Ludington, Mich.; Otto Guenther, a talented young law student of Chicago; and Mr. G. P. Walker, Manager of the Chicago Moxie Nerve Company.

—In the city of St. Paul, the great metropolis of the Northwest, there are several "old boys" of Notre Dame, who are distinguishing themselves in the legal profession and mercantile pursuits. Among them the following have recently come to our notice: Oliver Tong, of '72, occupies the prominent position of Secretary of the Board of Control; Thomas F. Darragh (Com'l), '88, is in the General Auditor's office of the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha RR.; Ed. Dwyer, of '89, is in the law office of Williams & Goodman; Eugene Melady (Com'l), '87, has a lucrative clerkship in the City Comptroller's office, and Thomas J. Flannagan, of '74, is doing a prosperous business in the real estate line. Success to the "old boys!" Let us hear from them often.

#### Local Items.

—*Succors.*

—Good bye, old boy!

—Let's have some Moxie.

—How calm could I rest—

—The *big four* have "*busted.*"

—At the Sign of the Spittoon!

—The old settler has returned.

—"Hooray!" I'm not in detention.

—The melancholy days are coming.

—The Minims went nutting Thursday.

—"Fatty" likes "onions" and "catsup."

—Those criticism letters were revelations.

—Will the "grads" go to town? Maybe—but—

—The Observatory is looming up in grand style.

—Where is salary (celery) the highest? Kal-amazoo.

—St. Edward's Park still presents a beautiful appearance.

—Autumn seems to be unusually late in this region.

—Improvements in the carriage drives are still going on.

—"Buck" and "Spider" are meditating boiler-iron football suits.

—Gerdes did some fine playing as centre rush the other day.

—Farewell, venerable maiden, shorn of thy pristine pulchritude.

—We have it from good authority that the telescope is on the road.

—It is whispered that the St. Cecilians are governed by an oligarchy.

—"Pinpool" and "Pedro" are the favorite games among the Carrolls.

—Now doth the crack of the hickory nut resound through the study-hall.

—The "Chronic Kicker" is allied to the man at sea—both want the *earth*.

—B. L. would do well to start a caramel factory for the benefit of the Carrolls.

—Were you present at the meeting of St. C. P. A. C. O. P.? "It was exciting."

—Alderman Allright wants to know why the new "gym" is not open to gymnasts.

—Indoor football is the order of the day, or rather of the evenings, in the Juniors' "gym."

—"Rubber" is good on a drop-kick, but even better when it comes to kicking at a detention.

—Lost.—A small gold badge. Name of owner thereon. Finder will please return to Students' Office.

—They of the "Botany Class" have lately discovered that flowers are armed when they have *pistils*.

—Lost.—A pearl-handle champagne knife. Finder, please leave at Students' Office and receive reward.

—That mule and cart seemed to be a permanent fixture in front of the main building one day this week.

—Lost.—A silk umbrella with oxidized-silver handle on the Carrolls' campus. Return to Students' Office.

—There were some sports in Carroll Hall. Owing to a misunderstanding, the reports did not appear last week.

—Though the cold plays havoc with the flowers, St. Edward's Park, under the efficient care of Mike, still presents a beautiful appearance.

—Persons musically inclined are cordially invited to inspect the euphonious instrument now on exhibition in the Director of Studies' office.

—Among the hundreds of letters Very Rev. Father General received on his feast day none gave him more pleasure than those of the "Princes."

—The statement that people with auburn hair are getting scarce is evidently false. In Carroll Hall at least twenty-five "red heads" may be counted.

—"What sciences are you studying this year?" was the question asked a few days ago of a rather emaciated-looking student. "I'm taking physics" was the reply.

—The last base-ball game of the season, or at least we hope it is, was played last Thursday by the Carrolls' second nine. Score 43 to 23 in favor of the other fellows.

—The *Catholic Standard* (Philadelphia) reprints, with a kindly introductory notice, the Circular Letter of Very Rev. Father General, published in the SCHOLASTIC last week.

—An angered bovine at the barn charged upon one of the men, but fortunately missed him. N. B.—This same man now intends to enter for the running high jump in the spring games.

—On Wednesday, Oct. 21, the Philopatrians held their fifth meeting. A. H. Gillam and J. Ratterman were elected members. W. Nichols and J. Browne read well-written papers; an interesting debate followed, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Rev. President Walsh examined the Minims during the week on the work they have gone over since the beginning of the session. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the result, and appointed the work he expected of them from now until the Christmas examinations.

—The officers of the Base-ball Association were banqueted by Bro. Paul on Wednesday. The affair was one of the most pleasant meetings of the year. Anything that Bro. Paul has charge of is sure to be a success; and this banquet was no exception to the rule. Toasts were responded to by Father Kelly, Col. Hoynes, Bro. Paul and others.

—Very Rev. Father General gave the Minims a delightful surprise last week. While all were busy at work a bright-eyed Minim rushed in, exclaiming: "Father General is walking in the park!" In an instant all flew out to him, and such a welcome as they gave can better be imagined than described. He had a smile and an affectionate word for all. He told them it was his great delight to see so many bright, happy faces. The promise that he would soon visit them in their study-hall was received with enthusiastic applause.

—The fifth regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Oct. 21. After the roll-call and reading of the minutes the literary program of the evening commenced. The criticism of the evening failed to materialize, and the critic received a severe reprimand from the presiding officer. A very interesting and well-written paper on Field Day was read by F. Carney. M. Prichard delivered the "Minstrel Boy" in his usual charming manner. He was followed by W. Marr in a very well-read selection, entitled "Spring House Cleaning." O. Du Brul was elected to membership.

—The fourth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Sunday evening, October 18. Mr. Dacy, by his resignation of the office of censor, deprived the society of one of its most valued officers; but it was compensated, in some degree, by securing the services of Mr. Rudd who in future, no doubt, will follow the example of his predecessor in ably fulfilling the duties of his office. The debate "Resolved, That the railroads of the

United States should be controlled by the Government" showed that the new members of the society do not lack those qualities which belong exclusively to good debaters. Messrs. Du Brul and Dacy made a good fight, but were defeated by the dexterity with which their opponents handled their arguments.

—The Law Debating Society held its regular weekly meeting on Wednesday evening. Col. Wm. Hoynes, Professor of Law, presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, and the business routine was transacted. The next item on the programme was the debate on the subject: "Resolved, That the law of fellow-servants should be so changed as to render the master liable for the negligence of co-servants." It is needless to say that this subject is one of much moment at present in the courts, and figures prominently in the labor question. The arguments adduced on both sides were cogent and pointed. After analyzing and synthesizing the arguments the chair declared in favor of the negative. The chair then gave practical hints on how to evolve a great thought; how to treat a subject, and how to hold the subject in the mind when addressing an audience. The Professor's remarks are always timely, always philosophical, and dressed in the richest garb of rhetoric. He never speaks without saying something worth remembering; and the members of the Law Department are ever anxious to hear him speak on such subjects.

—Last Thursday about one hundred Carrolls, under the guidance of Bro. Hugh, took one of those pleasant morning "walks" that the boys like so well. Hardly had the campus been left behind before some one started a rabbit, and then ensued a steeple chase that defies description. The way the "Carrolls" got over hedges, fences, and other obstructions that barred the way, showed that there was good hurdling talent in the yard. On and on they went, till the career of the "cotton tail" was brought to a sudden end by a brick-bat in the hands of Charlie Fleming, Jr. As poor "Bunny" lay kicking in his last agony some one volunteered the information that "it would not be good to eat unless you cut its head off." A committee was appointed to cut off the head, and it (not the committee) was buried with military honors, while Mr. Girsch took charge of the corpse. John Girsch suddenly remembered that he knew where a hickory nut tree was, and said he was willing to lead the party thither. He did so, and, to the infinite disgust of the whole party, it turned out to be a cotton wood. After every one was satisfied with the pounding that Girsch got (except John, of course,) the party moved on. But space will not permit of the chronicling of all the events of the morning. It is enough to say that everyone got home satisfied, and, strange to say, no one turned up missing.

—FIELD SPORTS.—The field exercises which were postponed from St. Edward's Day were

carried out last Thursday before a large assembly. The first event was the tug-of-war between the Sorin and Brownson Hall teams. The latter team was thought to be the weaker of the two, and great surprise was occasioned when it won. The Sorin Hall men were confident of winning, and felt their defeat keenly. The victors, however, acted nobly as they divided the spoils—a box of cigars—with their vanquished opponents. Father Morrissey acted as judge, while Bro. Paul was time-keeper.

The next in order was the running broad jump, in which there were ten entries; but five responded at the scratch, the weaker men having withdrawn. The winner of this jump was Fitzgibbon who did well, considering the unfavorable circumstances. He jumped 18 feet 7 inches, while Krembs came next with a record of 17 feet 1 inch; Cook came next with 16 feet 5 inches to his credit.

The next event was the hop step and jump, also won by Fitzgibbon. He made 36 feet 11 inches. Krembs jumped 35 feet 11 inches and took second prize. Flynn was third with 35 feet 4 inches. Cook won the first place in the throwing base-ball contest; he threw 294 feet 9 inches. McGarrick came second with 292 feet 8 inches; McDermott third, 289 feet 2 inches. After this contest, Cartier, who had not entered, easily made a throw of 310 feet. This ended the sports for the day, and Bro. Paul proceeded to present the winners with the beautiful gold and silver medals he had promised. Although but one record was broken, this year's contests were very successful. Every one was satisfied, and every decision of the judges was fair and honorable. No dissatisfaction was expressed, and everything went off pleasantly. Much credit is due the managers, for the success of the meeting was largely due to their efforts. Summary is as follows:

*Tug-of-War*—Sorin Hall vs. Brownson Hall. Latter won. Distance four feet. *Running Broad Jump*—Fitzgibbon 1st, 18 feet 7 inches. Krembs, 17 feet 1 inch. Cook, 16 feet 5 inches. *Hop Step and Jump*—Fitzgibbon 1st, 36 feet 11 inches. Krembs 2d, 35 feet 11 inches. Flynn 3d, 35 feet 4 inches. *Throwing Base-Ball*—Cook 1st, 294 feet 9 inches. McGarrick 2d, 292 feet 8 inches. McDermott 3d, 289 feet 2 inches.

An error was made in last week's summary. Third place in the second 100 yard dash was accredited to Burns, while Keough won it.

—A letter from Rome informs Prof. Edwards that six oil-paintings have been forwarded to his address for the Bishops' Memorial Hall. They are from the atelier of Signor Carnivale, a well-known artist of the Eternal City, specimens of whose work already adorn the walls of the Historical department of the University. The paintings are life-size portraits of persons intimately connected with the history of the Catholic Church in America. They represent Cardinal Antonelli, who was Secretary of the Propaganda when Pius VI. created the American Hierarchy in 1789; Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Bedini, papal nuncio to the United States



in the early years of the pontificate of Pius IX.; Monsignor Roncetti who brought the red beretta to our First American Cardinal, Archbishop McCloskey of New York; Monsignor Ignacio Persico, at one time Bishop of Savannah, Georgia, now Archbishop and Assistant Secretary of the Propaganda. Mgr. Jacobini, Archbishop of Tyre, late Assistant Secretary of the Propaganda, now nuncio to Lisbon, one of the greatest and best friends the American Church ever had in the City of the Popes; Monsignor O'Connell, the efficient and popular Rector of the American College at Rome, and Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hostlot, late Rector of same institution. The latter picture is from one whose modesty is equalled only by the generosity which prompted the gift. Professor Edwards has also received a letter from Florence saying that Signor Gregori has mailed a fac-simile of a letter written by Columbus and now carefully preserved at Genoa, also fac-similes of other documents from the pen of the great discoverer of the New World.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

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

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Breen, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Baldwin, Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Beaudry, Coady, Coady, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, J. Crawley, Cassidy, P. Crawley, Carter, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Cole, Coll, Conroy, Chearhart, Cook, Carroll, Connors, C. Delany, Doheny, Doyle, R. Delany, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Funke, Flannery, Foley, Flanagan, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Henley, Houlihan, Jacobs, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. Kennedy, E. Kelly, Krembs, Karasynski, Kintzele W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, C. Murphy, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, E. Mitchell, McErlain, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly, Nockles, O'Donnell, Ocenasek, Olde, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Scallen, Stanton, Schopp, Thayne, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Bachrach, Burkert, Burns, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cullen, Cosgrove, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Corcoran, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, DuBrul, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, G. Funke, Foster, Ford, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfeas, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson, Kindler, Kaufman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kraber, Kinneavy, Kerker, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Levi, LaMoure, Lee, Lowry, Luther, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, W. Miller, J. Miller, Meyers, W. Marr, Moss, Minor, Moore, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Connor, Oliver, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Rumely, Rupel, Ratterman,

Renesch, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Strauss, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Stone, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens Smith, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Wensinger, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yaeger, G. Zoehrlaut.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ahern, Ball, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Burns, Blumenthal, Cornell, Cross, Crandall, Christ, Curry, Corry, Chapoton, F. Curtin, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Crawford, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Coulter, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Elliot, Everest, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, C. Francis, E. Francis, Finnerty, J. Freeman, Fuller, Fossick, G. Freeman, C. Furthmann, B. Freeman, E. Furthmann, Gavin, Walter Gregg, Willie Gregg, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Higginson, Hathaway, Hoffman, Howard, Jones, Jonquet, Krollman, Kuehl, Keeler, Kern, Kinney, E. LaMoure, Longevin, Lonergan, Londoner, Langley, Lawton, Loughran, F. Lowrey, McIntyre, McPhee, McAllister, McGinley, McCarthy, Maternes, Morrison, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Platts, Pratt, Pieser, W. Patier, E. Patier, Pursell, Rose, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Steele, Stuckart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Tussner, White, Wilson, Weber.

#### Class Honors.

##### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Sherman, Breen, Ball, W. Cummings, M. Kelly, R. Fleming, Caffrey, Hawthorne, Foley, Thome, Beaudry, Girsch, Harrington, Major, Shimp, E. Smith, Hack, Leonard, Dorsey, McCarthy, Gerlach, O'Rourke.

#### List of Excellence.

##### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

*Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Ball, Girsch, McDowell, Hack, Breen; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. M. Kelly, W. McDonnell, Thome, Zeitler, T. Brady, Ball, Harrington, LaMoure, W. Nichols, Strauss, Smith; *Grammar*—Messrs. Shimp, W. Nichols, Smith, McFadden, Magnus, M. Kelly; *Reading*—Messrs. Baldwin, Kilkenney, Bundy, Prelskamp, McCreary, E. Brennan, Mills; *Orthography*—Messrs. E. Kelly, Breen, E. Smith, Baldauf, Hamilton, McDowell; *Geography*—J. Chilcote; *United States History*—E. Harris.

#### The "Field Day" Report.

MR. EDITOR:

Your Field Reporter last week seemed to take little care to ascertain the whole truth in regard to the one hundred yard event on "Field Day." If he had taken the pains to consult the judges they would have informed him that Mr. Fitzgibbon did not cross the tape three feet in the lead, and also that in consequence of Mr. Fitzgibbon taking his track, Sinnott was obliged to run wholly outside of the track and upon the grass which borders on the course—this he was compelled to do for fully 90 yards. Nor did Sinnott's friends raise the cry of "foul," as the writer asserts. If it was clearly evident to the writer that Fitzgibbon was the faster runner, then the publication of a challenge in his friend's behalf, even now, no doubt, acceptable, would more become a gentleman than the venting of his spleen in such a fanciful article.

A. LOVER OF FAIR SPORT.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—On Thursday, the 15th, was held the first meeting of the Christian Art Society for the year '91-'92. After the usual preliminaries, the following young ladies were chosen to fill the different offices: President, Miss M. Fitzpatrick; Vice-President, Miss E. Dennison; Secretary, Miss K. Ryan; Librarian, Miss S. Dempsey; Treasurer, Miss T. Kimmell.

—Rev. Father Hudson, C. S. C., officiated at the eight o'clock Mass on Sunday last, preaching a sermon on the text "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." Always listened to with rapt attention, his words of wisdom sank deep into the hearts of his hearers, where, let us hope, they will produce much fruit.

—A French selection read by Miss C. Gibbons and a recitation, "The Death of Gaudentius," by Miss M. Moynahan—in which both young ladies acquitted themselves creditably—followed the reading of the weekly averages on Sunday last. Again the Very Rev. Father Provincial presided, favoring the pupils with some practical words of advice.

—The members of the Chemistry class manifest a praiseworthy zeal in delving into the mysteries of that science, and are at present engaged in experiments with hydrogen. They find that, though lighter than air, it is not to be trifled with, and have already pushed their experiments to such an extent as to find themselves marvelling at the forces of nature.

—The feast of St. Luke is always a red-letter day to the pupils of the Art Department, procuring for them, as it does, extra privileges; but this year falling on Sunday, necessitated the postponement of the customary walk until the following Wednesday, when it was thoroughly enjoyed. The bracing autumnal air had whetted the appetites of the walkers, enabling them to do justice to the tempting lunch awaiting their return.

—From St. Joseph's Cottage, Chicago, the attractive home of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, come festal greetings for the Sisters and pupils of St. Luke's Studio, on the occasion of their late patronal feast. Herself an artist and patron of artists, Miss Starr ever holds out the right hand of fellowship to those whose lives, like her own, are devoted to a reproduction of the objects of beauty around them. It need scarcely be said that her kind greetings are appreciated, and that her many friends at St. Mary's wish her success in all her undertakings.

—Copies of the latest pictures published by the Arundel Society have been received, and are now on exhibition in St. Luke's Studio.

The pictures in question are copies of frescoes by Romanino, to be found on the walls of the Castle of Malpaca. Notable among them are the "Distribution," the "Arrival of King Christian," the "Departure," the "Banquet" and the "Tournament." Not unlike others of the Arundel collection, the scenes represented are animated ones, and are remarkable for life-like portraiture of the persons represented. In the "Tournament," knightly figures borne upon gaily-caparisoned steeds, divide the attention equally with the pavillion from which fair ladies look down upon the motley throng below.

—All admit the charms of St. Mary's when clothed in springtime loveliness; but blind to color must he indeed be who is not thrilled with delight by the beauty of its autumn foliage. At the first approach of Jack Frost, many of the maple trees have blushed a bright crimson; here and there, others flaunt a drapery of red and gold; and again, there are others still in whose leaves yellow, green and red are so deftly blended as to defy description. The soft, dark pines serve as an excellent foil for the gorgeous hues around them, and the year seems in truth about to bid the earth adieu with flying colors. But the rustling leaves are prophetic of storms, and it needs not their whispering to tell us that soon this wealth of color will disappear as quickly as it came, leaving only gaunt branches to outline themselves against a leaden sky.

### Human Punctuation Marks.

"Once upon a time" I found myself ensconced in a parlor car with a three hours' ride before me. Feeling no inclination to read, and experiencing no thrilling flights of thought or fancy, I concluded to let myself be entertained by the chance conversation of those around me, broken sentences of which now and then reached me through the noise of the train. "Hypnotism," "Koch's Cure," "perfectly lovely bonnets," "World's Fair" and "Huyler's best," came to my ears as the jostling of the car broke into fragments the various conversations in progress. Suddenly the train stopped and many voices burst forth into exclamations, while as many asked the cause of the delay. But conjectures were quieted when a calm, authoritative voice said: "We stopped to take in coal."

What an air of conviction that downward inflection, followed by a full pause, had! It started me to thinking at once of how like punctuation marks we are after all. As we go through life, those who are virtually exclamation points attract the most attention; they are conspicuous as long as time's page presents sunsets and rainbows, spring blossoms and

autumn leaves; but when days are gray and monotonous, or heavy with storms, then with a sigh and "alas!" away they go to seek Mignon's land of sunshine.

The Autocrat of the breakfast table sums up the characteristics of a certain woman, and paints her picture indelibly on our imagination, when he tells us that she is a person who says "yes?" to everything addressed to her. How many do we not know who are human interrogation points! Wavering and questioning, never relying on self, flattering others by pretending to seek information, prying by curious queries into their neighbor's affairs, they fully deserve the title applied to Pope.

Then, again, we have represented in the human race those who, like brackets and marks of parenthesis, have an old-fashioned way of dropping in a clause or two not pertinent to the subject (or too pertinent). We meet another class of people who really seem to hover all the time between quotation marks. Every other phrase is "so I heard," "they say," "so-and-so declare," etc., etc., until we cannot but wonder if they ever have anything to say for themselves.

Our human hyphens, semicolons and commas fill in the gaps of life, and come under the general title "the majority"; while the "easy-going" and pleasure-loving as dashes come into the "folio of years."

But by what punctuation mark do we designate the great, the noble, the persevering? It is by that sign of calm positiveness, that symbol of decision, the period. Denoting as it does endlessness by its form, it is a fitting type of the untiring disposition of those who are called upon to be leaders in the world's strife.

Longfellow in "Hyperion" says: "The soul of man is audible, not visible"; and so the truly great display their strength of mind and purpose by the words they speak as well as by the acts they perform. Decision of character bespeaks a superior mind; and as at the close of a strong argument the mind insensibly stops at the period to dwell upon the circuit of words it completes, so do we signal out from the mass of wavering, doubting or insignificant men those possessing that most desirable attainment, decision of mind; and, having distinguished them from the multitude, we exclaim not, nor do we question; we simply accept that which from them is declarative, and obey that which is imperative.

HELEN NACEY.

A purpose to please, for the sake of being pleased, may lurk in the most self-forgetful nature, if it be human nature.—*Lee*.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bero, Bassett, M. Burns, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Brand, Byers, M. Byrnes, Bogart, Call, Charles, E. Churchill, Carpenter, Clifford, Crilly, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Field, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Garrity, Haitz, Hellman, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgans, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnson, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, L. Kasper, Kaufman, B. Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Morse, Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, McCune, McCormack, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Patier, Pinney, Pengemann, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sanford, E. Seeley, A. Smith, A. Seeley, Sena, Thirds, Tietjen, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, N. Wurzburg, Wolfe, Welter, Whitney, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Baxter, Curtin, Coady, Crandall, Davis, M. Davis, B. Dennison, M. Dennison, Dreyer, R. Doble, Eberts, Ford, Garrity, Germain, B. Germain, Holmes, Hopper, Hickey, Klingsley, Londoner, Mills, S. Meskill, Nacey, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Smyth, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, Tilden, Tormey, Williams, White, Whittenberger, Woolverton, Wheeler.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, McKenna, McCormick, McCarthy, Palmer, M. Wormer.

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses T. Kimmell, Clifford, Dempsey, K. Ryan.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Robbins, Evoy, Jewell, Pengeman, Girsch, M. Hess, Charles, E. McCormack, L. Kasper, Doble, Byers, Garrity, Palmer, Schmidt, M. Burns, Schaefer, Williams, Londoner, Kenny, Hopper, Loker, Boyle, Tietjen.

##### PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

##### OIL PAINTING.

3D CLASS—Misses Plato, Marrinan, Dieffenbacher.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Marrinan, McFenne, Bassett, Churchill, Black, G. Cowan, Clifford, E. Seely, A. Seely, McGuire, Murison, A. Ryan, Dieffenbacher, Johnson, Wolfe, Daley, Roberts, M. Hess, Kelly, R. Butler, Whitmore, Wurzburg, Kingsbaker, Klingberg, M. Brady, Morehead, E. McCormack, Kaufman, Welter, Augustine, M. Wagner, Payne, Van Mourick, Schmidt, Hopkins, Zucker, Bell, Pinny, A. Butler, Leppel, Jacobs, Crilly, Ludwig, Hammond, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Higgins, A. Moynahan, Lancaster, Benz, Hittson, Hunt, Duffy, Robinson, Groves, Kemme, Cooper, Byers, Lennon, Kieffer, Goodell, Hanson, Agney, La Moure.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, Palmer, Meskill, Schaefer, Doble, M. Davis, Baxter, Adelsperger, Ebert, Curtin, S. Smyth, A. E. Dennison, Coady, Woolverton, Garrity, Holmes, Girsch, O'Mara, Cowan, Pfaelzer, M. Dennison, Williams, Cooper, Culp, Londoner, Kline, J. Smyth, Hopper, White, Tormey, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Crandall, Mills, Kingsley.