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The Golden City.

Oft have I heard a legend that's told
Of a glittering sight that appears
Far out on the ocean's wild, wavy breast—
A city of gold
In beauty enrolled
With majesty riding each crest.

Betimes it is near, betimes it is far,
Yet ever in splendor haloed;
But certain is death to the one that sees
That city of gold
'Mid the breakers so bold,
As it moves in the gentle breeze.

Soon it is gulped by treacherous waves,
Leaving nought but a mist to mark
The hallowed spot, the sacred site
Of the city of gold
With its treasures untold,
As it blends with the mystical dark.

My Soul, may not this be thy ultimate fate,
If on billows of vice thou art borne?
Heaven forbid! Oh! Mary, sustain
That city of gold,
And ever uphold
It towering o'er Purity's main.

W. EDGE.

Denis Florence McCarthy.

In times of peace the Muse is best nurtured.
The happy air of contentment and prosperity
seems most auspicious to greater inspirations;
the noblest results are given to the world;
the sublime epic reaches its zenith; mighty
drama upraises her head with a conscious air
of dignity, and tragedy stalks the stage in
buskined measures, reminding one of those Hel-
lenic plays which have come down to us, and,

despite the changes of time, preserved their
pristine grandeur. But when political agitation
fires the heart of a nation; when liberty strives
vainly to rend her galling, cankerous chain,
then it is that the Muse fuses the patriot's soul
with song, strong and impassioned, urging him
to great exploits.

Never, perhaps, has there been a period in
modern Ireland which produced so many poets
as the years preceding immediately the noble,
but, alas! disastrous, struggle of '48. Then, above
all, was poetry wielded in the sacred cause of
Liberty. Its masters were many, yet no

"storied urn or animated bust"

stands to recall their memory; no folios of pass-
ing merit have they handed down, but songs
which fired the people, and whose echoes, even
to-day, re-echo throughout the land, lisped by
the sons or grandchildren of those who died
that their fatherland might live. From amongst
these poet-patriots the most celebrated has not
been chosen as the subject of my theme, but
one who sang in milder, but far sweeter and
more mellifluous numbers—Denis Florence
McCarthy.

Almost opposite the Dublin General Post
Office, and where now the Imperial Hotel, with
its worn and uninviting exterior, meets the
eye, once stood the birthplace of McCarthy.
Born there May 26, 1817, his early life was spent
happily, and a taste for literature soon displayed
itself. When still in his teens he began to
publish verses in the leading papers of his city.
A few lines to Shelley and "My Wishes" ap-
peared in 1834 in the *Dublin Satirist*, in which,
within the next two years, many short lyrics
and ballads saw the light. Nine years later his
"Proclamation Songs" struck the minds of the
critics as noteworthy. Sir Charles G. Duffy, at
that time editor of *The Nation*, recognized the

ability of the poems, and desired to be acquainted with the unknown writer. He said: "'Desmond' is entitled to be enrolled in our national brigade." With justice might he take his rank amongst them; for his "National Poems and Songs," published from 1843-'49, are only equalled for animation and manliness by those of Thomas Davis.

At the age of twenty-nine McCarthy was called to the bar; his hard studies, however, restrained him not in the least from giving to the press "The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland" and a "Book of Irish Ballads," both eminently successful and manifesting a vast knowledge of the customs and religion of the Ancient Irish. Before long "The Foray of Con O'Donnell," "The Bell-Founder," "Waiting for the May" and "The Voyage of St. Brendan" delighted the readers of the *University Magazine*. His next volume was "Underglances," not as great a success as might be expected.

For some years previous to this McCarthy had a great admiration for Shelley, whose poems he criticised very thoroughly in *The Nation*. Although Shelley was an infidel, he had an intense reverence for Calderon—next to Dante the greatest Catholic poet that has ever lived—and through him McCarthy grew to have a passionate affection for the "Prince of Spanish Dramatists." As a study of Spanish was considered an essential in the acquirements of a scholar of those days, our poet became a thorough master of the language that Calderon, Lope de Vega and Cervantes have rendered famous forever. The first of his translations from that musical tongue was published in 1853, and were continued till '73. "Within this period," writes his son, John McCarthy, "he translated *fifteen* complete plays, which, I believe, is the largest amount of translated verse by any one author that has ever appeared in English." Not alone did he interpret voluminously, but he executed the herculean task in a manner that certainly would gratify mighty Calderon's shade were it to appear. Even Longfellow, himself an Hispaniologist of most considerable repute, gave him the greatest praise for his exact representation "of what is grandest and most distinctive in Calderon's genius." Thereafter his pen was less busy, yet it lost none of its former power or sweetness. In 1873 the "Early Life of Shelley" was written. But the Centenary Odes in honor of O'Connell and Moore were the most important productions of his closing days. Many Latin hymns were turned into the sweetest and most graceful English. His fondness for Spanish never left

him many spare moments, as he was continually adapting their heroic themes.

The last few years of his life were happy; with the consciousness of his literary greatness in view, and contented, notwithstanding the sorrows that continually overcast his life, he died at a sea-port town near Dublin (Blackrock), on April 7, 1882.

* *

Of McCarthy's poems "The Ballads and Lyrics" form the most important part; and though there is all through a certain longing, a grasping for something seemingly unattainable—perhaps happiness,—nevertheless, his poetry cannot fail to strike one's ear like the notes of some melodious songster. However, since

"Words cannot echo music's wingéd note,
One bird alone exhausts their utmost power,"

a few examples of each will suffice to verify any of my statements. Then, too, he seems unusually fond of May, using it after the manner of a reed to produce thereon the sweetest symphonies. It was his love of nature, his innate longing for the beautiful, that prompted him to sigh for May and for the

"Hopes and flowers, that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay."

That he was a lover of all things created is certain, none the less, from his "Devotion" than his "Voyage of St. Brendan." He sees charms in the ocean, the valleys, the vesper bell, the rising moon, when,

"With mute, unvoiced confessings,
To the Giver of all blessings
I kneel, and with caressings
Press the sod,
And thank my Lord and Father
And my God."

Yet all was not sunshine with him. His life bore a resemblance to that of Mangan; not in being utterly wretched, but in having to encounter the greatest obstacles, and in return not receiving sufficient recognition. Still his love of fatherland bore him up always, and many of his pieces tell how deep would be his sorrow at leaving the Emerald Isle. What a beautiful lyric is "Oh! Had I the Wings of a Bird"! How deep a love of native land it portrays! He prefers the "Isle of the West" to everything; for,

"Upon it Heaven doth smile;
Oh, I never would roam from my native home,
My own dear isle!"

To give a thorough criticism of this one branch of his verse would occupy too much space; but there are really some pieces one cannot pass over without notice. Take "The Pillar Towers of Ireland." It is a work of art, and perfect in technique. The music, with its

cadences and flats, shows the workings of a master-hand. There may not be the delicious symphony of Tennyson, but there is a charm in the feet and metre that pleases us, and raising us out of ourselves, gives us a longing for the ideal. Would that he ever enlivened the hearts of his readers in that way! He did not; and this may be the one feature that helps us to form a true appreciation of him. A master was he at fructifying the rock of sorrow. From it his wand drew strains as pleasing to us as was the water obtained by Moses from the Egyptian rock to the Israelites. This gloom pervades his lines to a greater extent than is necessary. Every *littérateur* has some blemish; this is McCarthy's. He seems in later years—when

"The dream is over,
The vision has flown;
Dead leaves are lying
Where roses have blown"—

to say

"All hath perished
But grief alone!"

Of his longer poems "Ferdiah" is the most important, being probably the earliest epic romance of Western Europe. It throws a valuable side light on the warlike customs of the Ancient Irish, as the invasion commemorated took place about the close of the last century before the Christian era. "The Voyage of St. Brendan" is scarcely of less moment as an historical work. It is divided into six parts, one of which (The Voyage) contains a beautiful paraphrase of the "Ave Maris Stella." The whole is an elegant gallery of imagery, sufficient to rouse one's imagination, and make him think of

"— the fairest and the sweetest scene—
The freshest, sunniest, smiling land that e'er
Held o'er the waves its arms of sheltering green
Unto the sea and storm-vexed mariner."

His sonnets are few and of no great merit, though in technique they rank as high as his other pieces. "The Underglances" are, even if somewhat alike in their subject, very beautiful. They remind one of the throstle's song on a fresh March morn in the British Isles. Many of those on "May" or its beauties, are worthy of Shelley, and not unlike the song of the lark as, rising from the earth, he pours forth his rapturous notes bearing

"— like a gentle carrier-dove,
The blessed news to realms above."

Not a few of the poets who gave Nature deep consideration looked at it from an unchristian view. In Bryant's "Thanatopsis" we find many of the requisites for a great poem. It is really superb; but when Bryant looks forward to becoming a flower in the spring following, his

death, one cannot fail to be touched with pity. Not so with McCarthy, who saw God in all, the One who

"— a potent voice uplifting,
Stops the white cloud on its way,
As it drives, with driftless drifting,
O'er the vacant vault of day,
And, in sounds of soft upbraiding,
Calls it down the void inane
To the gilding and the shading
Of the mountain and the plain."

His "Miscellaneous Poems" show great versatility. In "Recollections" we find him straying back to the days of his happy youth; in "June" nought but the wail of the disappointed dreamer. His paraphrase of the famous "Shandon Bells," though witty, is tinged with gloom; the "Shamrock from the Irish Shore" and the "Irish Emigrant's Mother" breathe a deep love of fatherland.

Let us now turn to McCarthy's "National Songs," which are, beyond doubt, his forte. In these his pen is tipped with fire; his soul bestirred with the patriot's ardor, and his strains impetuous. He would have his countrymen

"Advance!"

from out the starry night of fraud and wrong. The "Remonstrance" is most pathetic. He sees the happy contentment of the Switzer and the German, and cannot understand why his fellow-countrymen are not so happy. Beyond doubt "Ireland's Vow" is great; great in thought and aspiration. Who could stand unmoved when he hears the call—

"Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is liberty,
Fountain of all that is valued and dear,
Peace and security, knowledge and purity,
Hope for hereafter and happiness here,"

ringing throughout the land? None but a coward. Of all McCarthy's productions the "Dream" pleases me most. Whether it is the melodious fall of each foot, the music, or the aspirations embodied, so dear to the Irish bosom, I know not.

But it would be useless to proceed to enumerate the beauties of all his verse. Already enough has been said to show that Denis Florence McCarthy is great. Thus far he has met with but scant recognition from the public. Yet even if we have to await the twentieth century to see him escorted from oblivion's halls, advanced shall he be. He is not so great as Goldsmith or Mangan, but I would place him only a small distance from them. He is stronger than Moore, sweeter and more versatile than Davis, and, as a poet, undoubtedly above Griffin.

To appreciate his poems, one must read and reread them thoroughly. Some new gem is dis-

covered each time, and it is in the selecting of these that the difficulty lies. A good, true Christian patriot and poet, he deserved the increasing respect his name each year receives.

A. KEHOE, '93.

Free Coinage of Silver.*

It is the present financial policy of our Government to maintain gold and silver at a parity in the ratio of 16 to 1; that is to say, we have a bimetallic standard of value, both gold and silver being equal in the ratio of 16 to 1. The proposition we discuss to-night is whether we shall sweep away at one stroke this policy, which is the result of the experience of our best financiers for over a century, and set up in its place a new and untried scheme, having for its chief advocates the representatives of large silver interests, and for its principal virtue the erroneous claim that the free coinage of silver would be a short cut to fortune for the laborer and farmer. Now, in the first place, all monetary questions are business questions; therefore let us look at this scheme from a business stand-point.

The present law requires the purchase, at the market price, of four and one half million ounces of fine silver monthly. This is the process: the Government buys the silver, as any other purchaser in the market, at the market price; then the silver is taken to the mints, and 412½ (nine-tenths fine), grains of this—the cost of which, at the present market price, is nearly 70 cents—is coined into our silver dollar, the other 30 cents the Government keeps for its protection. Now this dollar is maintained equal to 100 cents in bullion, for these three reasons: (1) The coinage of silver is limited; (2) The silver dollars are redeemable at par in gold; (3) No one but the Government can take 70 cents' worth of silver and stamp it, thereby making it equal to 100 cents.

Our opponents argue that the Government should allow the silver producer, or owner, to step up to the mint with 412½ grains of silver—nine-tenths fine—worth but 70 cents the world over, and have coined therefrom a dollar worth 100 cents; in other words, they insist that he should be given the 30 cents the Government now keeps for its own protection; this is equivalent to demanding, as they do, that a law

shall be passed compelling the United States to buy all the silver brought here, not at the market price of some 85 cents per ounce, but at a \$1.29 per ounce, increasing the price of silver 44 cents per ounce. Will they not be so kind to the farmer, and give him 44 cents more per bushel for his wheat, or allow the toiler in the shops to work four hours instead of eight, and demand the same pay?

What would be the effect of the free coinage of silver? Any one can buy the silver in our dollar for about 70 cents; now if we had the free coinage of silver you could take one silver dollar and with seventy cents of that dollar buy enough bullion to make another dollar, take it to the mint, have it stamped free of all charge to you, and made into a dollar; so you see you would clear 30 cents, or a profit of some 50 per cent., on the capital invested. But how long do you think your free-coinage dollar would be worth 100 cents? Not two days; for none of us would be so foolish as to give 100 cents for what we could obtain ourselves for 70 cents. There is no country in Europe, France included, that coins silver but as subsidiary money; gold is the standard everywhere; gold is uniform in price, and does not vary in value; silver, not being coined in any of these countries, is an article of commerce on the world's markets, and it fluctuates in value.

A standard of value must not vary. Silver varies; gold does not. We can only maintain our silver equal to gold by redeeming it in gold; therefore gold is the best standard. Again, if I can buy with a five-dollar gold piece enough silver to make some 6 or 8 silver dollars, as is argued that we should, don't you see that gold is at a premium of about 40 per cent., and your silver dollar is worth but seventy cents? We have about \$700,000,000 in gold in the United States; it is already shown by recent statistics that gold is being hoarded in anticipation of a free-coinage bill, and immediately upon the passage of such an act all of this gold would be withdrawn by *speculators* from circulation to wait the profits that would surely come when the Government declares seventy cents' worth of silver the equal of 100 cents, and gold at a premium of 40 per cent.

The withdrawal of so large an amount of money from circulation before an adequate amount of silver dollars could be coined, or treasury notes issued—because the capacities of our mints are limited—would produce the most dangerous contraction of our currency we have ever experienced. Thus the first results of this scheme would make our silver dollar worth but

* Argument on the negative, presented by DUDLEY M. SHIVELY at the debate given under the auspices of the Law Society on March 12.

seventy cents; put gold at a premium, and produce a more stringent money market than we have ever known before.

Thus you see that a free-coinage act would produce the very evils our friends claim it would cure. The visible supply of silver in the world is estimated at \$3,800,000,000; this is worth but 85 cents per ounce. Now, give \$1.29, as is proposed, and we would have all of the silver in the world dumped at the doors of our mints. How long would your \$700,000,000 of gold last? and how long could you maintain your 70 cents' worth of silver equal to 100 cents in gold? It could not be maintained six weeks; and then the price of silver would go down, as any other commodity does when there is over-production, and gold would go up to a still higher premium; and then, as silver would be worth less, your dollar would depreciate in value, and you would have a debased currency. Now as this would surely be the case, let us look at the results upon our country. Your dollar is worth only 70 cents, with good prospects of going lower and lower; yet you have made this 70 cents legal tender for 100 cents. Now, John Smith, before the passage of this act, has contracted a debt whereby he owes William Jones \$100 for work and labor; or say he has given Jones his note of \$100 for 100 bushels of wheat at \$1 a bushel. The time comes for payment; Smith steps up to Jones with \$100 in silver, and says: "Jones, here is your money." He gives him what the law says he may, and Jones must receive it. It is worth only \$70, but the government has made it a legal tender for \$100; now have you not enabled Smith to cheat Jones out of \$30? And when Jones goes down town to buy the necessities of life he finds the price of all these articles advanced to meet the depreciated currency. Is he not out \$30? That's how this act will help a laborer or farmer. In permitting the passage of such a measure you have practically impaired the obligation of Jones' contract; I repeat you have practically impaired the obligation of a contract. Is there any doubt about that? I think not. If you contract to pay me \$100 when silver is equal to gold, and a law is passed requiring me to take \$70 in value, have you not, by legislative act, robbed me of \$30? Do you not, by this act, take \$30 of my property and give it to my neighbor without recompense to me?

Will not this state of affairs, which it is falsely argued would bless us by increased prosperity, practically violate two of those fundamental principles which our forefathers embodied in the Constitution—the first that the obligation

of a contract must not be impaired, and the second that no government has a right to take the property of A and give it to B without payment to A? But this would not be all on this point: by making our silver dollar worth but 70 cents, and thereby putting gold at a premium, you change the standard of value on all contracts. Every merchant will have to mark up his wares from day to day as the price of silver goes down. What could be more distressing and deranging to our commercial interests! What greater calamity could befall us than to make silver—a fluctuating commodity on the markets of the world—our standard of value!

Abraham Lincoln was once asked his opinion of free coinage. He replied: "If Congress decrees that a sheep's tail shall be a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?"—"Five!" promptly replied the free coinage man.—"No," said Mr. Lincoln, "it will only have four as it has always had." And so it is as regards the free coinage of silver, our opponents assert the sheep can be given an extra leg; that free coinage will give a fictitious value to 70 cents. We believe that no legislative legerdmain of the kind proposed can make 80 cents equal to 100 cents any more than it could furnish the sheep with an extra leg.

If we could have an international ratio fixed with regard to silver, as we have in regard to gold, the question would be changed; free coinage would then become practicable. But individual free coinage by the United States would only put us on a silver basis and farther remove us from an international agreement. Let us look for a moment at the cost of the production of silver. Dr. Kimball, the director of the mint for 1887, in the report for that year, page 116, gives 52.4 cents as the average cost of production of an ounce of fine silver in the United States, the market price is some 85 cents per ounce; this gives a profit to the silver producer of some 40 or 50 per cent., and yet he has the audacity to ask the Government to give him an additional 50 per cent., or to pay him 44 cents more than the market price.

What is the reason in the Government paying \$1.29 for what is sold the world over for 85 cents; would any sane business man do that? I think not; and if the silver producer can ask for this, why is it not just as reasonable, as I have said before, for the farmer to ask the Government to raise the price of wheat 50 per cent. That would be the way to help the farmer.

Now, as to the claim that we have not enough money, when our friends make this claim they forget that the first element to be considered

is the quality of our money; they forget that our present law is adding $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of silver *monthly* in treasury notes to our circulation. France is held up as a bright and shining example of a free silver country with a large *per capita* circulation; but they forget that in France everything is done on a cash basis, while here our clearing house statistics show that 92 per cent. of our business is done with checks, drafts, certificates and various forms of credit simply representing cash. Why, in South Bend alone over \$20,000,000 of business annually is effected without the use of money. Convert all of these forms of credit into money, and the *per capita* circulation of the United States would be nearly \$300—much larger than France. But who wants to ship money across the country in express packages or by freight when a draft or check can be used?

The free coinage of silver would attract to us, through the great profit we offer, all of the silver bullion and coined silver of the world. With all of our boasted greatness and our splendid resources, can any one hope that we could maintain the parity between gold and silver? We could not; and so by this act you place us beside the South American silver countries and Mexico. Why is it that the Mexican dollar is worth only the value of the silver bullion it contains? It has in it eight grains more of fine silver than the dollar of the United States; and yet down in Mexico it circulates for only the market price of the silver bullion it contains, while the dollar of the United States, with eight grains less of fine silver in it, circulates there as worth a full 100 cents. What is the reason for this discrepancy? The cause is this: they do not maintain their silver at a parity with gold by redeeming it at par in gold; and yet if our friends' theory be correct, the Mexican dollar should be worth more than our dollar.

Our present law is all we need; it makes the silver dollar the equal of every other dollar. Under its provisions we buy annually 54,000,000 ounces of fine silver; our yearly output is only 50,000,000 ounces. Now, as we use 4,000,000 ounces more than we produce, why should we be asked to use all of the silver in the world? Our *per capita* circulation is to-day larger than ever before, being in 1891, \$23.45 as against \$13.36 in 1865, according to the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury.

No wonder this question is being agitated. The passage of such a law means vast fortunes accumulated in a few days. Free coinage is a monstrous speculation. The silver men now have the largest and most dangerous lobby that for years has assembled in Washington. Let me quote what Mr. Conger, the former chairman of the committee on coinage, weights and measures

in the House of Representatives, said in a recent speech on the subject:

"As I said before, the bullion owners were not satisfied with this, and I wish that my colleagues upon this floor could understand, as I believe I do, and as I am sure they do not, the pressure that has been brought to bear by the men who own or speculate in bullion in this country to have some sort of silver legislation, and that legislation immediate, free, and unlimited coinage. You cannot point to a single locality where free-coinage resolutions have been adopted, nor a single paper which has advocated the free coinage of silver, except you find in that locality the footprints of the silver-bullion owner or his agents, or else the mark of the men who are employed by them in pressing this legislation.

"Why, Mr. President, during this winter there has been about this Capitol the most persistent, courageous, and audacious lobby upon this question that I have ever seen since my term of service here began."

"Mr. McComas. And worse in summer than in winter."

"Mr. Conger. Yes. It has been as bad all the time as it could be; and not only have these paid lobbyists been plying their avocation here, but various other means have been resorted to by the men interested in raising the price of bullion to secure the legislation they demand. Pool after pool has been organized here in this city to speculate in this metal. Money has been deposited in the banks in this country by the thousands and hundreds of thousands lying there ready to purchase bullion with as soon as this legislation shall pass. But they oppose our bill. Why? Simply because if our bill passes they have got to trust to the market value of their product for the profits; while if free coinage passes Congress, the Government of the United States, fixes the value at 30 per cent. above what it is worth, and they may bring in all the bullion they can buy. Why, Mr. Chairman, I have been invited time and again to join silver pools, but, as long as I hold a seat upon this floor or stand here, my vote shall be cast and my voice raised for the people of this country, for the laboring men of this country, for the savings-bank depositors of this country, for the crippled and scarred soldiers of this country, instead of for a few bullion owners."

Thus you see at the bottom of all this cry of free silver is the sordid and dangerous plan to enrich the minority at the expense of the majority. I take it as one of the cardinal principles of our institutions that legislatures should not create vast fortunes for the favored few and rob the toiling millions. This is not a question of party politics; for the parties are divided, and the best of both unite on the proposition that the free coinage, under our present circumstances, would not only be dangerous but absolutely wicked. Upon this question are agreed the great statesman, James G. Blaine, and the still greater citizen, GROVER CLEVELAND.

The fact that we had free coinage prior to 1873 is held up as a reason for its resumption now. The demonetization act of 1873 has been the fruitful topic of discussion in free silver journals, and yet I have never seen it stated in one that the fact, in 1873, was that the only objection to the act came from Wall street. Let us look into the cause of that act, from 1792 (the date of the passage of the free coinage measure) until 1873 (the time of its repeal) there was coined just a trifle over \$8,000,000 in silver during the same time \$816,000,000 in gold was coined. Silver was at a premium of three per cent. over gold. What caused this? Not free coinage, but the natural reason, the scarcity of silver itself

But a little before 1873, when the great mines of silver were discovered as the Comstock lode, silver threatened to become as plentiful as iron; then the great nations of Europe ceased to coin it as money, and made gold the standard; so our legislature, moved by the same fear, demonetized silver. This question proposes to renew the dangers that threatened us in 1873. Is it the part of wisdom to renew these dangers?

Now I have one other reason which, if it stood alone, would be sufficient to convince me that the free coinage of silver is wrong. In 1867 the Government owed the bond-holders nearly three billions of dollars, the annual interest of which was \$143,781,000; the pension roll was then but \$20,955,000. When it was insisted at that time that the Government should repudiate this debt to a large extent by paying it in a debased currency, the soldier stepped up to the ballot box and said: "No; we gave four years of our lives to preserve our nation's virtue, and now we will not see her honor destroyed. You must pay this debt in honest coin, 100 cents in value for 100 cents." And it was done. Over two thousand millions of the debt has been paid, not in a clipped dollar, but in an honest dollar.

Now the condition is reversed: the soldier is the principal creditor of the Government; the interest on the public debt being only some twenty-three millions as against one hundred forty-three millions in 1867, while the pension roll is one hundred thirty-seven millions as against some twenty millions in 1867. Now, shall the soldier, who defended our country in her darkest hours, and who preserved her financial honor later, be paid this great debt in a good dollar or a bad one? Shall the old heroes, who at a country's cry of distress sprang from their stores and workshops, wheeled out from college and office, and formed the grand army of the Republic, which suffered for her, endured all for her, even dying to preserve her unity and integrity—shall the glory which they won for her be now blackened by any such measure? Shall the old veteran, who receives a monthly pension of \$12, be obliged to receive \$8.40, as will be the case? In the name of justice I say, emphatically, no!

Now, gentlemen, as this measure will debase our currency, demonetize gold, and put it at a premium, thereby withdrawing it from circulation and so causing the most stringent money market we have ever known, change the standard of all values, practically impair the obligation of every contract, cheat every creditor out of 30 per cent. of his just dues, produce financial disorder of the most serious type, thereby deranging all of our business, rob every pensioner of 30 per cent. of his pension, remove us still farther from an international compact on the subject; and as our present law gives us all the money we need, we humbly ask you whether the better proposition is not that the free and unlimited coinage of silver would prove to be a decided national blunder?

Bacon and Emerson on "Friendship."

The works of an author are simply the reflections of his personality. Bacon is an optimist, Emerson a pessimist. These facts are verified in their masterly essays on "Friendship."

On reading Emerson's essay we are at once struck by the author's apparent warmth, the exalted feeling which he seems to entertain towards his friend, and the noble sentiments to which he sometimes gives expression. But beneath this placid surface flows a cool current of pessimism.

Emerson would be sincere with his friend, and offer him all tenderness, but he would not give his mother and brother and sister the pleasure of his friend's acquaintance; he would honor him, and rejoice to see him honored, but he would also treat him as a spectacle—as a modern artist would treat the marble chisellings of a Michael Angelo.

On the other hand, Bacon is extremely optimistic. His friends are bound to him by ties of love, and this love hides all defects. He grapples them to his soul "with hooks of steel," as Shakspeare says. But he does not say with Emerson:

"In the golden hour of friendship we are
Surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief."

His thoughts are ever above censorious criticism. He relies perfectly on his friend's counsel; his heart throbs and swells at the approach of him to whom he dare confide all.

Emerson is remarkable for his color. His sentences are short and brilliant, and, like so many pearls, are strung symmetrically together. As a florist, in making a tasteful bouquet, puts a large poppy here, a violet there, a blood-red rose in one place and a forget-me-not in another, so Emerson, with a love for variety, intermixes a few long sentences with the more numerous short ones. In this fact, and in the skilful carving out of each separate sentence, lies the secret of his success as a stylist.

Bacon's essay is noted chiefly for the force of its composition. Almost every sentence is long, and embodies some thought rich in food for reflection. His style is that of the essayists of the sixteenth century—and he was the greatest of them. At that time it was considered as well-nigh perfect; but at the present, every student of literature finds it rude and childish. It is my opinion that Emerson's style, which is now so much admired, will, in the course of a few centuries, be considered much as Bacon's is now.

Emerson's essay expresses a personal idea of friendship; but I think that Bacon's coincides more closely with the general idea. Emerson pictures friendship as refracted through the prism of infidelity; Bacon views it through the clear glass of Christianity.

E. T. MAURUS, '94.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—NOTE.—We have been requested by the authorities of the University to announce that there will no suspension of classes next and following weeks: in other words, there will *positively* be no Easter vacation. Parents and guardians will confer a favor by not interfering with the routine of college life.

Memorial Services.

As announced last week, services of a very impressive character were held at Notre Dame, on Thursday last, in memory of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the distinguished Catholic historian. In an institution devoted to the cause of religion and education it is but just and proper that a tribute of respect and love should be shown the memory of one who had done so much for the sake of both. At 8 o'clock solemn *requiem* Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Rev. President Walsh, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Connor and Maloney, as deacon and subdeacon.

In the evening the Faculty and students assembled in Washington Hall, which had been appropriately draped. On the stage was placed the portrait of the illustrious dead, which had been made by Gregori from sittings given by Dr. Shea on the occasion of his visit to Notre Dame, a little more than a year ago. The address was delivered by the Hon. W. J. Onahan,

LL. D., and was an eloquent tribute to the life and work of the departed historian. Mr. Onahan, like Dr. Shea, has rendered signal service to the Church and the people at large; and, like Dr. Shea also, has received the Lætare Medal in recognition of such services. His was a carefully-prepared and well-finished paper on the life and labors of Dr. Shea, and the influence of his writings upon Catholic literature. Mr. Onahan's paper speaks its own praises better than any description, and, suffice to say, it was a strong, clear eulogy, well fitting the beautiful character to whom it was addressed. We take pleasure in giving it entire in this issue of our paper.

The Lætare Medal.

The presentation of the Lætare Medal took place this year in the rooms of the Catholic Club, Detroit, on last Sunday evening, at nine o'clock. Precisely at that hour President Moore, representing the Club, the Rev. Fathers Van Dyke and Schreiber, the deputation from the University, Dr. Henry F. Brownson, and the Right Rev. Bishop Foley entered the brilliantly lighted lecture room of the Catholic Club, and took their places on a dais fronting a large and representative body of the Catholics and non-Catholics of the city. The address (in English), was read with much effect. It is as follows:

"MR. BROWNSON:

"There are so few men in our material age who have the courage and the fortitude to be true to their highest ideals that when one is found he is like a light upon a mountain to those below. You are the son of a great man who followed the Light of the World

"Mid the encircling gloom."

Through torture of mind and struggles of heart, through hours when his path without seemed as dark as his soul within, he was true to the promptings of the Holy Ghost. He was in the world but not of it; his humility was equal to his genius, and his self-abnegation as comprehensive as his learning. What more can we say in praise of you than that you are worthy of such a father?

"Your devotion to his memory, your desire to give the fruit of his Faith to your fellow-men, your love for 'divine philosophy' as entire as that of Dante himself, your practical efforts in behalf of any movement for the betterment of the Catholics of the United States—by all these things you have deserved well of those whose principles are yours. And you have added to our debt of gratitude by your last great work—the translation of Tarducci's "Life of Columbus,"—a book interpreted by you with exquisite sympathy and perfect scholarship. Therefore permit the University of Notre Dame to bestow on you her greatest honor—the Lætare Medal—as the fittest means of commemorating the Epoch of 1892."

The Right Rev. Bishop Foley then pinned the

magnificent medal on the heart of Dr. Brownson, speaking a few words at once so sympathetic and appropriate that there followed a short pause of interest, interrupted by loud applause, when the music of the Bishop's voice had died away. The words addressed by the Rev. President Walsh to the medallist were in his best manner, and Dr. Brownson, replying, seemed much moved by them. Dr. Brownson deplored the increasing luxury and paganism of our times, drew a striking picture of the inveterate money-grubbing of the age, and pointed out in strong and noble words the remedy for a condition of affairs almost as materialistic as that described in the satires of Juvenal. The addresses done, the pleasant business of hand-shaking began, and the representatives of the University—the Rev. President Walsh, Professor Edwards and Dr. Egan—found themselves among friends who vied with one another in saying pleasant things of Notre Dame and the admirable institution of the Lætare Medal. They were kept busy in answering questions about the Very Rev. Father Sorin, whose health has been for some time an object of concern to his faithful friends in Detroit. It was with great pleasure they relieved the anxiety of the kind inquirers.

John Gilmary Shea.*

It is for me a grateful duty, in obedience to the request of the honored President of the University of Notre Dame, to speak to you on the subject of the life-work of the lamented John Gilmary Shea. In no more appropriate and fitting place could his eulogy be spoken than here in these academic halls, in the presence of the *Alumni* and students of Notre Dame. It would have been easy to make choice of a more capable orator better qualified for the task.

One only qualification I may lay claim to for this duty: a sincere esteem for the man, and an ardent admiration for his life-work and for his services to the cause of historic truth. Notre Dame did not wait until the grave closed over his mortal remains—has not delayed until this hour to testify publicly her homage to his character and the general obligations under which we all rest—the entire Catholic body—for his unique and inestimable labors and services. The highest, the most distinguished token and

testimony of her regard was long ago conferred upon him, the crowning honor of the University—the first Lætare Medal!

And he on his part, as I well know, entertained an earnest admiration for Notre Dame, and often expressed the highest confidence and hopes regarding its manifestly splendid future as a great Catholic educational centre and influence. In yonder church you assembled this morning to join, as was most fitting, in the solemn memorial services for the happy repose of his soul, the most gracious and the most acceptable religious tribute that can be offered. We are now to consider briefly his life-work, and the influence of that work on the literature and public thought of the country. The nature of the work to which he devoted his life and consecrated his talents is the more evident, and its importance all the more apparent since it can now be realized how difficult, if not impossible, will be the effort to find one qualified to take his place and go on with his work.

What a life of never-ceasing literary activity had been that of John Gilmary Shea from his earliest years! His career has been a true "Apostolate of the Press." Fifty years, I may say, of patient, toilsome, unremitting labor in the cause of historic truth, in the vindication of Catholic principles;—long unrecognized, often unappreciated, never adequately rewarded. Happily for his peace of mind, he was not disturbed or distressed by the absence of public recognition. Had he courted fame or money he could easily have gained both by turning his talents and his pen into other lines, or have consented to lean to the popular drift or fall in with it. He was neither a time server nor a mere money grubber. He would not consent, as so many unfortunately do in these days, to bow down and worship the Golden Calf. He had loftier aims, and bent before a holier shrine. I need not recall for you the narrative of his life, already put before you by Professor Egan's graceful pen; neither will it be necessary to recall for you the work of Dr. Shea's literary life, as shown in the long catalogue of his published works.

The library of this University—of every institution of learning in the land—is indebted to John Gilmary Shea for the important additions made by his fertile and industrious pen to the department of American historical literature. He was in himself confessedly the best living repository of American historic and archæologic lore; and he was at all times the favorite resource of the student of our early history, to whom he delighted to impart from his stores

* Address delivered by the HON. WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, LL. D., '76, on the occasion of the memorial services of the late JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D., at Notre Dame, Ind., April 7.

of information the coveted light upon any given subject within his province.

In the work carried on by the American Historical Societies he took the deepest interest, and by them is justly regarded as one of the first, if not the highest authority upon subjects allied to the early annals and colonial history of the country.

His early training and studies, his talent for investigation, his exact and logical mind, combined with the wealth of his linguistic attainments, specially qualified him for the important line of historical studies to which he chiefly devoted his attention. And along with these naturally went his desire to vindicate the truth. The lesson, I am sure, is constantly impressed on the students of Notre Dame, and forms, as I know, the burden of many an address from this platform, that the Catholic Church has nothing to fear from historic or scientific truth, when honestly presented and adequately understood. During the past three centuries, especially, the Church has suffered and still suffers from the partial prejudice, or the altogether dishonest presentation of the history of past ages, as well as of the scientific problems of the present day.

In the department of American history, so rich and abundant in materials for the illustration of Catholic priority of early Catholic zeal and devotion, how little comparatively had been put fairly before the public until Dr. Shea entered the field. He it was who gave, I may say, the first serious impulse to the study of this hitherto little known chapter in our American annals. Others indeed followed and have done important work, but Dr. Shea blazed the way. The materials indeed existed in abundance in Canada in the archives of Spain and France, in the collections of the Vatican—I need not speak of the well-known and more easily accessible collection in this country and in Europe. Authors like Sparks, Irving, Bancroft, Parkman and Prescott had indeed sought out and employed these resources and collections, sometimes in a spirit fair enough as compared with some others I might name, and generally impartial and just as to the essential facts, but often too in a spirit of prejudice and religious rancor whenever and wherever they came to deal with motives and animating principles. Whenever there was question of a "Jesuit," of a monk of whatever order, or of the Catholic Church and Catholic Church authorities in America or in Europe how hopeless to look at their hands for fair play and honest treatment? Pens seemed dipped in gall when it was necessary to relate

or to discuss the acts and results of Catholic missionary zeal in our early history.

These able and distinguished historians employed their talents in narrating the wonderful circumstances and conditions attending the discovery and exploration of this Continent, the career and conquests of the early adventurers who sought fame and fortune in the New World, and the toil and labors and apostolic spirit of the early missionaries who first imparted a knowledge of the true faith and planted the emblem of Christianity in this western land. No pages of history or romance can equal in fascinating interest the luminous and glowing narrative of Irving, of Parkman, of Prescott and the original pages of Bancroft devoted to the early chapters of American history; but how imperfect and inadequate, how often grossly unfair, not to say dishonest, the treatment as to Catholic character and services, questions of Catholic teaching and belief! How impossible it seems to be to a non-Catholic writer to enter with fair spirit into the motives, or do justice to the character of a Catholic! They never seem to be able to comprehend the higher motive—the love of God, the zeal for the salvation of souls, which was after all and before all, the motive and governing and controlling principle for these expeditions of discovery, for the missionary toil and the martyr heroism displayed on so many scenes and occasions, which illustrated the work of propagating the Christian faith in the New World.

The first published production from the pen of Dr. Shea gave happy forecast of the line of thought and the course of study and investigation he was afterwards to pursue with so much success and with results so important to the vindication of truth. The essay was on the "Soldier, Cardinal Albornaz," and its style attracted the notice and elicited a commendatory criticism from no less an authority than Bishop Hughes. Who knows but this commendation may have been the impulse and given future direction to the mind of the young writer? This first effort was significant of the drift and tendency of his subsequent literary aspirations, and proved, as I have said, the happy forerunner to the chapters on the early Catholic missions by which he first came to be known as an American writer and annalist.

If Dr. Shea had not a "vocation" for the Society of Jesus, it is evident that he subsequently developed a real vocation for the work to which he devoted his talents and his life. It was a toilsome, laborious work, this exploring the sources of history, investigating and comparing,

translating and copying old MSS. and forgotten and neglected records and publications. It was a work that required patience and care and discriminating judgment; nay, more: it required enthusiasm and zeal for the truth. These qualities and characteristics were combined in Dr. Shea in a pre-eminent degree.

We see these traits conspicuously concentrated in the latest, the crowning work of his life—"The History of the Catholic Church in the United States." The importance of this work and its supreme value to future historical writers can yet scarcely be adequately estimated. Certainly it is a glorious and fitting complement to all his previous life-work, and will constitute his best and most enduring legacy to posterity, fully establishing his claim to the gratitude and plaudits of all who love truth. Certainly, his Catholic fellow-countrymen may well venerate his memory and hold his services and his career in perpetual benediction. I could not, if I would, undertake to give even a list of Dr. Shea's published works. Many of these are now no longer accessible outside the shelves of the Historical Societies and a few of the leading American libraries and institutions of learning. His "Discovery of the Mississippi" and translation of Marquette's journal, translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France"—one of his greatest undertakings—have long been "scarce" works. So, too, his translation of Hennepin's narrative of the "Discovery of Louisiana," and Le Clerc's "Establishment of the Faith in New France." And this great labor of translation and transcription, of compiling and editing, it is to be remarked, was the task of hours by other men usually devoted to rest and recreation, for the reason that Dr. Shea was obliged to give the service of his pen to journalistic and other literary employment for the purpose of gaining a necessary income. No wonder he was, as it seemed, prematurely bowed and spent. The marvel is that, leading a life of such unflagging labor, in a pursuit so exacting, he was able to endure so long and so courageously the demands upon his brain and pen.

A collection of Dr. Shea's contributions to the magazines and reviews the past twenty-five years would alone present many volumes of special and splendid interest. His articles invariably showed evidence of careful study, and were generally models as to clear, crisp, always logical construction and style. The series of articles from his pen in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* will always be referred to by the historian and student as authoritative.

So, too, as to his work the past few years in

the editorial columns of the *New York Catholic News*. How many Catholic writers and lecturers are indebted to Dr. Shea's articles for the most striking and effective points and suggestions. He knew it all. The burden of correspondence imposed on him by enquiries from all quarters, relating to all sorts of subjects, would alone have taxed the full time and far more than the patience of the average man, and yet how gracious and obliging he ever was, notwithstanding the multiplied tasks imposed on him.

It was always a delight to read one of his letters. He could compress so much thought and learning in so brief a compass, written in a chirography so delicate and elegant, a very model of beauty.

The influence of Dr. Shea—as a historical writer—on the thought and literature of the day can yet scarcely be estimated. His opinions and judgments have long commanded respect from all classes. Dr. Parkman and Bancroft both acknowledged their obligations to Dr. Shea, and others have constantly referred to his works as an authority.

His important chapters in the latest "Critical and Documentary History of America," by Justin Winsor, are not likely to be overlooked. And what a prodigious labor he undertook and carried out in his numerous Indian Grammars, and Dictionaries!

Then, too, his varied contributions to the encyclopædias on questions relating to the Indian tribes, on which he was always a recognized authority. As was well said, the productions from Dr. Shea's pen "cover almost every subject calculated to interest the learned and to instruct the unlearned." Until within a few recent years, Dr. Shea was perhaps better known as a historical writer, and his authority more unequivocally recognized by non-Catholics than by those of his own faith. Indeed it often seems as though it were necessary to receive first the non-Catholic *imprimatur* before a Catholic public will value their own according to their deserts. Perhaps something of the long-time neglect in this case was due to Dr. Shea's exceeding modesty and reserve. He was rarely in the public eye or seen upon the public platform. His works alone spoke for him. With the tastes and instincts of a true scholar, he shrank from the blare and glare which in these latter days seem essential to secure and to hold the public attention. But of late years he was looked up to on every side. The members of the Hierarchy of the Church had long and early known and esteemed his wonderful resources, and had occasion to appeal to him often. He was naturally the

leader and recognized chief whenever and wherever there was question of Catholic historical work. He was the founder and President of the United States Catholic Historical Society, the historian of Georgetown College, which paid him its highest honors. It was at the request of Bishop Ireland he was persuaded to undertake the translation of Hennepin's book on the "Discovery of Louisiana"; and it was by the unanimous wish of the Hierarchy he accepted the onerous and burdensome labor of preparing and publishing the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," his latest and greatest work. By a pathetic coincidence the last work of his pen was to put the final touches to the closing volume, which thus becomes his testament and his literary monument. It is fortunate for the Church he consented to write that history. Unless by him, how or when could we look to see it fairly and fully written?

He alone had the material, the historical grasp and the religious spirit required for it. Remark also the rare scholarly taste shown in the printing, embellishing and the general "make up" of Dr. Shea's publication. He prepared his work carefully and presented it to the public in admirable form and dress. Scholars in every land honored him and esteemed his work.

American Historical Societies and the students of American history lament his decease as a loss to the nation and to literature. Institutions of learning throughout the land will give him an honored place in their memorial tablets. The University of Notre Dame in a particular manner will hold his name in reverent and highest honor, and present his career and character as a type and model of the high toned Catholic scholar and model Christian gentleman.

After generations profiting by his labors will recall with wonder and admiration the variety and solidity of his talents, his assiduous and persevering industry, his loyalty in thought and deed to Catholic principles.

I said at the beginning that it was most fitting and appropriate that the eulogy of John Gilmary Shea should be delivered here in the University of Notre Dame, in the presence of its Faculty and students. Here in a special manner the life-work of the distinguished Catholic historian is held in highest esteem and is constantly illustrated before you. As on the walls and in the windows of your beautiful church is to be seen pictured in painted splendor the history of Christianity, its trials and triumphs, strikingly presented in scenes and examples from the lives of Christian heroes and martyrs in glorious

panoramic succession, the genius of Gregori and the skill and delicate art of the nuns of Le Mans have impressed the story in touching and exquisite creation of fresco and stained glass; so too in the halls and assembly rooms of this University the history of the Catholic Church in America meets the eye on every side in fresco, in pictures and in your marvellous and unrivalled collection gathered in the "Memorial Hall."

At the very threshold of the University, in the vestibule, we meet the noble figures of Columbus and Isabella, the great Catholic navigator and the great Catholic queen—two of the most commanding figures in history. And as we proceed, the incidents and episodes in the career of the discoverer of the New World stand strikingly and gloriously emblazoned on the walls; the touching scene where Columbus, friendless and forlorn, stood with his wearied little son at the convent gates of La Rabida; so, too, the presentation of the court, the departure from Palos, the monk who proved so invaluable a friend in the act of blessing Columbus and his mission as he went forth on the momentous voyage; the scene of the mutiny at sea, and the memorable discovery, followed by the splendid pageant and spectacle of Columbus' reception by the Court of Spain; and finally, alas! for the mutations of human fame and glory! his neglected and lonely death! These historic paintings strikingly and appropriately recall to our minds and imprint there the story of the beginning of Christian faith on this continent.

The subsequent history of the Church surrounds us likewise on every side, in painting and portrait, down to the formal beginning of the Church in the United States by the creation of the first episcopal see of Baltimore. What an interesting succession of portraits are before us, from the first great Bishop to the present great Cardinal! Every diocese represented here by one or another memento. And all this story, thus presented by tangible objects, Dr. Shea has combined in fullest detail in his monumental history, and is to be met in one or another of his writings. Here, too, are to be found many of his most precious autographs and collections. Most fitting, therefore, that his portrait, recalling the lineaments of that toil-worn, studious face should occupy, as it does, the place of honor in your hall. His was a noble life, nobly spent in the cause of historic truth—for God, for religion, for posterity.

We who were privileged to know him in life, who honored him for his manhood, his sterling character, his Catholic loyalty and devotion,

assembled now to pay our tribute of homage to his memory, ask leave to offer our sympathy to the dear ones who knew and loved him best and closest, for whom his loss is the greatest of all earthly sorrows. But his work survives him, and will remain to all time a shining and a glorious memorial to the historian of the Church in the United States.

Local Items.

—Holy Week.
 —Not much sulphur left, eh?
 —The Carroll 1st nines are being chosen.
 —Look out for the game with Ann Arbor!
 —Who pays the freight on the parasols?
 —H. Scholer won the gold medal for football.
 —The Carrolls are 1892 stamps ahead of their competitors.
 —Frisky cranial coverings were very common this week.
 —The Carrolls' 1st nines are sporting a new wire back stop.
 —B. Hugh will soon have the redoubtable "Invisibles" organized.
 —We have it on good authority that the "Invincibles" are all right.
 —"Little Willie" broke the record, but a sprained wrist also resulted.
 —The Junior History class will get that cake, or "Spitz's" head will crack from hard study.
 —It is whispered that the old settler had nothing to do with formulating the commands for the parasols.
 —Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Academy, Ind., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week.
 —Rev. W. Connor presided at a meeting of the Sacred Heart Promoters on Sunday afternoon, when he conferred on several of them their diploma and cross.
 —If any of those fiends who are now inflicting the people hereabouts with questions concerning the bell, the parasols or the telescope, should fall into the clutches of one of our athletes, we sincerely hope that he will be taught a lesson.
 —A two weeks' contest in the class of Modern History between the Carrolls and Brownsons ended in a victory for the former. The general average for the Carrolls was $80\frac{1}{2}$, and for the Brownsons $79\frac{3}{4}$. The best record was made by Mr. D. Murphy, of Brownson Hall, average, 98.
 —The Sorin Hall denizens, emboldened by their success in the cane drill, recently invested twenty cents apiece to procure parasols to be made use of for the same purpose. When the articles in question arrived, some of the festive Sorins began banging them around, and expressed the greatest disgust at finding that a little wood-and-paper parasol will not stand

such hard usage as a silk umbrella. The drill was abandoned in consequence.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held a meeting in St. Edward's Hall, March 31. The speakers were H. Durand, E. King, C. Furthman and F. Wolf. The meeting closed with an address from the President, Prof. A. F. Zahm, who made an announcement that gave great delight to the Sorins, to wit: that some of the meetings would in future be held in Science Hall where he would entertain them by scientific experiments.

—Notwithstanding all that has been said of the merits and demerits of the respective players in the recent hand ball contest, the Carrolls want it strictly understood, and to go on record, that they have played, in all, eight games with the Brownsons, and won *five* of them. The total score to date is as follows:

CARROLL HALL.....	203 points
BROWNSON HALL.....	163 points

This shows the "festive little Carrolls" not only to be a match for their larger brothers across the fence, but to have *forty* points to spare.

—The Bernhard Listemann Concert Co. gave a very pleasing and artistic entertainment yesterday afternoon in Washington Hall. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Sextette.....	Hofmann
Song—"Variations"—Prock.....	Miss Rousseau
Romance, for Violin.....	Ernest
Mr. Bernhard Listemann.	
Seporello—Aria from "Don Giovanni".....	Mozart
Mr. G. B. Ronconi.	
Fantasie—"The Daughter of the Regiment" for Violoncello,—Mr. Fritz Giese.	
"Dream after the Ball".....	Czibulka
Fantasie, for Flute—Furstenau.....	Mr. Ronconi
Song—"Thinking"—White.....	Miss Rousseau
"Faust"—Paraphrase.....	Gounod

—BASE-BALL NOTES.—The game between the nines of Carroll Hall resulted in a victory for Captain W. O'Neill of the "Blues." Score, 6 to 7. Time, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

In the 2d nine Captain Ball of the "Reds" easily defeated the "Blues." Score, 14 to 17.

The Carroll 3d nines played a rather rocky game. Score, 34 to 36 in favor of Captain Cheney. Time, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

In the 4th nine the captains, Messrs. Janssen and Griffin, and some of the players seem to act as if harmony should not be taken into consideration when disputes arise.

The "little giants" of Carroll Hall easily defeated the 2d waiter nine. Score, 6 to 13. Time, 2 h. Battery for the "little giants," who deserve special mention, were Messrs. N. Gibson and H. Vorhang.

—A member of the Faculty sent the following problem to the Minims last Tuesday: "If one woman can sweep a room in three hours and another in five hours, in what time can both do it?" The problem had been given to the pupils in the Cook Co., Ill., Normal School, and only 10 per cent. gave correct answers. At first sight the problem seemed to puzzle the Minims, but

a few seconds were sufficient to remove all doubt. Otto Brown, of Chicago, a boy 12½ years old, who has spent three years in the Minim department, sprang up, showing that the work could be done by both in 1 h. 52 m. 30 secs. He was followed almost immediately by Charles Furthman and Walter Blumenthal, also of Chicago, and Thomas Lowrey, of Lincoln, Neb. Three cheers for the Minims!

—**MOCK CONGRESS.**—The 15th regular meeting of Mock Congress was held Sunday evening, March 27, Representative J. Raney, of Mo., in the chair. After all preliminary business had been settled, the house resolved itself into a committee of the whole for the consideration of House Bill No. 11, which advocates the popular vote of the United States in presidential elections. The Hon. J. McAuliff, of Minn., opened the discussion with a very eloquent speech. He dwelt at length upon the ancient and modern history of elections, and as he drew near our own times, his remarks became more interesting. The name of Cleveland found an echoed response on the democratic side of the house, and again, when he took his seat, the applause that followed him showed clearly what a favorable effect he had produced. The Hon. J. Fitzgerald, of Iowa, succeeded him on the affirmative. His speech was short, but contained several weighty arguments concisely put. Among the others who spoke on the question were the Hons. P. Murphy, of Washington, and A. Ahlrichs, of Alabama. The Hon. C. Rudd, of Ky., read a somewhat lengthy paper on the amendment which was, at various points of interest, generously applauded. The gentleman from Washington asked him, when he had finished, to repeat it, but Mr. Rudd graciously declined. The committee then "arose," and the chairman, the Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio, reported "favorably." The ensuing half hour will be memorable in the records of Mock Congress as one of those *stormy* meetings when the wind of excitement is high, the livid lightnings flash, and the thunder of argument comes in volleys from many a clamorous tongue. It would have been a difficult thing for an outsider to tell what it was all about; but those who were "in it" certainly knew what they were saying. To all appearances, the main cause of the disturbance was a misunderstanding. In the heat of the debate a motion was made and carried to postpone the discussion until next meeting, when the bill will be discussed by the house.

At the 16th regular meeting House Bill No. 11 was adopted; No. 14, which authorizes "a survey for a ship canal, to be made along the line of the present Miami and Erie Canal from Toledo to Cincinnati," was then placed before the house for discussion. The Hon. E. DuBrul, as framer of the bill, opened the debate on the affirmative. His numerous arguments contained good common sense, and went far towards passing the bill. They did, in fact, pass it; for only two others spoke on the question, and

what they said was in opposition. They were the Hons. A. Ahlrichs and L. Whelan. On calling the "ayes" and "nays," it was carried by a majority of two. M. F. Schillo, of Ill., was admitted to membership.

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, Howard, Joslyn, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Cherrhart, Coady, Case, Colby, Cullen, Doheny, Delaney, Devanny, Ellwanger, Flynn, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Fardy, Heneghan, Henly, Houlihan, Hagan, Hartman, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleeckamp, Kearney, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Lindeke, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, Maisen, Newton, O'Shea, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Schopp, Stace, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bearss, Bachrach, Bates, Casey, Covert, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cochrane, Cheney, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Evans, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, G. Funke, W. Ford, Foster, Feehan, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Garst, Gerner, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Harrington, Janssen, Johnson, Joseph, Kreicker, Kindler, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Keough, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, Major, McDowell, McCarthy, McLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, C. Reedy, H. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Ryan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Thornton, Thome, Teeter, Trimble, Tobin, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Washburn, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Wensinger, Warner, Yeager, Yingst.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At a recent academic meeting the Misses S. McGuire and C. Kaspar made their first appearance as elocutionists, each of whom acquitted herself creditably.

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to Mr. A. B. Miller, of the *South Bend Tribune*, for valuable Studies in Art, together with various Art journals recently presented to St. Luke's Studio.

—The many friends of Miss Blanche Hellman, of Omaha, were pained to hear of the death of her worthy father, which occurred on March 28. To the bereaved family the Sisters and pupils at St. Mary's offer heartfelt sympathies.

—Among the welcome visitors during the past week were Mr. J. C. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smyth, Mrs. G. Myers, Mrs. J. Galvin, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Plamondon, all of Chicago; Miss Dora Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Jacob Wile and daughter, Mrs. Russert, and Mr. J. Knight, Laporte, Ind.

—The usual Sunday meeting for the reading of notes in lessons was made interesting by the appearance of *Rosa Mystica*, edited by the Graduates and read by the Misses Morse and Nester. The prose and poetic contributions were very creditable, and merited the words of encouragement and commendation bestowed by Very Rev. Father Corby who presided.

—At the meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society on Tuesday last, a class essay was presented by the Graduates on the subject "The March of Progress," and read by Miss Morse, for which the members of the class deserve much praise. The effort showed earnest thought, careful research, and was characterized by an easy, graceful style throughout. In behalf of the First Seniors, Miss Thirds read a paper—also a class production—in which a special plea was made for "The Good Old Times," the weapon of wit being occasionally employed to give point to the arguments, this paper also reflecting credit upon the writers. After the reading, friendly criticisms were exchanged upon the merits of the respective essays, in which a generous spirit was evinced by the young essayists, and a new stimulus given to literary work.

—"A Bird's-Eye View of American Literature" was the theme of Professor M. F. Egan's lecture given on March 31. The speaker directed attention to the principal writers of prose and verse, from Irving—whose smooth Addisonian periods proved to prejudiced England that talent existed upon this side of the Atlantic—down to the Quaker poet, Whittier. The medi-

tative Hawthorne, whose muse was prone to look upon the seamy side of life; the gentle, kindly Longfellow, "whose pages are wet with the tears of maidens who read the story of 'Evangeline'"; the stately, critical Lowell; the philosophic Emerson; the genial, sunny-tempered Holmes, were each portrayed in characteristic lights, and their works analyzed in the spirit of friendly criticism. Commenting upon the religious element in American literature, the speaker said that, when at its best, it "is touched with the hues of the Catholic Church." Mr. Egan's lectures are great factors of good, not the least of which is the developing of a correct literary taste; since by creating a love for the best he is making it forever impossible for the worst to find an entrance into the homes and hearts of his hearers.

April.

Sweet April stands as if she fain would flee
To where the rosy South in langorous grace
Inviteth her; and yet her bright, young face
Breaks forth in smiles, as on she hastes; her free
And gladsome steps awake each flowering tree
And hedge, and beauty marks her footfall's trace;
The sunshine of her smile but lights the place,
When dewy tear-drops in her eyes we see.

Her smiles and tears call forth the buds which cold
Has long held captive, and with patient lips
She kisses into life the marigold.
Crowned queen by rainbows, on she lightly trips
'Mid perfumes which in thanks the flowers unfold
And waft abroad as tho' in fairy ships.

ROSE BASSETT.

An Interesting and Instructive Book.

In these days when sewing circles, quilting bees, missionary society meetings, and five o'clock teas are not the only diversions women enjoy, and when the thousand and one conveniences of the age relieve household duties of their old-time drudgery, woman has leisure to look around her, and incentives to look above her to heights not bounded by the horizon of social success, but to regions of elevated thought and noble aspirations. As a result of this intellectual movement many walks of life are now open to her, and the question of her rights and privileges is one of world-wide interest. In the discussion of her prerogatives, however, her duties and responsibilities are brought forward; and as so much depends on the training of women for life's cares, we have numerous opinions in magazine articles and in book form on the education of girls. It is urged by many

that when school-days are over, the young lady gives up all further efforts in mental cultivation, and renders fruitless the work of her early years.

Helen Ekin Starrett, in a little volume entitled "Letters to Elder Daughters," shows the slight foundation on which this statement is based, and at the same time gives wholesome advice to young ladies as to the duties incumbent upon them. Miss-Starrett crowns woman as the queen of the home circle; in this little kingdom she practises the highest art—that of moulding human character. The subjects of this queen are fully convinced that unselfish love, and a desire to do right towards them, will always guide her actions, and that she may be depended upon for justice, generosity, kindness and truth towards everyone in her domain. The author of these letters also plainly shows that "the true pleasures of home are not without, but within," and that the happiness of the family depends on "patience and a right sense of duty," added to a respect for the individuality of each one. The worth of the counsels conveyed in these well-written letters may be judged from the headings of the chapters, among which are: "The Ideal Family," "Old Fashioned Accomplishments," "Home Comfort," "Superior Women" and "Women's Clubs," in each of which some essential point in the life-work of women is touched upon with grace and clearness. However, religion and happiness are so closely allied that we note with surprise the absence of any religious element in Miss Starrett's book. Longfellow says: "Faith alone can interpret life"; and with no motives save natural ones, beautiful theories are rarely made practical. Were these thoughtful letters only strung on the triple thread of faith, hope and charity, how much more productive of lasting benefit might they prove to be!

This objection aside, we find much that is interesting in the little book; and it will give pleasure to many to note that Miss Starrett has championed the cause of the much ridiculed mother-in-law, whose self-sacrificing devotedness is too often unappreciated. In the concluding chapter we read that "women's work will always be unfinished and ineffective until they become a part of the organized legislative machinery of society, just as they are now a part of its industrial organization"; but we think the power of woman is greater and more important when she is in the home circle, practising what we quoted above as "the highest of arts,—the moulding of human character." In this vocation she is "the type of noblest womanhood," and those whom she has led to heights,

which their feet would not have scaled but for her helping hand and heart, turn to her with loving gratitude, knowing that "their debt is boundless as the sea."

E. NESTER.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, E. Burns, Bell, Brady, M. Barry, Buell, Black, Byers, Bartholomew, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, L. Clifford, Duffy, Dempsey, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, L. Griffith, Galvin, Grace, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kelly, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, M. Lantry, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, M. Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Maxon, Nacey, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, Schmidt, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Van Mourick, S. Wile, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Coady, Crandall, Campau, B. Davis, M. Dennison, Ford, Girsch, M. Hickey, Hopper, Kaspar, Morris, Mills, Nacey, Ryder, Schaefer, Scott, J. Smyth, Tilden, White, Wolverton, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.
2D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Nacey, Thirds, Sleeper.
3D CLASS—Misses Higgins, Lancaster, Gage.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Gibbons.
2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Bero, Bassett, Lynch, A. Ryan, Morehead.
3D CLASS—Misses A. E. Dennison, Dempsey, Tormey, M. Dennison, M. Byrnes, Hickey, K. Ryan, M. Murison, Tod, Carpenter.
2D Div.—Misses Sena, Moore, Van Mourick, Doble, Whitmore, S. Smyth, Kinney.

4TH CLASS—Misses Seeley, Robinson, Black, E. McCormack, Butler, Stewart, R. Lichtenhein, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Dieffenbacher, Londoner, Hammond, Rizer, Field, L. Griffith, G. Cowan, Ludwig, Bogart, Tietgen, Thirds, Hunt, Galvin, Culp, Hutchinson.

2D Div.—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, Hopper, Meskill, Baxter, Nacey.

5TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, M. McCormack, Finnerty.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses L. Nickel, Wile, Ludwig, Nacey, Marrinan.

3D CLASS—Misses Green, Kirley, E. Dennison, Kieffer, Welter, Farwell, Dreyer, C. Kasper, Kingsbaker, O'Mara, E. Wile, Russert, Haitz, Zucker.

4TH CLASS—Misses Klingberg, O'Sullivan, Wolffe, G. Winstandley, Tietjen, M. Moynahan, Leppel, Schmidt, Lichtenhein, Johnson, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Jacobs, D. McDonald, Agney, Rothschild.

5TH CLASS—Misses B. Winstandley, Hellman, Keating, Holmes, Lennon, G. Cowan, Buell, A. Cowan, Hittson, Lantry, Dingee, Maxon.