

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 19, 1892.

No. 28.

Ode.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Like a rare emerald in whose glowing heart
Imprisoned lie the rays of many a star,
Like a sweet harp whose strings all silent are
Because no bard has touched it with his art—
Like rootlets dry whose hidden vital part
Has not been quickened by the sun's soft fire,
In which lie hid the leaves that from the mire
Will thrill with life, and in spring upward dart,
The Island of our love lay palled in doom
When Patrick came across the changing sea.
And at his touch the emerald showed its light,
The harp awoke, and from the earth's sad gloom
The shamrock burst; and Faith and Charity
Blessed all the land, and Hope rose to his sight.

Apostle of the West! We men that spring
From Erin's sons who are the kings to be,
Strong-hearted, armed in holy purity,—
Cry out to-day, and loud thy praises sing.

Great Saint, who, standing near the Lord of lords,
Near to the throne of God, Star of our Light.
Thou lover of the truth, thy face more bright
Than seraph touching the eternal chords!

Among the praises that we offer, Saint,
Are sighs and groans: O look thou down on those
Who suffer death and worse than all death's woes,
Their children's pain, who hunger and are faint!

Among thy hymnals there are sighs and tears
From hearts that love thee and who, weeping, pray:
"Christ's will be done! and if no other day
Shine on our heads, His light will soothe our fears

Beyond the door of death." Resigned are they,
Though the whole land is dark before their eyes,
And still beyond no hopeful stars arise,
Thou art the fiery pillar in their way.

Through famine and through fever, sword and fire,
Through the slow torture of a hopeless lot,
They kept the Faith, and keep it, falter not,
Till Christ in Heaven give them their desire.

What nation suffered as this land of thine?
Whose life-blood ebbed away from day to day,
Whose footsteps were of blood on the hard way,
That led to God and thee. As grapes for wine

She has been crushed by sorrow, far and wide,
Emerald and sunlit shows the land at noon;
But ruins greet the silver of the moon,
And the fair valleys death and hunger hide.

We, brethren of thy children, we who spring
From thy great race that dwelleth over sea.
Have offered gold and corn; we cry to thee:
"Heal thou their greater wounds!" that bards may sing

No longer of *past* glories,—Erin thine,
More thine than ever in her pride and joy,
May give thee praise with none of grief's alloy,
Not signeted with pain or sorrow's sign.

Emerald and gold shines in the fair sunlight
Our Erin's flag, yet in its waving folds,
Hide hideous shadows; death the dear land holds
Glooming the places which should be all bright.

Apostle of the World! Great Patrick, thou
Hast taught all nations by thy children's words,
In crowded cities, where the untamed herds
Browse on the prairies, children learn to bow

Their reverent heads at sound of holy name;
Amid far jungles, near the Hindoo fane,
Thy children teach, and never teach in vain,
Through all the nations they have spread thy fame.

The Heavens praise thee, for in Heaven dwell,
Around the lamb, the host that thou hast raised
From outer darkness: where thou art not praised
The fallen angels rave low down in hell.

Like some great mine hid in the depths of earth,
Where stores of gold lie hidden from the view,
Or germs of oak-trees buried from the dew,
Waiting for spring to bring them into birth,
Like some great slave upheaving in his mirth
Huge rocks from cannons, who, enthralled, knew
Naught of his soul; only to nature true,
Asleep to all that is of higher worth.

And thus the New World, when Columbo came,
And thus our country, till our fathers fled
From their green land in sorrow, as of old
The Prince of Eden from the sword of flame,
Though they were guiltless; then as from the dead
The land arose; the mine gave up its gold
The seed expanded, and no more the same
Shone in the Sun of Faith; and on his head
(The slave awakened)—cleansing water rolled.

O Saint and saviour—after Him who died
To save the world,—look on thy Celtic race;
Thou who didst drive vile creatures from the face
Of thy dear Isle, and left her, far and wide,

Famed for her freedom from the foes that ride
Abroad by day and night; the precious vase
Upon the roadside lay; the slimy trace
Of lust was banished—keep back unfaith's tide.

Worse than the famine or the fever pangs,
Worse than the hoofs upon the mother's breast
Of cruel tyrants, are the enemies
That lie in wait with many-venomed fangs
For all thy children in this sunny West,
Where El Dorado, Land of Promise, lies;
Save thou to-day thy children from the doom
Of thee denying; Pastor, lead thy sheep
From poisoned springs and upas-shaded ways.
Show us fixed hope beyond our present gloom,
Let not soft comfort drowse our souls to sleep;
Better the famine that makes long the days
And full of torture in our Motherland—
*Better the hidden Mass, the prayer by stealth,
The fiery fever, or the veins that freeze
In winter's cold—than that thy sacred hand
Should cease to bless us. Hold back peace and wealth,
But guard our Faith from all adversities.*

Home Rule for Ireland.

BY HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

I shall not speak here of the glories of ancient Ireland; I shall not boast of the valor of her sons or the purity of her daughters, but will make a few remarks on the greatest living question of the age—Home Rule for Ireland.

Home Rule for Ireland! That is the question that agitates, not alone the Celt and the Saxon, but holds the attention of civilized mankind. After seven hundred years of plunder, robbery and oppression, all that Ireland asks is the right to manage her own affairs—to be independent, though still a part of the British Empire—to be to England what a single state is to our Union. Ireland's demand is the birth of centuries. To know why Ireland should demand Home Rule let us take a glance at Ireland in the past and see what is the spirit of her history. Trace that history back to the time when the Milesians left their homes on the plains of Shenar; when the Druids held their congresses in the Halls of Tara; when the king with his Brehons administered justice, and you will find Ireland a land of law and liberty. While the Northman and the Saxon lived a savage life in the forests; while Babylon was ruled by a stranger; while the Greeks still fought their Macedonian foe, Ireland was cultivating the arts and sciences. With the dawn of Christianity came the sun-burst of her glory, and for three centuries Ireland was the happiest and most prosperous of the nations. After the fall of the Roman Empire the world was swept by a mighty storm. The Mussulman overran the East and blighted Christianity in its apostolic home; the Huns and Vandals

made desolation in the West, and the Saracen destroyed in Asia and the dark continent what the Goth had spared. The Northmen conquered England and France, and in the latter part of the eighth century landed in Ireland. They demolished the churches, pillaged the palaces, and burned the cottages of the land. Ireland at that time, like all other countries, was divided into principalities, and at no time did all the princes unite against the invader. After three hundred years of terrible war the Northmen fled, and Ireland was still an independent nation.

From the effects of this incessant war Ireland had not recovered when the Anglo-Norman came, under the pretence of friendship and religion; and his stay, God knows, was neither friendly nor religious. Like Count Julian, the traitor of Spain, McMurrough admitted the invader. With dissimulation England came, and with dissimulation, treachery and the sword has England ruled her sister isle for more than seven centuries. Since the invasion of Strongbow many and fierce have been the conflicts of the oppressed and the oppressor, of right and wrong, of liberty and slavery. Unfortunately, there was dissension in Ireland—the necessary effect of three hundred years of unceasing war with the Northmen. This germ of dissension England nurtured until it has almost ruined Ireland's hopes of freedom. For three hundred years England had possession of only a strip of land on the eastern border of the nation—known as the "Pale." It took England over three hundred years more to completely conquer the rest of the island. England never conquered Ireland by the sword; she conquered her by treachery and gold. England fostered rebellion because it brought confiscation; and insurrection was the harvest of adventurers. Her soldiers gathered like wolves to the battle; they entered the strife for its booty, and received the soil of the man whom they slaughtered. The crops were destroyed, the houses burned, the schools demolished, the churches sacked, the property despoiled and the people massacred. Such was the state of Ireland during the reign of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

In the time of Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, there was a great era in the world's history. A new life was palpitating among the nations; civilized humanity, enslaved for centuries, arose in its dignity and broke forever the chains of the Feudal System. Columbus opened a way to the New World; the Dutch swept the Spaniards out of the fine old towns of Holland; commerce enlarged her boundaries; wealth increased her enterprise; independence

flourished with industry. On the wings of the wind and the crest of the billow was carried the joyous shout of liberated millions. In this grand chorus of the nations, Ireland, the fairest isle of all the seas, with all the sources of prosperity, lay like a ruin in moon-light where pirates had gathered to divide their spoils. Under the cruel Tudors four-fifths of the people died in defending their altars, their homes and their country. Yet greater horrors were in store for Ireland under the cowardly Stuarts and Cromwell. The laws of England were directed against the education, the property and the lives of the people. Agriculture was blasted, commerce destroyed and the people murdered or exterminated. Cromwell ruled Ireland by fire and sword. What his soldiers could not kill or destroy they set on fire. Not a house, not a tree, not a human being did he leave on his track. You can follow his course in Ireland to-day as you do a tiger by the lairs where he went to rest, or by the bloody fragments where he tore his prey. Who can think of Cromwell's deeds at Drogheda and Wexford, and not abhor with all his soul England's rule and bloody Cromwell? There helpless men and women had their brains dashed out against the wall, and the babes were hurled into the air, and caught upon the soldier's pikes when coming down! This was English rule! This was English civilization! Oh, England; if another stain could be put upon your banner that stain would be the blood of the men of Drogheda and of Wexford!

Could Irishmen grow rich when their lands were confiscated and their homesteads burned? Should Irishmen submit to those who made their lands a wilderness? Should they submit to those who left their homes in ashes? Should they submit to those who butchered the women, slaughtered the children and hanged the ministers of God? No! by Heaven, no! I am proud to say there were men in Ireland then and men in Ireland to-day who would never yield, though they offered the last drop of Irish blood as a holocaust on the altar of liberty! Had you then stood on Irish soil and seen the wide and general devastation—the fields without a blade of grass, the forests only in their ashes, the towns deserted and in ruins, the inhabitants dead from famine, fire and sword—had you asked yourself: what pestilence has overrun the land? what affliction of Providence has laid waste the plains? what awful monster has stalked o'er the soil, leaving nothing in its track but death and desolation? what scourge has come upon the people leaving their bones to bleach on mountain, hill and lowland? None of those

causes' would have been the answer. No pestilence has overrun the land! No affliction of Providence has laid waste the plains! No awful monster has stalked o'er the soil leaving death on his track! No scourge has come upon the people leaving their bones to bleach upon their native soil! No! no! no! would have come from the crimson tombs of the martyred dead. This is English friendship! these are the fruits of English laws and Cromwell's civilization!

Under the first James and Cromwell, the land of Ireland was all confiscated and given to English adventurers and Scotch planters, who preferred to live in Ireland rather than go to penal servitude or die upon the gallows. In these the title of the land was vested. It is the descendants of these men—this scum of society—who are the landlords of Ireland to-day. Under the Georges there are only two bright pages in Irish history, the Revolution of 1782 and Catholic Emancipation in 1829.

The shadow of death hung over Ireland when Cornwallis gave up his sword at Yorktown. As the cry of victory rose from young and vigorous America it rolled across the blue Atlantic and inspired the Irish Volunteers of 1782. They thought of the words of the immortal Patrick Henry, the cannon's roar at Lexington, the charge at Bunker Hill, the songs that rose through all the land, the swords that gleamed in every hand, the American cry for liberty! They were imbued with the doctrines of Molyneux, Swift and Lucas; and Flood and Grattan gave their passions sublime expression. The Irish legislature was then but a shadow of the English; and in the name of regenerated Ireland and at the head of the Volunteers, Grattan entered the House in College Green, and, raising his voice, till the old oaks resounded, proclaimed Ireland once more an independent nation.

For eighteen years the prosperity of Ireland was unparalleled by the history of any other country. The population rose to eight millions, the national debt was almost nothing, the country happy, and England found an able competitor in every mart of trade. This roused English jealousy, and Pitt and his ministry laid a trap for the destruction of the Irish Parliament.

Like the awful eruption of a great volcano came the French Revolution. Its convulsions crossed to Ireland, and under the direction of the English ministry it caused the insurrection of 1798. The rebellion in Ireland was unsuccessful but not dishonorable. The rivers of Ireland ever since have paid unceasingly their tribute to the ocean, but they have not washed away

the heroic memories of the men who fell upon their banks. A century of summers has brought fruits and flowers; a century of winters has robbed her of her fertile charms and wound her in the icy shroud of death. Summer and winter, the fruits and flowers of the one, the snows and storms of the other, have come and gone, but the spirit that fired the patriots of '98 still lives. Think of the time when Irish homes were ransacked and ravished, infancy robbed of its innocence, womanhood of respect! Think of the broken hopes, the burned homes, the violated families! Think of the time when men without arms and without discipline feared not to meet their foe and walk into the jaws of death to save the honor of their homes and the liberty of their country! Think of that time and say should Irishmen be ashamed to speak of '98? Should they be afraid to speak of Tandy, Murphy, Russell, McCracken, the Sheares, Fitzgerald, Emmet and Wolf Tone? Oh! where is the Irishman who fears to speak of those who found the felon's cap and filled a martyr's grave!

Ireland lost her Parliament in 1800. Her prosperity was paralyzed by the Act of Union. Her spirit seemed to have died with Curran and Grattan and the men of '98, when suddenly a great man arose—a man whose courage never failed, whose perseverance was unsubdued, whose genius was incomparable; the idol of his race, the leader of his country—the immortal Daniel O'Connell. Ireland was his platform, and mankind was his audience. For three hundred years a Catholic could not sit in the British Parliament. O'Connell, an Irish Catholic, knocked at the door and demanded admission. He was at first refused admittance. In the name of a united Ireland, in the name of justice and suffering humanity, he ordered the doors to be opened, and King George and the Government, with the conqueror of Napoleon at its head, had to yield to the wishes of the great O'Connell. In less than a year, by the power of his eloquence, backed by a great organization, he carried the bill of Catholic Emancipation.

I will not speak of the famine of '47, when two and a half millions of the people died of hunger; nor of the famine of '79, whose effects were checked by the kindness of free and generous America. It might be asked why is Ireland visited by periodic famines? It is because the rich soil of Ireland is a pasture land for the landlord's sheep and cattle, while the bleak hillside or the barren mountain face is the home of the poor tenant. No mines are open because the landlords prevent it as they have complete titles. Commerce is crippled because competi-

tion would be against the interests of England, and the people have to part with almost all the products of the land as rent. The only means of sustenance is agriculture, and this is not successful, for the good land the people do not hold.

The people of Ireland to-day do not ask to retake the rich lands of their forefathers; they do not even ask to get free the lands on which they live, although they have paid their value a hundred times in rent to which the landlords had no right. They are willing to pay in instalments the landlords a fair price for this stolen land. But free lands would amount to nothing if the Irish people could not manage their own affairs. Hence the demands of the Irish people for Home Rule, or the right to legislate for Ireland in a Parliament of their own. This is the great demand of Irishmen to-day. For the last fifteen years Ireland has been the arena of a great political struggle. The democracy of England, of Scotland and Wales, and the liberal party led by England's greatest statesman, Wm. Ewart Gladstone, have been converted by the eloquence and indomitable courage of Ireland's representatives. Almost in the hour of victory Ireland's leader, Ireland's immortal leader, fell, and his fall broke the solid phalanx of the Irish race. But the cause of Ireland did not fall with the fall of Parnell. It has lived seven centuries and will not die in a day. Unfortunately of late there have been faction fights in Ireland caused by misguided zeal. The Tory politicians and English landlords say that as the Irish fight they are not fit for freedom. The same reasons were given against America before the Revolution. The only cure for Irish discontent is *freedom*. When the prisoner leaves his dungeon he cannot bear the light of day; is this a reason he should be kept forever in bondage? Accustom him to the rays of the sun and he will soon be able to bear it. After seven centuries of imprisonment, Irishmen see through the bars, and if they are unable yet to bear the light, who can blame them? Give Irishmen full freedom, and faction fights will forever end.

Should Ireland get Home Rule? Ah! look at the state of Ireland to-day. Who can tell her sufferings? Her sufferings are not unknown. They are written in characters of blood; they are told by the hungry looks of a starving population; they are told by the neglected fields and silent factories; they are told by the desolation that stares you on every side; they are told by the little child that asks you for an alms; they are told by the hungry looks of the poor woman as she totters to the grave.

Ireland's tale of sorrow is told by the moan

of the sea which is agitated by the winds that dispel the clouded fringe bringing night and day to every clime. It is spoken by the sails of every ship that wanders over ocean. It is told by the crash of the trees in our primeval forests that fall before the axe of the emigrant. But why do I stop to state the case of Ireland? Why should I? Is that case not stated by the famine-stricken emigrant in Castle Garden? Is it not printed in the wayworn looks of the dear old mother who bids adieu forever to the green old land that gave her birth? Speak of Ireland's history? No! for that has been spoken of by the orators and statesmen of Ireland on the platform and in the senate; it has been written in monumental stone and statue in France and Spain, in Austria, in the Abbey of Westminster and in St. Paul's, New York, as well as in Glasneven, Dublin.

Oh! how long is Ireland's history to be written thus? How long are Irishmen to live in want in their own land, or be sent as beggars among the stranger? By what right do the descendants of Cromwell's brigands hold Ireland in their iron grasp? By what right do they take the fruits of the land they till not? By what authority do they unroof the cabin and leave the inmates to die by the way-side? By what right under heaven do they still keep their grip on poor Ireland? Are thirty millions of Irish blood to stand like cowards and see their country made a commonage for robbers? Are they to fight with one another because their once great leader fell? Are they to waste the powers of war when they should march for the enemy?

HOME RULE! let Irishmen remember, is their battle cry. Let them read aright the history of their country; let them kill dissension, the demon of the Irish cause; let them be united; let their war-cry be, "Ireland and Freedom!" and, by the God of eternal justice, Ireland shall, Ireland *must*, once more take her place among the nations!

Free Coinage of Silver.*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—My friend and colleague, Mr. Chute, has dealt with the historical side of the question, and it only remains for me to speak of the issues raised in the debate, and refute the arguments of the gentlemen on the opposition. I have listened with admiration to their eulogies pronounced

* Argument on the affirmative presented in Washington Hall in the debate given under the auspices of the University Law Society on the evening of March 12.

on gold, and cannot help thinking that their plea does not arise from their belief in the usefulness of gold as money. I think they have an eye on the "Keeley Institute," where it may be used as a medicine for one of "the ills that flesh is heir to." I am surprised at the stand they take. Men of such democratic tendencies as they should not be blinded by a little gold dust. They do not seem to see the question in all its bearings, or view it from an impartial standpoint.

The silver controversy is a contest between the bond holders, money lenders and those having fixed incomes on the one side, and the laboring, agricultural and commercial classes on the other. The former want silver demonetized that the gold, or the notes they hold, may become more valuable; and the latter want it to be freely coined that the volume of currency may keep pace with the growth of population.

This much-discussed but little-understood problem is simply a question of the use of money. Money is like the water in a race course: when abundant, the wheels turn readily, business moves healthfully, and prosperity abounds; when scarce, the wheels revolve no more, the machinery is idle, useful labor is no more employed, the smoke no longer gracefully curls like banners in the sky, prosperity is checked, and gaunt poverty stalks through the desolate marts of trade.

The currency of our country consists of metallic coin, and paper money issued on a gold and silver basis. At the present time the coinage of silver, and the issuing of silver certificates are limited. I hold that this discrimination against silver makes it a commodity, and that it will in the end lead to monometallism. We have two great kinds of money here to-day—the one real, the other credit or paper money. The Government issues notes which are payable in specie. Now, if the credit money of the Government were presented for payment in gold, could it be redeemed? We know that only 46 per cent. of its credit money is represented by gold. If we had free coinage of silver, the other 54 per cent. could be redeemed in specie; and as the volume of gold and silver would increase, notes could be issued on these as a basis, and money would freely flow through the channels of trade, giving life and vigor to the industries of the nation.

Have we enough money here to-day? Everyone who holds not gold says no. Why is money scarce? It is scarce because, eighteen years ago, the gold owners of the world combined to demonetize silver and put it on the markets a

a commodity. These men compelled most of the governments of Europe, and forced the United States, to accede to their demands. There was then in the world \$7,500,000 of gold and silver in circulation. To-day, according to the estimates of the Director of the mint, there is about \$3,750,000, or one half that sum. The United States felt the withdrawal of this money more than any other nation. In 1873, by the leaving out of a few words in the revision of the statutes, silver was demonetized. To carry on the Civil War, our Government had to issue bonds. These were bought up generally by foreigners; and by the demonetization act these bonds became payable in gold. While the monometallists deluded the masses of the people by sophistry and highly-colored sentiments of sympathy, they played into the hands of the foreign bond-holders, and gold fled the country. Who can depict the misery that followed this act? Think of a country just emerging from the ravages of war—of a country robbed of half her money—of lands laid waste and homes made desolate; of the wild cries of ruin and despair! Had you been there and asked, why are the stores and factories closed? why does the virgin soil of a new land remain untouched by the ploughshare? why does the spirit of industry not infuse new life into the nation? The answer would have come from hamlet, town and city: the factories and stores are closed, the land remains unploughed, and we are left in misery because the life-blood of commerce has been sucked out by the gold leaches that infest the land. For five years the people struggled for their rights in vain. For five years their remonstrance was unheard. At last they spoke in a voice that shook the Government to its centre, and silver was remonetized. But the strings of politics were so manipulated that the coinage of silver was limited, so that the gold men can still control the market. We want to break forever the power of those men who brought ruin and desolation on the country from '73 to '78; and that only can be done by the free coinage of silver.

It is conceded that money is scarce; what is to be done? The gold man says: issue more paper on a gold basis. It is a bad policy—it is a dangerous policy for the Government to issue more credit money than it can redeem; for every financial institution wants to augment its reserve and lessen its credit. The moneyed concerns of the country must have gold at all hazards; and when they cannot pay their notes in specie they become insolvent, and insolvency destroys business. It would be impossible to-day

to find gold enough to sustain all the financial establishments that now exist, and to manage the vast fabric of credit on a basis of gold. To keep pace with the progressive spirit of the age and meet the wants of the people, we must have more money,—we must have free silver coinage.

Why should we not have free coinage? Is silver not the money used by three-fourths of the people? Is it not the medium of exchange in the multifarious transactions of life? Is it not the money that passes from hand to hand in everyday business matters? But our gold friends say the silver dollar is not worth a hundred cents, and therefore is not honest. Why is it not worth a hundred cents? Was it ever worth that sum? Ah! there's the rub! Since the gold syndicates of the world have got control of the money market and the monetary system of the great powers, gold has appreciated almost 40 per cent., and silver has depreciated because it is now reduced to a commodity by Legislation. From the time of the Revolution to 1873, silver was on a par with gold, and sometimes three per cent. above it. If we had free coinage of silver it would come to par again. This is what the gold bugs fear. If the supply of gold were greater than that of silver, those men who are now the greatest enemies of free coinage would be the first to ask for the demonetization of gold. This is not fancy; this is a fact proved by history. The men who clamor loudest against silver coinage to-day were in league with the men of Germany and Austria, who, in the fifties, forced the governments of those countries to demonetize gold, because there was then an abundant supply of that metal from the mines of California and Australia. When the supply was less than the demand, Germany and Austria were forced again to adopt the gold standard.

After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 Germany received \$100,000,000 in gold from France. Germany was then able to adopt the gold standard without bringing ruin on herself. France was able to stand this terrible drain because her monetary system was based on bimetallism. Despite her vacillating Government, she is now in such a flourishing fiscal condition that last year the Bank of France was able to save the Bank of England from insolvency by the timely loan of \$150,000,000. England adopted the gold standard because she is the great creditor nation of the world, and the emporium of exchange. But the United States is a debtor nation and cannot adopt this policy with safety. The governments of Europe, which have adopted the gold stand-

ard, are not to be complimented. Listen to the murmurs of the multitude that throng the streets of Berlin and Vienna; listen to the wailings that rise from the Balkans to the Rhine, from the snow-clad Alps to the icy plains of Scandinavia, and say do these not forbode a social revolution that shall come with an earthquake's shock to shake the hoary dynasties of Europe? And is scarcity of money not the prime factor in the great social problem now agitating the world?

The gold whiners revive the stale theory that if we adopt free coinage the country will be deluged with silver; that gold will leave the land. This theory is not based on facts nor supported by experience. Gold will not leave the country, because it is worth more silver here than in Europe; and silver will produce more gold there than it will here; therefore gold will not go there to exchange for silver, and silver will not come here to exchange for gold. The silver dollar here in bullion is worth six cents more than in Europe. To adopt our standard ratio for silver and gold, Europe would have to tax her population for over \$143,000,000, besides pay ten per cent. taxes and cost of transportation. Europe's only stock of silver is her money, and the people there appreciate its worth as well as we do. Silver will not come from England, Germany, Denmark or the Scandinavian peninsula, because all the silver they hold is required as subsidiary coin; it will not come from the countries of southern Europe, as they have no surplus; it will not come from France or the nations of the Latin Union, for they are pledged to pay in specie all the notes they have issued; it cannot come from Asia, as India, the only silver-producing country on the continent, is drained of its overplus by England, if it have any; it will not come from the South American States because they have none to spare. Where, then, can it come from? It can only come from home. Our country produces half the silver of the world, and if it were freely coined here, silver would take its place as money again in other countries, and a market for our silver and the products of our soil would be created abroad. But why do I stop to refute this empty theory? Why was not the country deluged with silver from the time of the Revolution to '73?

Why did gold leave the country from '73 to '78, when silver was made subsidiary coin? Why is it, since the passing of the Bland Act in '78, that the exportation of gold diminished with the increase of the coinage of silver? The croakers cannot bring themselves to see this. Unfortunately, there are among us citizens men who shut their eyes to the light and refuse to see these things. They point and cling to the exception rather than the rule. They are by nature croakers. Say to them that the sky is clear, and they tell you portentous storms lie just below the horizon, and must soon darken the firmament and sweep over the land. Say that the sun shines brightly, and they tell you that there are spots in it, and that scientists think that it

will finally be consumed and burned, becoming cold and dead like the moon. Say that prosperity abounds, and they point to some Micawber or tramp whose nature revolts at the thought of honest toil. They are croakers, cranks and pessimists. Some men are so constituted by nature. As Milton tells us in his sublime epic, even among the angels there were vindictive and rebellious malcontents, who found fault with the order of things in heaven, and raised there the standard of revolt. We are informed that they were overcome, driven out and confined to a place called Sheol, which is reputed to be quite antipodal to the holy kingdom. Their experience should surely be a warning to the pessimists and gold bugs of our own day. I do not share in their despondent prophecies of evil. I never hear unpatriotic sentiments and slanderous expressions upon our country without becoming irritated, if not offended. And how untrue is all their wailing? How unfounded their prophecy?

Last summer, during vacation, I made a trip to Iowa. As I travelled thither I saw around and before me unnumbered evidences of God's blessing upon this favored land. I saw the sun shining in the heavens and casting his glorious rays upon the landscape. I saw the fields of golden grain. I beheld in generous plenitude the ripened wheat and the ripening corn. I saw here and there, in the picture of unparalleled plenty, horses, sheep and cattle. I saw the rivers flow in their accustomed channels to lake and sea. I saw them filled with boats and steamers and ships. I saw the railroads busy as never they were before. I heard the din of whirling wheels, and saw the smoke of factories floating cloud-like across the face of heaven. I saw new houses springing up as if by the wand of the enchanter in every town and city. I saw the willing workers everywhere employed. I saw a peaceful, happy and prosperous land, despite the wailing of those who declared that evil and catastrophies would come upon us if we did not demonetize silver.

As we yearly increase the coinage of silver, our country in prosperity grows. Then why not have free coinage? What do we fear? Does a healthful circulation of money not raise the wages of the laborer, give an impetus to agriculture and to commerce? Does it not cover our country with a network of railroads? Does it not raise temples to education and religion? Does it not make the desert bloom with flowers? Does it not keep liberty itself alive? Therefore, in the name of those that till the soil and engage in commerce, in the name of all the mighty millions that make our country what it is, in the name of progress, in the name of civilization, in the name of liberty itself, I say, give the people free coinage that "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" may still keep the lead as the greatest, the grandest, the most glorious of the nations!

HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

guarantee of something creditable in the extreme.

At the conclusion of the selection by the trio the members of the Columbian Society presented Shakspeare's tragedy of "Richard III." Merely to say that the boys did well would not begin to give a sufficient idea of the complete success that crowned their efforts. Seldom, indeed, have amateurs ever interpreted their parts with more skill, or showed more perfect conception of the characters they sustained. Each and every part was rendered with a dramatic power that would have done no discredit to professionals on the stage. Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, in the character of *Richard*, was simply superb. His interpretation of this archfiend of English history was true to tradition, and in many parts his acting rose to the heights of artistic impersonation. In one dramatic situation of the play, by his pose and facial expression alone he won the thundering applause of the large audience; and through the whole of the play his impersonation was repeatedly greeted with the heartiest applause. It is the general opinion of those who have attended the plays of recent years that no such genuine dramatic ability has been seen on the stage at Notre Dame as that displayed by Mr. O'Donnell in his portrayal of this most trying and difficult character, and that no other amateur has approached quite so near to the perfection of the professional artist.

The Columbians gave, in part, Colley Cibber's arrangement of "Richard III.," which opens at the last act of Henry VI. In this latter character Mr. John Kearns surprised even his most sanguine friends. The part was given with the power and skill that made it a matter of regret that *Richard* should have killed so grand an actor so early in the play. His successor, Mr. Robert Healy as *King Edward IV.*, ably sustained the part of royalty so well undertaken by Mr. Kearns. In the passionate speech of *Edward* bewailing the death of *Clarence*, his rich and resonant voice came to the aid of an impressive countenance and well-timed gestures, and lent a peculiar charm to the scene.

Mr. Maurice Cassidy as the *Duke of Clarence* gave a sympathetic rendition of Clarence's dream. In the Tower scene he and Messrs. F. Powers and Wm. Burns presented a most difficult and intensely dramatic situation with a truly realistic touch. Messrs. Burns and Powers later on, as the *Lord Mayor of London* and the *Earl of Oxford*, lent to these dignified positions a grace and bearing that could hardly have been expected from two who had so recently showed

such earnestness and realism in the butchery of the Duke of Clarence.

The character of the *Duke of Buckingham* was impersonated by Mr. F. Bolton in a way that left nothing to be desired. His stage presence and his lofty bearing would have done honor to the Duke himself. Throughout the long and difficult part he made an able second to Mr. O'Donnell's *Richard*, and won encomiums from a cultured audience for the clever interpretation of a well-conceived part. Messrs. T. Ansbery, D. Murphy and J. Devanny as *Lords Hastings* and *Stanley* and *Sir William Catesby* were unexceptionable; and each put fire and action into his respective part that never allowed the interest for a moment to flag. Messrs. Frizzelle, Flynn, Stanton, Carroll and Rudd took their parts in such a way as to bear up the entire creditableness of the performance. As the *Earl of Richmond* Mr. N. S. Dinkle appeared to advantage. His military carriage and fine figure were well set off by an armored suit; and in his fight with *Richard*, in the closing act, he gave a tragic exhibition that put a fitting climax to all that had gone before.

As the *Prince of Wales* and the *Duke of York* appeared Masters A. M. Prichard and James O'Neill, and the little gentlemen divided the honors evenly with their more stalwart competitors. The cast were fortunate in securing two such able Minims to personate the young princes. Both of them have appeared before, and are well known to Notre Dame audiences. Master O'Neill seems to have inherited the histrionic talents of "Monte Cristo." Nothing more piquant or artistic than his mockery of the misshapen *Richard* has ever come from a boy who is just on the verge of his teens.

The stage settings were the most elaborate that have yet been used at Notre Dame. Three entirely new scenes had been added to the stage effects for this occasion; and the fact that they were Prof. Ackerman's designs is a sufficient guarantee of their beauty. The elaborateness of the stage settings aided in making it appear anything but an amateur performance, and showed that the Columbians had spared neither time nor pains to make the presentation of this play an unqualified success. Much of the credit for this complete success was due to the taste and judgment of Professors Charles P. Neil and J. Ackerman who placed their efforts completely at the call of the Columbians. Great credit is due to Messrs. McGrath and Schaack for the excellence of the stage management. The Columbians have made St. Patrick's Day 1892 forever memorable at Notre Dame.

The Irish Cause.*

As each recurring year brings round certain anniversaries, we stop to dwell on that particular theme most suited to the occasion. A few days ago America celebrated a festival that brought to every heart feelings of unmingled joy. To-day, however, we celebrate an anniversary that brings to Irishmen sorrow as well as joy; for we commemorate the name of the redeemer of a land that is not yet free.

You will say that you have heard the story often; that the recital of Ireland's wrongs has become more than a twice-told tale. Alas! it had grown such, long centuries before either you or I were born. But the story of human suffering will never lose its power to awaken the nobler impulses that abide eternal in the soul; and, surely, the recital of a struggle for human freedom will ever retain a peculiar charm to allure the American heart. I feel, therefore, that there need be no apology for asking you, who rejoice in freedom and know its value and its cost, to dwell for a short time on the fate of a sister nation that reckons her term of bondage not by years but by centuries.

It has been the peculiarly sad fate of Ireland, in her long-continued struggle, to see her most valiant sons exiled to fight the battles of freedom in every land except their own. For centuries scarcely a people has lifted an arm against oppression's might, but that Irishmen were foremost in the struggle. By their heroism and self-sacrifice they have helped to break slavery's chains in other lands; and it should be an honor rather than a reproach that in their new-found liberty their hearts turn with increasing tenderness to their mother country whose limbs those chains still bind.

Were Ireland free and prosperous, her children's children in other lands might in time forget her; but so long as she struggles and suffers her exiles will continue to transmit their love of her from father to son, as a thing to be cherished and fostered from generation to generation. Devotion to the traditions of his ancestors marks the true Irishman, no matter under what sky his fortunes may have cast him. Whether he be rejoicing in the liberties of this, our own land, carving out his fortune in some distant colony of Africa, or shaping the destinies of a newer continent in still farther off Australia, he turns on this day, with earnest gaze and longing heart, toward his native land, and deems

* Oration delivered at the celebration by the Columbians on March 17, by J. M. McDONALD, '93.

it an honor to wear the shamrock—the recognized badge of a world-wide brotherhood.

During the seven centuries that have elapsed since England, by fraud and violence, established her power in Ireland, that sovereignty has ever been exercised with an eye single to the advantage of the oppressor. It has been well said that it seems to be an attribute of human nature for men to hate those whom they have injured; and in the course of time English hatred of Ireland reached the point of fiendishness; then religious persecutors gave vent to their rage; and the chapter of blood-curdling horrors that marked it is unequalled in the long list of inhuman atrocities that disfigure the pages of English history. It came to pass that the very name of Irishmen or Catholic acted like an unholy charm to call up the demon of hate in the English breast; and in the days of the good and godly Puritans these names were considered sufficient justification for barbaric massacres that piled up the dead by thousands, and butchered decrepit men, defenseless women and even suckling babes.

It seems almost impossible to realize that the atrocities and cruelties which were systematically planned to blot out the faith in Ireland could have taken place in an age so near our own, or could have emanated from a nation that termed itself civilized and Christian. But the aim of the persecution was to render Catholicity only a memory in the isle that had become its stronghold; and nothing was left undone that could be expected to bring about this result.

The histories of persecutions vary in the details of their atrocities, but their conclusions are always the same. Ireland's case was no exception; and her faith to-day is as fresh and vigorous as at any time since St. Patrick planted the cross upon her shores. It was reserved for our own century to witness the complete triumph of this faith.

History presents no sublimer chapter than that which depicts the immortal Daniel O'Connell, standing at the bar of Britain's Protestant Parliament, and in trumpet tones demanding, in the name of eight millions of his oppressed countrymen, Catholic Emancipation. It was a grander scene than that which Macaulay compared to the times "When, in the august presence of the Roman senate, Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa."

Although Catholic Emancipation was a great boon to the Irish people, it must not be inferred that it remained their only cause for grievance. The system of laws under which they are

still governed is the very epitome of all that is harsh and unjust. Time will not permit me to bring forth in detail the separate charges that might be adduced to substantiate the indictment brought against England's misgovernment of Ireland.

Its self-interest, its tyranny and its persecutions in the times that have preceded our own are written on the pages of history in such lurid lines that "He who runs may read." Because concessions have, ever since the days of O'Connell, been granted to her there are those who innocently fancy that she has now no cause for grievance, and who, when they hear of the present agitation, ask in surprise: "What more does Ireland want?" The answer is short and explicit: She simply wants the right to govern herself—the right to so regulate her domestic affairs that her people may reap the reward of their own toil, and no longer be compelled to labor in the sweat of their brow that intolerant, despotic landlords may live in splendor.

It is by no means far-fetched to charge Ireland's misery on criminal misgovernment. A few facts based on statistics are sufficient to show the futility of any attempt to fasten the blame elsewhere. In the fifty years since the present sovereign of England came to the throne—a period during which prosperity and plenty have been the lot of England, Scotland and Wales—Ireland has seen four millions of her people driven from her shores to seek homes in other lands. Were its government humane and just it would be impossible that forty per cent. of the population of a country would flee from a land whose traditions are woven into the very fibres of their being—a land fertile beyond belief and assuredly not less fair than any on which shines the world-illuminating sun.

During this same period over three and a half millions of people have been evicted from their homes, because they could not force from a more than usually productive soil sufficient harvests to pay the extortionate tribute needed to clothe the landlords in purple and fine linen. Far more heart-sickening than all this, however, is the fact that within the last half of the nineteenth century a million and a half of human beings have wasted away before the gaunt spectre of famine; and yet, we are told, that in this very time of famine, panting horses dragged for shipment heavy loads of Irish produce along roads lined with wretched hovels, in which lay men, women and children perishing for want of bread. That human beings endowed with industry and foresight have perished in droves like beasts of the field because of the partial failure

of a crop of a single year, is an evidence of flagrant misgovernment that no sophistry can explain away. With this knowledge who will ask: What is it that Ireland wants?

At length, however, the universal condemnation of the civilized world has begun to awaken even Englishmen to a sense of their injustice. There has been found in England a leader who has been able to shake off the prejudice of his race and to see in all its heinousness the barbarity of a system that he himself had formerly striven to fasten forever upon the Irish people; and who has that true grandeur of character that enables a man to confess before the world the full measure of his error. At the head of a phalanx of gallant Englishmen, he has allied himself with the Irish leaders, and together, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, they are preaching the gospel of justice, proclaiming it from the house-tops, in the by-ways, in the legislative halls and even at the very foot of the throne. At last the little band of stalwart patriots who have battled through the weary, heart-sickening years have reached a point where they can see the first streaks of the dawn of Ireland's legislative independence. These men are to-day amongst the most striking characters in the world's history. Struggling for justice, they were subjected to coersions; demanding legislative rights, they receive in its place a hostile standing army; manfully pleading their cause, they have won the felon's garb and filled the convict's cell; but despite all this, bright in their hearts has ever glowed the fire of hope, and fixed forever in their minds is the noble aspiration to be free.

Their dreams have ever been filled with sublime visions; they have seen again the green hills of Ireland in possession of her own sons; her dingy villages transformed into abodes of happiness and plenty; they have seen Ireland again restored to the rank that was hers when centuries ago she was the centre of European education; they have seen sitting in College Green, an Irish Parliament freely chosen by all her people without regard to creed or class.

And now the day is dawning that is to usher in the realization of their dreams. A civilized and liberty-loving world has joined these men in their efforts to free a people from bondage. Every breeze comes to them laden with songs of cheer; every wave that washes the green isle lisps its words of sympathy and encouragement. And in a future, not far distant, Ireland shall, at last, inscribe an epitaph on the shaft above the grave of Robert Emmet.

Local Items.

- Squat!
 —Good boy, Fritz!
 —Oh, that top-knot!
 —The Cane Brigade.
 —“Caed mille failthe.”
 —’Rah for the Columbians!
 —Don’t disturb the atmosphere.
 —What’s the matter with St. Patrick’s Guards.
 —They’re all right. Who’s all right? The Guards.
 —Nothing but words of praise were heard on every side for Richard.
 —There were enough whiskers on those citizens to stuff several mattresses.
 —The second series of Essays in the Graduating class of the various courses is due to-day. Don’t forget it!
 —The Columbians retrieved their failure of last year, and well deserved the plaudits bestowed on them.
 —The Class Honors and List of Excellence in the Collegiate Course are postponed for publication till our next issue.
 —The Carrolls take Gymnastics on “pie” days—a fact which, perhaps, accounts for their enthusiasm in this direction.
 —The Band has the thanks of the typos for that delightful serenade on St. Patrick’s Day. May their shadow never grow less!
 —A large invoice of books has been lately received by the Lemonnier Library, an institution which is every day becoming more popular with the students.

—In argument J. R. is weak,
 Dull proof he deems a base restriction;
 He shoots all logic, so to speak,
 But then he’s peerless, quite, in fiction.

—Next week we will publish the subjects of the Essays in the courses of Classics, Sciences, English and Engineering as well as the names of those who will represent the Graduating Class of ’92 at the Annual Commencement in June.

—To-day (Saturday) is St. Joseph’s Day, one of the patronal festivals of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Solemn High Mass was celebrated this morning in the College Church, and religious receptions took place at St. Joseph’s Novitiate. The early hour of going to press precludes more than a mere reference to these solemnities in this number.

—The most artistic badge worn on St. Patrick’s Day was one received from Signor L. Gregori, Firenze, Italy. It was of white silk, decorated with gros-grain green, and bore a design of cross, crozier and mitre intertwined with shamrock exquisitely painted by hand. The recipient desires to express his acknowledgments to the accomplished artist.

—The Crescent Club reception on St. Patrick’s night was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the season. The *élite* of the University were present. Credit is due Messrs. L. Monarch, D. Philips, Ernest DuBrul, E. Chassaing for the delightful manner in which they entertained the company. The club is especially indebted to Professors Paul and O’Dea for the success of the entertainment.

—The Carrolls have again asserted their ability as regards collecting stamps for the missionaries, by leaving their competitors, the Brownsons, “beyond the range of vision.” They (the Carrolls) claim they were only playing with the Brownsons, that they had a full hand all the time, but allowed them a trick in order not to discourage them. (There is something mysterious about this sentence, but we’ll let it pass.—ED.) When they are sure they are all working they will inundate so there will be no chance of their resurrection.

—Although the SCHOLASTIC is not a monthly issue, we cannot refrain from saying “that this college paper, sent out weekly from the University of Notre Dame, Ind., is a credit to its *Alma Mater*. Scholarly essays, often choice poems, carefully-written criticisms appear with a uniformity of excellence which tell us of careful training, indeed, on the part of the students, but also, of the fine scholarly sense of the editors. While fun and frolic and youthful hilarity abound as of right, a certain line of decorum is never outstripped. The modest pages which are given to the pupils of St. Mary’s Academy are also worthy of special mention, and we shall not overlook them. Our college and seminary papers are giving rich promises for our future literary tastes as Catholics.—*Chicago Catholic Home*.

—ST. PATRICK’S DAY has come and gone, and another milestone in our yearly college journey has been left behind us. In pursuance of the time-honored custom, the celebration of the day rested upon the shoulders of the Columbians, and manfully did they sustain the burden. At 8 o’clock a. m. the students attended solemn High Mass. After Mass the band appeared in the Columbian corridor and furnished several selections, most of them being Irish songs and Irish airs, as befitted the day, which were heartily applauded. At noon the students partook of a bounteous spread, and immediately after it they gathered to see a dress parade by the battalion. The snap and precision in drill that the H. L. G. have attained were the admiration of all beholders, and we are justly proud of the Military. After the various companies had withdrawn “St. Patrick’s Guards” appeared on the scene and gave an exhibition drill. Their movements were mostly display of evolutions, and so struck non-military observers and filled them with admiration. “St. Patrick’s Guards” are a new organization two weeks old, consisting of thirty Sorin Hall men. They have no uniforms and

no guns, but are armed with canes, profusely and tastefully decorated with green ribbon. One of the movements that was most admired, and which also excited considerable amusement, was as follows: The men were formed into a close circle, and when the command "Squat!" was given each sat down upon the knees of the one behind him. After many other evolutions the "Guards" marched back to Sorin Hall amid the cheers and plaudits of the enthusiastic students. The only thing that marred in the least the success of their exhibition was the intrusion of an idiotic member of Brownson Hall, who evidently thought himself an extremely comical character. There is no need to mention his name; and hereafter we hope that he will follow the eleventh Commandment—"Mind your own business." All who witnessed the evolutions of the "Guards" were delighted, and hope the Cane Brigade will become a permanent fixture.

At supper Mr. O'Neill proposed three cheers or the Columbians, Mr. O'Donnell and Prof. Neil which were given with a will. At seven o'clock the students participating in the festivities were invited to a reception tendered them by Prof. Edwards, after which they retired, expressing their satisfaction at the manner in which the whole day passed, declaring it to be one of the most memorable days of '91-'92.

—PUBLIC DEBATE.—On Saturday evening the members of the Law Society gave their annual public debate. Everybody came prepared for a rich treat. The youthful politician of Carroll Hall, as well as the dignified representative of Mock Congress, took his seat in Washington Hall with the air of one who felt he was going to learn something "he never knew before." After the bustle and commotion at the entrance had ceased the curtain rose upon the contestants, who were seated on either side of the stage, Col. William Hoynes in the centre.

The exercises were opened by E. Schaack and Quartette who sang "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow." Col. Hoynes then stepped forward, and, in a few select words, introduced the question for debate, suggesting its importance, and trusting that it would certainly prove itself to be of interest to all present. The subject is as follows: "Resolved, That the free and unlimited coinage of silver would promote the material interests of the country and subserve the general welfare."

Mr. Louis P. Chute then took the floor on the affirmative. His arguments were brought mainly from the ancient and modern history of money; his statistics well chosen, and his delivery easy and graceful. He was followed on the negative by Mr. Dudley M. Shivley who brought the question nearer home. He made it more of a personal matter, and took instances from everyday life to prove his assertions. Throughout his whole speech his manner of address was natural, pleasing and attractive.

Mr. James R. Fitzgibbon, also on the negative,

continued somewhat in the same strain as his colleague. His language was choice, his arguments well selected, and his delivery simple, expressive and sincere.

Mr. Hugh O'Neill closed the debate for the affirmative. He is a very enthusiastic speaker, and, having the last word, he said things that his opponents might long to answer. At times he was somewhat satirical in his remarks, calling them "croakers, cranks and pessimists," but he always held the attention of his audience.

The debate was, indeed, a marked success, and reflects credit upon the Law Society in general, as well as those who took part in it. Throughout the debate the speakers were generously applauded when the occasion presented itself. Mr. Shivley was greeted with a storm of applause at the mention of the names of Blaine and Cleveland; but the greatest, perhaps, of the evening was given to Mr. F. Chute, who, with an invisible quartette, sang "The Song that Reached My Heart." This was the last number on the programme, but the *encore* was so imperative that they responded with "The Sailor's Glee." Col. Hoynes thanked those present for their kind attention, and all departed, feeling that they were not disappointed in the least.

—The last case tried in the Moot-Court was Frost *vs.* Snow; L. Whelan and R. E. Frizzelle appearing for the plaintiff, and J. W. Raney and A. B. Chidester for defendant. The trial was begun on Saturday, the 27th ult., which session was occupied in the examination of witnesses. The following Wednesday was employed in the same manner, and the arguments before the jury closed on Wednesday, the 9th inst. The jury was made up of H. L. Ferneding, J. D. McCarrick, J. T. Cullen, F. J. Mason, H. O'Donnell and E. A. McGonigle. The statement was this: Both parties to the suit were residents of Mishawaka; one day last Fall Albert Snow, the defendant, put on the outer edge of the sidewalk in front of his place of business a barrel of fish brine and left it there over night. About six o'clock the next morning Wm. Winter, passing by, saw some cows near the barrel, one of which was endeavoring to reach the brine in the bottom. He drove the animals away and emptied the brine into the gutter just by the sidewalk and left. The cows returned and licked up the brine from the gutter. There was no ordinance against cattle running at large, and it cannot be claimed that they were unlawfully in the street. One of the cows belonged to John Frost, and he considered her a valuable animal. In fact, he had shortly before refused \$100 for her. She had partaken of the brine a little too freely, and died from the effects. The plaintiff claimed \$100 damages as the value of the cow. The evidence was very conflicting. After the instructions by the presiding judge, Col. Hoynes, the jury retired to form their verdict which they rendered for the defendant. Attorney Whelan, deeming the verdict not in

accordance with the instruction, polled the jury, and then made a motion for a new trial, which was granted by the court. The argument for new trial will take place next Wednesday.

—A literary, musical and dramatic entertainment was given by the members of the Columbian Society in Washington Hall, on Thursday last in celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture—"The Hope of Alsace".....*Hermann*
Grand Chorus—"Hark! the Trumpet Calleth"—*Buckley*
University Glee Club.

Address..... R. B. Langan
Vocal Quartette—"Concert Waltz"—E. Harris, F. Chute
E. Schaack, H. Murphy.

Oration of the Day..... J. M. McDonald
Trio—"Hark to the Rolling Drum!".....*Bishop*
J. C. Marmion, L. Thome, F. Schillo.

PART II.

"RICHARD III."

Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry VI..... J. Kearns
King Edward IV..... R. Healy
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, } Brothers { H. O'Donnell
afterwards King, } to King {
George, Duke of Clarence, } Edward { M. Cassidy
Edward, Prince of Wales, } Sons to King { A. Prichard
Richard, Duke of York, } Edward, { J. O'Neill
Henry, Earl of Richmond,
afterwards King Henry VII..... N. Dinkel
Duke of Buckingham..... F. Balton
Lord Hastings..... T. Ansbury
Lord Stanley..... D. Murphy
Lord Mayor of London..... W. Burns
Earl of Oxford..... F. Powers
Bishop of Ely..... C. Rudd
Archbishop of Canterbury..... H. Carroll
Sir William Catesby..... J. Devaney
Sir Richard Ratcliff..... R. Frizzelle
Sir Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant of Ionea, T. Flynn
James Tyrell..... J. Stanton
Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, L. Chute, F. Chute, Dechant, Fitzgerald,* Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, M. Quinlan, Rothert, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Burns, J. Brady, E. W. Brown, Baldwin, Brinin, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, Castenado, Crilly, T. Cummings,† Conroy, Cherhart, Coady, Case, Colby, Cameron, Doheny, Delaney, Devanny, Damsky, Egan, Ellwanger, Elliot, Flynn, Frizzelle, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hennessy, Hartman, Jacobs, Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunert, Ludlow, Libert, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, Magnus, McErlain, Marckhoff, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Maynes, Newton, Olde, O'Donnell, O'Connor, Powers, Chidester, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Rudd, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Sabin, Stace, Vinez, A. Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bearss, Bates, Casey, Cullen, Carpenter, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, F. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Evans, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, W. Ford, Foster, Fitzgerald, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griffin, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Glass, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Harrington, Janssen, Johnson, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, McPhee, McCarthy, McLeod, H. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Oliver, J. O'Neill, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Reilly, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Tallon, Teeter, Trimble, Tobin, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Warner, Yeager, Yingst.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. 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, Dugas, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, Fuller, W. Freeman, B. Freemann, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Holbrook, Hathaway, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hilger, Healy, Jones, Jonquet, King, Kinney, Kuehl, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Loughran, Lonergan, Longevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McAlister, Maternes, Morrison R. Morris, F. Morris, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Brien, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stuckhart, Swan L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Tussner, Weber, Wilcox, White, Wilson.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

† Omitted the last two weeks by mistake.

Apologia pro Musa Mea.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."

—POPE.

Dear J., it was a grave mistake,
My rhyming "been" with "green;"
But ne'er would I have made that break
Had I thy *sonnet* seen.
Still Tennyson has done the same
In his "Memoriam,"
And surely, he, too, merits blame
For using rhymes so sham.

You do not like my phrases grand—
Just as you wish, dear J.;—
Methinks you're jealous of the hand
That penned so sweet a lay.
Your style is classic, so I ween;
Yet vainly have I tried
To find, forsooth, what "gosh" could mean,
With Webster by my side.

You were so finely whipped, indeed,
By "A. Thayer's" venomous lash
That I refrain—there is no need
To cut you small as hash.

H. G. T.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Among the welcome visitors last week were Very Rev. Father Brämmer, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. E. Allen, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. M. McGuire, Edgerton, Ohio; Mrs. E. P. Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; W. E. Moran, and T. Cosgrove, Braddock, Penn.; Mrs. Neeler, H. H. Zucker, Chicago. Miss C. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.

—Miss Blanche Hellman, who is visiting St. Mary's, was an honored guest at the weekly reception held on Friday last, and favored the young ladies with two charmingly rendered vocal numbers; the Misses Bassett, Wurzburg and Haight added to the musical programme, which was varied by elocutionary selections given by the Misses Farwell and Stuart.

—After the reading of the general averages for the week at the Sunday evening meeting, Miss S. Ludwig read a German poem from the pen of Höltz, and Miss L. Stuart recited "The Exile of Erin." Both young ladies were complimented by the Very Rev. Father Corby, who presided; he then addressed a few words of counsel to the pupils on the debt of loving gratitude they owe their parents, in affording them all the advantages of a good education.

—Special efforts to make the recreation hours pleasant, as well as improving, have called forth powers, in the line of dramatic talent, which would otherwise have remained hidden. During the year, in both Senior and Junior departments, plays and cantatas, trained by the young ladies themselves, have been delightful features of the afternoon and evening recreations. The minuet of Feb. 22, and the comedy presented March 7, were among the most pleasing and successful entertainments, and reflected great credit on those who took part.

The Virgin of the Kiss.

Sweetly she sits, the Hebrew Mother fair,
A matron in her looks, this gentle maid,
Holding the sacred Child whose hand is laid
With loving touch upon her lips, that wear
A smile more winning for the sadness there;
As born of that sweet pressure, rests a shade
In her deep eyes; we see her cheeks' hue fade,
As falls a tear drop mid her boy's dark hair.

Before the Maiden Mother does there rise
The shadow of the cross o'er Israel's vales?
And kissing that small hand in mother-love,
The tears just trembling in her lustrous eyes,
Does she foresee them pierced with cruel nails?
Or shedding blessings from His home above?

HELEN NACEY.

"The Oldest Tree Some Fruit may Bear."

"Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and *Simonides*
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years."

Youth is the time when every hour is fraught with precious promises, and when every moment is of value in the acquisition of all that will serve to perfect our years of active life; yet there is no period when something may not be learned, something accomplished for others. Johnson said of Goldsmith that "he was a plant that flowered late," and there are many illustrious names which might be cited to prove the truth of the old saying: "It is never too late to learn." Franklin was fifty when he began to study Natural Philosophy, and yet "the gulf stream of youth" warmed his energies into an eager search in the walks of science—a search which brought the lightning, in a certain sense, under man's control. In the field of literature we find numerous examples to prove that old age is not a season of inactivity. Dryden and Scott were not young when fame proclaimed their powers to the world. Their hearts were young, or, at least Scott's was, for the deeds of prowess, the strain of chivalry and the sweet touch of romance which have delighted so many, in every walk of life, were the fruit of a mind and heart unaffected by the passing of the years.

However, it is not of extreme old age that I would speak, but of that time which follows school-life, and of the years which make up the season of our greatest usefulness. During youth-tide our minds are occupied in studying all that we think, or that those who guide us judge best fitting to cultivate our gifts; and when books and school routine are put aside, there are many who fancy that their education is complete. Should they wish to take up the study of a language or to learn some branch of art, they are often deterred by the thought—"I am too old to begin anything new." An object in life should give a stimulus to our actions, and in order to perform well our duties, we should make use of all means placed within our reach; and if we have once realized the necessity of having an object, one worthy our ambition, then will we learn that life is a great school, in which, each day, numerous lessons are taught us by that best of teachers, experience.

The life around us teaches us the charm of kindness and charity, and the evil which results from selfishness; disappointments speak to our hearts of patience and forbearance, telling us

how necessary it is to the formation of our character to have something to suffer; nature opens her wonderful pages to us, and on them we read of God's providence and power. The deeds of our fellow-men are voices which serve as incentives to noble efforts, and their failures are warnings which save us from many a peril. The very instability of the things which make life pleasant or unpleasant, teaches us not to lay up treasures which will pass away with time, nor to be saddened by what is transitory.

St. Augustine learned a lesson of divine wisdom from the lips of a child playing on the sea-shore, and often upon the lips of those we think of least as teachers, there may linger words of instruction, inspired by the Master whose pupils we all are. If we would but prove docile to life's lessons, the tasks would not seem so hard, and the reward would more than compensate us for our trouble. Every day, then, let us apply ourselves to our improvement, for

"The night hath not come yet; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear."

ALICE RYAN.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, R. Bassett, Bell, Brady, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Byers, Bogart, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, M. Cooper, L. Clifford, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Field, L. Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kelly, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, M. Moynahan, Morse, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Maxon, McColm, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Payne, Pfaelzer, Quinn, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Russert, M. Smyth, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Singler, Thirds, Tod, Van Mourick, Wagner, S. Wile, Wolffe, Whitmore, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Dreyer, M. Davis, Ford, Field, Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Kaspar, Kline, Londoner, Nacey, O'Mara, Ryder, Scott, Schaefer, Tormey, Tilden, White, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Ludwig, Nester.

UNDER-GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Field.

1ST CLASS—Miss Marrinan.

2D DIV.—Misses Nickel, A. Ryan, Tormey.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Klingberg, Thirds, Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses Dempsey, Doble, Roberts, Sleeper, Welter.

3D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Haitz, Nacey, M. Smyth.

2D DIV.—Misses Baxter, Bero, Dieffenbacher, Gage.

4TH CLASS—Misses Bassett, Brady, E. Burns, Carpenter, L. Clifford, E. Dennison, Johnston, E. Kasper, T. Kimmell.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Boyle, M. Burns, Charles, B. Davis, Dreyer, Galvin, Grace, L. Griffith, Hellmann, McCune, E. Moore, Sena, Tietgen, E. Wile, G. Winstandley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Bell, M. Byrnes, M. Davis, Green, Hutchinson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kaufman, Keating, Kelly, M. Kenny, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, N. Smyth, Zahm.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Barry, Black, A. Cooper, Daley, Hopper, Leppel, Lynch, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Pfaelzer, Plato, Seeley, Wagner, B. Winstandley.

6TH CLASS—Misses Agney, Berg, Byers, M. Cooper, M. Dennison, Duffy, Farwell, Hammond, Holmes, Hopkins, C. Kasper, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Lancaster, M. McDonald, A. Moynahan, Murrison, O'Sullivan, Palmer, Rothschild, A. Smyth, Tod.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Butler, R. Butler, Clifford, Cowan, Culp, Hickey, Kirley, Kline, D. McDonald, Meskill, M. Robinson, A. Schmidt, Scott, Stewart, Van Mourick, Williams.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, Crandall, Finnerty, Garrity, Higgins, A. Londoner, B. Londoner, McKenna, McCormack, La Moure, L. Schaefer, Singler, Wheeler, White, E. Woolverton, Zucker.

2D DIV.—Misses Dingee, Field, Maxon, Ryder, Shaw, J. Woolverton.

8TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan.

9TH CLASS—Misses Allen, Ford, Mills, E. Wolverton, Wormer.

10TH CLASS—Misses Ahern, Lingard, Murray.

HARP.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

3D CLASS—Miss Sena.

4TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS—Miss Stewart.

2D DIV.—Miss Kline.

VIOLIN.

3D CLASS—Miss Bogart.

5TH CLASS—Miss Kingsbaker.

7TH CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Plato.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss Scott.

6TH CLASS—Misses Byers, Carpenter, Lantry, Lennon, B. Londoner.

MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Londoner, S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Lichtenhein.

5TH CLASS—Miss Scott.

ORGAN.

Miss Whittenberger.

BANJO.

Misses A. Ryan, Fitzpatrick.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Wile.

2D DIV.—Miss Bassett.

2D CLASS—Miss Field.

2D DIV.—Misses Grace, Carpenter, Dieffenbacher, M. Kiernan, M. Smyth.

3D CLASS—Misses Kaufman, Gibbons, M. Brady.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Burns, Sena, Pengemann, Patier, Galvin, E. Wile, Gage, L. Clifford.

4TH CLASS—Misses Marrinan, Bell, B. Nichols, Agney, Moore, Kelly, Zahm, Kieffer, B. Winstandley, Wagner, L. Kasper, Kimmell.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Nichols, M. Leppel, Green, A. Smyth, E. Burns, A. Schmidt.