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## Summer Days.

BY DANIEL AMENDEB.

A dream and sleep has followed joyous spring,  
In slumber deep doth languid nature lie;  
The great white clouds float idly o'er the sky,  
And screen her from the mighty Summer King.  
In forest shades, the summer breeze's fling  
Their fragrant perfumes and then wander by;  
The blue jay there doth raise its noisy cry  
And in the dreaming treetops flit and swing.

No more the robin sings with bursting throat,  
The home thrush sings not his rapturous lay;  
But in the hedge through all the summer's day  
Speaks love unto his mate with lowered note,  
And Nature wakes when Autumn, drear, holds sway  
To find her joys and treasures fled away.

## The Crusades.

BY J. M. T.

### I.

The history of the Middle Ages presents no spectacle grander or more imposing than that of the wars undertaken for the conquest of the Holy Land. The religious and military spirit that reigned in Europe, acting together as two great motors, originated that beautiful epic, and raised the valor, the resignation and the heroism of the crusaders to the highest pitch.

The West, often threatened by the Mussulmans and long exposed to their invasions, awakes on a sudden, and, according to the expression of a Greek historian, tears itself up from its foundations to hurl itself on Asia. The people lay aside their interests and rivalries, and they behold only one country worthy of

the ambition of conquerors. In a short time the East is made desolate, and a wide swath of mortality and the ruins of empires mark the road that leads to the Holy City.

The soldiers of the Cross despise hunger, thirst, fatigue, the maladies brought on by a strange climate, the arms of the barbarians; and in the hardest straits, amidst their own excesses and constantly recurring disputes, nothing can overcome their valor and their constancy. After four years of labors, miseries and victories the crusaders become masters of Jerusalem.

From the dawn of Christianity it had been customary amongst the disciples of the Gospel to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Judea, full of religious memories, was the promised land to the faithful. Amongst the pilgrims of those remote ages history has preserved to us the names of St. Porphyrius who spent many years in the Thebais and afterwards became bishop of Gaza; of St. Jerome, who resolved to end his days at Bethlehem, where he distinguished himself by his eminent virtues and great penances; of St. Paula and her daughter Eustochium, of the illustrious family of the Grecchi, whose tomb the traveller meets beside that of St. Jerome near Bethlehem. The same St. Jerome, in his epistle to Marcellus, says: "It would take too long to enumerate all the bishops, martyrs and doctors who had come to Jerusalem since the Ascension of our Lord, and who would consider that their devotion and learning had lost much if they had not adored Jesus Christ in the very places where the light of the Gospel had begun to shine from the summit of the Cross."

In the early part of the fifth century we meet on the road to Jerusalem the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius the Younger. After dazzling the East by her talents, her devotion and the

splendor of imperial magnificence she returned to Constantinople, where domestic broils made her realize the nothingness of earthly grandeur. She therefore left the court and returned to Palestine, where she spent the last years of her life in practices of devotion.

According as the people of the West were converted to Christianity they turned their eyes to the East. From out the depths of Gaul and from the forests of Germany the new Christians went to visit the cradle of the faith which they had just embraced. There was an itinerary prepared for their use, which served them as a guide from the banks of the Rhone and the Dordogne to those of the Jordan, and on their return pointed out to them the way from Jerusalem to the principal cities of Italy.

The irruptions of the Goths, Huns and Vandals did not put a stop to the pilgrimages. Those barbarians began to respect the cross of Christ, and they sometimes accompanied the pilgrims as far as Jerusalem. In those days of strife and disorder a poor pilgrim with his staff and scrip traversed battlefields and wended his way without fear and without danger amongst armies that threatened the empires of the East and of the West.

In the ages of which we are treating the Church often substituted pilgrimages for the canonical penances, and great sinners had to leave their country for a fixed period of time and lead a wandering life. This manner of expiating a robbery, a murder, the violation of the Truce of God, harmonized well with the active and restless spirit of the people of the West; besides, the devotion of pilgrimages is intimately connected with sentiments most natural to man. If the soul of the American is touched when he stands by the grave of Washington, or as he walks over the battlefields of the late war, what deep emotions will not the Christian feel in viewing the places hallowed by the presence of the Saviour, and where his eyes and his imagination behold the cradle of the living faith that animates him!

The spirit of devotion of those days was such that most Christians would think themselves guilty of culpable indifference to their religion if they did not take the pilgrim's staff. A danger escaped, a triumph obtained, a desire fulfilled, the preservation of a father or a child, led people to abandon the domestic hearth and set out for foreign lands to visit the places consecrated by religious traditions.

A pilgrim on his way to Jerusalem was, so to speak, a sacred personage. After having obtained from his bishop letters of approbation and safe

conduct, he received the staff, wallet, and a cloak marked with the cross from the hands of a priest. During the journey the pilgrim was exempt from all tolls, he met with hospitality in every castle, and to refuse it was considered as equivalent to a felony.

Some of the Christians resident in Jerusalem and in the other cities of Palestine went out to meet the pilgrims. The Holy City had hospices for them, and there was an establishment where women were received by religious of their own sex.

The pilgrims entered the city by the gate of Ephraim, where, after the Mussulmans had become masters, they were required to pay tribute. After having prepared themselves by fasting and prayer they proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, wearing a sort of shroud which they afterwards preserved carefully, and in which they were wrapped after death. In going home they took shipping at one of the ports of Syria, sometimes in a ship of the Order of St. Lazarus, destined especially for this service. They generally landed in Italy, visited Rome, and then returned to their own country. There they were received in procession, and they deposited their palms of Jericho on the altar of their parish church.

## II.

It may be of interest to recount here the history of one of those holy expeditions undertaken on a large scale in the year 1074, just twenty-one years before the Crusades, of which it might be considered a precursor. The number of the pilgrims was seven thousand: at their head were the bishops of Utrecht, Bamberg, and Ratisbonne; while other bishops also took part in the pilgrimage. They set out in the autumn, and when they came to the lands of the barbarous tribes in the east of Europe, they had much to suffer. The Emperor Ducas of Constantinople received them with great kindness.

As soon as they reached the borders of the country ruled by the Saracens, they were constantly harassed by the Bedouin Arabs. Within three or four miles of Ramla a considerable troop of these freebooters attacked them fiercely. The Christians deliberated for some time whether the few warriors amongst them ought to make use of their arms—a fatal delay. Many of them were covered with wounds and robbed of their clothes, and the bishop of Utrecht was treated horribly. Meanwhile some of them armed themselves with stones that lay scattered around and defended themselves with them as best they could. Forced to yield to

numbers, they took refuge in the ruins of a vast castle situated in the midst of a desert plain; but the walls of the fortress were so ruinous that it seemed incapable of resisting a single attack.

They therefore had to make the best use they could of the means of defence within their reach. The bishops of Bamberg and Mayence took up their quarters in a room at the top of the fortress whence they could see what was going on and give directions accordingly; whilst the other bishops stationed themselves below to watch the walls. The barbarians sent showers of arrows upon them, and the pilgrims rushed out impetuously on their enemies, hurling stones upon them. For three days they held out against the attacks of twelve thousand enemies; but worn out by fatigue and hunger, they decided to surrender, and sent a message to the Arab chief. He, accompanied by fifteen of his principal officers, came himself within the Christian fortifications, when the bishop of Mayence offered to deliver up to him the baggage of the pilgrims if he would allow them to continue their journey in peace. The barbarian chief answered that it was not for the conquered to dictate terms to the conqueror, and that his soldiers had promised themselves to feast on the flesh of the Christian dogs and to drink their blood. Then, taking off his turban and unwinding it, he threw it around the bishop's neck. But the bishop, indignant at this, struck the fellow such a blow as sent him rolling in the sand. As soon as the Christians saw this they fell upon him and the other officers, took their arms from them, and bound them securely; then, having called upon Heaven to help them, they renewed the battle.

The Arabs, persuaded that their chiefs were killed, and being determined to avenge them, defended themselves vigorously and forced the Christians to retire. Then the latter, feeling that they could never conquer such a strong force of enemies, made use of a stratagem. Leading the Arab chiefs to the spot in the fortress where the battle was fiercest, a herald with a drawn sword cried out to the barbarians that unless they ceased to fight, the Christians would no longer battle with arms, but with the heads of their prisoners. Those wretched men, seeing death so near, begged their soldiers to cease the strife, and the son of the chief went through the ranks beseeching the men to desist from fighting and to save their prince and his father.

Meanwhile one of the pilgrims had made his way to Ramla by night and had succeeded in obtaining the aid of the emir of that city, who

was a most bitter enemy of the Arabs. The news of his approach spread rapidly amongst the barbarians, and they retired immediately. When the emir of Ramla entered the fortress, the bishops feared that they were caught in a trap; but their doubts were soon removed when the emir exclaimed at sight of the prisoners: "You have delivered me from my most terrible enemies!" A treaty was then entered into, and a Mussulman escort brought the pilgrims in safety to Jerusalem.

The Holy City had at this time as patriarch a venerable old man named Sophronymus, who came out to meet the Christians; they made their entry by the light of torches, and were conducted by their brethren to all the places worthy of their admiration. Unfortunately the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been torn down by Hakem, was still in ruins, and desolation reigned within the city and around it. The pilgrims had not only to weep over the destruction of the sacred monuments, but they were also deprived of the pleasure of bathing in the Jordan, as was usual for pilgrims to do, and of gathering the branch of palm in Jericho, which the faithful were accustomed to carry home with them in testimony of the accomplishment of their pilgrimage. Whilst a cruel and superstitious enemy ruled in Jerusalem, the thieving Arabs prowled without, ever ready to fall on the pious caravans. The pilgrims had therefore to forego a part of their programme, and to be content with a simple visit to the Holy City. They returned to Europe in Genoese vessels.

(Conclusion next week.)

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### What is Pre-Raphaelitism in Literature?

A SYMPOSIUM.

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There seems to be a mysterious chain uniting with the strength of steel poets, painters, sculptors and, in fact, all men of genius who give up the ordinary pursuits of life that they may immortalize their names on the scroll of fame. Nearly every artist has a kind feeling, an endearing sympathy, a cheering word and a hope of success for his fellow-designer. The Egyptian architects, the Grecian sculptors and the Roman poets, each in turn manifested their love for one another by close intimacy during their lives. Every man has his faults; but it seems as if the brotherhood of artists submerges the minor discrepancies of a fellow-workman with the

unlimited flood of his genius. It is not strange that they should be united. But as we are to deal exclusively with literary men it is not deemed expedient to dwell on the numberless fraternities of painters, architects and sculptors which have reared monuments of grandeur and beauty, since the world's history was begun.

Coming down to modern times, we find associations of literary men united for their common welfare and with the hope of doing better work. We read of how the wits of the Queen Anne period gathered at Wills' Coffee House that they might listen and profit by the never-ceasing outflow of advice and encouragement from the poet of the Restoration. Again, across the storm-tossed Atlantic, in the early days of the nineteenth century, under the grandest government that ever existed, a few of the beacon lights of American literature associated themselves for the express purpose of letting none of their golden hours flow down the stream of time without carrying with them a passport which would admit them into the presence of kings and queens. Among this congregation were Father Hecker, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne; and they are known to posterity as the Brook Farm Experimenters. In England we hear of a similar school which boasts of having John Ruskin for its founder. We talk of a solid corner-stone of a building, of true principles of character, and of firm doctrines of government; but what can be more stable than a school of literary men who glory in having such a progenitor as John Ruskin? who was ever more competent to promulgate a theory? Universal consent says no one, and we conclude that the pre-Raphaelite order was a grand undertaking.

This system has for its object the revival of the work of the older masters. the reason is because they were close imitators of nature. Raphael started the movement in painting and sculpture. As Ruskin had made probably a closer study of art than any man of his time, it devolved upon him to propagate the system in literature. So thoroughly has he taught it that to-day some of the most renowned English authors support it. They think that in writing one should describe nature just as she appears to him, and as a consequence their writings are full of color, vividness and earnestness. Sometimes they grow a little too realistic; but this is quite natural.

The chief pre-Raphaelites are Ruskin, Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Morris, and a poet who occasionally contributes to the *Ave Maria*,—Domenichetti. One thing is noteworthy

of them: they seem to be wrapped up in their work more than any other class of authors. Even Lord Tennyson is sometimes classed in this group because the rhythm, color and melody of "Marianne" and "The Lady of Shallott" resemble that of some of the authors of this school. This is probably due to the fact that in his early youth the poet-laureate studied nature so closely. In our University none of the writers of verse has yet been influenced by the pre-Raphaelites.

Rossetti and Morris strike me as being the best authors of the pre-Raphaelites. The former paints landscapes as realistically as any artist of the brush; at the same time he is full of imagination. There is not that depth of thought and profundity of reason which we find in Shakspeare and Milton; at the same time his poetry is not mere word-painting. It bears a striking resemblance to the early ballad romancers. Rossetti copies their accomplishments, but leaves their faults to moulder with their bones. Another example of his love for nature is seen in these lines:

"This sunlight shames November where he grieves  
In dead red leaves, and will not let him shun  
The day, though bough with bough be overrun;  
But with a blessing every glade receives  
High salutation."

Next to Rossetti comes William Morris. For poetic music, harmonious sound, and vivid word-painting he probably has no superior. Indeed, he seems to sacrifice the meaning to music. Yet there is a certain delight in his "Earthly Paradise" which is inexpressible. He has caught the same harp which Tennyson plays, and sends forth the sweetest lyrical music that the human ear ever listened to. His "Earthly Paradise" is simply one beautiful song from beginning to end. And yet he is only

"The idle singer of an empty day."

A. E. DACEY.

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Truly the nineteenth century is the age of literary advancement. During this period a renaissance has taken place in the world of letters, and new phases have shown themselves in the orbit of literature. Schools have been formed to advance an idea; reading circles abound as numerous as the field daisies, and great *littérateurs* are not wanting to add their inspired work to the rebirth of literary taste among the masses. At no previous time have the people shown such a widespread appreciation of literature and art, nor have they ever given such unanimous sanction to the new schools of thought.

In England the last nine decades of years

have produced a group of eminent men who challenge criticism, and whose genius has placed indelible "footprints on the sands of time." In the first ten years of the now closing century such men as Newman, Gladstone, Disraeli, Manning, Thackeray, and Dickens, Tennyson and Faber appear in close succession, and each succeeding decade has a like circlet of genii.

In 1819 was born a child of nature and of art destined to teach the beautiful, and soon to become the founder of a school—John Ruskin, the greatest exponent of æsthetics and art, alone, occupies in the literary world a position which Tennyson fills in poetic realms and Fra Angelico dominates in pictorial art.

Ruskin's youthful days were spent in an atmosphere of false artistic ideas; but a cultured mother and educated father protected him from imbibing the poisonous opinions of false art which, like a chemical gas freed, pervades all space until it has spent itself. He had a natural love for beauty, and loved nature in its true ruggedness. While yet a small boy his greatest pleasure was to gaze upon the majestic mountain, the mirror-like lake, the fleecy floating clouds; and as he grew up the artistic impulses cultivated by his parents matured and broadened until his pent-up soul burst forth into words, forming a work which, like a brave band of patriots, rise to down a usurper, and Ruskin snatched the sceptre of art from usurping daubers and placed it in the hands of nature's true depictees.

Ruskin was the first of a school of artists who depicted the beautiful in nature, either on canvas, marble or paper, with an almost religious sincerity. He attacked the deceptions practised in art, and the educated recognized in him an authority, and drank deep his ideas of the æsthetic. Every branch of art was affected by his philosophy, and in a few years his teachings bore golden fruit. A school was formed, and proved to be the most orthodox band of his disciples. I speak of the literary pre-Raphaelites, for Ruskin confines his principles to no single branch of genius but to all branches. The object of this school of writers was the aim of all the pre-Raphaelites, that is, to produce in art or literature the vividness and intenseness of nature as the artists did before Raphael, and as Dante and his contemporaries did in their poetic imageries. Some one truly says: "They attempted intensity, but achieved tenseness." They deal with classical subjects, but follow the romantic more than the classical method of treatment.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti is the most characteristic of them. Both an artist and a poet, he advances his principle so successfully that what his intense word pictures lack, his paintings make up in vividness. His greatest poem is "The Blessed Damozel"; and when written, it at once caught the attention of the critics. From beginning to end it is a beautiful, sensuous picture. "The Blessed Damozel," while an angel, has all the living fire of nature and illustrates how the pre-Raphaelites give a concrete appearance to immaterial objects:

"Around her lovers, newly met  
Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke ever more among themselves,  
Their heart remembered names,  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames."

The entire poem is a spiritual picture inflamed with love's fire and tinged with sensuousness. Yet Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," adds weirdness to tenseness; and Swinburne would set the foamy sea caps afire and lash the peaceful waters into fury.

William Morris gives us a more technical and classic treatment, imbuing his poems with a breath from the old classic myths. His "Earthly Paradise" is a light, æsthetic poem truly written by an "idle singer of an empty day" to please, not to teach. He associated himself with two other pre-Raphaelites—Canon Dixon and Burne-Jones—and started the official organ of the school, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. Dixon was an enthusiast, and his poem is "Christ's Company," which has strong religious coloring.

Burne-Jones was also an artist, and his paintings are characterized by their coloring without any central figure. Beautiful birds of many hues and gorgeous butterflies rest in flowery dells where the grass is greenest and the violet sweetest.

The pre-Raphaelites will live in literature not as a factor, but as the school of æsthetics. Hardly should they be called a school since they do not teach but try to please and beautify. They have exerted great influence over their contemporaries. Even Tennyson is tinged with their coloring; for what more vivid picture could be made than "Marianne" in the "Moated Grange"?

JAS. FITZGERALD.

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The early part of this century saw a new school, called pre-Raphaelites, spring into existence. Their object was to paint nature as seen with their own eyes in an intensely striking manner. From these another class sprang up, the more important of the two, since it included

many learned men. Turner was a good example of the former, and the idol of one of the greatest pre-Raphaelites, John Ruskin. Ruskin recognized Turner's abilities as a landscape painter and lauded him greatly, sometimes to an almost intolerable degree.

John Ruskin is the parent of modern English art-critics and an acknowledged master of style. He writes a strong, intense and very poetic prose. His earliest work was "Modern Painters," a series of lectures intending to show their superiority in landscape painting of the ancients. "The Stones of Venice" was also a success in its own peculiar path. His powers of description are great, and his style suggestive, pure and above all simple. The most characteristic poet of the school is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His greatest poem is the "Blessed Damozel," which is full of beautiful metaphors and extremely intense. For instance, the stanza commencing with the lines,

"It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;"

where the Blessed Damozel is

"So high that, looking downward thence,  
She scarce could see the sun."

And

"—the earth  
Spins like a fretful midge."

To enumerate all the beautiful lines in this poem would take too much time and space; but a few lines which are exquisitely beautiful will not be out of place. He places the Blessed Damozel stooping

"And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm."

"The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather,  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together."

The chief aim of this school was intensity and absolute truth to nature. Many of them succeeded in being tense. They often attempted classical subjects, but were more romantic than classical. As artists they are important, but as *litterati* they are not nearly so well known.

Morris became famous, in 1867, by the publication of a narrative poem, "The Life and Death of Tason"; and in 1871 "The Earthly Paradise" bids fair to give him a permanent place among English poets. He is intense, but a little obscure betimes; but his poems are unlike any others in our literature, even more suggestive than Chaucer, and certainly show the author to be a great poet.

Numerous others might be mentioned, as Allingham and Hunt, but I cannot close without

saying something of Coleridge. He was one of those who rescued English poetry from pedantry and conventionalism. His pieces are wild, yet beautiful. After Tennyson, Coleridge has a certain flavor which is pleasing. When I feel dull, or any way out of spirits, "The Ancient Mariner" rouses me up and makes me feel better. It is so wild and romantic to be travelling in a place where,

"—through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around!  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea."

Then there is a certain sweetness pervading the whole that pleases the reader. Coleridge was a painter, never a sculptor. He belonged to cloud-land; his world a visionary one. His musical versification is as charming as can be seen from "Christabel," a wondrously wild and romantic poem. A. KEHOE.

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Some poetry strikes us with its sweetness. Our souls are gladdened as its strains of music move in waves of life—one would live forever. Again, in its pathos it breathes that melancholy which sighs, and, with our passions' power, does banish all delights—we would not live forever. Then we love other poetry for its strength and picturesqueness, as with a rough and mighty hand it leads us on and on. And there is yet another form that impresses one by its wisdom. This poetry it is that, hand in hand with science, shall raise in our intellects just conceptions of beauty and sublimity from the adaptation of the wonders of the universe to the soul of man.

The first two form the Pre-Raphaelite poesy. It is intense; it vivifies. Angels lean over the great golden bars of heaven and melt them with their bosoms. The leaves of myriad plants that bloom about the throne of God are blown and softly rustled by ascending prayers. It is all one grand picture. Everything is made concrete. These lines from Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" may serve to show this best:

"It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is space begun;  
So high that, looking downward thence,  
She scarce could see the sun."



But this kind of verse can only charm and hold us for a time. Man cannot gain nourishment from the light, airy music that soothes and gives pleasure, yet teaches him nothing. And thus one would pick up the "Earthly Paradise" only as recreation and relief, as one would read Aldrich's "Majorie Daw" after laying aside Shakspeare's "Hamlet," or "Othello."

H. L. MONARCH.

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Books and Periodicals.

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A COURSE ON ZOÖLOGY. By C. De Montmahon and H. Beauregard. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

Teachers of Zoölogy are wont to complain of the scantiness of illustrations in text-books on this science. Doubtless the illustrations commonly found in books of this kind would willingly be dispensed with by many professors who prefer to trust to the imagination of the pupil or their own powers of description rather than consign themselves to the tender mercies of treacherous illustrations. It is therefore a great relief to find a work on Zoölogy wherein the subject-matter is comprehensively and clearly treated and which offers really profitable illustrations to enhance its perspicuity. The experience of Dr. Green, both as physician and teacher, has rendered him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of translator. The binding is hardly worthy of the excellent mechanical work found throughout the book, but this has the advantage of rendering the text-book cheaper.

THE HISTORICAL REFERENCE BOOK. By Louis Heilprin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That the publishers of this book have done the literary world a real service in producing this revised edition of Heilprin's work is a truth which any reader will perceive at a glance. No other American has given us anything like a comprehensive and accurate reference book; and no English-speaking author in any land has presented us, in such small space, with so much compact information on all subjects of chronological or historical importance. Dr. Heilprin's book is not one which can be recommended to very young students. It is pre-eminently a reference book—a book for those who have read history, and who desire to have their memory refreshed as to dates, difficult names, etc. A comparison of this book with other works of its class will reveal a great discrepancy in the matter of dates. Persons who are not given to the critical scrutiny of such

works as this would scarcely believe the extent to which the "doctors disagree" in chronology. Dr. Heilprin's experience as one of the editors of the *American Cyclopædia* where it was his chief duty to verify dates, has made him extremely cautious and critical. The reader may feel sure that if his guide is not infallible, he is at least as safe as the rugged nature of the land will permit. The book is substantially bound—as befits a working-book—and the paper, type, etc., are unexceptionable.

—The October number of *Scribner's Magazine* begins a group of articles on "The World's Fair at Chicago" with a picturesque description by H. C. Bunner of "The Making of the White City." Mr. Bunner looks with appreciation and surprise on the wonderful transformation which a year has made in the waste and desolate sandy plain which has now become the "site of such a group of buildings as has never before been assembled for such a purpose, on such a scale, within such a time, and in such conditions." A series of illustrations by W. T. Smedley illustrates this striking transformation. Franklin MacVeagh, one of the best-known merchants of Chicago, will write on "Chicago's Part in the Fair" (November number), and Frank D. Millet, who has been associated with so many World's Fair projects, will write of "The Decoration of the World's Fair" (December number). Mr. Millet's recent appointment as Chief in charge of the Decorations will enable him to write on this subject as no one else could. This group of preliminary articles on "The World's Fair" will, it is believed, give the general reader an adequate idea of the immense undertaking which is being so rapidly and artistically carried out.

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Kathleen Mavourneen.

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Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still ringing  
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;  
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing  
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest words.  
O have we forgotten the one who first breathed it,  
O have we forgotten his rapturous art,  
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it?  
O why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers;  
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few:  
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,  
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew;  
The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,  
In sighs and sobs moans the yearning refrain,  
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking.  
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

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—The importance of the students' monthly competitions, which will be commenced next week, cannot be too highly estimated. The decision of medals in the various departments depends entirely on the results of these examinations; and as a faithful record of the same is kept from the very beginning of the scholastic year, it is important that the student make every effort at the start to see that he acquires a creditable showing in these monthly exercises. Strict application on the part of a student to his regular class-work every day is sure to meet with high standing in the monthly competitions.

—The literary, dramatic and debating societies of the University have all been organized, and from what we learn of the enthusiasm and activity of those who compose them we can safely predict a year of very good results from these organizations. The Philodemics are made up of the advanced students, principally Sorinites; while the Columbians draw from the young gentlemen of Brownson Hall for members and recruits. With the St. Cecilians—one of the oldest and best organizations of the house—and the Philopatrians the students of Carroll Hall will have ample opportunity for literary exercises. We wish the various societies the fullest measure of success, and we sincerely hope that the corresponding secretaries will keep us thoroughly posted on all matters of interest that transpire at their respective meetings.

## The Summer School.

Of the Catholic Summer School the New York *Tribune* says:

"Probably the first to broach the idea of the school was Maurice F. Egan, formerly editor of *The Freeman's Journal*, of this city. He was always a great admirer of the work done by Chautauqua, and spoke and wrote in favor of a similar institution for Catholics. His idea did not receive much favor; but the summer school being a feature of the time, and Chautauqua's growing fame being always in sight, it was inevitable that sooner or

later the Catholic body should awaken to its importance. Within a few years reading unions began to rise in the East and West, whose members took kindly to the idea of a summer school. At the call of a few persons, a meeting was held last May at the Catholic Club, of this city, and a sort of organization was effected. The Rev. Morgan F. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, was chosen president. George P. Lathrop, John A. Mooney, Brother Azarias, the Rev. Talbot Smith, and other literary men, were present.

"The Revs. John F. Mullaney, of Syracuse; Joseph McMahon, of the Cathedral; Messrs. Thomas McMillan, Warren Mosher, George Hardy and others interested in university extension, lent their assistance.

"In October there will be a meeting of the American Archbishops in New York, and a committee will consult with them and ask their approval, which is certain to be obtained. The question of a permanent site is already under discussion, and may be settled in November at a meeting of the committee. Three places have received favorable attention: New London, the Thousand Island region, and Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. The first place may be considered out of the question, as the promoters of the school wish to keep out of towns. Of the other two it may be said that their chances are equal. They have the same free air and wildness, are picturesque, remote, yet easily reached; Champlain has the advantage of the Adirondack Mountains, and Smith M. Weed, the well-known Clinton County politician, has offered to the Catholic Summer School \$10,000 to settle in the neighborhood of Plattsburg, an offer useful to the lake town, for in five years, the prophets say, five thousand students will flock to the new school every year."

Notre Dame was named by the faculty of the School as the most desirable site for '93. But the difficulty of accommodating at least eight or nine hundred ladies had to be considered. Notre Dame is well represented, however, the Rev. J. A. Zahm being Dean of the Faculty of Science and Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, Dean of the Faculty of Letters.

## Ill-Natured People.

Ill-natured people are extremely selfish. They seem to think that the world was made expressly for them. No one else can produce the evidence of his title to the most ordinary consideration. They must be the *alpha* and *omega* of society; and should anyone criticize or doubt the validity of their claim, and consequently fail to accord them the deference they fancy due to them, there is no predicting the extent to which their ill-natured dispositions will carry them. I know of nothing so repugnant to me as an ill-natured man. It is a phase of character which I cannot understand, and consequently one for which I am willing to make but small allowance. People may be vain and egotistic, and yet we can pity while we censure them; they may be arrogant



or morbidly sensitive, and still we can overlook their shortcomings; but no man has a right to be ill-natured; it is an offence against society at large, and one which society is not readily disposed to pardon. An ill-natured man is never popular, nor should he be; the better impulse of the world cries out against selfishness wherever found, and never fails to discover it in the man who is petulant and disagreeable without cause. An ill-natured man is never happy; he cannot be, for he obstinately shuts and bars the door through which peace and happiness might enter his soul. He misses the true object of life—the following in the path his Saviour trod in meekness and humility—and continues in a state of constant insubordination against his Maker, and thus sins in almost every moment of his existence. His good deeds, because of the manner in which they are performed, are deserving of but little reward,—and his whole life is an unhappy failure.

A habit of ill-nature grows upon a man and increases with his years; it feeds upon itself; magnifies with indulgence, and at length makes a sweeping conquest of all that is high and noble and good in his nature. A habit of continuous fault-finding is an evidence of weakness and cowardice. None of those whom the world has enrolled upon the ineffaceable tablets of her history as brave and great men were ever ill-natured fault-finder. They were men of lofty ambition, and sublime in the determination and power of their invincible will. They never descended to complain of an evil which they either could or could not remedy. The one, they perceived, could not be overcome; the other they crushed with a mighty, irresistible blow.

There are innumerable instances recorded along the avenues of history where grand schemes and undertakings for the advancement and permanent benefit of mankind, were wrecked and utterly destroyed by the reckless and unreasoning irritability of some one of the principal actors; but it is in little things, in the constant and unavoidable blending of men in society, that the annoying and vexatious influence of these ill-natured men is chiefly felt. We have all met them, and it is because of their ungovernable disposition that we have learned to despise them. They complain of everything which annoys them, from the most trifling vexations of daily life all the way up to the most dreadful and extraordinary disasters. Their judgments are worthless where they are themselves concerned, for they perpetually magnify mole-hills of troubles into mountains. A little problem in algebra or arithmetic which they

cannot understand at once is sufficient to overthrow their equilibrium for hours, and they will, perhaps, swear at it with an awful earnestness of profanity. What weakness! what absurdity! They deserve to be incorporated forthwith in a straight jacket as men out of their minds.

It is a habit which *grows* imperceptibly and surely, and hence its great danger. When I see a boy giving way to bursts of passion without any effort at control, I cannot but see in the vista of the future the progressive course of his subsequent career. Unless he become convinced of the folly and danger of the course he is pursuing and reform his life—which is a sadly difficult thing to do—there can be but one road for him to travel, and that is invariably downward. Seductive pleasures even will not cluster around him, but wretchedness and unhappiness are his daily companions, without even the most trifling recompense. I have met men who had become so habitually ill-natured that they could not answer the most ordinary question in a civil tone of voice; and it was a torture to them to see anyone light-hearted and happy. I never pity such men, they are not worthy of it; contempt is the only feeling their conduct inspires.

How different the feeling when we meet a man who, we know, has encountered more than his share of the trials and misfortunes of life, and has borne them all with fortitude, and has carried a cheerful heart and a smiling face through all his sorrows and sufferings! We feel that his is a true nobility of soul, and we are inspired with unconscious respect for him. He may suffer the additional imputation of being heartless and devoid of sensibility, but to one who has borne and suffered the most poignant disasters in silence it is not difficult to sustain and overlook this unmerited sting of misconception. I admire such a man more than words can express, for I know that he has gained a more difficult victory than that of the greatest warrior the world has ever produced—"he has conquered himself." D.

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#### Personals.

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—Rev. President Walsh went to Chicago on Thursday to attend the meeting of the World's Fair Educational Committee.

—Thomas B. Clifford, '62, is one of the leading lawyers of New York city. See his card in our advertising columns.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby left for Watertown, Wis., on Friday last to officiate at the

dedication of the new St. Bernard's Parochial School, erected under the auspices of the Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C.

—Mr. T. Heizman, a bright Junior of Notre Dame away back in the sixties, now a prominent and prosperous citizen of Reading, Pa., was a welcome visitor to his *Alma Mater* on Tuesday. He entered his son in Carroll Hall.

—A welcome visitor to the College during the week was the Rev. James Clancy, the zealous and efficient Rector of Woodstock, Ill. Father Clancy's visits are the source of the greatest pleasure to his many friends at Notre Dame, who always hope that he will come often and stay long.

—John H. McConlogue, '78, is the distinguished head of the Democratic State Ticket in Iowa. His numerous friends at Notre Dame, who rejoice at the success which has thus far attended him, earnestly hope that the high honor of the State Secretaryship may be his by an overwhelming majority.

—The Rev. F. X. Dutton, Rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Cincinnati, made a very pleasant visit to the University, and entered his nephew in Carroll Hall. Father Dutton, who is one of the leading and most zealous workers in the sacred ministry, spent a delightful week in South Bend the guest of Dr. Berteling, of '80, the attending physician of the University.

—On Saturday last Notre Dame was honored by the visit of the Rt. Rev. J. E. Luck, D. D., Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand. The distinguished prelate has come from his distant mission in the antipodes to make a tour of the United States in the interests of his extensive but struggling diocese. He remained at the University Saturday and Sunday, and, we are glad to say, was highly delighted by his visit as all at Notre Dame were honored and pleased by his presence.

—Harry Jewett, '91 (Our Hal), is keeping himself in the forefront of the strife for athletic honors. The Cleveland press, speaking of the events of a recent athletic meeting in that city, has the following:

"When Harry Jewett broke the piece of yarn stretched across the track at the Athletic club field yesterday afternoon and won the final heat in the 100 yard dash few people realized that a sensational feat had been performed; that the record at that distance had been equalled, and that Jewett had proved himself the fastest sprinter in amateur athletics to-day. Jewett's fame as a short distance man had been pretty well established before he went into this race. Nine and four-fifths seconds after the starter's pistol had cracked, Jewett had earned for himself a name that will endure. He had become famous.

The record for the distance is 9 4-5, made at Washington on Oct. 11, 1890, by Mr. John Owen, jr., a club mate of Jewett. This record had never been equalled by an amateur, although it is claimed that twice Luther H. Cary of the Manhattan Athletic club has run in 9 3-4. The Amateur Athletic union never accepted Cary's performance as a record, and that of Owen and Jewett is to-day the fastest 100 yard performance. Amongst professionals only two have ever equalled the

time. Here in Cleveland July 31, 1886, H. M. Johnson ran the distance in that time, and in February, 1888, at Oakland, Cal., Harry Bethune did like running.

Jewett is twenty-three years old, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs in condition 164 pounds. He is a civil engineer by trade, and has been running about three years. He now holds the western championship in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes and the Canadian championship, which he won last year at Toronto, beating Luther Cary in 22 1-5 seconds around a turn. He had previous to yesterday a record of 10 seconds for 100 yards, 21 4-5 secs. for the 220 yards; 21 feet 6 1/2 inches for the running broad jump; 5 feet 10 1/2 inches for the running high jump; 44 feet 8 inches for the running hop, step and jump; 35 feet for the sixteen-pound shot and the 120-yard hurdle in 17 2-5."

The *New York Sun* of the 25th, in a report of the Canadian Athletic meeting held at Montreal, speaks of Jewett's victory in the hundred yard dash and adds:

"In the two-hundred-and-twenty yard run, Jewett has created a new world's record, which was extremely meritorious, as the race was run over a track with one turn. The time was recorded officially as 21 3-5 seconds, but the electrical timing apparatus, which was in use in all the races, registered 21 95-100 seconds."

#### Local Items.

- Base-ball.
- Fine weather.
- Prepare for Field Day!
- Mascot Tim is a dark horse.
- Ability, capability and sobriety.
- You are not a bit sore, are you?
- Who put the potato in his pocket?
- Vincent is an expert at high jumping.
- Fatty got there on the strength of his feet.
- The colts ran away and are now "out of sight."
- The hurdle jumpers have begun to practise already.
- Bill has a peculiar dislike for pie; he never eats any.
- Didn't they "go ahead mit de moosic" the other day?
- When shall the carving class and chicken meet again.
- Carroll Hall is perfectly empty from 1.30 to 2.30 p. m.
- The Carroll Hall diamonds now have three wire back stops.
- On Sunday night two Juniors, P. and G., made *home runs*.
- The new base-ball uniforms are just too lovely for anything!
- B. Lucian will have charge of the Philopatrians the present year.
- A handball tournament is promised this winter by Bro. Hugh of Carroll Hall.
- We notice of late the emptiness of the Carroll Hall ink wells. *Scholastics* did it.
- Lost.—Somewhere on Carroll Campus, a valuable pin. Return to Students' Office.

—The Minims devote their recreation to playing "scrub" prior to choosing "nines."

—The genial secretaries of the various societies will oblige by early reports of their meetings.

—B. L. has disposed altogether of about one hundred and ninety association tickets. Good for him!

—We publish this week a correct report of the officered members of *some* societies of the University.

—W. S. has been forced to chain his cushion to his chair. That's right, Bill, never trust the "Red-head."

—J. L. T. lights, or at least should light, Chicago's lamp every night. His head saves many matches.

—Prof. C. P. Neil, we are glad to say, will again have charge of the Columbians during the present year.

—The Carrollites have a fine walk around their campus, and if a heavy roller be put upon it they would enjoy a finer one.

—It is understood that the Fort Wayne football team will be here as soon as the 'Varsity eleven receives a little practice.

—The classes of Elocution and Phonography, under the direction of Professor George Edmund Clarke, are largely attended.

—There's an intimation from some of the old members of St. Boniface's Society that it will be reorganized soon. Success to them!

—T., whose nose was the victim of a collision on Sunday last, has returned from a short sojourn in the land of "tonics and pills."

—The St. Cecilians organized last Wednesday evening under the direction of Rev. A. Morrissey. A large number of new members was admitted.

—Mr. Hugh Mitchell will represent Carroll Hall on the SCHOLASTIC Staff. The Carrolls will please give him all necessary pointers, early and often.

—The first competitions, or monthly examinations, of the scholastic year 1892-'93, will be held during the coming week. They begin with the Preparatory Course.

—The Carrolls have consented at last to have a wire back stop erected between their walk and the Brownsons', so the latter may learn some of their curves.

—Bicyclists, who have converted the walks in front of the main building and Sorin Hall into their war-path, will please not mistake a fat man for the Colossus of Rhodes.

—The football was brought out for the first time Monday afternoon, and some good players among the new students were noticed. Look out for the 'Varsity eleven this year!

—On Thursday afternoon the Athletic Association held a meeting for the purpose of choosing captains of the second nines, and elected E. A. Krembs and J. Brady by acclamation.

—This is the month of the Holy Rosary. There

will be special devotions in the college church to-morrow (Rosary Sunday) to which extraordinary privileges are attached. Every evening during the month there will be special exercises of devotion.

—*On dit* that the fence between the Main Building and Music Hall, though probably useful, is far from being highly ornamental. Would it not be well to place a barricade of a new design, or erect an elegant gate at the Infirmary corner?

—The second nine "Whites," under the captaincy of J. Brady, and the "Greys" under E. Krembs, played a tie game Thursday afternoon on the Brownsons' campus. The batteries were Brady and Burton for the "Whites," and Flynn and Krembs for the "Greys." The game was called at the end of the ninth inning on account of darkness, the score being 9 to 9.

—The "Blacks" and "Maroons" played a very interesting game on the Brownson campus Thursday afternoon. The batteries were McCarrick and Luther for the "Blacks," and McDermott, Dinkle and O'Neil for the "Maroons." The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLACKS:—	1	4	0	0	0	2	4	1	0=12
MAROONS:—	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0=4

—A new departure in the holding of the Faculty meetings has been inaugurated. The meetings will now be held on the last Thursday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m., in the St. Cecilians' Hall, where matters of importance pertaining to class work, discipline, etc., will be discussed by the members. The first meeting of the present scholastic year was held on Thursday last, at which some new decisions were reached in regard to the distribution of class-medals. We expect to be able to make known these in a future number.

—A man of authority, who lives not a thousand miles from here, was called to the neighboring city of Niles the other day. Whilst walking along one of the principal thoroughfares he was accosted with the familiar expression: "Shine, sir?" He found, upon inspection, that he was sadly in need of the proffered assistance, notwithstanding the pains he had taken before starting. The lad went to work with a will, and in a short time any canine that might pass could see his profile. The boot black looked up for his pay, and to his great surprise encountered the benign smile of the genial —. Well, the runaway decided to return. Next!

—On last Sunday the St. Joseph's Literary Society was reorganized at the Manual Labor School. The members displayed good taste in the selection of the officers, and everybody will doubtless applaud the choice. Rev. J. De Groot was unanimously proclaimed Director; Bro. John Climacus, C. S. C., Promoter; C. Martin, President; C. Singler, Vice-President; G. Schlink, Secretary; L. Durbin, Treasurer; R. Case, Critic; P. Onzon, Sergeant-at-Arms; H. Malloy and

T. Martin, Censors. From the good work accomplished last year it may be safely asserted that this society will not be the least interesting of our local athenæums, and great things are expected from it this year.

—During the past week a new choir was organized at the Professed House for the purpose of furnishing music at the parishioners' Mass on Sunday. It possesses considerable talent, and from all appearances promises to be a success. This is something that cannot be too highly commended as its main object will be the correct rendering of the Church's own music—Gregorian chant. We wish the new organization success.

—The following are the percentages of the various nines in the Carroll Hall League:

*Chicago*—J. Rend, 1000; *Philadelphia*—W. Gerdes, 800; *Boston*—N. Gibson, 750; *Pittsburg*—C. Loser, 667; *Narragansett*—T. E. Moss, 667; *Cleveland*—W. W. Marr, 333; *Carroll Stars*—E. Thorne, 333; *Brooklyn*—John Lohner, 333; *Flour City*—C. McCarthy, 333; *St. Paul*—W. Nichols, 333; *University*—E. Dorsey, 333; *New York Stars*—G. Gilbert, 200.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association was held on Wednesday, Sept. 28, when the following officers were elected: Very Rev. T. E. Walsh and Rev. M. J. Regan, Honorary Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, Director; Rev. W. J. Kelly, Prof. J. F. Edwards, Literary Critics; Bro. Lucian, President; Bro. Alexander, Promoter; Prof. F. J. Liscombe, Musical Director; L. Garfias, 1st Vice-President; J. Yeager, 2d Vice-President; C. Meyers, Recording Secretary; J. W. Miller, Corresponding Secretary; A. Kegler, Treasurer; J. Marre, Marshall; W. Gerdes, Sergeant-at-Arms; V. Washburne, Librarian; G. Bixby, Historian.

—On Sunday evening the St. Aloysius' Philo-demic Association held its first regular meeting. On the Thursday previous the following officers were elected: Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. M. F. Egan, Literary Critic; E. DuBrul, President; H. Ferneding, Vice-President; H. O'Donnell, Recording Secretary; M. Quinlan, Corresponding Secretary; W. V. Cummings, Treasurer; J. McCarrick, Censor; T. Quinlan, Sergeant-at-Arms. The society has resolved itself into a literary one, and the present bids fair to be a most successful year. At the next meeting the immigration question will be discussed *pro et con*. The "Force Bill," too, is to have its turn in the near future.

—The various courses of religious instruction were organized on the 19th ult., and they are all largely attended. The course of Church History is under the charge of Rev. Michael Lauth; the courses of Christian Doctrine in Brownson Hall are superintended by Rev. Fathers Fitte, Regan and J. Kirsch; while Rev. Fathers Walsh, Morrissey, Bros. Lucian and Hugh take charge of the classes in Carroll Hall. The first half hour of the day's work is devoted to this essential course, and the interest mani-

festated by the students of the various courses of religious instruction assures us that there is due appreciation on the part of the students of Notre Dame of the importance of sound religious training in connection with the acquisition of secular knowledge.

—The religious services for the Columbian session were formally opened in the college church on the morning of the 18th ult. The students and Community thronged the sacred edifice, while Very Rev. Father Corby offered up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for a successful scholastic year, and Rev. President Walsh delivered an appropriate sermon. The Mass which was sung by the choir was a new one composed by Professor Liscombe, Director of the conservatory of vocal music. Not to comment on the fact that the singing was unusually good, owing to a great extent to the encouragement given to the choir by Prof. Kivlin, it must be remarked that Professor Liscombe has succeeded in especially adapting his musical composition to the manly voices of his choir.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society was held on Wednesday evening, September 28, presided over by the Rev. Father Morrissey. Only five members responded to the call of "Old St. Cecilians." After arriving at their hall the meeting was immediately called to order, and those assembled proceeded to elect officers. Of course all the best offices were taken at once, and more names must necessarily be proposed in order to fill the remaining ones. The Rev. President and the 1st Vice-President adjourned to the study-hall, and soon returned with a number of gentlemen who had signified their desire to join. Those who responded to this call were: H. Mitchell, A. Coolidge, J. Hack, O. Bergland, R. Slevin, J. Sullivan, A. Rumley, P. Walker, B. Oliver, T. Finnerty, T. Cavanagh, A. Lynch, G. Johnson, P. Dion, G. Sweet, J. Brown, C. McCarthy, J. Lannigan, and E. Dorsey. The following are the officers duly chosen: Very Rev. E. Sorin and Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Hon. President; Prof. M. F. Egan, Literary Critic; Prof. F. J. Liscombe, Musical Director; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Promoter; Jas. E. Rend, 1st Vice-President; Jas. L. Tong, 2d Vice-President; Wm. W. Marr, Recording Secretary; F. O'Brien, Treasurer; W. Nichols, Corresponding Secretary; J. LaMoure, Historian; J. Hack, 1st Censor; R. Slevin, 2d Censor; T. Cavanagh, Sergeant-at-Arms. The society of this year has started out under very favorable auspices, and the high standing it has held before is sure to be maintained throughout the coming year.

—The O. S. M. Club held a special meeting on Monday last in Sorin Hall reception rooms. This flourishing society cunningly convened on the pretext of determining whether or not the

tired athletes should represent it in the boat-race on the approaching St. Edward's Day. But it was manifest to our reporter that it was an indignation meeting against the Iroquois Club—a rival organization limited to four (4) members! There were brought before the house such questions as the expulsion of Messrs. Joslyn, Dacy and Bolton, charged with having malignantly intrigued with the members of the aforesaid rival; also some congratulatory exchanges regarding the disposal of the ubiquitous canine, Judy, supposed to be owned by one of the antagonized four. Mr. Dacy, though now three weeks retired from the stump, demonstrated that his tongue had not lost its cunning, and spoke like a Cataline. But "history is constantly repeating itself." "Cicero" Coady was the preponderating talker, and "Cataline" was banished together with his accomplices. Concerning Judy, many speeches were made *pro et con*, now inducing pathos, now rousing that intellectual body to menacing shouts. The "purp," it seems, came to the mournful notice of the compassionate "roomers of second flat" just at the time when two big judges Lynch, rope in hand, were marching him towards a gibbet. The cord was cut, nevertheless, by the whole-hearted band master who chanced to be walking near the scene of execution. Again the dorg was freed from the hands of biological students by the timely arrival of "Ned"; but the hand of fate was stretched to grasp him. He fell by an assassin not one hour later.

BASE-BALL:—The game between the specials and the South Bend Club, on the afternoon of the 25th ult., was a very interesting one. The visiting club were sure of defeating the home team, but, as usual, were defeated. It must be said, however, that they played the best game of any club that came from South Bend in some time. McCabe and McHenry, two former Notre Dame boys, played with South Bend. The score was as follows:

SOUTH BEND.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haggard, 1st b.	5	2	2	12	2	2
Cassidy, p.	5	1	1	0	1	2
Rebholz, c.	4	2	1	10	1	2
McCabe, R. 3d b.	4	1	2	3	2	1
Hanley, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	0	1
McCabe, W. s. s.	4	2	1	0	1	0
McHenry, l. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Talbot, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Scott, c. f.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Total.	35	9	11	27	7	8

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, l. f.	5	2	1	0	1	0
McDermott, 3d b.	5	1	1	3	2	1
Flannigan, 1st b.	5	3	2	8	0	2
Whitehead, c. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Fupke, 2d b.	4	1	1	4	0	2
Luther, r. f.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Covert, c.	4	1	2	0	4	1
Chassaing, s. s.	3	0	2	0	4	1
McCarrick, p.	3	1	1	0	3	0
Total.	37	11	13	15	15	7

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
 SOUTH BEND:—2 0 3 1 2 1 0 0 0=9  
 NOTRE DAME:—2 3 1 0 2 3 0 0 0=11

2 Base Hits: Haggard, Flannigan. Stolen Bases: McCarrick, Covert and Flannigan. Struck out: by McCarrick, 12; by Cassidy, 9. Umpire: Healy. Scorer: Stanton. Time, 2 hours.

—THE LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Law Debating Society held its second meeting on Wednesday, September 21st, Colonel Hoynes presiding. Several new members were added to the society, and the outlook this year seems to be that the law department will show a marked increase over the membership of last year. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the maintenance of reciprocity as the cornerstone of our commercial policy would tend to promote the natural development and prosperity of the nation." Before the debate Mr. Gibson read a paper upon the significance of reciprocity and was highly complimented on his effort. Mr. Hennessy opened the debate for the affirmative in his own affable way, and presented some facts and figures showing the benefits we have already received from our reciprocal trade relations with Southern countries. He was followed by Mr. Henley for the negative, who said that he did not believe in reciprocity with a high tariff annex, and made some comparisons that showed the injustice of the "sham" reciprocity as advocated by the republican party. He was followed by Mr. Cullen who also took the negative side of the question, and proved himself a very adept hand at figures. He showed the inconsistencies of the republican party in advocating free trade with the South American countries, and protective tariff with the richest countries of Europe, who are ready to take our surplus products. Mr. McFadden closed the debate for the affirmative in an excellent speech on the beauties of reciprocity, and the advantages that the United States would gain by reciprocal trade relations with all nations. He showed the increase of exports during the time reciprocity has been in force, and by his comparisons set the chairman pondering which side had the best of the argument. The chair then gave a clear and concise view of the advantages of reciprocity as well as some of its set-backs, and for over a half hour kept the members of the society enchanted by his irresistible eloquence. At the close of his talk he decided in favor of the negative.

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The 3d meeting was held Wednesday, Sept. 28, Col. Hoynes in the chair. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That the Government of the United States should actively aid in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal." Mr. Cook first gave a history of the canal and a description of its location. In behalf of the affirmative, the speakers were Messrs. Brown and Linehan, while Messrs. Kirby and Kelly ably maintained the negative. After a lucid exposition of the question under discussion, the president accorded the merits of the debate to the affirmative. The following was given out for debate two weeks hence: "Resolved, That a change to six years and one term in the Presidential office would be a salutary reform." Messrs. Ragan, Du Brul, Chute and Coady were named as the disputants.



## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacey, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannagan, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliff, O'Donnell, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Shaack, Schopp, Thorn.

## BROWNSON HALL.

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## The Tale of a Dorg.

In Sorin Hall there was a dorg,  
But now he's there no more.  
The fates they weren't kind to him;  
He's dead, or feeling sore.  
For tricks and traits and all that's cute  
You couldn't find his peer.  
"Say nothing ill of him that's gone?"  
No need of that just here.

Yet, though his friends were numberless,  
He had one bitter foe  
Who scorned to look upon his form,  
And longed to have him go;  
But Judy didn't take the hint—  
I'm sorry for him now;  
FOR HE COULD SING if *others* could,  
He'd try it, anyhow.

He tried, alas! too often, though  
His voice was wondrous sweet;  
Yea! honor to the man, say I,  
Whom more admirers greet.  
But Judy had an enemy,  
And bitter was his hate:  
The forecasts were for evil that  
Would burst out soon or late.

One night the sun was setting low,  
And Judy sat down too,  
When from the loved "porch of his home"  
A wicked missile flew.  
Amazed, aye, trembling with a fear,  
All watched the flying chair;  
The aim was sure, it hit the spot,  
But—Judy wasn't there.

Thrice frowned the foe in fury, then,  
Thrice looked he all abashed,  
And gazed he on the fleeting purp  
Thrice on the chair he smashed.  
About he turned, nor spoke a word,  
But think you 'twas for shame?  
Ah! would it were; he tried again;  
Three times he did the same.

At length he thought of other means  
The end would justify;  
And, sorrow of all sorrows! he  
Declared "the dorg must die."  
Awake, then, canine; get thee hence!  
If thou thy life wouldst spare.  
The fool, he didn't heed the word,  
He didn't seem to care.

The protests of his friends were vain,  
In vain they did their part;  
Resigned they waited till the foe  
Should set at ease his heart.  
The "I's" were they indignant? Sure!  
The "O. S. M's" were glad—  
For private reasons changed their minds;  
They said the dorg was mad.

That afternoon poor Judy's foe  
Conducted him away;  
He tied him to a barn, methinks,  
And there he bade him stay.  
Not all who passed were enemies  
(He had some friends I said):  
The rope was cut; at eve he called,  
"Good-bye"—with that he fled.

At early morn some heard him bark,  
Some heard a pistol shot,  
Some claim he's living, some he's dead;  
Go, ask his foe his lot.

O. WHURESSY.



## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

[Essays, society reports, and items of general interest regarding the Academy, appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, issued monthly by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per annum.]

### Weekly Bulletin.

*Graduating Class.*—Misses Haitz, Hudson, Lynch, Moynahan, Ryan, Thirds.

*First Senior Class.*—Misses Charles, Davis, Gallagher, Kimmel, Roberts, Tormey.

*Second Senior Class.*—Misses Brady, Byrnes, Call, Carico, Clifford, Cooper, Griggs, Dillon, Gibbons, Higgins, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hellmann, Healy, Keating, Kennedy, N. Moore, Morehead, McCune, McLoughlin, M. Nichols, O'Mara, Pumpelly, Ruppe, A. Ryan, Sanford, Stuart, M. Wagner, McGarry.

*Third Senior Class.*—Misses Bogart, E. Barry, M. Barry, Coady, Coffin, Cooney, G. Cowan, Good, Hunt, Hammond, Meskill, Nicholson, Miner, O'Sullivan, E. Wagner, Whitmore, Zieger, Kelly, Boyle, Garrity, S. Smyth.

*First Preparatory Class.*—Misses Agney, Butler, Dingee, Gardner, Hittson, Hopkins, McCormack, McDermott, Sachs, Terry, Baxter, Kasper.

*Second Preparatory Class.*—Misses Bartholomew, Ellet, Foulks, McDonald, Russert, Werst, Schultz, Tong, L. McHugh, Morgan.

*Third Preparatory Class.*—Misses T. Hermann, E. Keating, A. Girsch.

*Junior Preparatory Class.*—Misses M. McHugh, Flynn, Tilden, Trask, Casanave, Riordan, Beck, Seeger, E. Dowling, I. Dowling, Ford, M. McCormack.

*First Junior Class.*—Misses Campau, Allen, L. Dowling, Titsworth, Finnerty.

*Second Junior Class.*—Misses Binz, Wolverton.

*Third Junior Class.*—L. Smyth, E. Brown, K. Brown, Dugus, Buckley, Degnan.

### LANGUAGE COURSE.

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#### FRENCH.

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*Third Class.*—Misses Thirds, Stuart, Doble, M. Nichols, A. Seeley, G. Cowan, S. Smyth, Dempsey, Ryan, M. Byrnes, M. Burns, Tormey, Charles.

*Second Division.*—Misses Baxter, E. Wagner, Morgan, M. McHugh.

*Fourth Class.*—Misses R. Butler, Furlong, Cunningham, Thompson, Daley, Trask, A. Ryan, Kennedy, Dent, Tong, Crilly, Boyle.

#### GERMAN.

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*Third Class.*—Misses M. Moynahan, G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellmann, N. Keating, M. Ruppe, A. O'Mara, K. Jacobs.

*Fourth Class.*—Misses L. Holmes, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, A. Cowan, M. McLoughlin, M. Bartholomew, J. Pfaelzer, L. Schaefer, H. Klemm.

*Fifth Class.*—Misses G. Bogart, A. Coady, L. McHugh, C. Graffe, H. Seeger, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, L. Binz, L. Flynn, P. Gardner, M. Schultz, G. Casanave, A. McDermot, E. Dowling, I. Dowling.

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

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*Graduating Class, 1st Course.*—Miss Marrinan.

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*Second Class.*—Misses D. Davis, E. Dempsey, R. Doble, M. Gallagher, M. Miner, M. Roberts, A. Thirds.

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*Third Class.*—Misses M. Gage, L. McHugh, M. Smyth.

*Second Div.*—Misses R. Bassett, E. Baxter, H. Boyles, M. Brady, T. Kimmell.

*Fourth Class.*—Misses A. Augustine, M. Burns, E. Call, M. Carico, A. Coady, E. Dowling, P. Hellman, A. Hunt, M. Marshall, M. McCune, G. Winstandley.

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*Fifth Class.*—Misses M. G. Byrnes, A. Cahill, C. Daley, H. Hutchinson, A. Keating, A. Lynch, B. Nichols, M. Nichols, A. O'Mara, J. Riordan, K. Ryan, L. Seeger, L. Thompson, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, B. Winstandley, E. Zieger.

*Second Div.*—Misses Agney, K. Barry, P. Carter, A. Cooper, C. Duffy, C. Foulks, C. Graff, K. Healy, A. Hopkins, D. Kline, P. Pfaelzer, G. O'Sullivan, E. Seeley, A. Terry, B. Wright.

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*Ninth Class.*—Misses Martha McDonald, M. Murray, E. Tilden.

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Miss S. Smyth.

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#### PHONOGRAPHY.

*First Class.*—Misses G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellmann.

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#### ELOCUTION.

Misses Barry, Baxter, E. Dowling, Dent, Dreyer, Goldsoll, Hittson, Kasper, Moynahan, McLoughlin, McDermott, Meskill, Russert, Stuart, Terry.

#### Roll of Honor.

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

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#### Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.

Gilmore is dead! This gentle-hearted, whole-souled bandmaster, who made music for us all, has been silenced. He was of the people; he made music for the people. Who that ever saw him or knew him can forget him, as, in his moments of supreme happiness, he waved his *baton* in front of his splendid organization—never so proud as when providing harmonies which lifted his audiences into realms of bliss, thereby dispelling care? Blessings upon the man whose harmonies filled the land with luminous joy! And, above all, he was a true patriot. He loved the dear country of his adoption. Under his *baton* "The Red, White and Blue" became an anthem, and "Marching Through Georgia" a classic!—*New York Advertiser*.