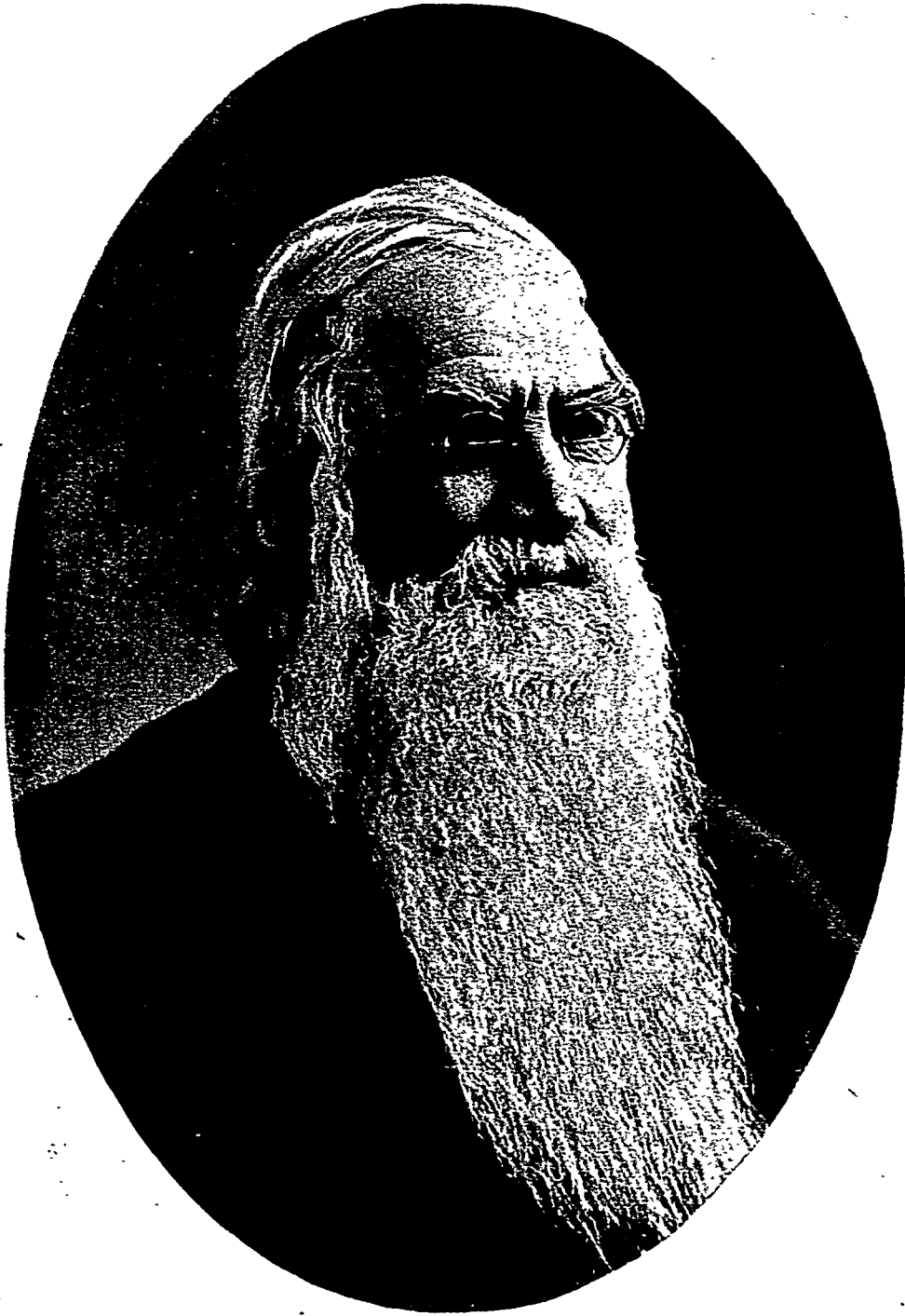


# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC



## In Grateful Commemoration

OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL AT NOTRE DAME OF THE VERY REVEREND  
EDWARD SORIN, SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS.

**F**IFTY beautiful years; years of blessing, of grace;  
Fifty years in the smile of Our Lady's dear face;  
Fifty years 'neath the wings of the Archangels  
seven;  
Fifty years that are safe on the records of Heaven!

Fifty years! How the struggle, the hardship, the care,  
Through this vista of distance look gracious and fair;  
How the danger that threatened, the ill that assailed,  
At the glance of some guardian, invisible, quailed;

How the flames that were raging, "prepared to devour,"  
We now see overruled by a merciful Power;

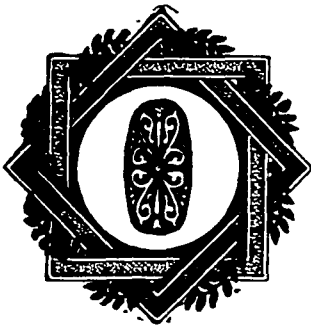
How the shock of disaster, like beast in its lair,  
And the ocean's dread billows, were conquered by prayer.

Fifty years! and we chant—where he can remember  
He stood mid the snows of a cheerless November—  
The sweet joy of the triumph, the victory won;  
And all this ere the set of his life's ardent sun!

Precious life! may it linger, like sunsets that throw  
A charm over all things, above and below;  
The twilight that deepens, the night that enshrouds,  
Kept afar by the splendor and flush of their clouds.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

1842—Notre Dame—1892.



Na cold November evening, in the year of grace, 1842, a young priest stood near an old log house on the banks of the little lake, called St. Mary's, and viewed for the first time the principal field of his future labors. The frozen lake, the prairie beyond it, the small portion of cleared ground were all covered with snow; the branches of the trees drooped under the weight of the snow; the evergreens, even the rail fences and the stumps that thickly studded the ten-acre lot were rendered fairy-like with snow,—snow, cold, pure, beautifying snow lay thick and heavy all around; and as the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the winter clouds, cast their magic light over the wide expanse of snow-covered land, the young priest consecrated it anew to the Virgin Mother of God, to whom, in his great love for her, all his undertakings, great or small, were always lovingly submitted.

The young priest was Father Sorin; the place, Notre Dame du Lac;—two names that will always be associated, ever linked together in the memory of old students and old friends, and will go down together in the religious and educational annals of our country.

But though in the following pages Father Sorin's name must frequently be mentioned, it is by no means our intention to give even a sketch of his life. Father Sorin still lives, thank God, and long may he live! His deeds already accomplished and those hereafter to be done need another to recount them. The feeble pen which traces these lines were not worthy to reveal in full the life of Father Sorin.

But of Notre Dnme this pen can write, if not in a worthy manner, at least with a great deal of affectionate regard and kindly feelings for every person and every thing connected with it; it can essay to offer a tribute of praise to its Patroness, of profound and affectionate regard to its Founder, of respect and cordial esteem to the members of the Congregation of Holy Cross and the Faculty of Notre Dame, and of hearty, sympathetic sentiments to all the alumni—the old boys, and to the actual students of the College.

Notre Dame du Lac was purchased in 1830 by Rev. Theodore Badin, the first priest ever ordained in the United States. It was then

known by the Indians and the few settlers around as Ste.-Marie des Lacs, and was made by Father Badin the centre of quite a range of missions, and the residence of the priest who attended the scattering Catholic population of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. The missions extended from Coldwater, east to the Illinois line, west, and from Kalamazoo, north, to Rochester, south. It is true that those villages, and others on the confines of the circle, were occasionally visited by priests from other neighboring missions, but until the formation of the northern part of Indiana into a separate diocese, all of the country contained within the circumference of a circle passing through these points, with Notre Dame as a centre, was attended from the latter place.

Father Badin, having purchased the land and established the little log church as a central point, did not leave this part of the country without attending to the wants of the poor savages who still dwelt in Northern Indiana, many of whom were already Catholics, and the rest were converted to the Catholic religion by Father Badin and his worthy successors in these missions, the first of whom was Father De Seille. This zealous priest, dwelling amid the hardships of the early missions, displayed the courage and self-abnegation of the true apostle and missionary. Everything seemed to promise him a long life among his flock; but death soon summoned him, and in 1838 he died in his poor log church—alone. No, not alone, but with God and no mortal near! With the last feeble remnant of his strength he dragged himself to the altar, and with his own hands gave himself the Holy Viaticum for the great journey to eternity, then laid himself down to die at the foot of the altar on which he had so often and with so much fervor offered up the Divine Victim.

The excellent Father Petit, who from a lawyer of Rennès became a missionary in the diocese of Vincennes, was sent the day after his ordination to replace Father De Seille. He took up his residence in the log house of Ste.-Marie des Lacs, but lived there only a short time: death marked him on the very commencement of his missionary career, but not before he had endeared himself in an extraordinary degree to all who knew him. He died in St. Louis, on his return from an expedition to the West, whither he had accompanied *ses chers Indiens* to the lands provided for them beyond the Mississippi. His name is held in veneration by all who can appreciate self-sacrifice and devotedness to the welfare of others. During

his short residence at Ste.-Marie des Lacs, he baptized with his own hand three hundred Indians, and had as many as two hundred of them confirmed at one time in the log church by the side of the lake. It seemed just and proper that the body of Father Petit should have its last resting-place after death where he had done so much good during life. In 1857 Father Sorin had the mortal remains of the faithful priest and zealous missionary brought to Notre Dame, where in the church they repose by the side of his predecessor, Father De Seille, and of a worthy successor to his apostolic labors, Rev. Father Francis Cointet.

The death of Father Petit left the missions around Ste.-Marie des Lacs in an abandoned

religious establishment of Brothers, who had accompanied him from the city of Mans, and whose number had been increased by several postulants. Leaving this establishment—St. Peter's it was called—in the care of Brother Vincent, Father Sorin took seven Brothers with him and started for his new mission. His companions were: Brothers Francis Xavier, Gatien, Patrick, William, Basil, Pierre and Francis, all of whom have gone to their last long rest, except Brother Francis Xavier, who has made the coffins of all who have died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind office for many more yet before he drives the last nail into his own.

Notre Dame is on a farm originally of over



ARRIVAL AT NOTRE DAME IN 1842.

state; it was then that Rt. Rev. C. de la Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes, the successor of the saintly Bishop Bruté, offered the grounds of Ste.-Marie des Lacs to Father Sorin, on condition that in a certain space of time the latter should put up a college building and maintain it.

Thus Ste.-Marie des Lacs became Notre Dame du Lac, and the log church, 20 x 40, with a little frame house adjoining, has been transformed into the present establishment of Notre Dame.

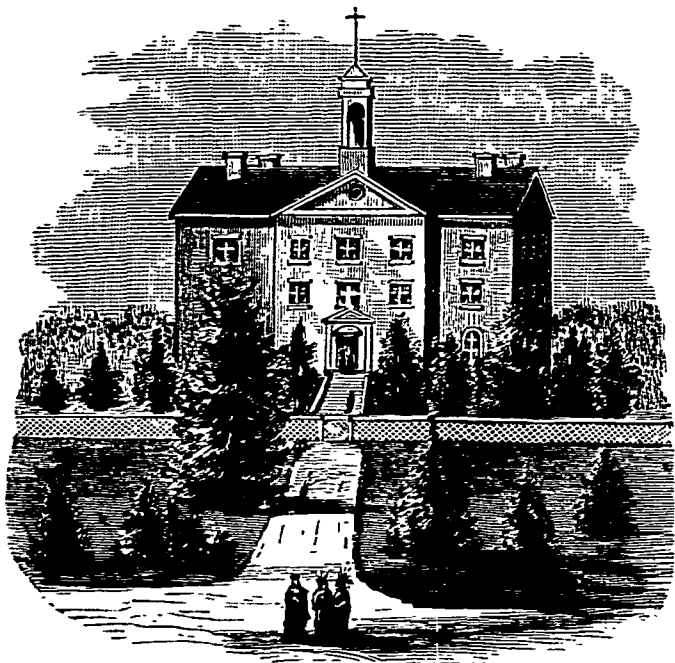
When Father Sorin viewed the snow-covered ground of Notre Dame, the 26th of November, 1842, he had just arrived from Vincennes, near which he had, one year before, founded a

six hundred acres, lying on the right bank of St. Joseph's River, in St. Joseph County, Ind., about two miles from the railroad stations at South Bend, of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and the Chicago & Grand Trunk, and the Vandalia line; and the railroad station of the Michigan Central is on the premises between Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy. It is unnecessary to enter into further details to show that Notre Dame is of easy access by railroad from all parts of the United States and Canada.

The farm of Notre Dame in the early days consisted of six hundred and fifteen acres, of

which only ten were cleared, the other acres being covered with forest trees and thick underbrush, except some hundred or more that were covered by the water of the lakelets, from which the establishment took its name. These lakes are about twenty-five or thirty feet deep; the bank of one consists of marl, from which excellent cement is made.

The only house on the premises was the one before alluded to, built of logs, in the old style of log-cabin forty feet by twenty-four. The ground floor was the residence of the priest, while the upper story was the only church or chapel for the Catholics of South Bend and around about. A small frame house clinging to this sturdy log one was occupied by the family of a man who acted as interpreter between the Indians and whites when occasion required.



FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING—1843.

It would give us great pleasure, and no doubt it would give as much to our readers, to dwell on this part of the history of Notre Dame,—to note the size and population of the villages in the neighborhood, and other interesting trifles, but it would make our unpretentious narrative too long.

Brother Vincent, who had accompanied Father Sorin from France, could not remain at St. Peter's while Father Sorin was at Notre Dame. By his advice, and having obtained permission, he transplanted the whole establishment of St. Peter's to Notre Dame, in the month of February, 1843. He and Brother Laurence were throughout the efficient aids of Father Sorin. Father Sorin's joy at their arrival was no less than the Brothers'; and theirs may be judged from what he wrote shortly after their arrival: "Our separation had lasted only four months, it seemed to them four years."

Before the arrival of Brother Vincent and his

colony from St. Peter's, Father Sorin had made bargains for the brick, lumber, etc., to begin building the College as soon as the spring would open; but a more pressing need had to be attended to—a church had to be built. An appeal was made to the few Catholics around; they could or would do little—most of them were poor, many were not very fervent. However, a subscription was made: it was paid in labor. On a certain time they got together cut down logs enough to build a church 46 x 20; when the logs were hauled to the spot where the church was to be built, near the old log house—near where the barn now stands—the people assembled, and soon rolled the building up and then departed, leaving Father Sorin to finish it. This he did with the assistance of the Brothers, and, as may readily be supposed, without going to much expense for ornamental architecture. This building was used as a church until 1848; it caught fire accidentally in 1856, and in spite of the efforts made by students, professors, Fathers and Brothers, who wished to preserve it as a monument of the past, it burned to the ground, and nearly made a general conflagration of the church and College.

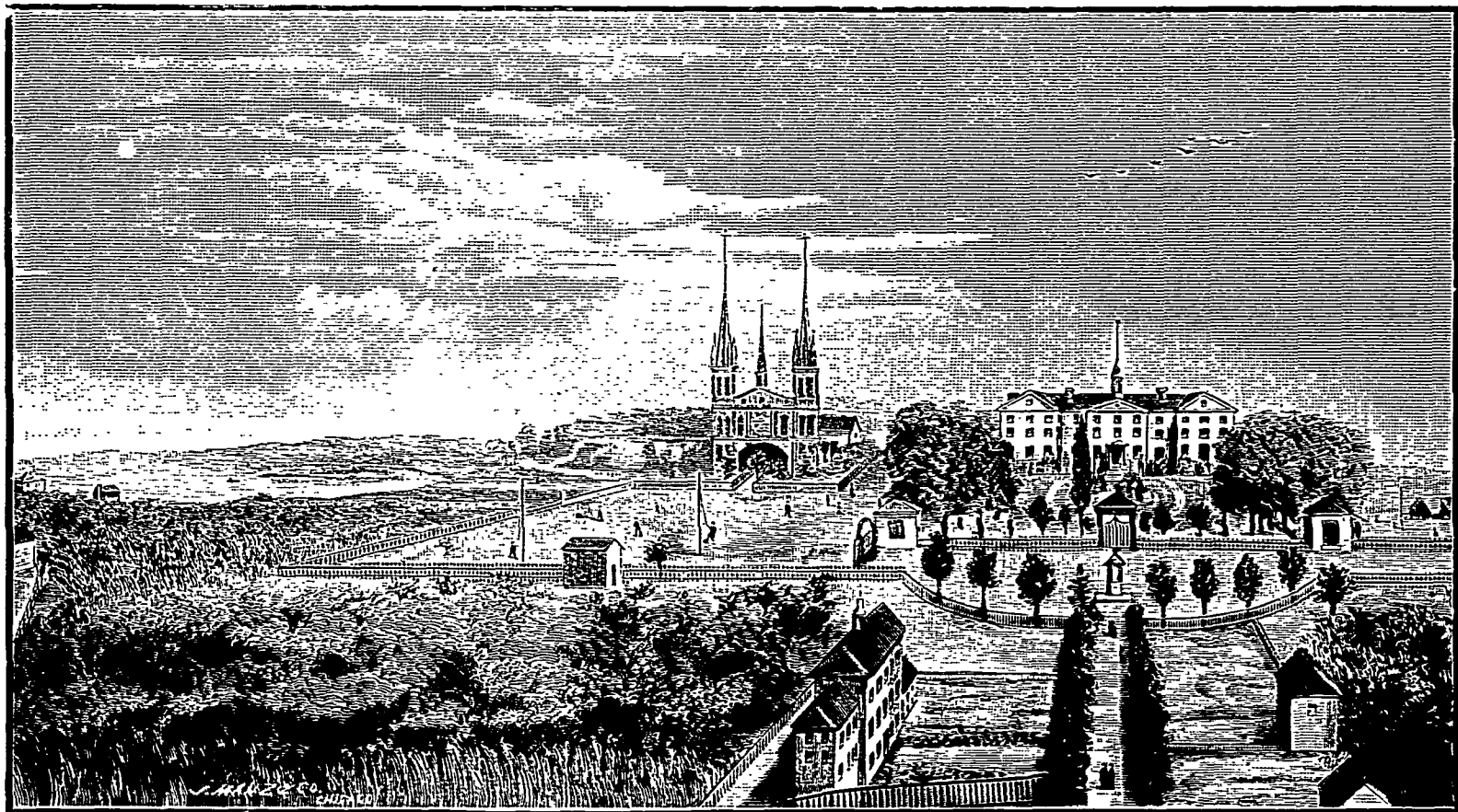
The winter of 1842-'43 was very severe; for full five months the ground was covered with snow; the spring was late; some of the contractors who had bargained to furnish materials for building failed to fulfil their engagement; the architect did not arrive at the appointed time, and so many things conspired against the erection of the College—and the want of funds was not the least obstacle in the way—that it was determined not to begin the College until the following year. A valuable addition was made in the month of July to the members of the Community by the arrival of the second colony from France, consisting of Father Cointet, M. l'Abbé Marivault, and M. l'Abbé Gouesse; one Lay-Brother, and three *religieuses*. As the design of building the College that year was abandoned, a smaller house was decided upon, and the brick building close by the lake, known as the Farm-House, was erected. The Community of Notre Dame, which now began to be numerous, had finished their annual spiritual retreat, when, late in August, the architect arrived from Vincennes with workmen to begin the College. On the 28th of August the corner-stone was laid; the building was pushed forward, and by the month of December it was under roof—but the plastering had to be postponed until the following spring. In the month of June, the few pupils who had been accommodated in the brick house near the lake were removed to the

College building, and in the month of August took place the first Commencement exercise of Notre Dame.

Before the College walls were up to the third story, measures had been taken to secure a Charter for the College and for the Manual Labor School, which latter establishment was, and has ever been, one of the favorite enterprises of Father Sorin. It is a pleasure for us to record here an act of spontaneous kindness on the part of the Hon. John D. Defrees, then the representative of St. Joseph's County in the State Legislature. This gentleman generously suggested to Father Sorin the idea of applying for a Charter; and through the aid of Mr. Defrees one was obtained for the College, with the title of University, and another for the Manual Labor School.

The first building erected was the central part of the old College edifice; it was four stories high, eighty feet long, and forty or fifty wide.

One of the reminiscences that Father Sorin recalls with the most pleasurable emotions and of which we have often heard him speak, is the retreat he made in 1843 on the mound between the two lakelets of Notre Dame. While making this retreat he did not think it a waste of time to occupy a part of each day in clearing off the grounds on which to build a chapel. This was in the month of November; next spring all were busy building the College; and the chapel was not finished until November, 1844. The Novitiate of the Brothers was erected at the same time. The chapel and Novitiate stood until the year 1858, when it was torn down and replaced by the present building, which is



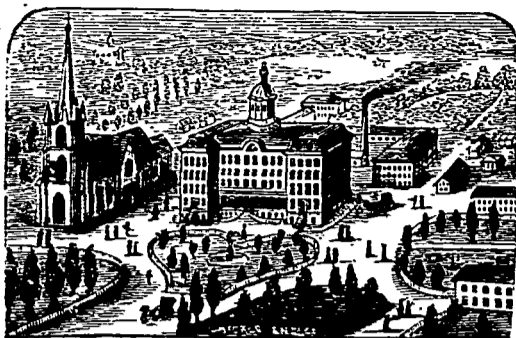
NOTRE DAME 1860

As we are on this agreeable subject, we would like to mention the names of all who from this time forward came out bravely as friends to Father Sorin and the grand undertaking he had in hand. But to mention all would be impossible. We cannot, however, pass over the name of Mr. Samuel Byerley, who received Father Sorin with great hospitality on his first arrival in New York, in 1841, when he landed, on the 13th of September, the eve of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Both Mr. and Mrs. Byerley manifested to Father Sorin and his Community that affable and unpretending hospitality for which they have always been distinguished.

occupied by the Professed Brothers. The little chapel was blessed on the 8th of December, 1844, under the title of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary; and on the same day the Archconfraternity, the oldest society of the students of Notre Dame, was established in this chapel.

But let us go back again to the year 1844, where we left the College building just up. We really forget whether we put in under roof and put a steeple on it. It was under roof. Not one of your new-fangled French roofs, with slate and gravel and pitch, and all the modern improvements, but a good, old-fashioned peaked roof, with shingles on—oak shingles at that,

which turned up and warped beautifully in the sun, and thus ventilated the attic. They had no steam then; there was not even any talk about a rail-



NOTRE DAME BEFORE THE FIRE.

road through South Bend—and they used flat-bands of iron for rails on the embryo Michigan Central road, which at that time had slowly made its way from Detroit as far as Marshall;

one-half hour the caloric that would have kept the building comfortable, if judiciously spread, through the winter days and nights—they fell back on stoves in which wood was burned. That mode of heating continued until 1863, when the present efficient, steam-heating apparatus was successfully introduced.

Bells have always been a favorite mode of making a noise at Notre Dame. In these primitive days—we continually revert to the year 1843—the reader must consider that we have our head-quarters in the College in that year, and that we have not commenced the

regular march of our history down to the present time; the brief notice we occasionally make of the present time may be likened to speedy excursions on a bicycle—we make only one track, and that a narrow one. In these primitive days there was a fine-toned bell in the college steeple, where it did service, especially on two occasions: when it alarmed the neighborhood and woke up the sleeping Community to extinguish the flames, wherein, without the bell, the College would surely have been enveloped. When the Church was built, Mr. G. Campau constructed a beautiful belfry on it, over the sanctuary, and put this bell in the belfry. There it rang out as merry as any marriage bell, until one very stormy day in March—it may have been April, for the winds get very much mixed up in this region of country, and are no



THE THIRD COLLEGE BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE OF APRIL 23, 1879.

and which, besides throwing the train down embankments, used to poke "snakes" at the passengers up through the cars. Ah! those were jolly days to travel in! any train then could beat a trotting horse, not only in speed, but in shaking you up. But I digress. They had no steam in the College then; but after nearly freezing all the students and professors to death with hot-air furnaces through the first winter, and then well-nigh making a big bonfire of the College towards spring—concentrating in

respecters of months; indeed it has all along, since the flood, at least, been a matter of grievance that it is not known whence they come or whither they go; but here is added the further grievance that it isn't known when they are going to come. On this day of March, or April, the wind blew the belfry down, and the bell came along with it, and now rings in the belfry of the Convent of St. Mary's. Talking of bells, we will exhaust the subject, as far as Notre Dame is concerned, by briefly stating

that the original bell just mentioned was succeeded by a large one of 2,400 pounds, which hung high up in the steeple, solitary and alone, making deliciously loud solos, until 1859, at which memorable epoch it was enlivened by the arrival of the peal of twenty-three bells, which will play you any air you want, or at least any tune you will go to the trouble of putting on the cylinder. The big bell, not liking, perhaps, the continual clatter of so many smaller ones, or else because it was knocked around too roughly, cracked in disgust, and was sold for bell metal. The legitimate successor of that bell—the third, consequently, of the family of bells—is the one which sounds forth from the tower of the present church. This bell, with the yoke, weighs 17,000 pounds, and is larger than any other bell—whether church bell or any other kind of bell—in the United States. It was cast by the celebrated bell-founder, Mr. Bollée, of Mans, France.

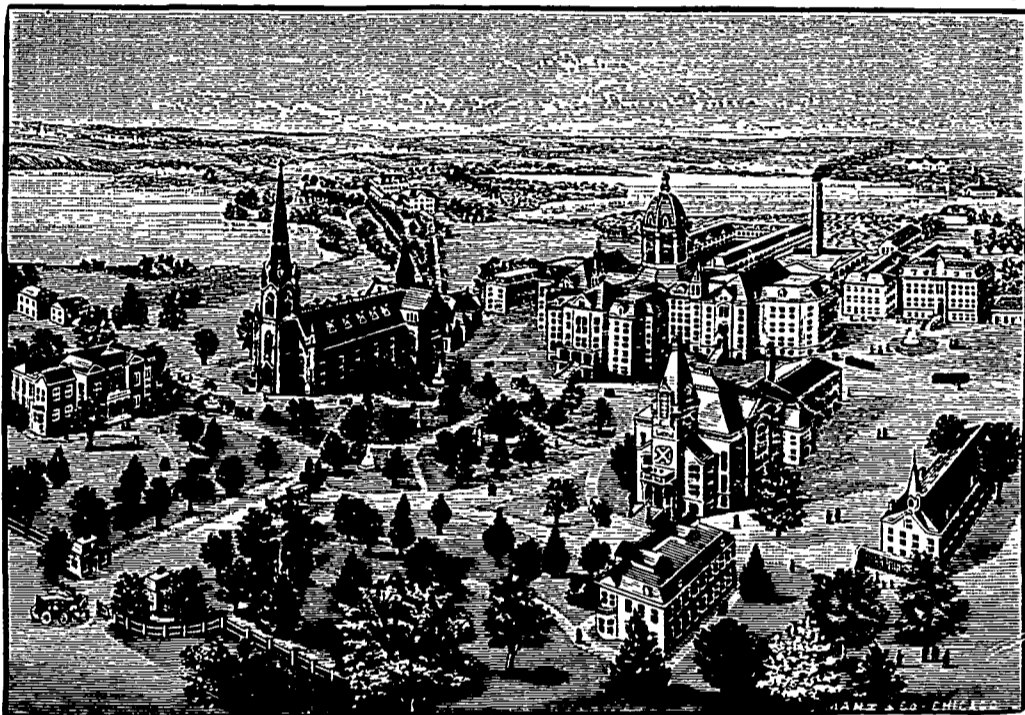
The Manual Labor School, as well as the College, was chartered in 1844. On account of the land being so encumbered with timber, and the small number of men, the College, Manual Labor School and shops were grouped together too closely. B. Francis Xavier's carpenter and joiner shop was the first established; Brother Benoit soon followed with his locksmith shop, and therein made some of the most wonderful locks and keys our youthful eyes ever rested upon; then the shoe shop, the tailor shop, and others followed in succession—not all springing up at once, but by degrees, as their want was felt, or as men able to conduct them presented themselves.

The most powerful human cause of Father Sorin's singular success was his quick perception of the manners and ideas of his adopted country, and the happy facility with which he not only conformed to them, but actually made them part and parcel of himself; and while he retained all the qualities of the Catholic priest and of the French gentleman, he laid aside the prejudices of the foreigner and seemed to take possession of the spirit of the country with his oath on becoming a citizen. We have all met with men who have been in this country for many years, yet who are as much Frenchmen, or Germans, or English, as they were the first day of their arrival,—nay, it seems that their prejudices in favor of their own country become

more settled the longer they remain. Father Sorin was not of that class.

It was his good judgment in this respect that perfected the discipline of the College and tempered the too free and easy, and, in many cases, rude manners of American youth, with the polished and elegant manners of France, without diminishing the opening frankness and sincerity which is an offset to American want of culture.

The course of studies at Notre Dame was always complete, and the scholarship high. Father Cointet, the first Director of Studies, was not only a most accomplished gentleman, who won the respect and affectionate esteem of every one who became even only slightly



NOTRE DAME IN 1892.

acquainted with him, but was also a profound scholar, with broad views; and, though Father Sorin was prevented, by his many and fast-increasing cares as his Community grew more numerous, from acting directly on any one class of students or branch of studies, yet as President of the College and of the Board of Trustees, his views were the leading ones in the reunions of the Faculty; and if now the corps of Professors is more numerous to meet the wants of the increased number of students, we consider we are paying them a compliment when we say they are worthy successors of Father Cointet, Father Shaw, Rev. Mr. Ivers, Brother Gatien, Profs. Jones, O'Leary, and others, of the earlier days. While Father Cointet gave the impulse to the study of classics, Bro. Gatien made his students enthusiastic on the subject of mathematics; and Father Shaw, who was an eloquent speaker himself, fostered in the breasts of the numerous students of his class that love of debate and "holding forth"

which seems natural to all American youths.

Father Shaw it was who laid the foundation of the present Literary Societies, and afforded the first materials for the lively traditions of the Thespian and Dramatic Societies; and Brother Basil, shortly after, took hold of the Band and sounded the first notes of the Philharmonic Societies which have since, under various names, re-echoed their notes every year with increasing vim and sweetness.

In 1849 the shops and the kitchen were entirely destroyed by fire. It was quite a loss to the Community; but, far from being discouraged, Father Sorin took measures to have the frame building replaced by a brick one.

The year 1851 was one of great importance to Notre Dame; it was the year that the railroad was completed through the neighboring town of South Bend, and the Post-Office was established at Notre Dame. The wings of the College were added to the main building in 1853; the College and the whole establishment at Notre Dame steadily prospered until 1854.

The cholera had ravaged many parts of the United States, and the danger seemed passed away, when in the summer of 1854 many of the inmates of Notre Dame were attacked. Among the first taken away was Rev. Father Cointet. His loss, humanly speaking, was irreparable; and when added to the loss of Father Curly, and of some twenty other members of the Community, and to pecuniary difficulties, it seemed to threaten Notre Dame with utter destruction.

But Father Sorin never lost his confidence in God—never for a moment doubted the protection of the Mother of the Redeemer, to whom Notre Dame is specially dedicated. His confidence was repaid. The summer of '54 was the dark moment before the dawn of a new and more flourishing era for Notre Dame. The gentleman who had so long refused to sell his land, or accommodate Notre Dame by allowing the water of the lakes to be lowered, offered to sell his land at much more reasonable terms than had been proposed to him. The land was bought, the lake was lowered—much to the improvement of the health of the establishment.

Kind and liberal friends came forward, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, of Lancaster, Ohio, are remembered as two of the most generous benefactors of Notre Dame. May they receive in heaven the reward of their good works!

In 1856 the celebrated chimes were put up in the belfry of the church, and were solemnly blessed in November before a large concourse of friends. Archbishop Purcell and Bishop

Henni were present. The Most Rev. Archbishop delivered an eloquent discourse that is still remembered with admiration by the many who heard him that day. The sermon of Bishop Henni was also remarkable for its eloquence.

In 1857, the Congregation of Holy Cross, its Constitutions and Rules, received the highest sanction of the Church, being approved by the Holy Father on the 13th of May of that year.

In the year 1855, the Academy of St. Mary's, which, as well as Notre Dame University, acknowledges Father Sorin as its founder, was removed from Bertrand to its present delightful position on the banks of the St. Joseph River, a little more than a mile west of the College.

Notre Dame and St. Mary's, did their full share during the war: the Priests as chaplains, the Sisters as nurses in the hospital; it would take a separate volume to do justice to the part taken by the two institutions during this time.

In 1865, Father Sorin put into execution a design he had long thought over:—it was to establish a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

In September, 1867, Father Gillespie, at the suggestion of Father Lemonnier—then Director of Studies—began the publication of the *SCHOLASTIC*, the College paper, conducted under his supervision by the students. To no one, indeed, is Notre Dame more indebted for the cultivation and encouragement of literary studies than to Father Gillespie, her first graduate.

In the spring of 1865 Father Sorin, then aided in the government of the Congregation of Holy Cross by Rev. Patrick Dillon as President of the College, determined to enlarge the College buildings, which then, after twenty-one years, were altogether too small for the increasing number of students. The old College building was unroofed in June, and by the month of September it was transformed into a magnificent structure one hundred and sixty feet in length, eighty feet in width, and six stories in height, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Our Lady.

On the 31st of May, 1866, took place the largest gathering of the friends of Notre Dame that had ever been seen on the College premises. It was on the occasion of the blessing of the colossal statue which stood over the dome of the College. Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore; Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne; Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee; Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Bishop Timon, of Buffalo; Bishop Grace, of St. Paul, by their presence showed the interest they took in the Institution, and their devotion to the Mother of God.

The Presidents of Notre Dame, under whose

immediate direction everything has been done, were: Father Sorin, 1844-1865; Father P. Dillon, 1865-'66; Father W. Corby, 1866-'72, and again from 1877-'80; Father A. Lemonnier, from 1872 until his lamented death in 1874; Father P. J. Colovin 1874-'77; and Rev. T. E. Walsh, who is still in office.

On the 23d of April, 1879, during the second administration of Father Corby, the grand College building was totally destroyed by fire, together with the Infirmary, the Music Hall, and several minor structures. A calamity such as this, only partially covered by insurance, would have dismayed hearts less stout than those at Notre Dame, into which it rather seemed to infuse a new life. The venerable Founder of the Institution, whose years might have fitly invited him to that repose which a life of energy and usefulness had earned, sprang at once into renewed vigor, and surprised his friends by his activity and self-devotion. The disaster only served to show how widespread throughout America was the veneration in which this young *Alma Mater* was already held. Substantial sympathy was expressed in the most effective shape, and friendship appeared in unexpected forms and localities. A plan furnished by Edbrooke, of Chicago, was selected from among thirty others, and the present structure arose rapidly from the ashes. By September, enough of it was completed to accommodate satisfactorily the returning throng of students, whose increased numbers showed a generous confidence in Notre Dame in her hour of adversity.

## II.

### THE NEW NOTRE DAME.

The avenue leading to the college is nearly one mile long, and is shaded on either side by stately maples. Just off the main road which intersects the avenue at the college gate are two pretty little buildings—on the east side is the Post Office, on the west is the Porter's Lodge. Passing up the avenue the visitor sees in front of him the main building, the dimensions of which are 320 x 155 feet and five stories in height, surmounted by a magnificent gilt dome which forms the pedestal of a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin, the head of which is encircled by a crown of twelve electric stars, while at the feet twenty-four electric lights form a beautiful crescent. The height of the statue from the ground is 200 feet. There is no grander monument to God's ever-Blessed Mother in the New World, and it forms a most magnificent tribute of gratitude on the part of the inmates of Notre Dame to the Queen of Heaven, under

whose protection this spot of earth has been placed since its foundation. This grand pyramid of faith needs to be seen to be appreciated—the effects which it produces on the beholder, with its far-reaching splendor by day and by night, is a feeling of awe, of reverence and of the power of that faith which from such humble beginnings has produced such grand results.

To the east of the main building are St. Edward's Hall, surmounted by a cross, the base of which rests on a large fresco (a genuine fresco) of the Guardian Angel; the College of Music, an exceedingly handsome structure, having much the appearance of an opera house; and Science Hall, a building fully as large as the old college and of pleasing architectural design. Farther east are smaller buildings, like the others, of cream-colored brick, with iron and stone trimmings; these are the gymnasiums for Seniors, Juniors and Minims.

West of the main building are the Church, Manual Labor School, the residence of Very Rev. Father Sorin, with Sorin Hall, for students of the Junior and Senior years, and opposite, Mechanical Hall and the Observatory. While farther west are the Professed House for the religious, the Seminary, and to the south lies the Farm, with its workshops, a bake-house, large stables, etc. In the distance west may be seen St. Mary's Academy, a flourishing school for young ladies in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Such is Notre Dame, with its attractive natural scenery, its cultivated acres, its pleasant grounds, its commodious buildings—with all the advantages that can be desired to train and direct the powers of heart, body and mind—with all the requisites to present the realization of the true home of Religion and Science. May the band of devoted religious, to whose care and direction all the workings of this home have been entrusted, continue to grow and flourish, and in the future, as in the past, be a power in the Church and a benefactor to society! And may the venerable Superior, who laid the first foundation of this vast structure, and who, during the whole of its career, has presided over and directed its destinies with the perfecting wisdom of advancing years—may he live long in health and strength, and blessed of Heaven to continue for many years yet to come the grand and noble work which he inaugurated and carried on so successfully, and which he has lived to see wonderfully develop into such vast proportions! Long live Notre Dame, its venerable Founder and the noble army of Holy Cross!

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Founding of Notre Dame.

1842—1892.

**T**HE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the planting of the Order of Holy Cross at Notre Dame was celebrated Sunday, November 27. At eight o'clock Very Reverend Father General was escorted from the Presbytery to the parlor where the Faculty and students were assembled to do him honor. The military companies were in platoons, and gave the sergeants' salute as the rest of those present greeted the venerated Founder with applause. Mr. Quinlan, '93, representing the University departments, then came forward. We feel that we say best what Mr. Quinlan deserves, and compliment him most, when we say he surpassed himself in delivery. As for the literary worth of his address, it may show for itself. He spoke as follows:

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:

"The pleasure with which the students have ever looked forward to occasions on which they can testify the respect and love cordially entertained for Notre Dame's venerable Founder is appreciably increased by the fact that to-day is not an anniversary of mere passing significance, but one destined to be memorable in the annals of our college home.

"We are assembled here to greet you on the Golden Jubilee of your life-work, and to congratulate you because of the magnitude of that work. Always interested in all that pertains to the honor and glory of God and to the good of your neighbor, ever a dutiful son of the Blessed Virgin Mary, you may not, perhaps, in your humility, have paused to consider how great are your achievements, and how signally God has favored your undertakings. Men have lived and died martyrs to their cause; warriors, statesmen, orators and discoverers have been lowered to their graves respected and revered, but how few have lived to see the tree which they planted blossom forth in all its cheering beauty? Far more privileged still is he to whom it is given to gaze at length upon the fruit-laden branches. To you, Very Reverend Father General, has been granted this token of God's good will. Here,

where two and a half score years ago was naught but the wooded banks of a frozen lake and the lonely hut of a savage, now towers a lofty temple of religion and education over which are extended in motherly protection the arms of its Patroness, and wherein the young man is trained to be the scholar, the patriot and, above all, the Christian. Gathered here from all countries are your zealous co-laborers to whom has been entrusted the development of man's nobler faculties; from these sacred precincts have gone forth heroes of the land to defend the flag of our nation and to plant the Cross of our Faith.

"Such, then, Very Reverend Father General, is Notre Dame seen in the zenith of her glory. Of the little band that half a century ago bade her God-speed on the road to prosperity the greater number have gone to their eternal reward. Only two has God, in his mercy, spared to see her in her splendor, you and good Brother Francis. How happy you both must be on this day, the Golden Jubilee of the founding of so great a seat of learning! And were we to rejoice only because it is so notable an anniversary our hearts would be filled with gladness. But how much more exultant are we when we consider that in the whole history of Notre Dame never has she attained greater success. Out of the fervor of your heart she sprang into existence; through your zeal and that of your fellow-workers she has reached her present greatness, which is but an earnest of the good she is yet to do, a promise that future years must redeem.

"Permit me, then, to offer to you, in behalf of the students of the University, most hearty congratulations on this the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame, assuring you of their fervent wishes that you may long live to contemplate the magnificence of the monument reared on this sacred spot to the greater honor and glory of Her whose name it bears."

After him came Masters Holbrook, Scherrer and Berthelet who spoke in behalf of the little princes of St. Edward's Hall. Their beautiful poetic address is given in another column. The Rev. President then introduced a distinguished guest, Dr. Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, who said that in an humble way he desired to join the students in offerings of respect, and in the name of the Catholic laity of the United States to tender Father Sorin his warmest congratulation. He mentioned the strong faith of that young priest who came here fifty years ago, and of the ample repayment the Blessed Virgin had shown in all the undertakings of him and his. We regret we are not able to give Mr. Onahan's few, but pointed, polished remarks *verbatim*; yet circumstances over which we had no control prevent us.

And if we express grief that we have not his

words we lament more that we cannot give Father Sorin's speech as he delivered it in reply to the tributes and greetings from the students and friends present. It is justly conceded by all that of the many beautiful responses he has made on different occasions at Notre Dame none was ever more graceful and touching. Strongly put, and worthy of a mind full of younger vigor. He said though he could not speak at length, on account of his feebleness, that on this memorable day, dear to him a thousand times, his memory carried him back to the meagre beginning of this his life-work. And when, following up the

the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and he said his first Mass in America on this feast. Twenty-five days afterwards they reached the end of their journey, Vincennes. Arriving there penniless, they were given a tract of land.

What we see to-day can only be the result of divine Providence. This tale of Notre Dame's infancy is trite; but when told by Father General himself, when one hears from his own lips the description of beds oft-times sprinkled with early morning snows, and the uninviting huts, one realizes the amount of self-sacrifice and patience these devoted pioneers and educators possessed.



GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER SORIN, AUGUST 15, 1888.

years, he thought of the many who had helped him so zealously, and felt he was compelled to say a few words. "Not to me but to God do you owe your feelings of gratitude." He said he could have never withstood the many hardships and difficulties that fell to his lot as the builder of Notre Dame had it not been for that supernatural aid. On leaving France they placed themselves, he said, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of the Snows. A strange coincidence in his journey was the arrival in New York on

AT 10 O'CLOCK

Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco. The Very Rev. Provincial Corby acted as Assistant Priest; Rev. Father Pulchers, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Rev. Father Morrissey, Deacons of Honor; Rev. P. P. Klein and Rev. W. P. Maloney, Deacon and Subdeacon, and Rev. J. J. French, Master of Ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill. We give herewith a substantial report of the

## SERMON.

To-day we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of a branch of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Ste.-Marie des Lacs, later known as Notre Dame, Ind. When we compare the vast works, both material and spiritual, accomplished by this little band of religious with the slenderness of their resources and the difficulties they had to encounter, we must exclaim with the nations round about Jerusalem, as they saw its walls rebuilt by Nehemiah in spite of the opposition of powerful enemies: "Truly, this work is the work of God!" Half a century ago this academic and monastic city—as I may term it—of Notre Dame, with its noble piles of architecture, its treasures of art, its various scientific appliances, was but a primeval forest—the hunting grounds of the redman or the hardy trapper. What magic wand, or enchanted lamp, has effected this glorious transformation? The living faith and self-sacrificing charity of men who, like Columbus, or Las Casas, or Marquette, crossed the wide waste of waters to carry the glad tidings of redemption to those "who dwelt in the regions of the shadow of death." Such a spectacle reminds us of the confession wrung from a prejudiced non-Catholic essayist and historian—that the "acquisitions (of the Roman Catholic Church) in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old" through the Reformation, the French Revolution and modern infidelity. If the rise and fall of nations and all human events, as the great philosophers of history, Augustine and Bossuet, taught by revelation, demonstrate, are ordered by divine Providence to the good and increase of the "City of God,"—can we for a moment doubt that the New World is destined to be the theatre of the grandest triumphs of religion and justice over sin and infidelity; the scene of man's highest development, whether intellectual, moral or social?

Among the instruments chosen by Heaven to build up the walls of the "Mystic City," and to cultivate the Lord's vineyard in the New World, the Congregation of Holy Cross has been selected to perform no insignificant share of labor, and to win no slight success. Founded in the early part of the century (1834), at Le Mans, in France—the nursery of missionaries—by Father Moreau, Professor of Theology, and Canon of the Cathedral, this religious community began to grow apace and flourish as the mustard seed in the parables of our Lord. This great man lived to see the members of his Society found missions, schools, academies and colleges not only in France, but everywhere—in Italy, Asia, Africa, North and South America—and witnessed the establishment of flourishing institutions in Canada and the United States.

The venerable patriarch who, from his American home at Notre Dame, now guides the destinies of the Society of Holy Cross throughout the globe was attracted to the Congregation

shortly after its foundation. He resolved when a young man to devote his life to the religious education of the people; and seeing here an opportunity of carrying out his cherished idea he became a member of Holy Cross in 1839, while the oil of priestly consecration was scarce dry on his hands. Moved by the preaching of the great Bishop Bruté, he asked for and obtained the privilege of carrying the joyful tidings of salvation to the savage children of the forest in the New World. . . .

Grand results have followed, but of infinitely higher value have been the works wrought in the intellectual and spiritual worlds by the founder of Notre Dame! To fill the mind with knowledge both human and divine, to mould the heart to virtue, to bring out and develop the lineaments of the Deity in the soul of man, this is a work compared with which the masterpieces of a Phidias, a Praxiteles, or a Michael Angelo are toys for the amusement of children. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, how many thousands of noble men and women owe their intellectual strength, their moral beauty and usefulness as members of society to the training given them by Father Sorin! How many priests, now ministering in the sanctuary of the Most High, owe to him their exalted dignity, zeal and sanctity! We have among us to-day a distinguished prelate of the Church, who is now offering up the unblemished Sacrifice in thanksgiving for God's mercies to his ancient superior, teacher and counsellor at Notre Dame, as well as to draw down new blessings on his venerable brow. I shall not wound the modesty of this learned and zealous prelate by enumerating his exalted virtues and apostolic labors. But if I say that on the Golden Shores of the Pacific he is but following the precepts and example proposed to him at Notre Dame, in spreading the light of faith, building up noble monuments of education and religion, drawing the hearts of all to him by his gentleness and charity, I only mention a fact that redounds to the credit of the master as well as that of the disciple.

If we now ask what were the qualities or characteristics that enabled one man to accomplish so much for the glory of God and the good of his fellowmen in such a comparatively brief period of time, I would say (1) a living faith which, realizing the things of the invisible world, gives a strength and heroism that are invincible. By faith, as St. Paul teaches, the saints of the Old Testament achieved stupendous prodigies; by faith the followers of the New have changed the face of the earth, and by removing the mountains of prejudice, passion and ignorance, led the proudest nations to submit themselves to the yoke of Christ.

(2) A filial devotion towards the Mother of God. As St. Edward, his royal patron, recited the whole of the Psalter every day, so his devout protégé has never failed to recite daily the corresponding prayers of the Holy Rosary—

not once but very frequently a score of times. To the loyal subject of Heaven's Queen divine protection never fails.

(3) A deep knowledge of men. Like Napoleon, he quickly discerned the capabilities of each individual, and accordingly assigned to each of his subordinates the position best adapted to his capacity and character. Moreover, he himself led the way when it was expedient or necessary: he wielded the axe; he guided the plow; he sowed the grain in the early days of Notre Dame's history.

(4) The purest patriotism. As soon as Father Sorin landed in the United States he thoroughly identified himself with the institutions and interests of his adopted country. When about to found Notre Dame he declared he would build not a French, nor an Irish, nor a German, but a purely American College! To one who found fault because French customs were not better observed, he remarked: "My dear —, if you don't like our American way of doing things, you had better return to *la belle France*." During the War of the Rebellion he gave six of his best priests as chaplains to the army of freedom; he sent nearly a hundred of devoted Sisters to work in the military hospitals; and the memory of these brave men and women is still held in benediction by thousands of battle-scarred veterans.

(5) An enthusiasm tempered with practical good sense. It is the men of enthusiasm who have affected all the great social, political and religious movements or revolutions of history. In order, however, that this enthusiastic spirit may do good instead of evil, it is necessary that it should be guided by prudence. In all his undertakings Father Sorin was slow in counsel, but quick and enthusiastic in action.

(6) An indomitable patience. Like all the great servants of God, Father Sorin has had to tread in the footsteps of his crucified Master. There were difficulties, losses, contradictions that would have broken the spirit of an ordinary mortal—the fire-fiend, pestilence, bigotry did their worst. In 1879, while viewing the smouldering ruins of the University buildings that had been destroyed by fire in a few hours, he simply remarked: "We are young yet; let us, in the name of God, begin our work anew." In 1854, while the cholera more than decimated the ranks of his brethren, the only expression of a heart overburdened with sorrow was: "The will of God be done." In the fifties, when the Know-Nothings frequently threatened to reduce Notre Dame to ashes, if the College was not evacuated and the Community dispersed, his chief solicitude was for his dear students. He little knew that these amiable young gentlemen, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were prepared to give the knights-of-the-dark-lantern a warm reception with powder and ball, grape and canister. Later on many of his bitterest enemies, attracted by his virtues and good works, became his warmest friends.

One more touch to this imperfect portrait, and I have done: I mean his life-long devotion to education—broad, free and complete; not the narrow training of the intellect or head alone, but the generous culture of the will and heart. He knew that the welfare of the individual, the family, the State depended upon the true idea of education; he believed with Washington that morality is necessary to the stability of the commonwealth, and that religion is the only basis of morality. Religion attended the birth and nourished the growth of all the great nations of the earth—Egypt, Greece, Rome. As soon as infidelity usurped its place, the mightiest of empires, or republics, fell into the dust without any hope of resurrection. Hence, as a Christian and a patriot, he made innumerable sacrifices in the cause of true education; and he was ever ready to assist every poor but talented and worthy young man to the highest academical honors. Of such a man we may well say that the record of his life alone would reflect lustre on his age and country. Far greater such a Christian hero than the boasted Alexanders or Napoleons who waded through oceans of blood to grasp the shining bauble of a crown. Peace hath its victories no less than war.

Venerable Patriarch of the West, thou art blest of Heaven in beholding this glorious day! Like a majestic oak of the forest thou standest almost alone still breasting the storms of time; thy early companions, as martyrs of duty, have slept the sleep of the just. Only the venerable and beloved Father Granger—the Philip Neri of the nineteenth century—and Brother Francis are still in the land of the living. May God grant thee yet many years of health and strength to preside over thy noble work; and when at length the Master calls, mayst thou go to meet Him laden with merits and good works to receive from His hand the shining crown of justice!

My dear young friends: As students of this grand University, you owe a heavy debt of gratitude to your *Alma Mater*, and to him whose creation it is. It was Leibnitz who remarked that a great university is a great charity, the beneficiaries of which contract a debt which they can no more repay than that which is due the authors of their existence. And it was the great Alexander that wrote to his tutor, Aristotle: "If I am indebted to my father for my life as a man, I am still more indebted to my teacher for my life as a good man." How can you attempt to show this gratitude which to-day fills, and will forever fill, your hearts? There is but one fitting way of which I know: Be the true disciples of this venerable master; be the worthy and honorable sons of your *Alma Mater*. You will all soon enter upon the arena of the world in the struggle of life. Most of you will occupy prominent positions as professional men in society; your influence for good or evil will be all-powerful. The day of self-made men is passing away, and the college-bred men are

coming to the front in the highest walks of life. Grave social, economic and political problems will demand a solution at your hands; grave dangers may threaten the State; infidelity may seek to undermine its Christian basis. How shall you act—a wise, a useful, a noble and a generous part as citizens of this free and mighty commonwealth? Put in practice the noble lessons of virtue inculcated by Father Sorin; be true to the exalted teachings of Notre Dame; then, as men, as patriots, as Christians, you will have acted a grand rôle in life's great drama; then, too, you will be found worthy to take your place among the glorious citizens of that celestial city built up above the starry skies by the hands of the living God Himself.

May our beloved *Alma Mater* grow in power and usefulness as she grows in years, ever bearing aloft the triple banner of religion, science, and patriotism. And after we have mouldered in the dust, may she bless untold generations to come with true wisdom, solid virtue and the noblest manhood!

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Soon after Mass the Archbishop and invited guests, escorted by Very Rev. Father Granger, representing Father Founder, entered the Seniors' dining hall to partake of dinner. After the repast, Mr. E. F. DuBrul, '93, spoke words of welcome to the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan. He spoke substantially as follows:

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP:

"This indeed is a memorable occasion in the history of Notre Dame. To-day we commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of our revered Founder at this favored spot. To-day the hearts of thousands join us in words of praise and love for that venerable patriarch who still occupies the place of leadership that he has held for half a century. The honor due Father General and his devoted little band can scarcely be estimated. It was that band who laid the foundation of this grand institution; it was that band who gave Notre Dame to the world as a monument of their untiring perseverance and dauntless energy. Long might we consider their work; long might we dwell upon the history of the University; but we can better extol them by considering the result of that work as exemplified in the students that have been educated here. Material prosperity has always been a distinctive mark of the institution; but her intellectual strength is even more notable. As the pebble dropped into the quiet waters spreads ripples far and wide, even to the very banks, so the foundation stone of Notre Dame has made its influence felt even as far as the Golden Gate.

"Since examples are always the best arguments we turn to you, Most Rev. Archbishop, as a case in point. Many of your early days are bound up with the history of young Notre Dame. For some years you too toiled and struggled here, as we do now, to gain that knowledge of which you have made such good use. Consid-

ering the limited facilities then held out to students, we are struck with the consequences of their application. If such was the power of the Notre Dame of '56, what then may be expected of the University of to-day? The few students of that time have been succeeded by the hundreds of the present, the one small building of those days has now been replaced by a veritable town. And all this has been brought about in the comparatively short space of fifty years.

"In celebration of such an event as the Golden Jubilee, it is but fitting that Notre Dame's most illustrious alumnus should grace the occasion by his presence. *Alma Mater* always rejoices to greet again a son who has long since left her walls; but how great must be her joy when she sees in that son one who has attained such an exalted station! And this pleasure is not confined to her alone, but is shared by each one of the students here present. We see in your Grace the result of the training received here and we see in you, another son of Notre Dame. Though moved by feelings of the greatest respect for your high position, though separated in age by a generation of time, yet, united by the common tie binding us to our *Alma Mater* we look up to you as younger brothers to an older one, and we make it one of our proudest boasts that we now attend the University from which you have been graduated. We consider you our criterion. In you we see what Notre Dame can do and has done, and we use our utmost endeavors to achieve as great a result.

"With such feelings in our hearts, and with such determinations in our minds we, the students of Notre Dame, beg leave to tender you this expression of our highest regard, and on the occasion of this Golden Anniversary to bid you a most cordial welcome!"

In response, His Grace said he accepted with profound thanks the words of cordial welcome. They made him feel at home; and his memory took him back almost to the beginning of this institution. This was to him a most memorable occasion. He spoke of the pleasant recollections the meeting with many who were here in his days, young then and full of energy, recalled. The most profitable portion of his life, he said, was spent at Notre Dame. Here was received not only knowledge but also a "strong, religious, educated, Catholic conscience," that enabled him to strive to serve his God and fellowman in a manner harmonizing with his office. And as often as he comes to his *Alma Mater*, and sees these buildings and his old friends, he feels like a boy again. He said what a privilege, pleasure and honor it was to him to see that day gathered about him in the sanctuary those same dear ones of his youth. Reverend Father Sorin, a man who was in the prime of life during His Grace's student days; Reverend

Father Granger for a long time his confessor and spiritual adviser; Reverend Father Corby his schoolmate and companion, and the speaker of the day his "dearest friend and classmate, who, too, if hesitancy of utterance and slowness of gait betoken old age," has been well served by time, all strengthened his recollection of boyhood days. Moreover, he said if he could lay aside his duties honorably, and come back to Notre Dame, it would be the delight of his life to here prepare himself for eternity where he had prepared himself for his mission in life. He spoke of the great responsibility that devolved upon the young man of to-day, and what a great work the teachers and formers of young men's minds were accomplishing; and he concluded by saying that when some of us would come back in thirty or forty years, then could we appreciate the feelings of one who comes from afar to mingle with old friends and schoolmates. M.

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A Grand Reminiscence of Father Sorin's Early Days at Notre Dame.\*

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It is related in the Life of M. Dupont that a saintly missionary from America, who knew him intimately, and with whom he kept up a constant correspondence, judging from his letters, which glowed with the fire of divine love, that he might still be persuaded to devote himself to the priesthood and become an apostle in the New World, one day made to him the following proposition: "Oh!—how I wish that you were here for a few weeks! Come and give a mission in Indiana. You would do good to all of us. *Think of it seriously.* Your heart would expand at the sight of so much good to do, so much good, so much good to do! . . . Were I your director, I should advise you at once to think before God of a future."

To this pressing entreaty, which penetrated the very depths of his soul, M. Dupont replied frankly and humbly: "You make a proposition which is certainly of such a nature as to move my heart. Come and see me at work: '*Think of it seriously*'—you have underlined it. Certainly, my dear friend, if I were worthy to follow in your footsteps, no happiness would be like mine. I should then see myself above the useless path which I pursue without doing anything for God. For, in the end, what place can be reserved in heaven for a poor unfortunate,

who was neither *this* nor *that*; in one word nothing? Twenty years ago I used to say every day to our Lord: *Sic volo, sic desidero quidquid mihi deest tu digneris supplere!* (referring, no doubt, to the time of his youth, when he thought of entering a seminary) and after twenty-two years, I have obtained nothing. If my prayers were good, would not the case be very different? From this I conclude that you must do a holy violence to the Lord, in order that I may cease to be any longer an idle member of the holy family of the children of the Church. Well, who knows? Though my age might render me unfit for such high duties, perhaps you will obtain for me from the Lord the privilege of becoming a lay-brother, or something of like nature. I am now at an age when one learns scarcely more than what he knows already. As old age creeps on we feel more the need of thinking than of studying. Is not this the reason why the sight grows weaker, the health becomes affected, etc. . . . ? *God hath done all things well.* Thus, my worthy friend, pray, supplicate for me, and you will do a work of piety without losing anything of the happy days of your life, consecrated, as it is, entirely to the glory of your good Master. . . ."

Not believing himself worthy of the vocation of a missionary, he admired it in those who had received it from God, and he felt a kind of holy envy of them. "I saw," he continues, "the Reverend Father Benoin during the past few days" (a member of the Society of Jesus, renowned for his eloquence), "and we had long talks about you. . . . Oh, my God, how happy you all must be to be thus consecrated to our Lord for his greater glory! Here below, you abound in the sweet joys of the graces poured forth upon your souls, and like those brave captains who look for victory, you have promised never to lay down your arms! . . ."

"You, in America, burn with the desire to spend yourself for those Indians, your new friends! It is, indeed, sweet to introduce the holy Name of Jesus into their language (*omnis lingua confiteatur quia Dominus Jesus Christus in gloria est Dei Patris*), and the name of Mary and that of Joseph. . . . My God, Thou dost love well Father Sorin and his good Brothers to give them such a sweet occupation! You, too, my good and worthy friends, love the Lord on your part, and therefore He has called you into His vineyard. While cultivating it, do not forget the thorns and brambles that you have left behind in France, and pray that God may send into our grounds here good and brave gardeners."

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\* Translated from the Life of M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours.

He concludes with this farewell, as touching

as it is expressive: "Farewell, my dear friend, I kiss those shoes with which you and your brothers have travelled three hundred miles over the snow—if you still have them when you receive my letter. May our Lady of the Lake be propitious to you! May St. Joseph, who has led you from St. Peter's, give you a land of Gessen, wherein you may increase and multiply in the more and more ardent love of God—and think of the poor sinners in France. Adieu."

In one of his letters, the missionary\* gave him to understand that he was expecting a visit from his Superior-General, a particular friend of M. Dupont: "Oh!" exclaimed the latter, "if I were only free, I would not permit him to depart alone. I would esteem it a great honor to act as his interpreter in a country where English is spoken. But I cannot think of such happiness. The will of God be done! It is in accomplishing it that we attain our last end and not otherwise."

Without considering himself at all vanquished, the good Father returned several times to the charge. The following year, he renewed his pressing entreaties to his friend, and, taking him always upon his sensitive side of zeal for souls, he advised him to leave all and embrace the sacerdotal and apostolic life. M. Dupont was at the springs of Neris, when he received this letter which seems to have deeply moved him.

"My worthy friend," he replies, "your letter of May 10 reached me at the Hot Springs of Neris, where, by order of my physician, I have been for eight days on account of rheumatism, which seems to want its painful presence felt in all my joints. I am assured that taking the baths for twenty days will suffice to cure me. God knows! Is it His will? *Fiat voluntas*—that will alone sovereignly good.

"From here, I shall go to Tours to meet my family whom I am to take to the sea baths at Saint-Servain; my daughter is in weak health.

"You know already that I have just arrived from Havre, passing by——, and this journey with your Father Superior was preceded by a short stay in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. In brief, by the end of October, I shall have more than six hundred leagues, foolishly——. . . . See the occupation which it seems I must engage in, instead of aspiring to those grand things which your friendship seems possible to the miserable pilgrim of the royal roads of France. If God does not withdraw me, in

*manu potenti*, from this level plain in which I am forced to drag myself painfully along, I shall never be good for anything, not more with you than here.

"Now, my worthy friend, permit me to tell you one thing: it is that you judge me by the few too short moments we have passed together, and that you take as capability, an enthusiasm which one experiences at certain times. Undeceive yourself at once, in order not to become the prey to an illusion which might prevent you from employing more secure means of success.

"You have not thought of the ties which bind me to my family; they last too long for me to break them. At least it seems to me, that our Lord does not say to me: *Sequere Me*. Do you believe that He has made this call to all men in general? How many times, when I was not the father of a family, have I said, and, I believe, sincerely: *Sic volo, sic desidero*. . . . But I saw always before me the little road of little souls; and I entered thereon. I tell you all this, my dear friend, for I would deem myself the happiest of men to be able to render you any service in order to repair the uselessness of the first and greater part of my life—the greater part, indeed, for I am forty-six years old and then the infirmities. Unless then God permits the waters of Neris to act upon me as upon so many others, *Fiat!* "I ask you, however, to redouble your prayers that God may make some use of me for the glory of His Name. You can obtain much. I am sure of that. As to myself, in order to correspond the more to your holy ideas, I am going to place myself more and more in entire dependence upon our Lord. So that neither you nor I shall lose our time; for prayer ever ascends to the Throne of Grace. You, you will receive the subject of whom you have need according to the expansion of your apostolic heart,—and the poor pilgrim will enter into the category of the souls of good will. I love to place myself in spirit in the market-place, whither the Father of the family seeks for workmen for His vineyard! His eyes, no doubt, do not see me in my humble posture of a suppliant, for the hours roll by, and I receive no command to join the faithful band of laborers. . . ."

While writing these lines, the invalid at Neris did not dream that God was soon to call him, and make him one of His most active and useful servants—the laborer of the Reparation and the servant of the Holy Face.

GOLDEN success attend you, sons of *Alma Mater!* May you be blessed of God, and loved of men.

\* Father Sorin.

## Personals.

—The Rev. John Dinnen, pastor at Crawfordsville, Ind., was a welcome visitor this week.

—The Misses Healy, of Chicago, were welcome visitors to their brothers on Thanksgiving day.

—Will Cummings, of Sorin Hall, entertained his sisters, the Misses Cummings, at the University last week.

—The Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '62, of Cummings, Ill., paid us one of his genial, ever welcome visits on Wednesday last.

—Philip Van Dyke Brownson spent a day at his *Alma Mater* during the week. His many friends were delighted to see him.

—John King, for some time assistant in our Library, was here on Thanksgiving Day. John is in the Real Estate business in Chicago, and is doing well.

—In the audience last Wednesday we noticed Mrs. Egan, Dr. and Mrs. Berteling, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. John Guthrie, Miss Henrietta O'Brien, Miss Listenberger, Miss Sullivan, Wm. O'Brien and Charles Sullivan, all of South Bend.

—James J. Conway (Science and Law, '87), of Ottawa, Ill., has drawn to himself the attention of the Bar of the State on account of his remarkable success in a recent criminal trial of exceptional importance. It was generally believed prior to the trial that the accused would better plead "guilty" and throw himself upon the mercy of the court, as there seemed to be no ground for hope of acquittal; but, according to the local newspapers, Mr. Conway said from the first that he would free his man, and he did so.

—M. O. Burns (Law), '88, City Solicitor of Hamilton, O., has an exceptionally important case pending in the United States Supreme Court, and we have been favored with a copy of his argument and brief. The title of the case is "The Hamilton Gas Light and Coke Co. *vs.* the City of Hamilton." It involves several weighty questions of constitutional and corporation law, such as the obligation of contract, vested rights and due process of law. The argument is certainly clear, cogent and convincing. It would be creditable to any lawyer, no matter how famous or old in the practice. In a former trial of the case in the State courts Mr. Burns was successful, and we feel assured that he will be successful also in the Federal Supreme Court, to which the appellant company has taken it on the ground that it involves a Federal question. Mr. Burns is to be congratulated on the extraordinary success with which he has met in the practice of law. We call to mind no other instance of a young man's appearance as counsel in the United States Supreme Court within four years from the time of his graduation in law.

## Local Items.

—Golden Jubilee!

—Did you see the comet?

—'Rah for the Notre Dame eleven.

—"Fatty" says oysters are in season now.

—Prepare for your Christmas examinations.

—Our Christmas number will appear on the seventeenth.

—Tim received many congratulations on his 19th birthday, Sunday.

—The stalwart Texan strenuously objects to being called a "greaser."

—Ask some of the Brownsonites how they like vinegar as a beverage?

—Our Chicago friend has become an expert in boxing, but refuses to become a "mark."

—Lost.—Two keys attached to a ring. Finder is requested to please return same to Director's room, Sorin Hall.

—The Brownsonites are now practising the manly art. Several can testify to its efficacy as a blood reducer.

—Something should be done to keep the spectators off the football ground during the progress of the game.

—Owing to the pressure of Jubilee material, to which all willingly give precedence, many local items are crowded out this week.

—The Sorin Hall boys gave a grand reception to Rev. Vice-President Morrissey on the evening of the 30th, the feast of St. Andrew.

—Miss Starr's gifted mind and kindly heart are revealed in the beautiful lines on our first page. Ever a true friend to Notre Dame, Our Lady alone can reward her.

—The princes return warm thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the treat of delicious oranges he sent them on the 30th ult., the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Carney, of our press-room, has done his share towards making a Jubilee number. Certainly no better press-work has issued from any establishment. The portrait on the first page is fully equal to any first-class magazine engraving.

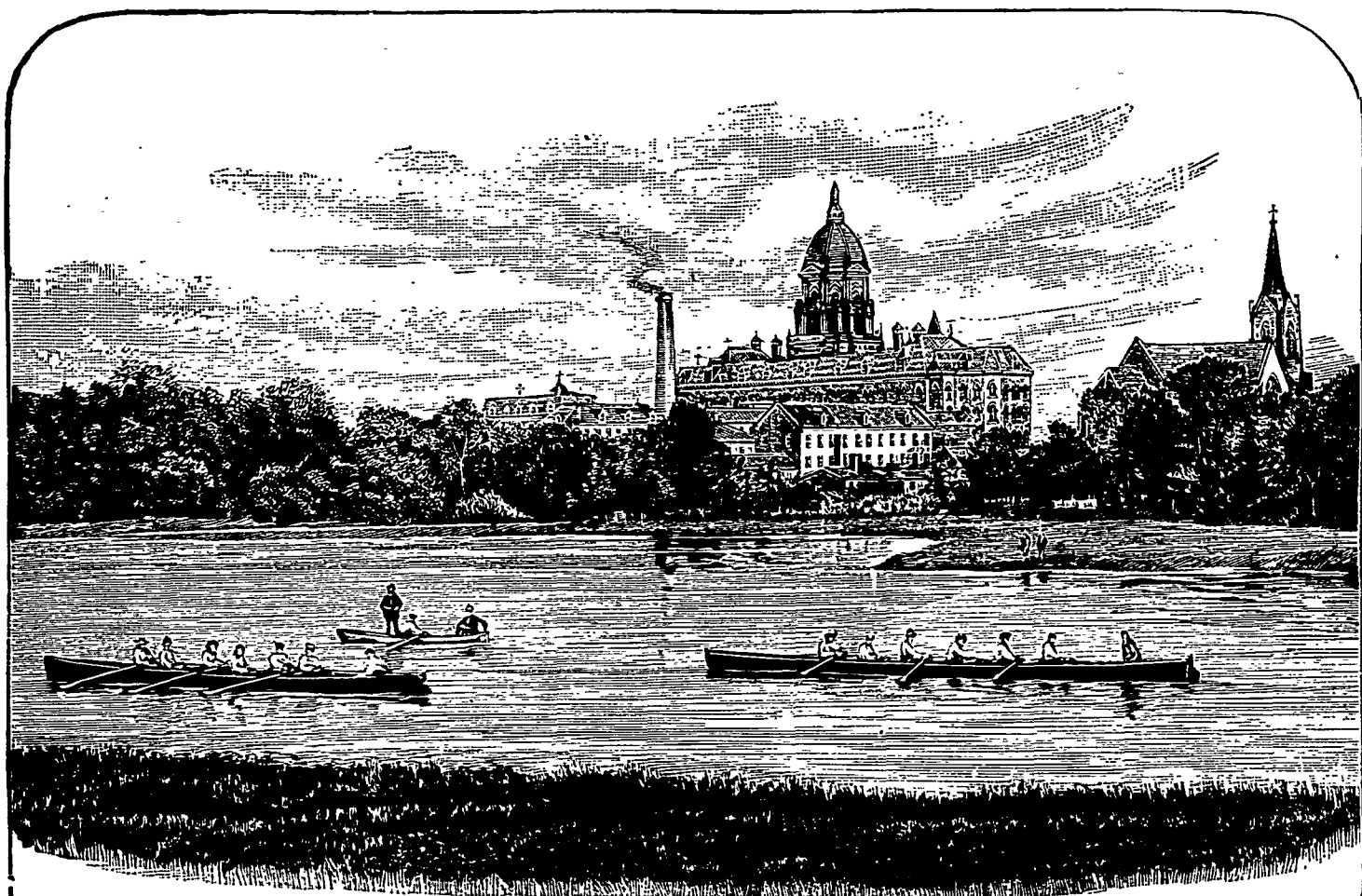
—Last Saturday afternoon the Literature class was agreeably surprised to receive a visit from our Rev. President Father Walsh, accompanied by Mr. Onahan, of Chicago. They remained about twenty minutes, and proved their visit as pleasant as it was instructive.

—For some time past a somnambulistic student of Sorin Hall has been troubled at night by horrid dreams. He could be heard parading up and down his rustic boudoir at all hours of the night, distressing not only himself but also disturbing those around him. Finally upon investigation it was found he had unconsciously been sleeping on a "handsaw." The cause explained, he left in disgust.

—On Wednesday afternoon, during band rehearsal, four of the members stepped into an ante-room and began discussing the relative qualities of "Moxie" as a nerve killer. The discussion became quite animated; but as no decision could be reached, "Spike" made a motion to adjourn, which was carried. But lo, and behold! the Rev. Director had locked the door, and all possible means of escape cut off. For over an hour they looked for some member with a key, but without avail; finally B. C. heard them and unlocked the door. "Spike" is to bring a suit for false imprisonment.

—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association held its eighth regular meeting Sunday evening, Nov. 27. A talk on literature by Mr. J. W.

execution. He is young, and inevitably has before him the career of a master-player. Miss Lila Jeul, prima donna, has the clearest upper notes and one of the best cultivated voices of all the sopranos who have ever graced our Hall. Mr. Ryan has an established reputation of old at Notre Dame. It is needless to tell he played "Robin Adair" in response to his encored solo, "Ballade et Polonaise," which was written for the clarinet by himself. Mr. Henry Herbert, the flutist, in triple-tonguing the second part, at the same time carrying the air of that old German dialect song "Mussich denn zum Stædtel 'naus?" proved himself master of technique. "Pleyel's Hymn" played *ensemble*, but verified our opinion that the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" carried away the audience.



ST. JOSEPH'S LAKE.

Cavanaugh, C.S.C., formed the most interesting number of the programme. The society enjoyed a rare treat, and sincerely hopes that this may not be the last. The paper will appear in print next week. Though cold type robs it of the grace and elegance of his delivery, yet no one can fail to appreciate its literary worth. A prose reading by Mr. W. Cummings followed. Mr. J. Kearney read a humorous selection, and Mr. M. Quinlan, a criticism of the preceding meeting.

—CONCERT.—On last Wednesday evening the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Mr. Thomas Ryan, the director, was accompanied by a select company of artists, whose skill was displayed to advantage. Mr. Sol. Morcasson, the solo violinist, is marvellous as a musician, and more wonderful yet is his

—We give place to the following:

“EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

“Whatever doubt may exist as to the proficiency of the Carrollites in football, there cannot be any as to their prowess with the pen. By one magic swing of the quill they converted an ignominious defeat into a magnificent victory. The score reported in last week's SCHOLASTIC as the result of the *last* game between the Carrollites and the M. L. S. was in reality made at a former game between "second elevens," into which four Junior specials were surreptitiously admitted. The last game, too, was an exhibition of the difficulties a team encounters in playing against eleven men, a referee, an umpire, and a time-keeper. Moreover the score in this game was not "16 to 0," as your ingenious reporter has asserted but 6 to 4. This score according to the opinion of all the spectators would have been 4 to 2 in favor of the M. L. S. had not the enthusiastic time-keeper so managed the horologe as to give the Carrollites the advantage of two minutes extra time. I cannot think that the football eleven of Carroll Hall were party to this bit of reportorial mendacity, but in any case the circumstance ought not to pass unnoticed.”

“FAIR PLAY.”

—*The Fancier's Journal* of Philadelphia announces a convention in that city of all the homing clubs of the East for the purpose of organizing a national federation and of adopting rules to govern their races. The name of the new organization is the American League of Homing Clubs. The great race proposed is spoken of as the World's Fair flight, in which the birds will have to cover a distance of from 600 to 800 miles according to their destination. The air line distances from the Observatory, Dearborn University, Chicago, are as follows:

Washington, D. C. (Capitol).....	Miles 592.66
Philadelphia (State House).....	" 662.20
New York (City Hall).....	" 709.02
Boston (State House).....	" 846.80

From a glance at these figures it will be seen that the flight is far from being impossible, and, in case of fine weather, the birds will, if liberated at ten o'clock in the morning, make home by sundown the next day. F.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case tried before the Moot-Court Saturday evening was that of James B. Howard *vs.* the South Bend Elevated RR. Company. It was an action on the case for false imprisonment, and claimed \$5,000 damages. It seems that Howard took passage on the road, purchasing his ticket before doing so; but before reaching his destination lost his ticket. On arrival of the train at his point he sought to pass from the station platform through the gate. The gate keeper interposed and held him back, saying that he could not pass until he produced a ticket or paid the fare, five cents. He explained saying that he paid his fare on boarding the train, and received a ticket which he had lost on the car. He then tried to get through the gate, but the gate keeper refused to let him through, and kept him there five minutes until a police officer arrived, and Howard was arrested at the instance of the keeper, as the rules of the company required people to show their tickets, or pay their fare in passing out. The point involved was whether the action of the Elevated RR. Co. was legal in holding him until he paid his fare. The defence claimed that such regulations on behalf of the RR. Co. would not be unreasonable, and in support of their position cited the cases of *Townsend vs. RR. Co.*, 56 N. Y. 295, and 22 Barber 130. The plaintiff claimed a clear case of false imprisonment, and cited the cases of *Sombault vs. Albert*, 3 M. and W. 248, whence an innkeeper was held liable for detaining a guest in order to make him pay a bill. Also that of *Clinton vs. RR. Co.*, 16 M. and W. 212 when it was held that a RR. Co. could not arrest a passenger for refusing to pay a fare. But the cases nearest the point were those of *Standish vs. Steamship Co.*, 111 Mass. 512, and *Lynch vs. Metropolitan Elevated RR. Co.*, 90, N. Y. 77. In the latter case the facts were about the same, and the person illegally detained recovered heavy damages. Judge Hoynes decided the case in favor of the plaintiff, and awarded him \$1,200 and

costs. The attorneys were Messrs. Heer and Hennessy for plaintiff, and Messrs. McFadden and Cook for defendant.

#### Minims' Address to Very Rev. Father General.

THE sound, dear Father, has to silence died,  
Of marching multitudes whose pomp and pride  
Enfolded earth as a triumphal robe,  
And made one holiday throughout the globe,  
With cavalcades, processions, banners, song,  
And quaint device, to cheer the surging throng;  
The proud memorial of the New World's birth,  
Meet recognition of its Founder's worth.

To-day we greet a no less noble claim,  
And celebrate another Founder's fame.  
Back fifty years we go, to that November,  
Which grateful hearts most lovingly remember,  
And Notre Dame we trace up from the germ  
To present splendor, world-renowned and firm.  
Your expedition reached a blissful shore;  
Our Notre Dame was your San Salvador.

'Tis true, the celebration in due state  
Must be postponed until a future date,  
When you, dear Father, health and strength restored,  
May greet in person, welcome to your board,  
Enthusiastic thousands. Yet to-day  
Unnoticed must not, shall not, pass away!  
An anniversary we hold so dear,  
Is golden though we keep it every year.

We see the rude log cabin, drifting snow,  
The wintry woods and plains of long ago,  
The bleak white shore, with neither mark nor track,  
That welcomed you to Notre Dame du Lac.  
You plant the Cross. You kneel and consecrate  
The scene to Mary the Immaculate,  
Just as Columbo knelt, so long before,  
On the green coast of his San Salvador.

Anon, while winds and snows around you toss,  
On dear Saint Andrew's Feast—Saint of the Cross—  
You offer up the memorable first Mass.  
Inaugurate that which must come to pass;  
And oh, dear Father, who shall sing the grace  
That changed the desert to an Eden place!  
The rustic hovel to unnumbered domes  
Where daily to his own, our dear Lord comes.

As pledge of what the future would disclose  
We view the site where the first college rose;  
We see the simple structure, narrow walls,  
The cross-crowned cupola, the snug halls,  
The modest church, the double tower, the chime  
With holy anthem, keeping holy time;  
The Seminary, the Novitiate—  
Each a grand centre of your grand estate,

Where priests and brothers, drilled to meet the strife,  
Devote to Holy Cross mind, heart, soul, life.  
In most propitious eighteen forty-four  
The College Charter sanctions college lore.  
Your hopes grow strong, dear Father, in that hour  
The State extends to you protecting power.  
Here from this moment Learning takes her stand  
And hails your work as peerless in the land.

Your barge of Christian education sails  
Free from her moorings borne by favoring gales.  
Swift to her standard flock the world's *élite*  
Cast youth, devotion, genius at the feet.  
Of Holy Cross. Here, drawn from every clime,  
They beautify, exalt and make sublime  
The gifts of generous nature. Lo! on high  
Our Lady's statue towers to meet the sky.

Her blue-robed journal, like a mystic dove,  
Bears weekly forth her messages of love  
To many a clime, to many a heart and home,  
While no less welcome the SCHOLASTICS come  
With brilliant thought and thoughtful mirth to tell  
Of classic halls where faith and science dwell.  
The gem-like church, the thrift seen all around  
Show proofs that energy and prayer abound.

But April twenty-third in seventy-nine  
Sheds a fierce glare round cloister roof and shrine.  
Devouring fires burst forth from the college walls  
Wild desolation sweeps from dome through halls.  
When lo! in a day the splendid work of years  
Lies a blank ruin heedless of your tears.  
But wondrous life! from ashes of the fire,  
As if by magic see rich domes aspire!

High over all Our Lady's statue stands  
Enthroned in light, sweet mistress of the lands;  
Our noble University, the pride  
Of this Great Western Empire far and wide,  
The firm, strong fortress of the Church of Rome,  
The home of Learning, and of Faith the home,  
Dear Father, while these monuments uphold  
Their chaste proportions, these long shall unfold.

These revelations of the genius great  
Which flood and fire could not intimidate,  
Nor adverse prove dismay nor cold distrust,  
Turn from a purpose Heaven had stamped at first.  
Yes, Notre Dame, majestic, peerless, pure,  
Stands as your monogram, your portraiture,  
Your personality has been impressed  
Upon your holy order—it is blest.

Devotion, piety, thrift, enterprise,  
From the foundation of each structure wise,  
The praise of Holy Cross shall be your praise  
To-day, dear Father, to the end of days.  
A happy Golden Jubilee be this,  
The promise bright of never-ending bliss.  
Clouds are dispersed, foreboding disappears  
Just as it has done for these fifty years.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

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

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Baur, Burns, Brinen, C. Corry, A. Corry, Curran, Chassaing, Cutler, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Cherhart, Delaney, Devanney, Eyanson,\* Foley, R. A. Flynn, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Farrell, O. Griffin, Hermann, Hennessy, Hartnett, Hesse, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Kelly, Kirker, M. Kirby, Kennedy, Kearns, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Lindeke, Libert, Marmon, Murray, D. Murphy, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, Mc-

Carthy, O'Shea, Priest, Pulskamp, Peak, Patier, Quinlan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Roper, Schmidt, Schueler, Stanton, Spalding, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Allen, Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bixby, Baldauf, Brennan, Creedon, Cox, Chauvet, Clendenin, E. Coolidge, A. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cochrane, Cullen, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey Dannemiller, Dillman, Dempsey, DeLormier, Freeman, Franke, Fossick, Finnerty, G. Gilbert, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griggs, Garfias, Gerding, Gonzales, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hathaway, Hargrave, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heizmann, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet, Krollman, A. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kinney, Klees, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Langevin, Louie, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Ludwig, Lane, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, Medalie, J. Miller, L. Miller, Marre, Mills, Moss, Miles, Monaghan, R. Miers, McDermott, McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, Nolan, Yeager, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, Oliver, J. O'Neill, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reilly, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, Stern, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Strauss, Sharp, Sparks, Strassheim, Schroth, Shillington, Todd, Towle, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger Welty, Waterman, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, O. Wright, York, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

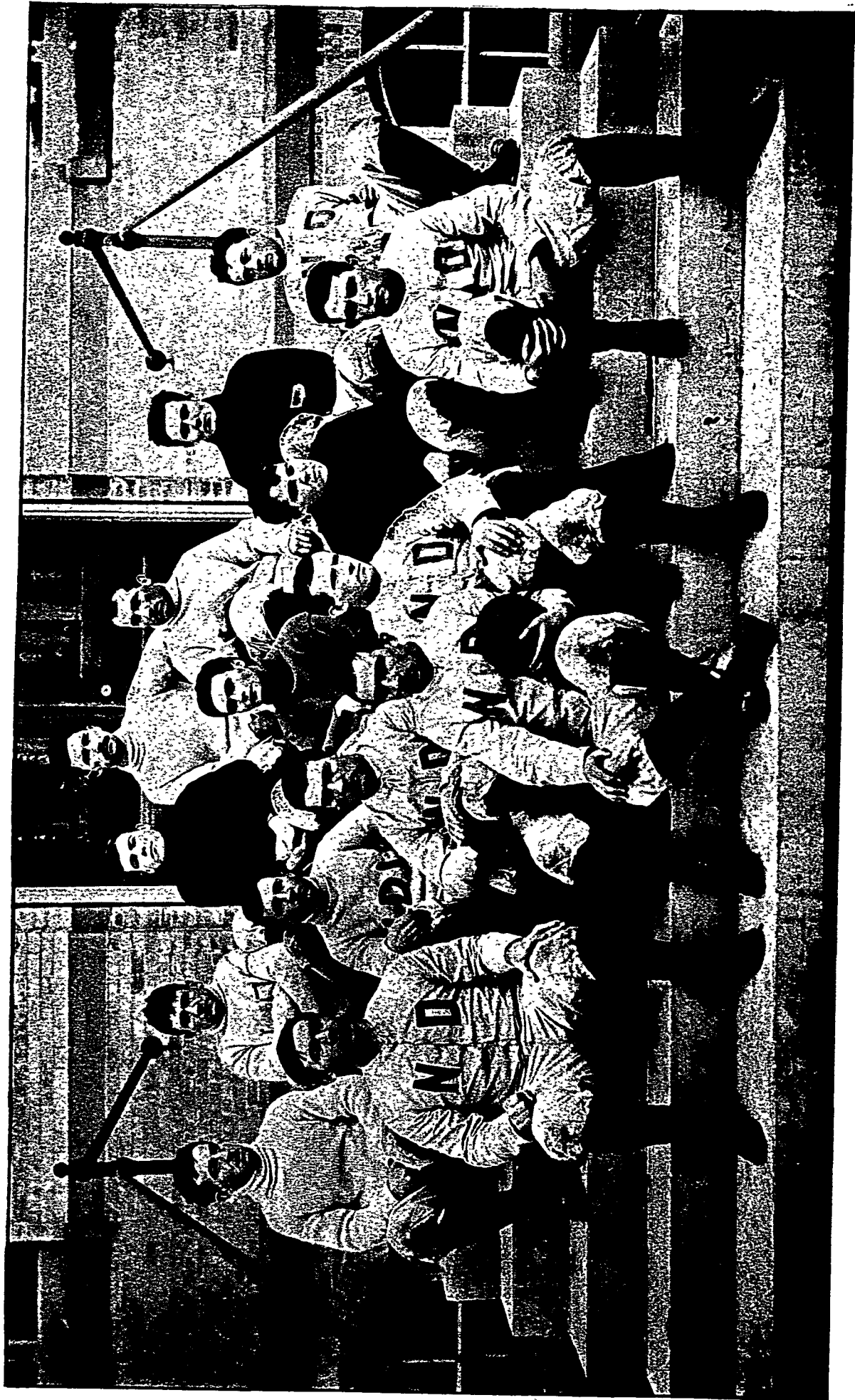
Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Burnham, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corry, Curry, D. Campau, F. Campau, Cross, Corcoran, Croke, Christ, Cressey, Durand, Drew, Dugas, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Eagle, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Engelhardt, Freeman, Flynn, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Getchel, Gavin, Girsch, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy, Ralph Higgins, Higgins, W. Higgins, J. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzen, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emit Eng McCarthy, B. McCarthy, McGinley, Morris, McDonald, McPhee, McAlister, Minnigerode, McCorry, McGushin, Ninneman, Oatman, O'Neill, Otero, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Pyle, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, B. Roesing, F. Roesing, V. Romero, A. Romero, Shipp, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Segenfelter, Shillington, Thompson, Trankle, Wilson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells, Rob.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

### CALIFORNIA IN THREE AND ONE-HALF DAYS.

If you are going to California and desire to make the journey in the most economical, quick and comfortable manner, purchase your ticket via the Chicago & Northwestern Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars are run from Chicago to San Francisco without change in three and one-half days. Completely furnished tourist sleeping cars are also run in which accommodations can be procured by passengers holding either first or second-class tickets at a cost of only \$4.00 per berth from Chicago to San Francisco and other California points. The hour of departure of trains from Chicago affords prompt connection with all trains from the East and South. Variable route excursion tickets, allowing nine months' stay in the health-giving climate of California, second-class tickets at low rates, sleeping car reservations and full information can be procured of any ticket agent, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General-Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & Northwestern R'y, Chicago.





### 'VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM.

N. DINKLE, '95; E. DUBRUI, '92; J. FLANNIGAN, '94; C. ROBY, '95; E. SCHACK, '93; E. BROWN, '93; E. LINEHAN, '95;  
 J. KEARNS, '95; F. KEOUGH, '94; M. QUINLAN, '93; J. COMBE, '93 (Assist' Capt.); F. MURPHY, '95;  
 F. SCHILLO, '94; P. CRAWLEY, '94;  
 P. COADY, '92. (Capt.)