

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Penal Days.

I.

Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained.
Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned;
When, year by year,
For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

II.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true;
While traitor knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

III.

A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive;
No "Popish" lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live:
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will—
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,
Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman, born in penal days!

IV.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days!
All creeds are equal in our isle;

Then grant, O Lord, Thy plenteous grace,
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong;
Let all unite
For Ireland's right,
And drown our griefs in freedom's song,
Till time shall veil in twilight haze
The memory of those penal days.

DAVIS.

St. Patrick's Monument.*

BY RAYMOND C. LANGAN, '93.

Great is man, but greater is his work. Great is his name, but his deeds shine out with a resplendent light, not only guiding the footsteps of his contemporaries, but also directing posterity to the goal of honor. Like the sun, veiled by night, leaving behind him lingering rays of crimson rose to pilot the weary pilgrim, the work of man may endure to influence generations that long come after him. The mighty oaks of the forest whose roots have been torn from their beds lie undisturbed by the hand of man; but time turns them to coal, and they are burned in our homes, giving forth light and warmth for pleasure and for comfort. The tinted shells of the sea form islands of coral, which in the distance appear to the traveller as a variegated flower-garden. So all that has lived in the past still lives in the present. Whether man, plant or rock, it matters not; each has been created for a certain purpose, each for a certain end.

But above mere material things, man loves

* Oration of the Day delivered at the celebration of the Festival of St. Patrick on the evening of March 17.

his fellowman, and the work of his fellowman—his country. He loves heroes and missionaries; he loves patriots and saints. And when their work is ended, when they sleep in the silence of the grave, their tombs, immortal as the nation itself, are watered by the tears of ages, and laurelled with the wreaths of imperishable memory. Every nation honors its patriots; every people pays tribute to its saints; and this enthusiastic veneration in which our heroes are held is a living testimony of a nation's gratitude. For when a nation ceases to eulogize its patriots, when a people forget to honor their saints, then that people, then that nation, will cease to have patriots and saints.

February the twenty-second is the day on which we honor our patriot. It is the day on which the American people stand as one, a monument to the hero of the Revolution. They stand as one, and thank God that He sent their forefathers, in their hours of trial and days of struggling infancy, a guiding star, a gem in the diadem of state, the immortal Washington.

To-day, we of Celtic blood, honor our Saint as well as our hero. We lift up the green flag and fling its folds aloft in memory of our Apostle; in memory of him who, crowned with a halo of light, shines glorious in the galaxy of saints; in memory of him who, fourteen centuries ago, converted a pagan people, thereby placing the brightest jewel in the crown of Christianity; in memory of that man whose immortal legacy to the world has been a nation of poets, orators, statesmen and martyrs. To-day we honor the grandest man that ever trod Erin's soil—noble ST. PATRICK.

His birthplace is a mystery. Boulogne, Kilpatrick, Bristol, Bath and other places still contend for the distinction, like the seven cities of old, each of which claimed Homer for her son. But the true Irishman cares not whether the captive missionary was born in sunny France, or whether he first saw the light of day amongst the Highlands of Scotland, or played in his infancy by the waves of the Avon; he cares but for the life of the Patrician, who by his holy work erected an imperishable monument, found in every land, in every clime. Go to the North, to the South, to the Orient, to the Occident, everywhere, as soldiers, scholars, poets and priests, you will find their names written on the scroll of Fame.

Wherever the Irishman is there is Christianity. Under the spreading palms of the Asiatic oasis, on the icy mountains of the Northman's home, in the impenetrable depths of the forest, in the most thickly populated cities, everywhere

administering the consolations of religion to poor, suffering humanity, illustrating in their own lives the grand, exalting truths and principles of the Gospel.

Wherever you find the Shamrock there you will find faith in the Trinity. It is related of St. Patrick that when he was preaching to the noble-minded Irish pagans, refuting the superstitious tenets of their Druid worship, he spoke to them of the ineffable mystery of the Trinity. And first looking to Heaven as for inspiration, he then stooped to the green turf at his feet, plucked a Shamrock and held it before them—three leaves on one stem. It was enough. They understood. To them it was stronger than any theological proof; and never to this day has that race, though oppressed, persecuted and even martyred, failed in its Faith.

Ireland has had a memorable and a melancholy past; it has an unsatisfactory present, but it is destined to have a glorious future. Open the pages on which the history of the Emerald Isle is recorded; read of her deeds in ages gone by, when she was in the zenith of her glory, when she sent scholars from her universities with whom the Continent could not compete, when she taught the world; then Ireland was a great nation; then the banks of her rivers were studded with universities and monasteries whence the priceless treasures of religion and knowledge were freely dispensed; then lofty castles stood in awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty on the banks of the Avoca, whose blue waters flowed through a valley of the same name, presenting the grandest and softest scene that nature has ever produced:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best!"

But to-day what a different scene we behold! How she has changed! No more the Rome in war and the Athens in art. Was it the incessant strokes of Time that bore down her temples; was it the elements that corroded her statues of learning, and let them totter and crumble into chaos; was it the Irishman himself? No! It was the Northman who came down on Ireland,

"Like a wolf on the fold,"

and desecrated fair Erin's sanctuaries of intelligence and devotion, razed her colleges and churches, pillaged the shrines of Minerva and the temples of the Almighty. And Erin's arrogant but leech-like neighbor, whose name should no more be mentioned in connection with dear old Ireland's than a stinging serpent's

should accompany a dove's; she has continued with unrelentless fury to persecute the Island of Saints. Penal laws were forced on her; laws which forbade the child to receive the Blessed Sacrament with its Catholic parents; laws which forbade, under penalty of death, the Irishman to practise the Faith of St. Patrick. Still strong in that Faith, the people have withstood and outlived all their assailants. No human power can subdue a patriotic and a religious people. Direct persecution against principles not only fans the flame of perseverance, it increases the intensity of love.

May the day soon come when the Irish people will see the disjointed links of the chain that has fettered them in semi-slavery for seven centuries past cast down at their feet! Then will the dream of happy, free Ireland be realized. Then when the terrible burden that rests on her weary limbs is removed; when she is placed on an international equality; when she has a home for the millions of her sons and daughters who wander over the earth in search of toil and in search of freedom; when she has all these—liberty free and unfettered—then, "I'll challenge the world to show a happier or a handsomer race, men more generous or women more lovely."

The never-resting waves of the Atlantic rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight of American prosperity bear a message from the Isle of Saints; they bear a message of hope and of future prosperity. In the Parliament of Great Britain there stands an old man—old in years, but young in mind—whose white locks droop over his furrowed brow, but whose silvery voice eloquently peals out in behalf of suffering Ireland, asking little from England, but what will be life itself to the Irish people; there stands the "old man eloquent," appealing for Home Rule.

What a future for Ireland! A rainbow in the sky! I see her in the distance; I hear her music on the waves, and her harps on the soft winds; I hear her poets piping their reeds, and her orators voicing their silver; I see her statesmen in the Senate; I see Ireland a grand, free Republic.

"Come, Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming;
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rivals have trod;
Come, richest and rarest; come, purest and fairest,
Come, daughter of Science; come, gift of thy God!
Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens;
Long, long have we worshipped thee, queen of the brave.

Still in the ranks are we, struggling with eagerness,
Still in the battle for freedom are we,
Irishmen! if we are true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings, love's fond caressings,
Peace, home and happiness, all shall be ours!"

A Veteran Catholic Champion.*

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

The recent restoration of the ownership and management of the Boston *Pilot* to Mr. Patrick Donahoe, who established the paper over half a century ago, and successfully conducted it until the financial troubles, which resulted from a triple conflagration of his property in the early "Seventies," compelled him to part with it, has been hailed with general satisfaction throughout the country; and was an event especially gratifying to the elder generation, whose representatives still retain vivid memories of the years when religious prejudices and hostilities were far stronger and much more virulent than they, happily, are at the present day, and who gratefully remember how valiantly, on all needed occasions, the *Pilot*, under Mr. Donahoe's guidance, combated those un-American ebullitions, and how ably it defended the Catholic people and their faith.

Coming to Boston in 1825, the year in which Bishop Fenwick succeeded Cardinal Cheverus in the administration of the diocese, Mr. Donahoe, during the long period of his residence here, has seen Catholicity, from the feeble organization it then possessed, attain the splendid vitality it now enjoys. With the sole exception of a little mortuary chapel in one of the outlying districts, the old Cathedral, in Franklin Street, which had not at that time undergone the enlargement subsequently made in its dimensions, was the only Catholic church in the city; and there was but one resident priest, besides the Bishop. Mr. Donahoe not only beheld the destruction, by an infuriated mob, of the Ursuline Convent, in 1834, but he was here a year before the daughters of St. Angela Merici established themselves on Mount Benedict. The elder Beecher, to whose fanatical preaching the destruction of the Ursuline Convent was largely attributable, was not settled here until a full twelvemonth after young Donahoe had become a resident of the city. He wore a uniform when President Jackson visited Boston, in 1833, and took part in the welcome which the Charitable Irish Society, to which most of the leading Catholic citizens belonged, tendered the chief executive on that occasion.

* Reprinted from the *Ave Maria* of February 1891. This admirable article possesses a particular interest at the present time in view of the fact that the distinguished subject, whose noble career is here well portrayed, has received the highest gift of Notre Dame, the Lætare Medal. [ED. SCHOL.]

The *Pilot* had issued its first number before the Broad Street riots, which were prompted by anti-Catholic prejudice, took place, in 1837. It had more than completed the first half decade of its existence when the Nativist incendiaries fired the Philadelphia convent and churches; its success was assured when the turbulent wave of Know-nothingism swept over the land; and it was on the high-road to prosperity when the Civil War broke out and Catholic loyalty ceased to be questioned.

During the long stretch of years from the date of its first appearance up to the time when it passed from his control, the *Pilot*, under Mr. Donahoe's management, was regarded, not alone in Boston and New England, but throughout the country, as one of the foremost and ablest defenders of Catholic rights; and royally did it vindicate its claim to that distinction. The story of its establishment, briefly told, is as follows:

In the earlier years of his administration of the Boston diocese, Bishop Fenwick, who was a prelate of literary tastes and abilities, inaugurated the publication here of a small weekly called the *Jesuit*, to whose columns the Bishop himself and Dr. O'Flaherty, a learned divine of those days, became the principal contributors. The paper failed to meet with the support its merits deserved, however; and, after some years of varying fortunes, the Bishop offered it to young Donahoe, who was then a compositor in the office where the *Jesuit* was printed. When the transfer was made—and it was made all the more easily because money played no part in the transaction—the name of the paper was changed to the *Literary and Catholic Sentinel*. The change benefited the publication very little; but, by dint of economy and hard work, Mr. Donahoe and the partner whom he had associated with himself managed to keep it alive. In the height of O'Connell's battle for Repeal in Ireland, Mr. Donahoe, who soon became sole proprietor of the *Sentinel*—his associate retiring from a venture which he feared would never prove profitable,—re-named the paper, after O'Connell's own organ, the *Pilot*. The whole working force of the office then consisted of the proprietor, two female compositors, and an office boy; and the subscription lists contained about three hundred names. The earlier editors in Mr. Donahoe's employ were George Pepper, who, the veteran publisher says, was a writer of greater intensity than prudence; D'Arcy McGee, who came to the paper first as solicitor and correspondent, subsequently became its leading editorial writer, and left it to join the staff of the Dublin *Free-*

man's Journal, whose owner, Dr. Gray, had been impressed by the virility of his work; and Walter James Walsh, who was talented but erratic. Later on, the Rev. John T. Roddan, a suburban pastor, edited the paper for awhile, as did the learned Father Finotti after him; and other clergymen were occasional contributors to its columns.

In conversation the other day with the writer, Mr. Donahoe, speaking of the earlier vicissitudes of the *Pilot*, made very affectionate mention of the lamented Father Gillen, C. S. C., who, before he began his ecclesiastical studies, canvassed the Western States in the paper's behalf, and furnished it with much valuable correspondence; he expressed great regret that there was then no Catholic Emigration Bureau in existence to enable immigrants to profit by the admirable suggestions embodied in Father Gillen's letters; and he feelingly alluded to the delicate and practical manner in which that venerable clergyman sympathized with him when financial troubles overtook him.

To adequately detail the services which the *Pilot*, in the earlier years of its existence, rendered the Catholics of this country, it would be necessary to recite the history of those stormy days, and to quote liberally from the files of the paper itself. Before the *Jesuit*, from which publication, as already stated, the *Pilot* sprang, came into Mr. Donahoe's hands, Dr. O'Flaherty had ably answered in its columns the anti-Catholic philippics of Lyman Beecher, and fully exposed the falsity of his calumnies against the Church. Catholic controversy was not then confined to Boston, however; and the *Jesuit*, furthermore, had valiantly seconded Archbishops Hughes and Purcell in their memorable debates with Messrs. Breckenridge and Campbell. Its utterances on the Mount Benedict outrage, it is needless to remark, were pertinent and forceful, and they contributed not a little to the condemnatory report of that crime subsequently made by the citizen's committee.

At the time of the Philadelphia riot the *Pilot*, which was then edited by D'Arcy McGee, printed a number of scathing articles, in one of which the incendiaries were denounced as "cowards and sons of cowards." This expression, whereby Mr. McGee implied that the Philadelphia church-burners represented the Arnolds, Deanes and Hulls of the past, instead of the Washingtons and Jeffersons, as they claimed, was misinterpreted in many places, and Mr. Donahoe says he always regretted its publication. Shortly after the destruction of the Philadelphia churches Mr. Donahoe visited the

Quaker City, and his presence was commented upon by the organ of the disturbers, whose editor, with sinister purpose, remarked that the proprietor of the *Pilot* was apparently free to walk the streets unmolested. So intense was anti-Catholic hostility in those days that the *Pilot* office was constantly threatened, and application had to be made to the city authorities—who were nowise prompt in responding—to protect it and its inmates from attack.

While he was still struggling to put his paper on a solid basis, Mr. Donahoe was sued for libel by an unprincipled pettifogger, whose shameless impositions on some of the Catholics of Boston the *Pilot* had fittingly denounced. When the case came up in court, the plaintiff, through his lawyer, who was one of the ablest Protestant jurists in the State, secured the impanelling of a Know-nothing jury; while Mr. Donahoe, wishing to help a coreligionist, entrusted his defence to a Catholic advocate whose ability was not commensurate with his desire to serve his client faithfully. In the course of the trial the plaintiff's lawyer, well aware of the character of his jury, appealed to their anti-Catholic prejudices by alleging, among other charges, that the proprietor of the *Pilot* had opposed the erection of a Protestant church in Rome. The result was that Mr. Donahoe was mulcted in the sum of \$2,500, to pay which fine he was obliged to mortgage his entire property, and to sell his outstanding accounts at fifty cents on the dollar.

This was but one of many similar experiences which its courageous defence of right and religion cost the *Pilot* in its younger years; but such happenings did not cause it to swerve one iota from its chosen course, or silence for a single issue its denunciation of intolerance and injustice. There are many persons still living who can readily recall the vigorous and unsparing manner in which it condemned that Know-nothingism which reached its height in the beginning of the "Fifties"; who remember how manfully and with what dignity it resented the insults offered to American Catholics when a military company in Boston, composed wholly of Catholics, was disarmed and disbanded by the orders of the Know-nothing governor; who have not forgotten the valiant way in which it supported Bishop Fitzpatrick's demand that Catholic clergymen, in the discharge of their sacred duties, be allowed free ingress to all public institutions; nor the part it took in the controversy that followed the expulsion of a Catholic boy from one of the city schools on account of his refusal to repeat the Protestant

version of the Lord's Prayer. It cost a newspaper something in those days, when religious prejudices ran so high, to defend Catholicity as openly and unreservedly as the *Pilot* did. But its energetic editor was unflinching, and never hesitated on that account to vindicate his faith from hostile attacks, no matter from what source they emanated.

It was not alone through the columns of the *Pilot*, however, that Mr. Donahoe rendered signal services to Catholicity in the years whereof we write. That was the era of Catholic church building here in New England, whither an immense European immigration was then directed. And it was no easy task in those days for either bishop or priest to secure suitable building sites, so intense in many localities was the spirit of intolerance; and when the lots were finally secured, it was a still more difficult undertaking to procure money with which to begin building. Sites for Catholic churches had to be purchased, in most cases, through outsiders; banks required the endorsement of men known to be possessed of means before they would advance a dollar for the building of such edifices. In that condition of affairs the proprietor of the *Pilot*, who had, by his industry and perseverance, become the owner of a handsome property, was constantly besought by parish priests to negotiate for the purchase of church sites, or to endorse their applications for loans from the banks; and not only did he cheerfully comply with such requests, but he often contributed generously, from his own purse and store, for the erection and equipment of these places of worship. He was, so to speak, "the man in the gap" in those days, and the amount of valuable services he then rendered the Catholics of New England is simply incalculable.

He aided the benevolent Father Haskins, for instance, to establish at the North end, where it was first located, the House of the Angel Guardian, which has done, and is still doing, so much good for the Catholic orphans of this section of the country. The Home for Destitute Catholic Children, which is not infrequently called Donahoe's Home, and which annually receives hundreds of Catholic waifs, would probably never have been built but for his generous benefactions. It was in behalf of this home that Mr. Donahoe brought the lamented Fra Tom Burke to Boston to speak (for the first time in New England) in the Coliseum; and in order to secure the use of the building, wherein the eloquent Dominican addressed an audience approximating 40,000 persons, Mr. Donahoe subscribed \$1000. When public opinion opposed

the building of the Boston College on the old jail lands, in the centre of the city, which site that wonderful old Jesuit, the Rev. John McElroy, had in some manner managed to secure, Mr. Donahoe brought Father McElroy and Mayor Rice together, and the result was the surrender of the jail lands and the obtaining of the present location of the College, a far more desirable one than the first contemplated site.

His purse contributed generously to the purchase of, and his name is inscribed upon, the bell which hangs in the spire of the church that surmounts Bunker Hill; and when the old St. John's Church, at the North end, was replaced by a new edifice and put in the market, the congregation not feeling able to retain it, Mr. Donahoe bid it in, paid the interest on the mortgage for several years, and finally, when better times came to the congregation, transferred it back again to the parish for school purposes. He was one of the first to found a bursary in the American College at Rome, giving his note for \$5000 therefor to Monsignor Doane; and he mentions with especial pride the fact that it was on this bursary that that well-beloved and deeply-lamented Rector of the Boston Cathedral, the Rev. John B. Smith, was educated for the priesthood. Mill Hill College and many other educational and charitable institutions on both sides of the Atlantic were at different periods of their existence the recipients of his generous bounty. In a word, he gave unstintedly as long as it was in his power to do so, never sending away empty-handed any applicant who approached him in behalf of charity or religion.

Did space permit of it, much might also be written of the valuable aid which Mr. Donahoe lent the Church by the publication of Catholic works. He was one of the earliest of our American Catholic publishers, and his establishment on Franklin Street was one of the largest and most complete of its kind in the whole country. The fire that consumed this building destroyed an immense amount of valuable stereotype plates, together with the *Pilot* plant; and Mr. Donahoe's losses mounted into the hundreds of thousands. To most men such a loss coming so late in life would have been a crushing blow. Not so, however, with the veteran proprietor of the *Pilot*; and the spirit of Christian resignation with which he accepted his losses, the heroic efforts which he made, despite them, to continue his business, and the contented manner in which, when all failed him, he turned to other pursuits, are now so many considerations that intensify the popular gratification at his return to his

former post, and that inspire a general and heartfelt wish that his life may be prolonged to enable him to enjoy more fully the merited good fortune which has recently come to him.

Despite the fact that he is nearing his seventy-seventh birthday,* Mr. Donahoe is still a man of remarkable mental and physical vitality. He is always to be found at his office during business hours, and he retains clear and distinct recollections of the many important events that have occurred during his lifetime. Modest and unassuming, and deeply religious, moreover, he regards his recovery of the *Pilot* as an act of God's providence, for which he is duly grateful; and he has been profoundly impressed with the almost world-wide congratulations which have lately been showered on him by prelates, priests, and laymen of all classes and conditions. Mr. Donahoe's home on Shawmut Avenue is an unpretentious but comfortable residence, whose walls are hung with many valuable paintings, among them being some especially fine ones of the Madonna. Associated with him in his present management of the *Pilot* are his sons; and he seemingly carries his proprietary and managerial responsibilities as lightly as in former days, when his name and that of his paper were almost synonymous terms throughout the English-speaking Catholic world.

A Much-Neglected Novel.

"The Guardian Angel" is a novel written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of America's greatest poets and humorists. Its prime object is to elucidate the views of the author on that much-mooted question of medical science, "hereditary transmission." He believes that the spirits of our departed ancestors live again in us, and protect us in many ways through life. While everyone may not concur with what the genial gentleman says when he tells us that we are carrying around in our daily walks of life a number of those sprite-like tenants, still all will unite in paying their homage to his book as a literary production. One might exhaust his vocabulary in laudation of its peculiar excellence; but unless he was addressing those who had already perused the work, he could not convey an adequate idea of its merits.

Throughout the story there is a rich abundance of that easy, mellow humor so natural to Holmes, which one must read and enjoy to

* Written in 1891; but the concluding words of the writer retain all their truth and cogency. [ED. SCHOL.]

fully appreciate; it permeates the narrative, and keeps it ever fresh and delightful. It really seems too bad that a volume so highly meritorious as "The Guardian Angel" should suffer neglect at the hands of the American reading public. Yet it must be admitted—though we regret it exceedingly—that the book has not that wide range of readers to which it is entitled by reason of its own superior composition and the high literary standing of its author.

The plot is simple but well told and teeming with interest; the characters move through the scenes with a lively, natural freedom, and the style is perfectly adapted to the story. The style is more than that; it possesses an indefinable charm which grows on one as he proceeds from page to page; and when he becomes thoroughly engrossed in the sayings and doings of the people in this mimic world, it carries him along through a series of vividly-pictured landscapes with a delicious, airy buoyancy.

The author tells us in his preface that the book was written for two classes of readers. The first, and smaller class, are those who dip beneath the surface of what they read to catch the hidden meaning, if there be one—and there is in most of the modern novels,—and the second class are those who indulge in novels merely as a literary recreation, to while away a few leisure hours, or may be to add to their list of "novels read." It may be safely asserted, however, that to whichever class a reader belongs he cannot fail to be delighted by the perusal of this well-written book.

Mr. Holmes entertains his first division of readers by making characters to interpret his pet theory; and in the person of Myrtle Hazard he unfolds to them what may be imagined as the results of this theory in practice. His deductions are certainly unique, and show a new view of that many-sided, complex entity, human nature. But it is for his second class that he has reserved the richest treat. Such an amusing bit of humor and clever character sketch cannot be found anywhere, as the summing up of Miss Silence Withers, the sallow-faced Puritanical spinster, under whose charge Myrtle Hazard, the heroine, was placed, he says: "She knew no more about children and their ways than does a female ostrich." The story is replete with many mirthful passages.

Myrtle Hazard was a young girl of rare beauty, intelligence, and strength of mind. Her life with Miss Silence Withers had been quite unhappy up to her seventeenth year. When she arrived at that age, the dreary life she led with her maiden aunt, and the dismal, funereal atmos-

phere of the gloomy mansion in which she lived became so irksome that she determined to run away.

But the boat in which she escaped was destroyed in going over a small cataract, and she was saved from death by the heroic efforts of a brave young sculptor, Clement Lindsay. Clement was rewarded later on for his valiant deed, and the reward he received was the same, of course, that all heroes in novels receive—the hand and the love of the heroine.

There is another character who absorbs a great deal of the reader's interest—Mr. Byles Gridley, a good-natured, cheerful old gentleman, who spreads peace and good-will all around him. He has been a scholar, tutor, and, for a long time, a university professor; but is now well up in years, and has come to Oxbow—the home of Myrtle—to pass the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of his books. He is a philosopher, a linguist and an author. This last attribute has been the means of casting a gloom over the entire latter part of his life.

Byles wrote a book once, called "Thoughts on the Universe"; but it fell like lead on the market, and Byles was inconsolable over his dead book. However, in his brighter moments he consoled himself by believing that the world was not yet ripe for his great thoughts; that some day his genius would be discovered, the public would clamorously demand his works, and ever after the name of Byles Gridley, A. M.,—now famous, you know,—would go down through the ages emblazoned in a halo of glory. In the meantime he was content to philosophise and read Hebrew in Oxbow, and to look after the interests of Myrtle, whom he had come to look upon as a sort of protégé. He sent her to school and had her educated to be as polished in manners as she was beautiful otherwise. She married Clement Lindsay, and the closing scene in the story is a skilful bit of artistic painting. They are all gathered in the parlor and Clement is going to unveil a bust which he has carved. He lifts the veil and discloses to the spectators a faithful likeness in marble of Byles Gridley. Byles adds to the pleasure of the company by showing a letter from a certain publishing house in which they make arrangements to republish "Thoughts on the Universe" at a handsome royalty. Everybody is happy; and just as the curtain falls, Myrtle goes over to Mr. Gridley, gives him an affectionate kiss, and says: "This is my Guardian Angel."

JAMES R. HAYDON.

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

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P. M. Ragan,	
J. M. Flannigan.	

—Our readers will be pleased to learn that the drama "Hermigild; or, the Two Crowns," by Rev. John Oechtering, of Ft. Wayne, which appeared as a serial in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC, has been published in pamphlet form, and is for sale at the *Ave Maria* office. The play is for male characters only, and will be found admirably adapted for school and college exhibitions.

—Yesterday (Friday) was Ireland's great festival, the feast of St. Patrick; and, as usual, it was fittingly observed here at Notre Dame. The exercises were such as to worthily commemorate the glory of him with whose footsteps on the shores of the Emerald Isle "Christianity burst forth with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer." In the morning Solemn High Mass was sung in the college church, during which an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C. We take pleasure in presenting our readers with a synopsis of the magnificent discourse. In the afternoon an entertainment was given in Washington Hall by the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association. But the early hour of going to press obliges us, to our great regret, to defer to our next issue an extended report of the proceedings of a day which was marked by enthusiastic rejoicings and will long be remembered at Notre Dame.

The Lætare Medal.

A decade of years has now elapsed since the University inaugurated the custom of bestowing, on each recurring Lætare Sunday, a medal upon one of the Catholic laity distinguished in either Literature, Science or Art. It is an adaptation to the domain of secular knowledge of what papal custom has, from time immemorial, made renowned in the sphere of religion. The Golden Rose of Lætare Sunday, bestowed by the Sovereign Pontiff upon some Catholic dignitary, has always been esteemed by the recipient as among the highest of earthly favors. The University has honored itself in establishing a similar custom as regards those of our American Catholic laity distinguished for meritorious services to Literature, Science or Art.

This year the Lætare Medal was bestowed upon MR. PATRICK DONAHOE, the veteran editor of the *Boston Pilot*; and all will acknowledge that no more fitting subject could be chosen for this great honor. Mr. Donahoe's services to religion and literature cover a period of more than half a century, and have made him a striking figure, a shining light and model among the Catholic public men of the day. We take pleasure in publishing, in another part of this paper, under the title of "A Veteran Catholic Champion," an appreciative sketch of the life-work of this great man. It is a glowing tribute to a singularly meritorious career, and well depicts the brilliant record and eminent worth of one whom the University has sought to publicly honor.

The medal is accompanied by an address beautifully printed upon watered silk, the first page of which is a grand *chef-d'œuvre* of the illustrious artist, Signor Gregori. A series of figures—emblematic of Religion, Philosophy, Law, Science and Poetry, surrounding a centre picture of the main building of the University, while over all hovers an angel bearing a wreath and palm branch, with a scroll entwined having the title "The University of Notre Dame"—are skilfully and artistically painted upon the silk.

The address is elegantly enframed with rich gold cord, and suspended from a richly ornamented stand specially designed for the purpose.

The following is the address:

MR. DONAHOE:

"The LÆTARE MEDAL of the University of Notre Dame,—now rendered even more worthy of acceptance by association with so many honorable names,—is this year offered to you as a symbol of the love and reverence,

the admiration and gratitude, which you have justly earned.

"You were one of the most zealous pioneers of the Church in America, and in showing appreciation of you Notre Dame honors a noble band, of which you are the representative. You wielded the axe among the trees of the primeval forest, that men of your Faith might find their way; you tore aside the poisonous vines that threatened death to all whom they entangled.

"All your life you have been a veritable defender of that Faith for which you have never hesitated to make sacrifices in time of trial. You gave the impulse to the great work of the Apostolate of the Press which John Boyle O'Reilly continued. When, like him, you have fought the good fight and gained the goal, you will have left to those for whom you battled the stimulating remembrance of an example which must cheer your brethren and urge them to imitate your unflinching courage and unfaltering perseverance."

The Apostle of Ireland.*

"This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith."

—JOHN I, v. 4.

St. Patrick was born in 372. Where? is a question not easily answered. Seven different cities claim the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. There are three countries each of which claims the honor of being the birthplace of St. Patrick. (1) Brittany, in Armorica Gaul, now France; (2) Bonaven T bernia, in Scotland, near the mouth of the River Clyde; (3) Monmouthshire in Southern Wales, on the banks of the River Usk.

There are many reasons for not admitting the claims of Brittany (France) to be his birthplace. But the fact that St. Patrick himself, in the book of his "Confessions"—which is the only authentic record of his life—clearly implies that he was born in Britain (now Great Britain) is conclusive. He says, in speaking of his captivity: *Post paucos annos, rursus eram in Britania, cum parentibus meis*—"After a few years I was again in Britain, with my parents." Now the term "Brittany" was not applied to any part of Gaul for more than a hundred years after St. Patrick was born. Colonies of the Britons, having been expelled by the Saxons, immigrated at various times into that part of Gaul, commencing about the year 495, and they called the territory which they colonized, "Brittany." Up to that time Britain (Britania) alone existed. The weight of modern research is in favor of either Scotland or Wales; and both of these countries are in Britain, now Great Britain. In the ancient map the whole

island was called "Britania Romanorum," the most southern province was called "Britania Prima," and a province on the western side, next to Ireland, or Hibernia, was called "Britania Secunda," which part is now called Wales.

As to the claim of Scotland, it is sufficiently invalidated by the fact, as stated by the best historians, that St. Patrick did not know the Irish language until he learnt it during the six years of his captivity in Ireland, when he was about sixteen years of age. His captivity was, therefore, considered providential, in view of his future mission to evangelize the Irish. It gave him a knowledge of their language.

Now, were he born in Scotland, he would have already known the Irish language; for Irish was the common language of Scotland and Ireland for many centuries before and after St. Patrick came to evangelize the Irish. Scotland was colonized from Ireland—then called Scotia; and the colonists brought their language with them, and called the country which they occupied Scotland. Ireland was afterwards called Hibernia. Even down to the fourteenth century, Irish was the common language of Scotland and Ireland, as the princes of Ireland stated in their "Remonstrance" to Pope John XXII., in the year 1314.

The weight of historic testimony, therefore, is that St. Patrick was born in Britain, and in that part called, "Caerleon Legionum," or the City of the Legions, which was near the mouth of the River Usk, in Wales. The Roman army camped there; St. Patrick's father, Culpurius, was a Roman officer, and lived there, as is evident from other parts of the Saint's "Confessions."

Wales is the nearest point of southern Britain to southern Ireland, and therefore the point most probably struck by "Nial of the Nine Hostages" who carried young Patrick, and others, into captivity. After his release he remained at home until his 30th year, when he went to the continent to study under St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, his mother's uncle. He was ordained priest, and labored in the ministry until he was sixty years of age, when, prompted by divine grace, he presented himself before Pope St. Celestine, with a letter of introduction from St. Martin. St. Patrick told the Pope that he felt called to preach the Gospel to the people of Ireland. The Pope, after a thorough examination, pronounced the call from God and consecrated him Bishop of Ireland. He changed his name to Patricius—patrician or nobleman—and, with the apostolic blessing, sent him on his holy call to the Irish. St.

* Substance of the sermon delivered on St. Patrick's Day by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Patrick labored for sixty years in Ireland, and died in the year 492, at the age of one hundred and twenty years. Before his death he converted the entire nation; he built and consecrated 350 churches; he consecrated 300 bishops and ordained 3,000 priests.

The whole island became the school of the world, and continued as such for at least 400 years. Armies of pagans devastated all the rest of the civilized world. Ireland alone had peace and piety; hence education flourished. The conversion of the nobility and princes of Ireland was so thorough that they shared their wealth with the bishops and priests to enable them to build churches and colleges over the whole island. Education was entirely free to all. Ireland, therefore, has the honor of establishing the first free schools recorded in the history of the world. Thus ended the grandest and most productive missionary career in the history of the Church of God. His festival is celebrated in every civilized nation of the world. . . .

Let us consider what Ireland has done to preserve the faith which St. Patrick planted in her fertile soil, and we shall see the justice of the claim of St. Patrick's children to the language of the beloved Apostle St. John: "This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith." For more than three hundred years the British Government has been engaged in an unceasing and multiform effort to strike Ireland from the catalogue of nations; and this for no other reason than that she would not accept the novel doctrines of the Reformation, but chose to cling to the ancient faith of Christendom. For this she has been proscribed and persecuted with a ferocity and a bigotry unparalleled in the history of political domination and oppression. Yet England claims the first place in the list of civilized governments. She uses every means in her power to barbarize, and then reproaches her subjects with barbarism. Still history furnishes the testimony that Ireland's faith is Ireland's glory and Ireland's victory.

In order that we may the more easily understand Ireland's true glory, let us cast a glance on her as she was before the advent of her great spiritual liberator, St. Patrick. That Ireland had a literature and was, therefore, in a manner civilized, is unquestionable. She had books written in her own characters, and we find that when she received Roman literature, her predilection for her own letters was such that she wrote the Latin language in Irish characters. She had her own laws: the Brehon Code and

the customs of Tanistry and she was decorated with legal beauty by her Loghaire and her Ollomh Fodhla and many others at as early a date as either the Greek or Roman.

Ireland had in existence several orders of knighthood from which sprang the "Saxon Association"—one of the very first exhibitions of chivalry on the European continent. Are those records and documents which certify Ireland's early eminence all fiction? or are their statements facts? and if they be facts, are they not evidence of at least a partial civilization? We find no claim to similar documents, no mention of similar institutions among the uncivilized children of nature. We do not find laws recorded and a regularly constituted and written language amongst barbarians.

Hence we may clearly account for the fact that Ireland received the divine light of Christianity without resistance or bloodshed; for which she is distinguished over the whole world. No bloody laws of a Nero or a Domitian disgraced her statute books, as in Greece and Rome and other parts of the pagan world. India, Ethiopia and Persia were not behind in their hatred to the name of Jesus and the emblem of His holy cross. In their stubborn soil the seed of the Word was to be watered by the tears of the sower, and nurtured by his blood ere the plant could flourish. To this fact the historians of all nations testify. But Ireland furnishes a solitary but splendid exception. The Island of Shamrocks was prepared for the doctrines of the cross. Neither the pride of the cruel despot, nor the frenzy of the barbarian, was the characteristic of her kings or her people. Long accustomed to a light, she was better prepared to endure and examine the brilliant orb of Christianity which now mounted above her horizon in effulgent glory. Hence when, in 432, St. Patrick landed on her green shores, he found a cultivated soil in which to plant the sacred tree of faith whose branches have since extended to every corner of the habitable globe. For where can you not find an Irishman, with all the characteristics of his more than martyred race? No! St. Patrick had not to deal with barbarians who could not understand the sublimity of our holy faith. He found a people already far advanced in human science, but whose minds were imbued with the principles of a false religion. Yet he was undaunted, as the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, and in his heart was burning that sacred fire which Jesus Christ came upon earth to kindle. He, therefore, boldly presented himself before the nobles, senators and kings of Ireland then

assembled in council in Tara's Hall—not the Tara of to-day, with its broken arches, fallen towers and silent harps, but the grand, majestic, living Tara. In that glorious hall, by means of the simple shamrock, he explained the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity; and by the crucifix gave them an idea of the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption. By the three leaves on one stem, equal, distinct and of the same nature, he explained to them the unity of the three Divine Persons in one God, equal, distinct and of the same divine nature. The shamrock has, therefore, become the emblem of the Catholic faith. Hence the joyous emotions which even the sight of a shamrock awakens in the breast of every Irish Catholic on St. Patrick's Day, in whatsoever part of the earth's surface his lot may be cast. To-day, then, you may see the children of St. Patrick searching for the shamrock under the snow of the North as well as under the balmy sunshine of the South. Yes, like St. Paul in the Areopagus, St. Patrick appears before these pagan nobles, on Easter Sunday, 432, clothed in the robes of his sacred office, with his crosier in his hand and his mitre on his head, speaking to them, in their own language, of the doctrines of Redemption, and by the thunder of his inspired eloquence, the hearts of his hearers are opened, the faith of Christ is planted and Ireland is converted.

Call her not fickle or barbarous because she so easily opened her heart to the influence of divine truth. Fifteen centuries of steadfastness in the faith and the blood of millions of martyrs, shed to maintain and defend it, amply refute the calumny, and prove Ireland's sincerity. The pure and guileless hearts of her children were ready to receive and recognize the Gospel of truth. Hence, convinced of the doctrines preached by the glorious St. Patrick, they willingly delivered up their temples of idolatry to be occupied by the apostles of the Lamb, and, casting down their idols, they erected the emblem of the Crucified. Ireland, thus prepared and blessed with the true faith, was destined, ere long, to be the regenerator of all other nations, both civilized and barbarous. In the sixth century the Roman Empire fell to pieces by the weight of its own corruption; and it enveloped in the same destruction all the other nations. Barbarous armies swept away all the accumulations of civilized life and destroyed the seats of science and religion. Ireland was spared from this general deluge; and there, as in another ark, were preserved the means of rekindling the torch of science and the lamp of religion on the continent.

Among all impartial historians is the testimony, uniform and uncontradicted, that in Ireland, during this reign of Terror, the schools were in the perfection of vigor and in the highest credit, and that she fully deserved these high titles, *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*—"The Island of Saints and of Teachers." These are titles of which no other spot upon the globe's surface can boast, and which Ireland received with the unanimous consent of the world. Strangers from all parts of the then known world flocked to her schools for knowledge in religion and science. The school at Armagh alone numbered 10,000 students, and there were many others equally large in different parts of Ireland. At this time, by various incursions of barbarians, England was almost reduced to barbarism. Hence the British youth were not behind in availing themselves of the opportunity thus placed within their reach. This is testified by their own historians. The Venerable Bede—the only learned Englishman of his time (he died in 735)—records that, "When Europe was desolated by war, all who sought instruction in science and religion, leaving their homes and country, flocked to Ireland and were there gratuitously educated and supported by the Irish."

Invited by the illustrious Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West, the sons of Hibernia founded the first two universities in the world—the celebrated universities of Paris and Pavia, in which they taught, as well as in many others of the principal schools of the continent. Among others of the prominent English who were educated in Ireland was Alfred, the father of English liberty. In the Irish schools he was trained to letters; in Rome and the Emerald Isle he imbibed his principles of legislation. The sons of Ireland may, therefore, justly claim a share in the spirit of the British Constitution which was framed by them and Alfred, surnamed The Great—a Constitution, the general principles of which are excellent, but the administration of which is corrupt.

Yes, to the persecuted sons of Ireland the proud "Mistress of the Seas" is indebted for her present rank among the nations of the earth, in the catalogue of which she deserves to be placed last, but claims to be first. She does not consider that perhaps the little stone which is to crush the gigantic idol has been already hewn from the mountain by the hand of Him who is the King of kings. For where can she point to a battle-field stained with the blood of her troops on which the foremost among the victors were not the sons of Ireland;

among whom—although not always true to his native land—Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and conqueror of Napoleon, stands conspicuous? Wellington, while Prime Minister of England, in 1828, stated in the British Parliament that the honors the Government conferred upon him, and the glory acquired by the British arms under his command, were mainly due to the valor and blood of the soldiers of Roman Catholic Ireland; and for this reason demanded the passage of the "Act of Catholic Emancipation," which was carried the next year, owing to the sturdy blows of the great O'Connell.

But how has England returned all these favors and benefits? Ah! true friend of liberty, who is not well versed in the answer? It is wholly contained in these two words: *treachery* and *oppression*. She has resolved that the Cross which gave her King Alfred and the "Magna Charta" should not crown a square inch of Irish soil. To effect this she has resorted to every *unjust* means which lay within her power. She has endeavored to strip Ireland of her deserved honor, and heap upon her undeserved shame. She has monopolized all the wealth and resources of Ireland. She has corrupted the founts of history and testimony, and rendered them but the sources of a bigoted prejudice and calumny. This, she thought, was the best means in her power to turn the attention of the world from Ireland—that star to which it was so long accustomed to look for light. And yet, Ireland can boast of the succession of 197 kings, 61 of whom reigned from the introduction of Christianity by St. Patrick, in 432, to the reign of the profligate Henry II., who, in 1172, by forged Bulls, lying and deception, attempted to rob Ireland of her government. Thus was Ireland governed by her own sons, without any mixture of foreign blood, for over two thousand years.

In proof of this fact, we have the most unquestionable historical evidence. This same evidence clearly proves the falsity of the vague assertion of British hirelings that "Ireland was incapable of governing herself." Yet she did it when England was shrouded in barbarism; Ireland laid the foundation of the British Constitution, one element of which—namely, the republican—was the germ and root of our own American Constitution. So, notwithstanding all that has been said, sung and written by the children of Ireland, her orations and poetry either appear to the world as the property of her taskmasters, or they are almost unknown out of Ireland. So half-learned Englishmen used to ask, "Who reads an Irish book"? just as they used to ask, "Who reads an American

book"? So the incredulous Jew once asked, "What good can come from Nazareth?" Yet it was the scene of the great mystery of the Incarnation and the home of the Redeemer of the world.

Education, also, which had been so long the glory of Ireland, was prohibited under the severest penalties. No Catholic child was allowed to be educated in Ireland, either by a Catholic or a Protestant; and no Catholic parent could send his children out of Ireland to be educated under the penalty of forfeiting all his property. Thus, by these savage and cruel laws, more than nine-tenths of the population were legislatively prohibited from receiving any instruction whatever, either from a Catholic or a Protestant, either at home or abroad. Yet, notwithstanding these menaces of the tyrant, many were they who raised themselves mental pyramids, who stood undaunted at the approach of the threatening storm, the first place in whose catalogue is merited by the magnanimous and far-famed O'Connell,—the Irish Demosthenes, who has filled the world with his fame. His heart reposes in Rome, the object of his love and the centre of his religion. A short time before his death he said: "I have always regarded her religion as the true nationality of Ireland." This was the keynote of his whole life: through the freedom of religion, to accomplish the freedom of the state. The Irish thirst for education made them disregard every penalty. They therefore established colleges in Belgium, France, Spain and Italy, to educate their sons, especially for the priesthood. To supply the need of those who remained at home they established the "hedge schools"—the last resort of a people determined to save their intelligence.

There is no parallel to this fact in the whole history of the world. When their splendid colleges were torn down, the hedges supplied their place. No priest or bishop was allowed to exercise any of the functions of his sacred office, for more than two hundred years, under the penalty of exile; and if they returned, *death* was the penalty, and fifty pounds sterling the reward of all informers against them. Yet they returned and braved death. Such is the power of faith. When their splendid churches were torn down, the canopy of heaven furnished the church and the naked rock the altar whereon to offer the holy Sacrifice. In the midst of this terrible and continual persecution, the priests were the leaders of the people—ever standing in the face of danger and death to defend or obtain their rights—ever ready to exchange a life of toil on earth for a martyr's crown in

heaven. That same fidelity to their holy vocation is the characteristic of the Irish priesthood to this day. It is this terrible conflict, sustained together by priests and people, that engendered and fostered the deep love for the priesthood in the hearts of the children of Ireland, which is the admiration of the world and their crown of honor: for no priesthood ever served a people better and no people loved a priesthood more.

And all this for the preservation of the precious gift of faith; for if they surrendered their faith, they were promised liberty, wealth and honor. All Henry VIII. asked of Ireland was to swear that he was head of the Church as well as the state, and to abandon the Pope whose office he wished to usurp. But Ireland answered through her ever-faithful priesthood: "We swear not to blaspheme; we are ready to die, but not to surrender our faith."

Ireland knew well that to abandon the Pope was to abandon the Church. Well did she follow the last and most precious advice of St. Patrick, her glorious Apostle, who said to the Irish bishops: "If any doubt or difficulty arise among you, appeal to the Pope and abide by his decision; his is the voice of Christ. As you are children of Christ, be you also children of Rome."—*Ut Christiani, ita et Romani sitis*. Ireland obeyed; and by this obedience the "Island of Saints" has procured for itself another glorious title, "The Crucified Apostle of Nations." Thus by her adherence to the Pope Ireland preserved her Catholic faith, and by the strength of that faith she has successfully resisted, through seas of blood, the absorbing and deceitful power of England, and thus saved her nationality; for England must say to-day—"Great Britain and Ireland." England abandoned the Pope and thus abandoned the Church; Scotland did the same and lost her nationality.

Thus we see that Ireland's faith has been Ireland's victory and Ireland's glory; for the preservation of that faith has been the battle of her life. Ireland expects soon to receive her own Parliament, and then her victory will be complete. This is the reward of her unflinching loyalty to the Faith of Christ, and her unswerving fidelity to the See of Peter. Ireland can well claim the motto: *Semper et ubique fidelis*—"Ever and always faithful." May the children of St. Patrick never fail to follow the teachings of their glorious Apostle!

In 1883 Pope Leo XIII. said, in one of his Allocutions: "Ireland is a holy land which retains the sacred seed sown by St. Patrick, and, by the Divine assistance, will preserve it to the end!"

Personals.

—Frank Quinn, '83, is studying medicine in Chicago, Ill.

—Mrs. Laux of Decatur, Ind., spent a few days at the University this week.

—Michael Skilling, '78, is practising medicine with great success in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. M. McFadden, of Chicago, was at the University this week with her son Martin.

—Jos. Lumley, '77, is assistant Deputy Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook County, Ill.

—Rev. President Walsh and Colonel Hoynes responded to toasts in South Bend yesterday.

—Mrs. W. H. Lennon and Will D. Lennon, of West Bay City, called at the University on the 15th inst.

—Willie Berthelet, '88, assists his father in business. He is married and resides in Milwaukee, Wis.

—Through an oversight the visit of the Rev. Father Duemig, of Avilla, Ind., was overlooked in our last issue.

—John and Charles Crowe, '76, are prospering in the World's Fair City, and reside on West Indiana Street.

—Mr. Patrick Cavanagh, of Chicago, and Mr. W. W. Oliver, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, spent Sunday with their sons and friends.

—Joseph Murphy, '70, is a member of the Public School Board of Philadelphia, and is on the editorial staff of the *Catholic Times* of the same city.

—Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., left Wednesday for Boston with the Lætare Medal, which is to be presented to the worthy editor of the *Pilot*, Mr. Donahoe.

—The Rev. S. Fitté, C.S.C., went to Jackson, Mich., Thursday, where he preached the sermon on St. Patrick's Day, and responded to a toast at the banquet in the evening.

—Messrs. R. Adelsperger (Classical), '90, and E. Howard (Com'l), '91, of South Bend, put in an appearance last Sunday. They are great strangers, though they live so close.

—It will give pleasure to all to know that Rev. Vice-President Morrissey is improving rapidly, and we hope that the coming spring days will find him out among us again.

—Mr. Sylvester Monarch, of Owensboro, Ky., was a very welcome visitor, Wednesday. Mr. Monarch came to see his son Tom, of Brownson Hall, and his nephews H. Lamar and Dan.

—Like all old boys, we were glad to see Mr. B. F. Smith, '84, last Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Smith has a good position in the city government at Minneapolis, and is doing very well.

—Those who registered as the Temple Quartette Concert Company of Boston, on the 10th inst., were: Miss Fay Davis, and Messrs. E. M. Spears, E. T. Webber, E. S. Macquaid and L. B. Merrill.

—Joseph Inderrieden, '79, is cashier in his father's wholesale grocery house, South Water St., Chicago. His brother C. V., '86, is married, and is meeting with success in business.

—Michael Burns, of the Junior Class of '82, is private secretary for Senator Carlise. He has our sincere thanks for a large wall map of the United States, which is later by two years than any other published.

—Miss Addie L. Zoehrlaut, of Milwaukee, spent Sunday last with her brothers Charles and George of Carroll Hall. Miss Zoehrlaut was a very welcome visitor, and we hope to have another and longer visit in the near future.

—Benjamin F. Smith (Com'l), '81, spent Sunday with us. B. F. is as tall and good-natured as ever, and at present holds a position under the city government of Minneapolis, Minn. His brother Elmer, of the same year, is a successful musician at Ashland, Wis.

—When we mentioned Mr. Owen Sullivan, '92, last fall as having a lucrative position as civil engineer on the Illinois Central R.R., a prophecy was made that Owen would soon rise to higher positions, and now we are delighted to say that the prediction is verified; for this "old boy" has lately been appointed one of a corps to go South for the Illinois Central on an important expedition.

Obituary.

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. JOHN R. ENGLISH, '75, of Columbus, Ohio. The sad event occurred on the 13th inst., in the city of New York, where the deceased had been suffering some time from pneumonia. Mr. English for several years was a student of the University and highly esteemed by professors and students. The bereaved mother and sisters in their great affliction have the heartfelt sympathy of many friends at Notre Dame. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- St. Patrick's Day!
- "Caed mille failthe!"
- 'Rah for the Band!
- Change in the weather.
- Where did K. get the hat?
- Jerry disappeared after the theft.
- Did you not notice the green sash?
- Three cheers for the clerk of the weather!
- What has become of that "bird of wisdom"?
- Where did Fred get the sweet little rosebuds?
- "Don't you think that I have a pretty nose?"

—What is the matter with the original salt-maker?

—What gender is the moon? Mike says it is female.

—Say, Mister, can you tell me where Mr. Black lives?

—Wonder which one of the boys the coffee belonged to?

—Harry says that the Rector raised the "siege" on him.

—Dick wants to know if a lion is an orphan when he loses his paw.

—The savages would be right in it—"right at home," as our humorist says.

—John wants to know how he got that *false face*? For information go to O. Z.

—It is a grammatical problem how we can have pleasant weather in the present.

—Sir John relates that certain friends of his were born in Hayti and at heighty-two.

—Some one has asked if Mr. So-and-so is the official interpreter of everybody's remarks?

—Sincere thanks are returned for favors received from Snug Quarters. Dannie is a king.

—Richard says that the first time he saw a speckled trout he thought it had the measles.

—The typos return sincere thanks to the Band for that delightful serenade on St. Patrick's Day.

—Yesterday—St. Patrick's Day—the Band discoursed excellent music, and general rejoicing prevailed.

—"Spike" wants to know why perfumes of one scent cost ten cents, although he does not assent to it generally.

—Geo. M. Carter, of Brownson Hall, went to Bryan, Ohio, this week to have his eyes examined by a prominent oculist.

—R. Corcoran, A. Heer and J. Cooke were the members of the Law class having charge of their study-hall during the past week.

—The "missionary" relates that on one of his trips in the West, he sat by the roadside a whole day watching the wind blow ten-penny nails out of the fences.

—As to-morrow, the 19th, is Passion Sunday, the Festival of St. Joseph—Patron of the Community and of the universal Church—will be duly observed on Monday.

—At the meeting of the Carroll Base-ball Association, held on Thursday, R. E. Brown was elected captain of the special team for the coming season. We applaud the choice!

—The "Roll of Honor," several Personal and Local items, and other articles of general interest, which have been unavoidably crowded out this week, will appear in our next issue.

—In our last issue a mistake was made in the report of the competitive drill between Companies A and B. The honor of winning first place was ascribed to Mr. Kearns, whereas it should have been credited to Mr. T. Curran.

—The second game of hand ball for the championship of Brownson and Carroll Halls was played Monday morning last in the Brownson "gym" between Wellington and Kutina, the former winning by a score of 15 to 4.

—B. Fabian, the redoubtable canvasser for the *Ave Maria* "is reclining upon his laurels," for a few days at Notre Dame. He is gathering strength for his spring and summer campaign. His next field of operations will be the World's Fair City.

—Messrs. J. Henley and F. Hennessy went to Kalamazoo, Mich., on Thursday to attend the St. Patrick's Day banquet. The former responded to the toast—"The Day we Celebrate," while the latter gave vent to his fellyings on "The Irish Cause."

—The first game of football of the spring season was between Capt. Flannigan's eleven and an eleven led by Capt. Roby on Sunday afternoon. Several brilliant plays on both sides were noticed. Capt. Flannigan's men won by a score of 6 to 0.

—CONCISE.—A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. He replied: "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then I put in a comma; when I yawn I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco I make a paragraph."

—The corner grocery man says he attended a lecture on the rhinoceros when he was home, and the professor said: "I must beg of you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

—MOOT-COURT.—The case before the University Moot-Court—Judge Hoynes presiding—Saturday evening was *Peter Cunningham vs. Peter Prindle & Son*. It was an action of debit for the recovery of \$125, which Cunningham claimed was due him as wages. The facts in the case were about as follows: Cunningham was an employe in the service of Prindle & Son. He was indebted to Mitchell A. Quilty for the sum of \$50. Quilty demanded his money; but Cunningham did not have it on hand, and executed the following order to him:

"SOUTH BEND, June 1, '92.

"PRINDLE & SON.

"GENTLEMEN:—Please pay to the bearer, M. A. Quilty, the sum of \$50.00 (fifty dollars).

"PETER CUNNINGHAM."

Quilty at once presented the order to Prindle & Son; they took it, stating that they had no money then on hand belonging to Cunningham, but they would pay it as soon as his uncollected wages would amount to that sum. On the first of July Cunningham's wages fell, amounting to \$125, and he applied for payment. Prindle & Son gave him \$75.00, telling him that they received an order from him early in June for \$50.00 in favor of Quilty, which sum they would hold for Quilty until such time as he might call for it.

Cunningham protested against this, and said: "I countermand the order, as it has not been paid, and demand my month's wages in full." But Prindle & Son insisted on paying Quilty \$50.00, and on the 2d of July did so. Cunningham refused to take the \$75.00 offered him, claiming that he had a right to his month's wages, \$125, for which sum he brought suit. The plaintiff's attorneys claimed that there was a variance between the acceptance and the order, and that Cunningham was entitled to his wages; while the defendant's attorneys claimed that there was a valid acceptance of the order, and that Cunningham's right of revocation had ceased. The court held that the acceptance was valid, and all that Cunningham could recover was \$75.00 which sum was awarded him. The attorneys were: Messrs. Henly and Hennessy for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Chidester and Roby for defendant.

Temple Quartette.

The third musical number of the University lecture series was given in Washington Hall on Friday, March 10, by the "Temple Quartette" of Boston. We do not pretend to be musical critics, but can less boastfully hold we appreciate a good thing when we hear it. There were some things in the concert of Friday afternoon that we liked particularly well. The success of the evening for the quartette *ensemble* was the "College Songs." "Ding-dong Bell" was adequately and suitably arranged for Mr. Merrill's rich bass voice. He was enthusiastically encored for his solo rendition of "Roll on, Deep Ocean, Roll." Mr. Merrill has a well-trained voice and one of rich timber, principally in the lower notes.

Mr. Spears, the tenor, has a remarkably accurate and clear voice, almost too light, however, for solo singing. It was at full value in the quartette where precise harmony rather than sympathetic strains was noticed. A clever arrangement by Chattock, of "The Old Folks at Home" gave him ample opportunity to display his compass and correct falsetto tones, and was signally recognized by loud applause. In response they sang "Hark, the Trumpet Calleth," by Dudley Buck, one of our greatest American composers of male quartettes.

Miss Fay Davis, the elocutionist, was especially praised for her impressive enunciation, and good intonation. While she was artful enough to not range out beyond her capacity by giving us pieces containing a great deal of action, she was not happy in her selections. Nevertheless Miss Davis added much to the evening's enjoyment. We are also prompted to gratefully extend our praises to this year's Lecture Committee who have filled our boards successfully with a number of concerts and lectures that are to be remembered by us in long days to come.

L.

Bertrand.

One day last week a party of Sorin Hall boys paid a visit to the far-famed ex-town of Bertrand. The party started under the leadership of the rector; but an unprejudiced spectator would have remarked that it was under the worthy gentleman's followership that they arrived. The boys took the Michigan Central RR. track at Notre Dame station, and left it at Bertrand station for further use. Said station is an object of interest. It is situated some distance from the town. When the M. C. was built the inhabitants of Bertrand insisted that it should run at least half a mile from that centre of inactivity. One of the most important buildings in the town is this Michigan Central station. It is a large and commodious structure with even better appointments than the one at Notre Dame. The sides and roof are of old roofing tin, making the building fire-proof. This is a very wise provision on the part of the M. C. directors; for in any place other than Bertrand such a building would have been fired long, long ago.

After leaving the railroad a view of the town was had from a small knoll near by. It could immediately be seen that Bertrand was a well laid out town. In fact, it has been laid out flat. Bertrand was, at one time in its history, a formidable rival of Chicago. Like Chicago, Bertrand once had a fire; and, like the Chicagoans, the Bertrand people count the fire as the central point in their chronology. A full and complete history of the fire was given the boys by "the oldest inhabitant." He stated that this fire was a peculiar one. When the fire fiend visited the town he strove with might and main to awaken the inhabitants by attacking a brush pile near the Town Hall. Not succeeding in his purpose, he went away in disgust. There were two factions formed about that fire. When the pile of ashes was seen the next morning some of the people held that there had been a fire, and the others maintained that such a rousing thing as a fire was impossible in Bertrand. The two factions are still in existence in the persons of the said "oldest inhabitant" and his rival for the honors attaching to that office.

Being very fond of milk, the whole party scattered in search of some. The search proved milkless, as it was learned that the only cow in the town had succumbed to the general Bertrand malady. She had so imbibed the spirit of the town, that, after doing the "Sleeping Beauty" act for several weeks previous, she did what Bertrand itself has long ago done—she died.

While searching for milk, a lone rabbit was seen betaking himself through a wheat field at a 14-miles-in-15-days' gait. Several of the Iroquois immediately raised their war-whoop and started in pursuit. To say that the rabbit was surprised

is putting it very mildly. Just as he disappeared under the moldy ruins of one of the seven buildings constituting the town, he was heard regretfully to remark: "Who would have thought such a thing possible in Bertrand? A boom must be coming, sure. I'll move."

The liveliest spot in the town is the old cemetery. Now and then some wandering zephyr that has lost its way steals up from the St. Joseph River and perceptibly stirs the branches of the trees in the cemetery. This accounts for the unwonted activity. While in this cemetery the "Judge" grew reflective and quoted Gray's "Elegy." As soon as he left, however, his expressions took an original form. One of his overshoes became so taken with the soil in that part of the country that it decided to remain. After much persuasion the Judge got it to go along with him. He has a copyright on all he says, so we are not at liberty to print his arguments. They were gems of language, strong, clear, and forcible.

A large and flourishing institution of learning is situated just outside of the town. It is so placed on account of the fear that the school might disturb the eternal rest of the historic place. The institution has four buildings. Several members of the foregoing party, being greatly interested in education and educators, attempted to pay the school a visit. They found, however, that, as a further precaution against disturbance, the teacher and pupils had been locked in the school house. When closing time came, the marshal of the town gravely unlocked the door, and children and teacher gaily trooped forth. This proceeding was watched with interest by several of the boys.

The officer took occasion to inform the party, in the persons of the students there present, that Bertrand had never been so disturbed since the fire, and the students had their choice of one of two alternatives—they might either settle down into Bertrand quietness, or leave the town. The marshal's dictum was reported to the party. The announcement created the greatest consternation, and, rather than become mummies, they returned to the railroad, and took the next train for home.

DuB.

Should Cease.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—There is one thing that should be stopped, and that is the continued cheering of students in Washington Hall upon the slightest pretext. While we are not opposed to a good honest cheer at the right time, we do not think that this unison-of-time applause should be countenanced by any fair-minded student. Let there be applause at the right time and place, and let it be spontaneous, but never unless there be a reason for so doing.

D.