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The Sonnet.

In Italy, so famed for floral dew,
The Sonnet, lovely in its loveliness,
First bloomed amain to beautify and bless
The earth: the seed was planted by the Muse
Which blossomed as a rose of fairest hues;
Coy Cupid did this fancy flower impress
With sugared lips, when he, with soft caress,
Inspired great WILL to ope his heart diffuse.

Its natal bed was an Elysian bower;
Rare was its kind, as few as pearls in sand;
But now it has become a common flower
Grasped at by every poetaster's hand.
And found, like daisies in a meadow green,
Neglected since 'tis not what it has been.

H. G. T.

Foundations on Land.

BY P. A. MURPHY, '92.

In examining a structure, after noting the form and architecture, the first thoughts which force themselves on the mind and command attention are concerned with strength and durability. We see at once that these are the principal characteristics. We recognize their importance, and naturally seek to make them dependent upon some primary cause. As an assistance we may take some analogous natural formation. Our reasoning may assume various forms, each and every one, however, tending to the same conclusion.

No great power of discernment is required to enable us to see that our principle, obtained as conclusion, simple though it is, forms the first law of the engineer engaged in the erection of structures on land. For it points out to him that

part of the work upon which he must concentrate the largest share of his knowledge and skill, in order to render successful the designed undertaking. His line of action, then, will be in accordance with the dictates of common-sense. He will simply consider as most important the fact that "the strength and durability of structures of masonry depend essentially upon the bed of the foundation." This statement, at first glance, may seem of little consequence and worthy only of passing notice; a moment's reflection is sufficient, however, to determine its excellence, and enable us to see that its full comprehension, together with an implicit obedience to the command therein contained, is a guarantee of success. Also that the weakness and failure of a comparatively large number of the public buildings and private edifices of this country have resulted from a disregard of this very law. And though, perhaps, it may be considered incomplete, in that it does not provide for beauty of form and grace of architecture, it presupposes in the engineer that innate sense of fitness of things which supplies the rest.

Foundation, as defined by engineers, has a double meaning referring both to the lower courses of a structure of masonry and to the natural or artificial formation of whatever character it may be on which the structure rests. As the former belongs more exclusively to the art of masonry, the latter only will be treated here.

Though the process of arranging the bed, as well as its form, will, in all cases, depend upon the nature of the soil, determined by sinking a shaft, or, in more delicate operations, by borings made with suitable instruments, a few remarks, applicable to the bed proper, and not exclusively to the material of which it is composed, will not be out of place. First of all, the bed should

be so regulated that its surface will be perpendicular to the resultant of the pressures brought to bear upon it; if this is impracticable, it should at least be perpendicular to one of the components of the resultant and parallel to the other. Also this resultant, or component, should intersect the bed so far within the exterior edge that the material which receives the pressure will be able to resist perfectly without injury to itself. Secondly, the bed should be placed so far below the surface of the earth that frost will have no effect upon it. Thirdly, an increase of area over that actually required is always allowed, in order that detrimental results attendant upon accidents of any kind, such as shocks, may be provided against. The ratio of this increase to the former area, termed the element of safety, is evidently a variable quantity, its amount being almost entirely controlled by local circumstances.

Space will not permit a lengthy description of the various processes employed in each kind of soil; hence a brief outline of only the most common methods is all that can be given. In order, however, to treat the subject more intelligently, a classification of soils is necessary. We make the property of compressibility our basis of classification, assigning to the first division those soils whose particles neither spread laterally nor are displaced vertically, as rock, stony earths, hard clay and tufas. In the second division we recognize two subdivisions, differing from each other only in the manner of displacement of their particles; accordingly pure sand and gravel whose particles spread laterally form the first subdivision, while ordinary clay and earth, marshy and alluvial formations, with a few others, compose the second.

In preparing rock, perhaps the most stable of natural formations, it is first levelled in order to ascertain its bearing surface; then it is usually submitted to a trial weight, and any portions of its upper strata which have been injured by the action of the atmosphere are removed. The surface is next levelled, all cavities being filled in with rubble stone or beton, that is a hydraulic concrete or combination of sand, gravel and hydraulic lime or cement in proper proportions. When the fissures are so large that the expense incurred by the use of beton would be too great, arches are erected above the depression, and these transmit the pressure received to firm points of support on the rock. All is now ready for the lower courses of masonry. Stony soils as well as firm sand and gravel, not subject to spreading, are prepared by digging a trench usually from four to six

feet deep and of width depending upon the breadth of the structure.

Loose sand and gravel must be confined by means of sheeting piles, and though these may be made of cast-iron or any other suitable material, most commonly they are merely planks of timber driven in juxtaposition and surrounding the area to be enclosed. The material is then arranged in the same way as stony soils. In using trenches water often impedes the workmen, channels must then be built to carry off the fluid, or if the resulting convenience will not justify the expense of channels, an impermeable cloth, consisting of a double thickness of canvas coated with mineral tar or bituminous mastic, is placed upon the bottom. Layers of beton are then lowered; these rest upon the canvas and are rammed for the purpose of solidifying the whole. In many cases the beton is made to rest directly upon the bottom; but special means for lowering the substance must be adopted in order that the lime may not be separated from the other ingredients through the action of the water.

The compressible class, including as it does such a wide range of soils alike only in the general property of division, in other respects vastly different, is evidently the most difficult of treatment. And while no infallible guides are available in even the most common member of any group of earths, still less reliance can be placed on any fixed method of procedure in compressible soils. In fact, tact and good judgment, combined with the lessons learned from experience—ever the promoters of the progress of the engineer—are his chief assistants. We have described how sand and gravel are made to offer a firm resistance and the manner of preventing unequal settling.

So we have finally to consider only the second subdivision. In common earth and clay a grillage and platform, an area of heavy, binding clay rammed in successive layers, or a bed of beton, placed at the bottom of a trench, of dimensions regulated as in the case of firm sand, is sufficient to attain the object in view namely, to prevent yielding. Several rows of heavy timber, placed longitudinally, crossed by like rows, halved or notched to the former, both of which are surrounded by heavier pieces, connected with them by means of bolts, form what is known as the grillage. The platform is merely a flooring of planks covering the grillage and joined to the beams by means of three nails. Economy of material, simplicity and ease of construction make up the advantages of such an arrangement; but such defects as decay of

the timber incident to wet and dry rot, liability of slipping, lack of resistance offered to the double pressure arising from the weight resting upon it and the resistance of the subsoil render the grillage and platform subordinate to the plastic yet firm and quick-settling beton, or even to the compact binding earth.

In marshy soils more than ordinary management is essential, owing to the fact that no firm support for the piles can be reached. Obviously, then, the only expedient left is the use of short piles driven as closely together as possible, and as many in number as the nature of the formation will allow, the sole use of which shall be to compress the boggy earth. The area immediately surrounding the structure is treated in like manner, and thus an imperfect buttress is formed. The piles are levelled and their heads are covered by a grillage and platform, layers of beton or binding earth. Alluvial formations usually consist of a firm upper strata of clay, resting upon one of a compressible nature. The only preparation possible in such cases is a thorough ramming of the soil, in order to make it as dense as possible. Piles would do the greatest damage, as they would both injure the upper layers and transmit the weights and strains from stable to unstable supports.

In many instances structures, in addition to the vertical weight they have to bear, are subjected to a lateral pressure from embankments of earth. The means used to preserve the bed from injury, by counteracting the strain, do not differ greatly from those before spoken of. But the manner of their disposition is different. Here also piles, as well as grillages and platforms, are nearly indispensable. They are supplemented either by "horizontal buttresses of masonry, formed of carefully-dressed stone," or "low counter walls running parallel to the edge of the bed."

In conclusion, we may state that, as economy, either of time or material, is one of the leading considerations in engineering work of any kind, and though in most cases numerous expedients are not lacking, those should be selected which, with the least expenditure, will give the nearest approximation to the desired result. This fact, recognized and appreciated, a systematic management and a careful supervision will render complete that which knowledge and judgment have made possible.

A customer came into a store one day and asked for "Browning on Rats." The clerk was staggered; but another clerk, who knew the customer, suggested the "Pied Piper." It was right. Later this same customer asked for Crawford's "My Cigar" ("A Cigarette-Maker's Romance"). "Browning on Rats" is pretty rough on Browning.—*Lit. World.*

An Humble Apology.

Ah, sir, kind sir, my hand is weak:
'Tis not, like yours, that of a master;
I only lisp; I do not speak,
And this is sometimes sure disaster;
But I have learned a thing or two,
Since I have heard, dear bard, from you,
'Tis this—(though powdered by your hammer,
Which crashed when I so lightly sang,)
That Grammar is a rhyme for stammer,
And that a critic may use slang.
Forgive my lisp—it's bad, I feel,—
But you've a Hart you can't conceal!

J. R.

P. S.—"A critic's critic's lines should be
Quite perfect,"—we agree upon it.
Ah! smash and maul me Hartily,
But do not try to write a sonnet.

An Informal Talk About Books.

A SYMPOSIUM.*

I find it difficult to say what books have helped me. I learned to read as I learned to walk, and the reading of one book led me to the reading of another. So it would be hard to trace the effects of each particular book. For the first eight years of my school-life I plodded through text-books, reading snatches from all the volumes of prose and verse I came across. Now it was Leaver, then Lover; now Carleton, then Moore; now Mrs. Predegast, then Davis.

The life and speeches of Curran was the first book to give me a definite object in life. It gave me a longing for a college education, and in particular the study of law and literature.

My first poetical acquaintance was Goldsmith. His "Traveller" brought me in spirit across the lovely landscapes of continental Europe; and his "Deserted Village," so expressive of the scenes around me, at that time was written in my mind as on a tablet. Pleased with Goldsmith's poems, I began to read his essays. Up to this time, when called upon to write a composition for my teacher, I was, like the schoolmaster depicted by Carleton, always anxious to express myself, or rather conceal my ignorance of the subject, in six feet words. It is true, I thought in Anglo-Saxon, but wrote in Latin derivatives, the meaning of which I did not know without the aid of a dictionary. Goldsmith's simplicity cured me of this barbarous tendency.

Macaulay's essays have helped me. His masterly treatment of historical subjects gave me an interest in European political affairs, and gave me ideas on subjects of world-wide importance.

Pope's poems were as good as medicine in helping me to digest Macaulay. His polished epigrammatic style gave me a hatred for the

* In answer to the question: "What Books Have You Read?"

redundancy of Temple, Jeffrey and some of the would-be authors of our time.

The poetical work of Byron had more influence on me than the common-sense, commonplace poetry of Pope. Byron's poems addressed to the Greeks, in my mind, are the essence of patriotism—they are Byronic; they are sublime. Since I read Byron I cannot bear to read the manufactured poetry which too often finds a place in our current literature.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" has carried my mind to hell and heaven, and improved it by taking it on such a trip.

I will not say how much Shakspeare has helped me, for I don't know. He has given a wide and correct view of human nature, and gave me a correct presentation of the play of the passions. In this article I don't speak of the influence of the speeches of Webster and Wendell Philipps, of Burke and Sheridan, of Grattan and O'Connell, of Chatham and Fox. On this subject I might write at length; but the bell has rung and I must close.

H. O'NEILL.

The first book I ever read was Shea's "Child's History of the U. S." I was about eight years old at the time. The book was too heavy for me to hold on my lap, so I used to lie flat on the floor while reading it. How interesting it was! The trials and struggles of the first settlers fascinated me. Often was I scalped in my dreams, and often did I kill a few hundred Indians in my sleep in those days. When I read of the Revolutionary War, of the gigantic endeavors of the Colonies to throw off the hated yoke of Great Britain, of the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Americans of those days, my blood was fired, and the height of my ambition was to be a soldier.

The next book I read was a history of Greece. The first part of this book was taken up with Greek mythology. It gave the histories and characters of all the gods and goddesses. I was greatly interested in them and, as I knew no fairy tales, I used to tell my little brothers stories of Hercules and Theseus. These were my favorite heroes. Perseus also stood high in my estimation. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" were, of course, numbered among my literary treasures. Indeed, I was so much interested in the latter work, that I read it without a rest till I had finished it, stopping but for meals. What child does not like those two books? Wherever the English language is spoken they can be found in the hands of children.

As I grew older, Oliver Optic, Trowbridge and Captain Reid were the authors I read most. Many a good lesson have I learned from Optic and Trowbridge, and much knowledge of natural history did I get from Reid.

Gradually I enlarged my circle of acquaintances and friends in the world of books. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray are the most intimate,

"Ivanhoe," "The Talisman" and "Kenilworth"; "Oliver Twist," "Barnaby Rudge," "Old Curiosity Shop"; "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond" and "Vanity Fair" are books I never tire of. To these I must add "Ben-Hur" and "Dion and the Sibyls." Best of all do I like "Ben-Hur." The description, the fire, the pathos in that book left an impression on my mind that will never fade. Who does not love and admire Ben-Hur's mother? Who does not sympathize with the family in their affliction? Who does not take to heart the great lessons of patience and devotion taught by Wallace?

Among the poets, Tennyson, Longfellow and Shakspeare are my favorites. Tennyson is the lyric poet that I prefer. I can always find a little lyric suitable to any occasion in his works. Shakspeare is above all the poet of my choice. What phase of human nature is not well and truly represented by him? He is a poet that knows thoroughly the subject that he treats of, and who shows us as we are. Human nature never changes, and as long as human nature lasts, just so long will Shakspeare be read, studied and admired.

ERNEST DUBRUL.

(AN OLD MAN'S RETROSPECT.)

I am sitting in my library, watching the daylight slowly fade, and night put on her sombre garb; and as I look about me, a spirit of contentment comes over me, and I feel at peace with all mankind. My library is sacred to me. The ghosts of the immortal Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope and Longfellow hover around me, and I feel the cares of life but little in my bachelor's den. The coal fire burns brightly in the open hearth, and as I look into its glowing embers, my thoughts take wing and in retrospect I glance over my busy career.

I see myself a little boy sitting on my mother's knee spelling out slowly and laboriously, the letters of that dread mystery, the alphabet. I remember my loving teacher, her kindly words and soothing caresses, her pleasure at my earnest endeavors and her patience with my failures. Her loving care has followed me in sorrow and in joy through my whole life.

Next I find myself in all the glory of a happy schoolboy, delighted in following the adventures of Blue Beard, Aladdin and Robin Hood. I see as though 'twere yesterday the colored prints of the murderous Blue Beard in his chamber of Death, and Aladdin with his wonderful lamp in the golden palace. I loved those childish tales, and read and reread them. My allegiance was next transferred to "Robinson Crusoe," and I believe that I was benefited by the reading of the book. In this charming story, Defoe has given our boys a treasure, for it tends to supplant the vicious books which cannot but assist in the moral ruin of youth. When I reached the "dime novel" age, I at once acquired the taste for that doubtful sort

of literature. I gloried in the red-handed deeds of Prairie Bill, the Fire Fiend, and spent many a sleepless night thinking over the wonderful deeds of such villains. I even believe that I desired to emulate their example. I soon lost interest in these Indian romances (they were too tame), and devoted my attention to the "Old Sleuth Detective Libraries." I soon became greatly attached to them, and would probably still be reading them, were it not for a watchful father, who confiscated a large stock of my dearly-beloved novels and forbade my reading "such trash." He suggested Shakspeare and Milton, or Dickens as an antidote for the poison I had taken into my brain. I rejected his suggestion in disdain and mentally decided that his literary tastes were depraved. However, after a time I did read a good book,—*Oliver Twist*—and my delight upon finding a dime novel among Dickens' works was unbounded. I read and reread the book and my one thought was for Oliver. I have pleaded for him before the court of Fagin many times, and my dreams of robbers, and dens were hideous. I had soon devoured all of Dickens', but there my passion for good books ended. I now preferred the tales of *Oliver Optic* and *Mayne Reid* to Dickens, Scott or Shakspeare.

However, if no good resulted from these readings little harm was done. The books were moral and rather of the "goody-goody" style. I soon developed a taste for good reading, and spent much of my time over Scott, Longfellow, Moore and even Shakspeare. With such instructors I could but love the good, true and beautiful in literature. Pope, Goldsmith, Addison and Shakspeare have helped me, I know not how much. To them, I may almost say, I am indebted for any little knowledge I possess. Holmes, Irving, Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow, all have aided me with their good counsel. To read those men and be false to one's self involves a contradiction. Tennyson and Longfellow are my favorite poets, Holmes and Lowell my essayists and Lingard and Hume, my historians. Edmund Burke's, "On the Sublime and Beautiful" has a great and lasting interest for me.

HENRY C. MURPHY.

To say what books have helped me, I do not think, would be a very hard task. My opinion is that every good book one reads does one some service. From every standard work we derive some gain. Of course our tastes are not attracted by every good book, for the best of men disagree in literary matters; but after perusing a good book benefits are derived from it, though the contents and style be distasteful. The fruits are not perceived at first, perhaps not at all, but the effect is beneficial in an unseen way.

From the books I have read up to my present age, I think that I have been improved more

as regards imagery than any other part of style. Books, too, have given me more ideas than I could develop. Of the books that have helped me in this way I can mention several. "*Fabiola*" has strengthened me in the belief that the early Christians were great heroes. It gave me a sincerer love for St. Agnes, and at the same time convinced me that a pure, simple style is by far preferable to a Latinized one. "*Ben Hur*" and "*The Last days of Pompeii*" have taught me several things. But of all the books which, I think, have aided me is our best of poets' play, "*Hamlet*." So many fine passages are contained in this grand work that, though it be read time and again, it is ever new,—not the story, but the sentiments it expresses.

The fortitude of Rebecca in Scott's novel "*Ivanhoe*," has inspired me with a much higher regard for her race and sex.

All these works have given me an increased longing to read more and even to reread them. Though I would like to write a much longer paper, circumstances prevent a further treatment of the subject.

FRED. B. CHUTE.

Books which have helped me? they have all contributed in some measure to make me what I am, to instil into my being the ideas—few as they may be—of the good, the beautiful, that I see about me. When I listened to the coyote's cry in a wild and desolate part of the great West—far from any human habitation—I was in reality sitting on the cellar door poring over a badly abused dime novel. Many times have I slaughtered Indians in my sleep, and galloped at a break-neck speed over the prairie, with a troop of wild Comanches yelling at my horse's heels; but this, dear reader, was during infancy's days down on the door step. I never saw an Indian in my life until a circus happened to come to town, but I knew a good deal about them. They were to me the "peskiest varmints" that ever shot an arrow; and I often debated with myself why God in His great goodness ever allowed such red-handed villains to live. My knowledge of the poor Indian was gotten wholly from the dime novels. There is one thing the dime novel does do, however, and that is to awaken a boy; to give him a glowing imagination. When I threw the last one aside, I found that I had grown more robust, was in every respect boyish, I had the most profound contempt for anything effeminate, and prided myself on the stoical indifference with which I could look on a knife wound in my hand.

Leaving the dime novel I took up the Sea-side novel. At first I rebelled at the love and sickly sentimentalism without which an ordinary "Sea-side" would be a dismal failure, my heart panted for the wild life of the West, for "*Copper Skinned Jack*" and the other heroes; but after a time, as volume after volume of Sea-side novels were read, I lost some of the rough ex-

terior—my stoical calmness to anything bloody or heart rending, and I know I should not confess it, but I have often found myself crying over the unfortunate love of some Guendoline de Gildersleeve which would not run smoothly—that was many years ago. When I finally drifted away from this kind of literature, I found that my change was much greater than I first thought. I was not the same boyish, stoical young fellow which I, a few years before, prided myself on being; I was tamed down and softened a little without losing my ardor for base-ball or any of the manly accomplishments acquired in the dime-novel period. Into the realms of romance I next took my flight, and have not wandered upward or fallen backward since. Of course, romance and the standard novels brought poetry to me, and the homely lays of Burns, of Whitcombe Riley, of Boyle O'Reilly, and the many touching passages in Longfellow have kept me a willing captive for several years. The romantic schools, if I may call them such, I find have alone done more for me than all the other books and papers which I have read. They have improved my English, given me a taste for the true, the beautiful and the good, and an insight into the life around me. They have been to me as "the voices of the living and the dead," and by exploring the past have brought treasures to the present. They have rounded me out, cut off the angles and, I think, equipped me better than anything else to take a part in the great world which we are all soon to enter.

I could not particularize, so instead of mentioning the books, I chose rather to give the series, or the layers, as geologists would call them, which have made me what I now am, or which have contributed to it. Not very much credit to the books? Well,—I agree with you.

JAMES R. FITZGIBBON.

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To speak about one's books is to speak about one's friends. Praise only one friend and soon you shall perceive coldness on the part of the rest. Of course, with books this is different; but, nevertheless, it is a difficult matter to state in what respect the different books one has read have been of any benefit to him. We only know that they broaden our minds and cultivate us. Just as a man travelling over the world becomes educated, so the one reading considerably is also cultivated. His meeting with the various characters of humanity tends to give him an insight into human nature. Indeed, in my opinion, one cannot say with truth, this or that book helped my formation. All books, that is good books, form a man.

I remember the first book I read when a little boy,—*"Robinson Crusoe."* How noble I thought him; how heroic not to be afraid to live in that great cave all alone, with nothing but a parrot for company! The books I afterwards enjoyed were *"Young Folk's Encyclopedia,"* which were

placed on the window sill of the school-room, and to which the scholars had recourse for general information. These books I read continually during my spare time. There was a free and easy style in them without seeming to be childish; I have forgotten the author. Since reading those books above mentioned, it would indeed be difficult to say in what order I have read my books. I can safely say that there are very few of the books that I have read which have not pleased me, not having the patience to read a book distasteful to me. That most of them have helped me is certain. To say in what proportion is impossible.

Strange, I think novels have done a great deal for me. I have read hundreds of them, and all were not such as Scott's or Thackeray's, but common, everyday novels. Of course, most of these were read at an age when the mind cannot discern the beauties of style, and I read all these for their plot simply. But the books I glory in are Thackeray's, Scott's, Hawthorne's in prose and Longfellow in poetry. I don't believe there is a more clever novel in existence than *"Vanity Fair,"* and I think that for historical novels Scott's deserve the palm. One can never get tired of speaking of his books; but one must consider the patience of his hearers. Therefore since brevity is the soul of wit, perhaps this abrupt ending will leave an impression of the writer's wit.

B. BACHRACH.

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The first book I read was one of fairy tales by Grimm. The book left such an impression upon me at the time that I would imagine I could some day be the catcher of the "golden ball." Now I think that every book we read has some effect upon us, either for our benefit or our injury.

Books of great literary value are none too numerous, and we are able to bear the strain of a few more. The saying that there is always room at the top is applicable here. The world is eagerly watching and waiting for some new book of the first magnitude.

"Ben-Hur," one of these—that great book of pen-pictures—has been of greater benefit to me than any one I can recall at present. It gives one such an idea of Rome during the life of Christ as cannot be obtained elsewhere. Every description is so vivid and realistic that the reader is carried back for nearly twenty centuries, and is disappointed on looking up at not finding himself seated on one of the many tiers of benches that surround the arena, or wandering the streets of Antioch.

"Fabiola," another historical novel, has been of great help to me. This clearly shows the trials and sufferings the early Christians were compelled to undergo in order to worship God as they wished.

In considering the books that have been of help to one, one cannot omit the Bible or dictionary. No doubt the Bible has been of greater help to man than any other book;

but not in the sense that we call help. Men have become scholars in English style merely by the study of the Bible, dictionary and the works of Shakspeare. So many books are read nowadays that it is almost impossible for a man to tell from what book he has derived the most benefit.

R. B. SINNOTT.

If it is meant by the question, what books of a particular kind have helped me most? I fear I shall be unequal to the task; for the books I have read comprise a long series, from the Scriptures to Beadle's "Texas Jack." Still the subject is so general that I feel myself licensed to express a few rambling thoughts.

What book have helped me most? Of course the first book I read was the "A B C" book, with its graphic illustrations and little word paintings. For example: "Up I go, up you go, we go up so." This book—the primer—I may call the first round in the ladder that elevated me to my present proficiency in reading, the "First," "Second," "Third," "Fourth" and "Fifth Readers" being the other rounds of the ladder. The fates once brought me to a "five-cent counter," where the glaring titlepages of Beadle's novels met my gaze. My imagination fed on this wholesome (?) literature until I had finished half a dozen of them; and then timely warning and better judgment prevailed upon me to seek another field—a field which would yield a richer harvest.

I read some of Dickens' with delight and profit. Novels have given me a taste and an appetite for literature. "Dion and the Sibyls" is a quarry from which I mined a great deal of pure gold. It is the last I read.

As I shall soon hear the melodious peal of the bell—not "of Shandon"—I had better come to a close.

F. J. VURPILLAT.

Though, because of an over-pressure of class-work, my time for reading has been rather limited, in answer to this question, I unhesitatingly place the poetical crown on the brow of the poet-laureate. Tennyson has been my favorite poet ever since I have been able to read and appreciate poetry. Why it is that he has such a strong fascination for me I will not say, because I don't know. But what I do know is that he is to my mind the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, and one from whom great good can be derived. The melodious arrangement of words in which he clothes his beautiful thoughts shows him to be a master of language. As a painter, he stands alone on the topmost round of the ladder of success. These qualities, united with those of his keen interest in the lives and occupations of men, and his rare faculty of intercepting their noblest aspirations, lead me to thus choose him from the host of poets that have adorned our earth since the English language has been in existence.

To choose a favorite from among the prose writers is by no means as easy a task as the

one just completed. Nevertheless, I think I am safe in according the palm to Webster. In the works of this man we find some of the noblest thoughts that ever filled a noble mind. His book is a mine of intellectual gems, and nowhere in our literature can we find one of so great importance and interest to Americans. All through his speeches he displays that patriotism, courage and force of character that so distinguishes the American. Do not, however, understand me to say that his works are confined to America; for while he is strictly an American writer, the purity, force, clearness and practicability of his works make them well worthy to adorn the finest library in Christendom.

How often have we heard that old saying: "A sound mind in a sound body." And now that it occurs to me, there is a little volume which has done me more good than it were possible for a thousand Tennysons or ten score Websters to do. I speak of the little manual entitled "United States Infantry Regulations." Thus you have the question answered as far as it concerns

JOHN J. MCGRATH.

A Few Geographical "Dont's."

Don't say or write Austro-Hungary. The best writers prefer Austria-Hungary.

Don't call the Chinese "Mongolians." It is better to reserve the latter name for the people who live north of China proper.

Don't speak of a native of China as a Chinaman. You would not say that you had an Ireland man digging in your garden. It is better to call John a Chinese.

Don't forget that oriental names ending in "an" have the accent almost invariably on the last syllable, as Teheran, Beloochistan.

Don't call Bermuda "a North American island," as a writer in a newspaper did the other day. There are plenty of North American islands, but Bermuda is not one of them. It is an oceanic, not a continental island.

Don't be mystified if on one map in your atlas Hudson bay seems to be larger than the Gulf of Mexico, while on another sheet of the same atlas the Gulf of Mexico appears larger than Hudson bay. The apparent discrepancy is doubtless due to the different map projections employed. You know, for instance, that areas far removed from the equator are very much exaggerated as they appear on maps of the Mercator projection.

Don't say that the compass points to the true north, for it doesn't, except in certain places. The compass points to the magnetic north, which is at present considerably west of the north pole. When Lieutenant Greely was at Lady Franklin bay the declination of his needle was found to be very great, the needle pointing toward the magnetic pole in a direction nearly south-west.

Don't make the mistake some people do of thinking the word "alluvium" to be synonymous with "soil." Only those soils which are the result of the deposition of sediment by running water can properly be called alluvial soils.

Don't, for mercy's sake, say "the Smithsonian institute." The name is the Smithsonian institution.

When you are writing a novel, don't get your geographical facts so badly mixed as to reflect discredit upon your early training. In one of the popular novels of the day the Azores are referred to as in a southern latitude. The writer also introduces his hero into the Antarctic regions in January, and speaks of the "inky blackness" of the nights he experienced there. Of course anybody ought to know that the month of January is the height of the Antarctic summer, and the entire month is one of continuous day.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, February 27, 1892.

—John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., on the morning of the 22d inst. He was born in New York on July 22, 1824, and from an early age devoted himself to literary pursuits. His first historical work, "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," was published in 1853. It was well received, and he was recognized as one of the historical scholars of the country. To facilitate his researches he studied the Spanish and Indian languages. When he died he was engaged on the last volumes of the work of his life, "The History of the Catholic Church in the United States." Three volumes of this work have been published, the fourth is in press, and the material for the fifth and last is well in shape. In 1883 Dr. Shea received the Lætare Medal from the University in recognition of his invaluable services in the field of Catholic literature. For the last few years he was the editor of the *Catholic News* of New York. During his visit to Notre Dame, two years ago, with his accomplished daughter, he made many personal friends, who learned to appreciate more fully the gifts of mind and heart with which the eminent historian was endowed, and they extend to the afflicted family their sincere condolence in this hour of trial. In his death religion and literature have suffered a very great loss; but the great work, which in the course of his active, unselfish career he accomplished so well, will live after him and continue through succeeding years its beneficent influence. May he now enjoy the happy eternal reward of his devoted life!

Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

Washington's birthday! What fond recollections these words recall! Washington! A name that stirs the heart and thrills the soul with love for liberty. It is a name that calls up in quick review the memories of the Revolution—that period when Americans fought and fell for the redemption of their country. Who does not feel in his breast the fire of patriotism burn

more strongly on the day when this giant Republic of the West celebrates the birthday anniversary of the man who is rightly called the Father of his Country? Who is not proud of the name of him who led the serried columns of our fathers on the battle-field of freedom? Who that loves liberty does not cherish the memory of the hero who, by his genius and foresight, conquered the most powerful and tyrannical nation in the world?

It is meet that our Republic, now the asylum of the oppressed, the mightiest of the nations, should honor the memory of her patriot dead, and honor with the greatest *éclat* the name and fame of Washington. So long as Americans venerate the name and deeds of Washington and his compatriots, so long shall Americans be patriotic, so long shall America be a nation.

Every American should be a patriot. That is the spirit to inculcate in the rising generation. That spirit of patriotism lives and breathes in everyone within the hallowed precincts of Notre Dame, as was shown by the celebration on the 22d inst. From all the buildings of the University waved "The Stars and Stripes." The University Cornet Band, under the able leadership of the Rev. M. Mohun, played some of the most inspiring airs of our national music. The selections were choice and appropriate, and rendered in a manner that reflected credit on both the leader and members.

At 12 o'clock the Faculty and students sat down to a banquet; and while it was manifest that all were enthusiastic in their love for the nation's hero, it was no less manifest that they had a keen appreciation for turkey and cranberry sauce. At 3.30 p. m. a literary, musical and dramatic entertainment was given in Washington Hall by the Thespian Society. The programme is printed entire in our local column. The entertainment was opened with an overture—"Don Quixote"—by the University Orchestra. This piece was well rendered; and the orchestra would have deserved praise if it had played between the acts, and made the waiting during the shifting of the scenes less tedious. The next item on the programme was The Grand Chorus—"Oh! Columbia, Beloved"—by the Choral Union. The choristers were trained by the highly-accomplished musician, Prof. Liscombe, and did credit to themselves and their Professor.

The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. James R. Fitzgibbon, of the Class of '92, which will be found entire on another page. Mr. Fitzgibbon as a speaker needs no eulogy. The treatment of his subject was masterly; his style strong and lucid; his delivery easy, firm and

natural. The favorable impression created on the audience was expressed by the loud plaudits he received at intervals from a highly appreciative audience. Much was expected from Mr. Fitzgibbon, and nobody was disappointed. The Quartette—Messrs. F. B. Chute, E. Harris, E. Schaack and H. Murphy—sang "Breezes of the Night." There was such a happy blending of voices, such a harmony of tone in the rendition of this piece, that the house again and again applauded the singers; who gave, as an *encore*, "The Bold Fisherman." The last appearance of the Quartette was the best of the season; and it is only just to say that the singing pleased everybody.

The second part of the entertainment was the presentation of "Julius Cæsar," by the Thespian Society. Although the players had but a short time for rehearsal, their acting called forth applause from a highly-cultured audience. Judged from an amateur standpoint, the play was a great success. The stage-manager was Prof. George E. Clarke, to whose exertions the success of the play is due, as it was he who trained the actors for the occasion.

Dudley Shivley as *Julius Cæsar* appeared with good effect. His personal appearance and voice are good, and his acting was very natural. On the whole, he made a typical Cæsar. James R. Fitzgibbon as *Marcus Brutus* showed at the proper time the coolness, the friendship, the timidity, the rashness and the cowardice of the character he played. His acting all through was excellent. The rôle of *Cassius*, perhaps the most difficult in the play, was filled by N. J. Sinnott. He displayed a proper conception of his part, depicting with fidelity the treacherous conspirator. His facial expression, his dramatic though not overdrawn gestures admirably displayed the latent ability of the young actor. A. E. Dacey played the part of *Marcus Antonius*. While his acting was all that could be desired, his voice seemed somewhat overstrained. F. B. Chute assumed the rôle of *Casca*. His clear, sonorous voice, graceful, though firm posture, and his innate feeling of the part he played, placed him among the leading characters of the play, and stamped him as a man of no mean dramatic abilities. John McGrath as *Octavius Cæsar* made a striking effect by the bold and manly manner in which he drew his sword and bid defiance to Brutus.

The mob—the most turbulent and best-trained mob ever seen on the stage at Notre Dame—was led by B. Bachrach. It was not the common mob that we see gathered from the streets to fill the bill in a city theatre; it was a

mob that brought to mind, as realistic as could be, the clamorous multitude that howled around the demagogues before the fall of Rome, or of the mobs of Paris during the great Revolution. The minor parts of the play were well filled. There was not a weak character in the cast. One of the most pleasing events of the evening was the singing of Rossini's *Salve Regina* by Miss Byerly of Cincinnati. In response to an imperative *encore* she gave "Going to Market." She has a charming soprano voice which is highly cultivated.

The entertainment, as a whole, was eminently satisfactory, and will long be remembered as one of the great events of the scholastic year '91-'92.

The Hero of Ages.*

America's tribute to her noblest warrior and most unselfish statesman is a nation's homage. More enduring than brass is this, purer than marble, statelier than granite. It needs no inscription in courtly English, nor courtlier Latin, to set forth its object. Brass exposed to the varying heat and cold has its lustre tarnished and its form lost; marble and granite both yield to the corroding touch of time; but a nation's homage never dies. Rooted in the hearts of true men, watered by the springs of love and gratitude, each succeeding year but adds to its verdure. Happy nation, that has a Washington for its father! Happy country, which has his example as a legacy! Happy children, who can point to the one patriot—who is without reproach, to the one statesman who knew naught but his country's good, to the one warrior who conquered but for the freedom of his country—and say: "Providence made him childless that we might call him Father."

If Washington were only the idol of his time, we would not be here; but, being the hero of ages, generations yet unborn shall perform the same offices as we do to-day. We honor Washington because we love our country. Side by side with that inherent love which we all have for the flag which floats above us is our reverence for him who first raised that flag. When patriotism dies—if that dread day shall ever come when men will view with indifference insults heaped on their national honor—then in the same grave, covered by the same clay, shall lie our love for Washington. As long, however, as the sweet name of liberty falls upon

* Oration delivered by JAMES R. FITZGIBBON, '92, at the celebration of Washington's Birthday.

our ears, like the soft accents of a mother's blessing, so long, America, shall thy greatest son be revered, so long will his name animate every action for the public weal and ennoble every enterprise.

Gazing around us now upon the fair promises of to-day, and the glorious prospects of to-morrow, it is far more inspiring to dip into the future than to look into the past. We see a nation proud and prosperous, whose sails whiten every sea, from out of whose bosom flow inexhaustible streams of wealth. We see wise men at the helm; we fear not the breakers, though they may buffet us on all sides, for we are conscious of our strength; but, looking back, we can discern too clearly that it was not always thus. Fair, stately Columbia was not to rule mistress of the New World without first passing through an ordeal of fire.

The founders of this Republic grew after a time to love the wild solitude and mighty forests of this continent better than they ever did the crowded cities of Europe. Differences grew and multiplied; back of them grim war raised his hideous head. America saw him approaching. No hoary comet, with ghastly glare, rushing from the black depths of the unfathomable unknown across our sky, heralded his approach. The poor, oppressed thirteen states were dismayed at their want of strength, as they gazed upon the proud armament of the Ocean's Mistress; but they thought of their rights violated, their prayers unheard, their petitions spurned, and, leaving the God of nations to decide, they chose the sword. The plowboy became a soldier marching beside the tradesman. Out of every town and village, farm and cottage, went forth the best blood of our country to battle and die for liberty. "Give me liberty, or give me death!" said one of their orators, and with these words ever on their lips they began the struggle.

From out of the rude gateway of old Virginia went forth our nation's idol. Without experience in the school of modern warfare, with but the few lessons learned from Indian skirmishes, he was called upon to lead an undisciplined army against the strongest power of Europe. Would you ask me how he succeeded? let me point out to you the blood-stained fields of Monmouth, of Germantown and the surrender at Yorktown. Would you wish an example of his generalship, let us look at the Delaware chaffing within its banks one Christmas night, over a century ago. The heavens were as black as Pluto's own dominions; the wind howled and roared over the frosty earth; huge blocks of ice swept down the stream; suddenly a low splash was heard: a

boat armed with patriots pushed off from the shore, another and another followed, until the whole army was moving silently over the dark waters. In one of those boats stood the commander. He had weighed all, and was resolved to risk another battle. The morning sun welcomed him a conqueror. Hope once more lifted her drooping wings and raised a nation with them.

Would you ask me to show the foresight and prudence of Washington, we will go to Valley Forge. Look about you. You see a place so situated as to command the entrance to New York. An army, once in possession of that spot in 1777, holds the key to America's safety. Here Washington led his army the winter of that year. There they remained during the most trying period through which our country has ever passed. Without shoes, their blood stained the white radiance of the sparkling snow; without blankets, they shivered from the icy blasts of the north wind; with hardly enough food to support three thousand, seven thousand were kept alive. For though the wind howled, it could not tear the lofty principles from those minds; though the cold was intense, it could not freeze the love for liberty in those patriotic breasts. When boisterous winter yielded to gentle spring, undaunted, they still occupied the same ground. Their sunken eyes told of their sufferings; but burning with a fiercer flame was their hatred of tyrannical England. When we see at what costs this nation was founded, are we not proud that we are Americans?

Peace was at last declared. The soldier sank into the citizen. Separated from Europe by three thousand miles of water, there dwelt a nation of freemen, and America was satisfied. She placed a wreath of immortelles upon the graves of her fallen dead, and turned away, saddened, though happy that they had not died in vain; that years of anguish had not been borne for naught; that prosperity would once more beam where the despoiler's hand had so lately been. Back to his office went the soldier-lawyer, to his shop returned the tradesman, to his plow went again the farmer, all to be welcomed by a wife's glad smile and children's soft prattle. Dearer and more precious than ever were those children now, for had their gallant fathers not won for them their most priceless heritage—sweet liberty?

The work of the soldier was ended, that of the statesman but begun. Into the chaotic mass which war produces the statesman must infuse law and order. The people looked to him to whom, in peace as in war, the eyes of all

were turned to build up the nation which he had made. At their call he unbuckled the sword and took up the pen. He laid the foundation of our national policy in the unerring, immutable principles of morality based on religion; and how well his work was done, posterity has testified. His management in state and military affairs did not differ. As a soldier he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might prove fatal than to perform exploits which might be brilliant; as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties. His life as President needs no eulogy. His firmness in issuing the proclamation of neutrality saved the United States from taking part in the greatest contest of the last century. Europe has not yet succeeded in repairing the terrible slaughters of that dreadful war. His government was mild and gentle. He wished to give the people that for which he himself most longed—peace and security. For eight years he served his country in the chair, as he had served it in the field, with honor, with justice, and then returned to his Virginian home. His public life was ended.

The character of Washington is so unlike that of any other great man of history that we search in vain for a comparison. Place side by side the heartless ambition of Napoleon and the self-unconsciousness of Washington. What thoughts must have stirred the future first emperor's brain when he heard of Washington's death! Washington, whose greatest conquest was not when he received Cornwallis' sword at Yorktown, but when he refused a crown; and, by thus conquering self, gave liberty to a nation at its birth!

Would you estimate the country's debt to Washington? Look and see what liberty has given us.

It has been truly said that his fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no clime. No! No! There are too many Cæsars, and but one Washington. Too many who love self more than they value their country's good. Magnanimous in death, O Washington, the grave cannot obscure thy lustre! In all the glorious picture of thy life, who can find a blot? There have been greater warriors, wiser statesman, but none nobler than thou. If they shine with the brilliancy of a Sirius, thou diffusest light with the calm steadiness of the pole-star which "shines alike in winter and in summer, in seed-time and in harvest." So, too, thy spotless example shall ever live to lead generation after generation in the preservation of their noblest inheritance—this Republic—until our star of empire, radiant

with the beams of liberty, shall attract the eye and guide the step of all nations in the paths of prosperity and peace.

Heroic general, patriotic statesman, virtuous sage, farewell!

"Our National Game."

The custom of countries having a great national game is one of remote antiquity. In ancient times these games assumed a variety of forms; but as the people were, as a rule, sunk in barbarism, they were generally of a savage nature.

The Romans prided themselves on their great strength, and found pleasure in battling with wild beasts in the amphitheatres. When Christianity began to spread, the predominant sports of nations was in accordance with the degree of civilization to which they respectively aspired.

In the Middle Ages we read of the tournament in the foremost place among the great games. During the present time these games are universally kept up. In our own country base-ball has been exceedingly popular and has prevailed for the last half century. But recently Rugby football has become the favorite game among a large portion of our population, and from all appearance it is about to supersede our present national game.

Rugby football in its present system, to a certain extent, is barbarous. It is accompanied with much of the brutality of the uncivilized games in which the ancients indulged, and should not be tolerated by any civilized people. The pleasure which the game affords is often marred by it being almost inevitably turned from an amusement into a bloody affray. Each game adds its share of victims to the lists of the disabled, and, as a result, they have caused the untimely end of some of our promising athletes. Is this a fitting sport for a national game? It would not only be detrimental to our athletes, but would also put a damper on all our games, and cast a blot on our history to have Rugby football (a purely English invention) preceding our own game of football.

Sports are, to a certain extent, essential to mankind, and especially to Americans, who value physical training as an important part of one's education. Let us then have a national game that we may well feel proud of, and one suited to that high standard of civilization, culture and refinement, which the American people have attained.

J. A. DELANEY, '95.

Personal.

—Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan, of Chicago, were among the welcome visitors on the 22d.

—Prof. James F. Edwards left for New York on Wednesday morning to attend the funeral of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

—Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., officiated in St. Peter's Church, Laporte, on Sunday last. We are glad to learn that the zealous Rector, Rev. J. Crawley, '56, who had been seriously ill, is convalescing.

—Mrs. Mary A. Mulligan, for many years a near and highly-esteemed neighbor of Notre Dame, left the old homestead on Wednesday last, accompanied by her son and daughter, to reside in Leadville, Colorado. Her departure is the source of deep regret to numerous friends here, but the best wishes of all are extended to herself and family for many years of health and happiness.

—MARRIED: On February 4, in St. James' Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., Charles W. Hake, '84, and Miss Delia Bridget O'Brien.

On the 16th inst., in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Grand Rapids, Henry P. Hake, '86, and Miss Francis Nagele.

On February 24, at Sidney, Ohio, August A. Gerlach, '78, of Columbus, and Flora A. Wagner, of Sidney. The marriage was solemnized with nuptial Mass and benediction at the home of the bride's mother, by special dispensation from Archbishop Elder. The reasons for this great favor were the feeble health of Mrs. Wagner and the incomplete state of the church.

These bright sons of *Alma Mater* have the hearty congratulations of their friends here and best wishes for many years of happiness in the new state of life upon which they have entered.

Local Items.

—*It's nailed.*

—U. N. D. B.

—*Great Cæsar!*

—Babies on deck!

—Columbians next.

—Go slow, gentlemen!

—That play was no *farce*.

—Do you like raw oysters?

—Mark Antony was a *daisy*.

—He had to play the organ.

—That chorus was excellent.

—He was *elected* all the same.

—*Cassius'* servant was *allright*.

—The *pivot* worked immensely.

—"Reader, I pause for a reply."

—I have no powder on my *cue* (queue).

—Mud is plentiful around here just now.

—Alderman's spirit was fine in the *finale*.

—One of the trio was *at home* (A. Thome).

—Bennie with his *shillelah* was very like a—

—About 300 visitors were present at the play.

—Where, oh! where are the anti-shavers gone?

—The *Ursa Major* was the *star* of the afternoon.

—Alderman was the "noblest Roman of them all."

—Pole vaulting is a favorite sport with the Carrolls.

—The Pindarian thrust was "the most unkindest cut of all."

—Everyone says that the mob was one of the features of the play.

—The Orchestra, although lacking the services of Orpheus, "was out of sight."

—"His height was as the height of ten,
Because his *pants* were long."

—The Orchestra still maintain their standard, as was shown at the last entertainment.

—What made the corpse heave when Cassius' foot was planted on his gastronomic region?

—Next week we shall publish the list of Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame.

—We regret to state that Case has retired from the cinder path. There's a little hope for Jewett and Cary yet.

—When "H. B." reads locals he should try to see something between the lines: if he does, he will spare himself a great deal of trouble.

—Is there no Nestor to be found who will place the "olive of peace" between the swords of the Agamemnon and the Achilles of *poetry*.

—Next Wednesday is Ash-Wednesday. The Lenten fast is dispensed with this year, owing to the sickness so prevalent throughout the country.

—It has been found out by the Chemistry class that a turkey may undergo chemical changes and become an *oxide*; it is then called *beef*.

—Wm. Long and *Ursa Minor* have become famous as pugilists. It is rumored that they will have a sparring contest with 6 lb gloves soon.

—To-morrow (Sunday) morning the solemn devotion of the Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament will begin in the college church.

—To the subjects already mentioned for the essays for the English medal, "The Prose of Thackeray" and "The Prose of Orestes A. Brownson" have been added.

—On the fine days, that are so infrequent just at this season, the gym. and reading-room are deserted, while all go out and enjoy themselves on the campus.

—NOTICE.—Those admitted to the privileges of Carroll Hall reading-room are requested to take care of the books and periodicals, and return them promptly when read.

—"Observant" must have noticed one remarkable fact in regard to those who appeared on the stage, and that was an entire absence of bashfulness. Perhaps the distinguished personages in the gallery had something to do with it.

—Sorin Hall was gorgeously decorated last Monday. Mr. Fitzgerald's window was a model of decorative art. It was draped with national and college colors, and in the middle was hung a picture of the immortal George. It was the admiration of the beholder.

—"Annie Rooney" has become a classic. Patti sings it now, and a great many of our songsters around about this vicinity are trying to revive it. If brick bats, and other destructive missiles can in any way be of service, the awful calamity will be averted.

—Last Thursday evening the German literary society held a preliminary meeting to arrange a few matters of minor importance previous to the election of officers. The meeting having been duly called to order, Professor Hoynes, President *pro tem.*, in a short address pointed out the object of the society and the work that was to be done during the session. A committee was appointed by the President to prepare a programme for the first regular meeting, which is to be called on Thursday next.

—MOCK CONGRESS:—The 10th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Mock Congress was held Sunday evening, Feb. 21, the Hon. N. Sinnott, of Oregon, in the chair. After the reports of the various committees had been received and acted upon, the names of the following gentlemen were proposed for membership: T. Quinlan, E. Mitchell, W. Cummings, D. Phillips, L. Vinez, H. O'Donnell and E. McGonigle. They were unanimously elected, and soon afterwards took their seats. The bill for the evening was then read by the clerk, and placed before the house for discussion. It provides for an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people of each state. The debate was opened by the Hon. A. Ahlrichs, of Alabama (Dem.), the framer of the bill. He argued that corruption is creeping through the veins of the nation, and that this amendment was introduced with a view of remedying the evils that are brought about by the electoral system. He was followed by the Hon. L. Whelan, of Ind. (Rep.), who vigorously opposed any such movement. The Hon. J. McAuliff, of Minn. (Dem.), favored the amendment, and sustained his opinions by many strong arguments taken from ancient and modern history. He was followed by the Hon. M. Quinlan, of Ill. (Dem.), who also favored the change. The remaining half-hour was taken up by the Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio (Rep.), who found many forcible arguments to prove the uselessness of such mode of election as that advocated by the bill. A motion for adjournment was then made and carried, leaving the

discussion to be continued at the next meeting.

—MOOT-COURT.—King *vs.* Francis, with A. Heer and E. Browne, attorneys for plaintiff, and M. McFadden and F. Kleekamp, for defendant, went on for trial Wednesday the 17th. Last year the plaintiff was book-keeper of the South Bend Stove Works; defendant was superintendant. \$50 belonging to the corporation was lost. Suspicion fell on plaintiff, who, defendant said, was responsible for it, and deducted that amount from his salary. On Dec. 5, 1891, Mr. Francis handed King \$125 to pay the help. On receiving the money, plaintiff put \$70 into his pocket and handed the remaining \$55 back to the defendant, who thereupon demanded an explanation. King answered: "You had no right to deduct from my salary the \$50 lost some weeks ago. I have taken that sum from the money you handed me, together with what is due me to date, and to-night I will leave your service. I am acting under advice of counsel." The defendant's attorneys contend that the money was given him for a specific purpose; that plaintiff had not secured it under circumstances that would justify an appropriation of any part of it; that it was still the defendant's money, and that it must be returned. Being refused, the defendant assaulted the plaintiff, seeking, by this means, to recover the money. The plaintiff was badly injured and prevented from attending to work for several days, besides being put to considerable expense for medical treatment. He brings on action of trespass *vi et armis* for \$500 damages. Witnesses for plaintiff were L. Whelan, King and R. Frizelle, and for defendant, S. J. Healy, Francis and P. Houlihan. The opinion of the court was that there was no proper motive on the part of Francis to strike King; that where money has been received lawfully it is unlawful to attempt to recover it by force, there being a sufficient remedy at law. A distinction was drawn between the case at bar and where money has come into the hands of a person unlawfully, as, *e. g.*, by larceny, in which latter case a reasonable amount of physical force would be permissible in order to recover it. The plaintiff was awarded \$140 damages. The main case cited in support of this decision was Bliss *vs.* Johnson, 73 N. Y. 538. William Hoynes was the presiding judge.

—A literary, musical and dramatic entertainment, in celebration of Washington's Birthday, by the members of the Thespian Association, of the University of Notre Dame, was given in Washington Hall on Monday evening. The exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture—"Don Quixote".....Herman University Orchestra.
Grand Chorus—"Oh! Columbia, Beloved," Choral Union
Oration of the Day.....J. R. Fitzgibbon, '92.
Quartette—"Breezes of the Night".....Lamotte
Messrs. F. Chute, Harris, Schaack, H. Murphy.
"Cordelia Polka"—D. Muller.....University Orchestra

PART II.

"JULIUS CÆSAR."

Dramatis Personæ.

Julius Cæsar.....	Dudley Shivley
Octavius Cæsar.....	J. McGrath
Marcus Antonius.....	A. E. Dacey
Publius, {	Senators, {
Popilius Lena, {	P. M. Regan
Marcus Brutus {	J. Ryan
Cassius, {	J. R. Fitzgibbon
Casca, {	N. J. Sinnott
Trebonius, {	F. B. Chute
Decius Brutus, {	Conspirators {
Metellus Cimber, {	against Cæsar, {
Cinna, {	T. D. Hennessy
Artimidorus of Cuidos.....	J. J. Doheny
A Soothsayer.....	J. L. Doyle
Lucilius, {	E. DuBrul
Titinius, {	T. A. Quinlan
Messala, {	R. E. Kinney
Volumnius, {	Friends to Brutus {
Clitus, {	and Cassius, {
Strato, {	F. B. Sinnott
Lucius, {	F. Murphy
Dardanius, {	F. Vurpillat
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.....	C. Dechant
Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.	P. Crowley
Trio.....	M. Quinlan
"Ye Shepherds, Tell Me"	P. Houlihan
Messrs. Marmion, Thome, Schillo.	L. S. Vinez
	A. Ahlrichs

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath,* McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Breen, Burns, V. Brennan, J. Brady, Baldwin, T. Brady, Beaudry, Brinin, E. W. Brown, E. J. Brown, Cullen, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, Conroy, Cherhart, Coady, Case, Colby, Carrey, Doheny, Dinkel, Delaney, Devanny, Damsky, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, Flynn, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Heneghan, Holland, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hoepe, Kearney, F. J. Kenny, Kleekamp, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, Lindeke, Layton, Ludlow, C. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McVean, McGonigle, Magnus, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Marmon, Maynes, Mulcahey, Newton, O'Connor, Olde, O'Shea, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Rudd, Sherman, Schopp, Stace, Thome, Tinnen, Vinez, Vurpillat, Wever, Wilkin, Welsh, Zeitler, Zeller, E. R. Kenny.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bates,* Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Bergland, Burkart, Bearss, Casey, Corry, Covert, Curran, Connell, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DuBrul, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Edwards, Fleming, A. Funke, G. Funke, S. Ford, W. Ford, Foster, Fitzgerald, Falk, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Glass, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Harrington, Janssen, Johnson, Joseph, Kreicker, Kraber, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, Major, McPhee, McCarthy, McLeod, W. Nichols, H. Nichols,

Nicholson, O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Oliver, J. O'Neill, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rogers, Ratterman, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Stone, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Tallon, Teeter, Thorne, Trimble, Tobin, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, J. White, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Crandall, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, H. Durand, B. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fuller, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthman, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, W. Hoffman, Howard, Holbrook, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Jones, Jonquet, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, S. Keeler, G. Keeler, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Loughran, Longevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGinley, McAlister, R. Morris, F. Morris, Morrison, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Brien, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Pieser, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan Stuckhart, F. Trankle, L. Trankle, Tussner, Trujillo, Weber, S. Wilson, W. Wilson, Wilcox, Wolf, White.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. E. DuBrul, Corcoran, A. Corry, Palmer, Flannery, O'Donnell, Doheny, J. Ryan, Ocenasck, E. Ahlrichs, B. Cosgrove, Kearns, P. Crowley, M. Quinlan, Devanney, W. Burns, Houlihan, Cassidy, Correll, Maurus, Neef, Vinez, Fitzgerald, Dinkel, Schillo, W. Kennedy, J. M. Brady, Kearney, D. Phillips, Joslyn, Dacey, E. Brown, Powers, McAuliff, L. Monarch, B. Bachrach, McGrath, Rothert, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, A. Ahlrichs, F. Vurpillat, Bolton, P. Murphy, V. Vurpillat, Sanford, Lancaster, Fitzgibbon, J. McKee, F. McKee, R. Sinnott, O. Sullivan, W. O'Brien, Ragan, N. Sinnott, Castanedo, Hanniff, L. Chute, Cartier, Combe, P. Coady, T. Coady, Schaack, Jewett, F. Chute, Flannigan, Frizzell, Schoop, Dechant, Kunert, T. Quinlan, Jacobs.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Philosophy—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Just, Petry; *Logic*—Messrs. Crumley, Neef, Rothert, Santen; *Latin*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, M. Quinlan, Dechant, Hennessy, Maurus, Montavon, Leo, Walker; *Greek*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, M. Quinlan, J. McKee, O'Shea, Flynn, Miskiewitz; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Gillon, Murphy, Sullivan; *Astronomy*—Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, N. Sinnott, O. Sullivan; *Analytical Mechanics*—Messrs. O. Sullivan, P. Murphy; *Calculus*—Messrs. Dechant, Joslyn; *Analytical Geometry*—J. Devanney; *Trigonometry*—T. Hennessy; *Geometry*—Messrs. A. Corry, W. Kennedy, Vinez, Montavon, H. Mitchell, Walker, Leo; *Algebra*—A. Corry, *Belles-Lettres*—J. R. Fitzgibbon; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Crumley, M. Quinlan; *Literature*—Messrs. D. Phillips, Casey, Schopp, McNamee, Doheny; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Vinez, Kennedy; *English Composition*—Messrs. E. Chassaing; *English History*—Messrs. E. Brown, J. Delaney, T. Hennessy; *Modern History*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Walker; *Ancient History*—Messrs. O'Shea, E. Roby, Smoger; *Geology*—J. J. McGrath; *Botany*—Messrs. J. Delaney, Dechant, T. Hennessy, Jewett, F. McKee, N. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat; *Zoology*—A. V. Corry.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A treat, in the shape of oranges direct from the "Sunny South," was recently given to several of the young ladies of the Senior department by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, to whom many thanks are offered.

—The class in Stenography are making commendable progress in this puzzling branch, and bid fair to become experts in this very practical accomplishment. This week the members of the class intend giving to their parents tangible evidence of their skill by writing home letters in shorthand.

—The latest addition to the Minim department—Miss Sarah Keeler—arrived yesterday, accompanied by her father, Dr. H. Keeler, of Los Angeles, Cal. The little lady from beyond the Rockies seems to have borne the journey remarkably well, and is rapidly making friends in her new home.

—Recent visitors to St. Mary's were Mr. P. C. Boyle, Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. Berg, A. Lichtenheim, Miss H. Pfaelzer, Mr. B. Doble, T. Quinlan, Mrs. D. Welter and Miss M. Welter, Miss M. Condon, Chicago; Mrs. D. Gilfoyle, Mrs. G. McQueary, South Bend; Miss L. Kinney, Ligonier, Ind.; Dr. Keeler, Los Angeles, Cal.

—Thanks are returned to Miss Julia Howe, of New York City, for daintily printed copies of the poem "In Cloister Shades," written by her sister, Miss Anna Howe, while a pupil of St. Mary's. The amiable and gifted writer has recently entered the Novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Kenwood, N. Y., where the best wishes of her friends at St. Mary's follow her.

—Visitors to St. Angela's Hall, now rapidly approaching completion, speak enthusiastically of its beautiful interior, the finely-finished ceiling of Georgia pine being especially worthy of admiration. The commodious stage, auditorium and gallery promise well for the comfort of pupils and visitors at future commencement exercises, and all concerned look forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when it will be ready for use.

—After the distribution of "points" on Sunday last a sketch written by a pupil of the celebrated Agassiz was read by Miss S. Wile which hinged upon the necessity of attention to details, showing how much may be accomplished by a good use of the eyes. Miss R. Bassett contributed the French recitation, after which, Very Rev. Father Corby, who presided, entertained the pupils with a description of his late Southern journey, dwelling especially on its humorous side.

Washington's Birthday.

The magic that lies in a name was never more evident than on February 22, when Seniors, Juniors and Minims united their efforts to do honor to him who was, and still is, "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Washington's Birthday never fails to arouse the patriotism of the pupils, and this year it found vent in entertainments given in both departments. Among the Seniors a minuet was given in honor of the day, which was most gracefully presented by sixteen young ladies, whose fanciful costumes, high ruffs, gold lace and powdered hair, were admirable representations of the prevailing fashion of "ye olden times." The stately step, the slow and rhythmic time, the sweeping courtesies and profound bows, that were eloquent of respect and homage, altogether formed what might be characterized as the poetry of motion. As the wild rush of modern dancing was contrasted with the stately movement of the past, one could not but regret with Burke that "the age of chivalry is gone."

Somewhat in the style of a matinee performance was the operetta given by the Juniors. With a little dexterity the recreation room was arranged for the presentation of the play, a row of Chinese lanterns giving picturesqueness to the scene. All taking part in the operetta acquitted themselves in a pleasing manner, thus showing what little Misses can do when inspired with the motive of honoring the Father of his Country.

The Flower Lies Folded in the Bud.

On one of nature's rarest days in spring I chanced to wander through a beautiful garden of an estate in the southern part of Mississippi. The park lay in all the glory of the noon-day sun; the rich, green carpet formed a luxuriant background for the myriad white and bright-hued blossoms that seemed in strange contrast with the yet winter-bound flora of the North, and birds and trees, sky and running waters combined to paint a scene of fairy-like charms.

Standing on a little knoll in the garden, I let Fancy hold sway for a few moments, and with her eyes I beheld the sunbeams around the budding branches softly inviting the blossoms to come forth; at their warm touch, petal after

petal spread itself, until the air was heavy with the perfume exhaled from golden hearts of orange and magnolia blossoms. This gradual unfolding of the flowers awakened a new train of thoughts—thoughts of gratitude to the Author of all this beauty, and of wonder at the numerous lessons taught by a simple opening flower-bud.

Looking at the human family as upon the blossom, how closely does not the development or unfolding of the young heart resemble the growth of the fruit buds! Who could dream of the myriad thoughts, the hopes and fears concealed by the curtain formed of the changing months? The unassuming maiden on her way to school may, as petal after petal of life's years are unfolded, influence the hearts of many for good or for evil. The little boy, wandering from his path chasing butterflies, studying nature, close to nature's heart in the woods and along the river side, may carry with him the power to hold multitudes spellbound by his genius. The quiet youth who speaks but few words may, despite his seeming want of activity, become a thinker whose sway will be acknowledged by thousands.

In the blossom time of Longfellow's life, little did they who smiled at his first poetic efforts dream of the heart-touching words his pen was to trace. When Samuel Clemens longed with all a boy's ardor to become a pirate, or, if not that, a waiter on a river steam-boat, it was far from the minds of those who knew him that he would one day represent to the English-speaking world the type of American humorists. But mental endowments are not the only ones hidden in youth-tide. A St. Francis of Assisi, a St. Thomas Aquinas, or a Curé d'Ars may dwell under the guise of an ordinary child; until in the sunlight of God's providence it becomes a part of His plan to have the fragrance of their virtues borne to the hearts of men.

The likeness between the blossom and the unfolding of youth is seen also in the dangers that beset both. The breath of frost and the touch of disease may blight the promise of the bud, so the young may be affected by surroundings, by sin, by the chill of unbelief, the infection of bad example; or they may close their hearts to the influence of the warm sunlight shed upon them in order to develop their every power. The necessity of moisture for the plant life finds a parallel in the human flower; for the dews of disappointment and the rains of sorrow are necessary, if the buds of life are to come to maturity. But with care and guidance, just as the blossoms yield fruit in due season, so will

youth, if guarded from the dangers which threaten, grow in silence and in strength, producing fruits of good deeds, until the Harvest, when all will be garnered by angel hands for the courts of Heaven.

ELIZABETH NESTER.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, E. Burns, M. Burns, K. Barry, Bell, Brady, A. Butler, Buell, Byers, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Culp, L. Clifford, D. Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, M. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Goge, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kauffmann, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, Marrinan, Morehead, McGuire, M. McDonald, Maxon, Nacey, L. Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, M. Patier, Payne, Pfaelzer, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, Smyth, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Singler, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, Whitney, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Boyle, Baxter, Berg, Coady, L. Dreyer, B. Davis, A. E. Dennison, Ford Field, A. Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Kline, Kasper, Londoner, Mills, Nacey, Palmer, Ryder, Scott, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, N. Smyth, L. Schaefer, Tilden, Wolverton, Williams, White, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, H. Girsch, Lingard, Murray, McCarthy, McKenna, McCormack, Palmer.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses E. Adelsperger, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Morse, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, Wile.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bassett, E. E. Dennison, Lynch, M. Moynahan, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, Thirds.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, R. Butler, Charles, Davis, Dempsey, Green, M. Kirley, Kimmell, Klingberg, Lewis, Ludwig, Murison, Patier, Roberts, Robinson, M. Smith, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Zahm, Carpenter.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bell, M. Clifford, A. Cooper, Farwell, Grace, Galvin, Hellmann, Higgins, L. Holmes, Hutchinson, Keating, Londoner, N. Moore, Morehead, McCune, M. Nichols, Pengemann, E. Seeley, Van Mourick, Wagner, Wurzburg, Whitney, Kinney, Kiernan.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bogart, Buell, A. Butler, L. Griffith, Hammond, Hunt, M. Kelly, Kieffer, G. Lancaster, Lennon, Lichtenhein, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, Nichols, O'Sullivan, Quinn, Jacobs, Rizer, A. Seeley, Tod, Wolverton.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Agney, Black, M. Dennison, Dingee, Hopkins, Kingsbaker, Sena, L. Adelsperger, Baxter, Doble, Nacey, Hickey, Hopper, White.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses A. Augustine, Rothschild, M. Russert, Singler.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Coady, A. Cowan, Dreyer, Girsch, J. Smith, Williams.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, Ford, Finnerty, McKenna, McCormack, Ryder, Tilden, Wheeler.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Ahern, Buckley, Girsch, Lingard, McCarthy, Palmer.