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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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[Selected.]

My Native Land.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted-passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one—for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle—
For one short moon its treasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they
stand
'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart
burned
With love for Ireland looking on Cathay.

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles;
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Birthplace of St. Patrick.

There are few subjects connected with the life of St. Patrick that have not given rise to controversy. If, however, there is aught in his life that can be proven by the canons of historical research, it is the question of the country of his birth. Yet the popularly received opinion on this subject is at variance with the evidence that we possess to determine the question. There is exhibited thereby proof of the facility with which men will allow their judgments to be affected by their sentiments.

What is our evidence on the problem? The statements of St. Patrick himself and the testimony of the Irish writers from his time down to the extinction of the Irish as a distinct people in the reign of James I. This is, unquestionably our first and most certain evidence. We have then the concurrent testimony of writers other than the Irish during the same period.

St. Patrick in his *Confessio* says: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful, and despicable among most men, had for my father Calphornius the deacon, son of the late Potitus, son of Odissus, the priest, who was of the *vicus Bannavem Taberniæ*. For he had near there a small farm, where I was taken captive." "Again, after a few years, I was *in Britannis* with my kinsfolk, who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me, that then at least, after the so great tribulations which I had endured, I should never again leave them." "Whence also, though I should wish to leave them and go *in Britannias*, and though I should gladly and readily go as to my fatherland and my kindred; and not only so, but even *usque Gallias*, to visit my brethren and to see the face

of the saints of my Lord; God knows that I greatly desire it."

Such is the testimony of St. Patrick as to his native land. Let us examine it. He calls *Britannia*, the Britains, his fatherland (*patria*), wherein dwelt his kinsfolk (*parentes*), and he distinguishes the Britains from *Gallia*, the Gauls, in which land he hopes to see his brethren and the saints of the Lord. St. Patrick was a Roman citizen, and spoke in the manner of the men of that day. The western part of the Roman world was comprised in the præfecture of the Gauls, which was subdivided into three dioceses: that of the Gauls, that of the Spains, and that of the Britains. In the *Notitia* of the Empire, compiled in the early part of the 4th century, in St. Patrick's lifetime, we read: "Sub dispositione viri illustris Præfecti prætorio Galliarum, dioceses infra-scriptas: Hispaniæ, Britannia." Each diocese was subdivided into provinces. Says the *Notitia*: "Sub dispositione viri spectabilis, Vicarii Britanniarum: Consulares, per Britannias duo; Maximæ Cæsariensis, Valentia; Præsides, per Britannias tres; Britannia primæ, Britannia Secundæ, Flavia Cæsariensis." Thus the five provinces in the island of Great Britain ruled over by the Roman Vicar were known in St. Patrick's day as the Britains, while the Gauls then meant the seventeen provinces of the land of Gaul. From this statement, it follows that the *patria*, or fatherland of St. Patrick, according to his own testimony, was the island of Great Britain, the Britannia and the only Britannia of his day.

No further statement of the evidence should be necessary; but since this plain and simple interpretation of St. Patrick's words has been denied, let us see how the writers of Ireland considered the question. The difficulty is to make a selection. Until the time of their legal destruction as a people, there was no dissentient voice. With one accord they declare that Great Britain was the native land of St. Patrick.

Fiacc's hymn, written in the 8th century, says: "Patrick was born in Nemthor." The scholiast comments thereon: "In 'Nemthor,' that is a city which is in North Britain, namely 'Ail-cluade'"; and further: "This was the cause of his bondage: Patrick and his father, namely, Calphurn, Concess, his mother, a daughter of Ocmus, and his five sisters. . . . all went from the Britons of Ail-cluade, over the Ictian sea southwards on a journey to the Britons of Armoric Letha, that is to the Britons of Letha; for there were relatives of theirs there at that time, and besides, the mother of the children, namely, Concess, was of the Franks, and she

was a near relative of Martin's. That was the time when the seven sons of Sechmaide King of Britain were in exile from Britain. So they made a great foray on the Britons of Armoric Letha, where Patrick was with his family, and they slew Calphurn there, and they brought Patrick and Lupait with them to Ireland."

Marianus Scotus, a monk of the Irish monastery of Cologne, writing in the 11th century, says: "*Sanctus Patricius nascitur in Britannia insula.*"

The author of the "Tripartite Life" says: "As to Patrick, then of the Britons of Ail-cluade was his origin. . . . In Nemthor, however, this holy Patrick was born. . . . Now this was the cause of Patrick's first coming into Ireland. There were in exile seven sons of Fechtmaide, to wit, seven sons of the King of Britain, and they went to ravage in Armoric Letha. It came to pass that some Britons of Strath Clyde were on a journey to their brethren, that is, to the Britons of Armoric Letha; and in the ravaging were slain Calphurn, son of Potitus, Patrick's father, and his mother Concess, daughter of Ocbass of Gaul. Patrick then was taken in the ravaging and his two sisters, namely, Lupait, and Tigris."

The homily on St. Patrick in the Lebar brecc, written in the 12th century, says: "Now Patrick's kin were the Britons of Ail-cluade. In Nemphor, now, was he born. . . . Now this was the cause of Patrick's coming to Ireland. Seven sons of Sechtmaide, to wit seven sons of the King of Britain, were bidding in exile. They wrought rapine in the land of Britain, and Ulstermen were along with them, and so they brought Patrick in captivity to Ireland and his two sisters, Tigris and Lupait."

I might quote further, but these suffice to show the unanimous testimony of the Irish to the effect that St. Patrick was a native of Great Britain, and the further testimony that he was of the Britons of Ail-cluade. It is unnecessary to state that Ail-cluade was the olden name for Dumbarton on the river Clyde.

Does this later statement agree with St. Patrick's testimony? He says that his father was "of the vicus Bannaven Taberniæ. For he had near there a small farm, where I was taken captive." It has, without any reason, been assumed that this was the place of Patrick's birth. He does not so state, and the Irish authorities all say that while on a visit to kinsmen, Patrick was taken captive, and not at the place of his birth. Where was the place he was captured? They (Patrick's people) go south

over the Ictian sea, to the Britons of Armorica Letha. By the Ictian sea, it is generally stated, is meant the English channel; but this appears to me to be a faulty identification. In the curious tale, given in Cormac's Glossary, on the introduction of the lap-dog into Ireland, it is stated that Glastonbury is "now a church on the brink of the Ictian sea"; and Glastonbury is not on the brink of the English channel. So in the Annals of the Four Masters, it is said of the destruction of the Irish monasteries: "So that there was not a monastery from Arann of the Saints to the Iccian Sea, that was not broken or shattered." Here in both cases the Ictian sea is the sea between Great Britain and Ireland. Again, in the Albanic Duan, it is said:

"Briutus banished his active brother
Across the stormy sea of Icht."

Here it is used of the sea separating the Britons and the Picts. And Bede tells us that the Firth of Clyde is "Sinus maris permaximus qui antiquitus gentem Brittonum a Pictis secernebat, qui ab Occidente in terras longo spatio errumpit, ubi est civitas Brittonum munitissima usque hodie quæ vocatur Alcluith."

It is also assumed that the Armorica Letha is Armorica in Gaul; but while this may be true and not affect my contention, yet it also seems unlikely. For the foray is made by the sons of the King of Britain and the Ulstermen against the enemies of the former; one of our authorities expressly says against Britain. This is the likely fact. The foray was made by the exiles and their allies the Ulstermen, against the Britons. For Letha was a term applied by the Irish writers to any land under Roman rule; and Armorica Letha means the coast land of Letha, a term as applicable to the western coast of Great Britain as to the northwestern coast of France. St. Patrick is said to go to "Germanus in the south, in the southern part of Letha." Here Letha is central France. In the Tripartite Life St. Patrick says: "My city here, with its Essruaid through it, would be a second Rome of Letha with its Tiberis through it." Here Letha is Italy or the Latin land. Therefore the foray of the sons of Sechtmaide, in which St. Patrick was led captive, was, in all likelihood, directed against the coast of southern Scotland and northern England. The dying out of the name, as applied to this region, is what has occurred in many regions of the Island of Great Britain, and has led to the faulty identification with the Armorica Gaul.

But as to the native land of St. Patrick the testimony is conclusive, and only the ignorance

of the evidence, the desire for novelty or the yielding to sentiment can possibly place his birth in any other land than Great Britain, or in any region of that island other than that of Dumbarton, the rock of the Clyde. There is no historical evidence, either written or traditional, prior to the reign of James I. that would justify any other conclusion.

JOHN GILLESPIE EWING.

The Catholicity of Longfellow.

BY F. M'KEE, '94.

When man receives the last summons from his Father, when the curtain of death falls upon a life well spent, when friends and admirers are overpowered by grief, let no lofty monument be raised to do him honor, but rather let the muse in sweetest measures write his epitaph; let the poet sing his praise, and posterity will receive the right to admire and criticise the beauty and belief of that man.

In everyone there is a religion, some belief, or union of beliefs; a feeling that spurs him on to labor in the path of the just and good, and to attain the end for which he has been created; but everyone has not been blessed with this same inspiration, this symmetry and harmony of one belief, where the mind is not tossed about by a doubt; where our inner consciousness rebels, and causes our intellect to waver; where there remains a half-doubting, half-believing opinion which catches glimmerings of a brighter light only to lose them again in the darkness of unbelief; where the mind fluctuates between an intervening medium, stronger on one side than the other. On the weaker there is a guiding star beckoning him on; but, too weak to follow, he falls back, infusing this spirit in his words.

Under this head may be classified Longfellow, professing one belief and yet having the greatest admiration and love for another, so much so, that many of his poems are permeated with this second belief.

Man writes according to his feelings; his temperament, his character and even his belief, may be learned from a careful study of his works.

A poet may sometimes assume a character that does not come from his heart, or feign one belief when in reality he professes another; but when we see all his works permeated with a belief contrary to his own, all we can say is that

he had a strong tendency for this faith, or was a Catholic at heart, if not in practice; for who could imagine a man of any other belief than a Catholic painting such beautiful descriptions of Evangeline:

"But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music."

These lines are purely Catholic, and no one who had not been familiar with the doctrines of Catholicity could have given utterance to expressions peculiar to a deeply religious spirit, showing thereby the belief the poet must have had.

All through this poem there runs a vein of sadness, mingled with this religious spirit—a tender, amiable sadness more touching than painful, characterized by the harmony of versification and beauty of thought.

In it there is a spirit clothed in the most ideal language, manifesting itself in all places; and this is the hinge upon which Longfellow's celebrity swings. It rings out the sentiments of this man, echoing and re-echoing his thoughts and feelings, and the different thoughts that are left in his poems will raise a thousand echoes in the avenue of time.

Our thoughts are naturally centred upon Evangeline seeking the one she loves; and we admire her sole aim in life, to find the long-lost one held so dear in her bosom. With what simple beauty does Longfellow clothe the expression of her loneliness, so sweet and pure in her virgin grace; such a pathetic interest for Gabriel, wandering through the forests and towns seeking the beloved one, "Where the streets re-echoed the names of the streets of the forest," lending her ear to every murmur of the leaves, the sighs of the winds, seeking the consolation of any, and with an anxious heart she sighs:

"Let's go to the mission for there good tidings await us."

He describes the Jesuit mission:

"This was their rural chapel. Aloft through the intricate
arches
Mingled its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the
branches;
Silent, with head uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor and joined in the evening
devotions.
But when the service was done and the benediction had
fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seeds from the
hands of the sower,
Slowly the revered man advanced to the strangers and
bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benig-
nant expression."

With what beauty and splendor is this picture described! It brings out the office of benediction in the most ideal colors. Here the spirit of Longfellow sinks to the bottom of his work, and no one not having the greatest respect and admiration could have given vent to such a feeling, showing thereby that he was a Catholic in belief, if not in practice. It is a mirror of his conscience, reflecting this spirit that is contained in all his poems. What a beautiful description does he give of the priest consoling Evangeline:

"Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spoke with an
accent of kindness.
'Patience,' the priest would say; 'have faith and thy
prayer will be heard.'"

As a mother watches over her child, consoling it in moments of pain and sorrow, reminding it of better days, so does the priest console Evangeline, cheering her on, telling her to trust in God and her prayer shall be heard.

The priest is the comforter of many a sad heart, cheering and inspiring us with hope, consoling us in our trials, comforting us in despair; indeed, he is the true man, and is held up as a model in the eyes of Longfellow.

In reading this poem it will not be amiss to say a few words regarding the pathos that is so beautifully spread all through. It has been said that the "Death of Little Nell," in Dickens, is one of the most pathetic scenes in all English; but when we consider the death of Gabriel, the lover of Evangeline, we say that it is far superior to Dickens'. See the description of Evangeline, after she has entered the convent, kneeling at the bedside of one she holds so dear in her heart:

"Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accent
unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside
him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank
into darkness."

Dickens' imagination leads him on through many wanderings. His pathos is drawn out, straining every nerve to make an effect, and the consequence is that he is led beyond the bounds of something natural; Longfellow, in the death of Gabriel, has painted a picture that is natural and true to life. His pathos is perfect, nor is it strained to make an effect:

"'Twas Easter Sunday. The full blossoming trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy;
The priests were singing and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell,
It was the Elevation of the Host;
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs and prayed together;
I never had been happy until that moment."

Again we find his higher nature predominating. Casting aside his feigned belief, he says in the description of Preciosa, praying to God to protect her against the heartless Egyptian youth:

"Mother of God, the glorified, protect me;
Christ and the saints be merciful unto me."

It is needless to quote more, as many of his poems are permeated with this spirit, setting forth the doctrines of the Church in the most real and natural colors, infusing this spirit in his poems wherever he can, never speaking irreverently or disrespectfully of the Church. We may well conclude that he was a poet of the heart. In them are hidden that power of consolation, that power to remove remorse, a dwelling, as it were, where a person might enter to rid himself of earthly troubles, and to find there consolation and relief.

He left behind him a memory of perpetuity, and a character tainted by none of the evils of earthly glory—a character of incomparable beauty.

He was the expresser of the expressive, a painter of the works of God. He appeals to every human heart, and ever followed his own precept in life:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Self-Made Men.

Man, endowed by God with the noble powers of will and intellect, is the masterpiece of creation. His power extends over the whole earth, and all other created beings attend at his command. What is this power in man which wields so great an influence? It is the mind, the soul, the will, the intelligence. Some obtain the opportunity of exhibiting their powers to advantage, and others strive for this opportunity. These latter know that perseverance conquers all things, and that the day will come when their patience and their toil will be rewarded. These are *self-made men*; these are the men who have breasted the waves of competition and jealousy, and landed themselves safely on the rock which resists the fury of every passing billow. From this rock they look around them and smile at the impotent rage of the storm. Their footing is secure, and they thank the stout arm and the ready wit which led them onward to this resting-place. History records many splendid examples of self-made men; we may glance at a few to show

that by perseverance and industry a man may accomplish great things.

The great discoverer of our country, Christopher Columbus, was the son of an Italian wool-carder. His trials were many, his friends few; but he possessed a strong determination and a sturdy faith in his own opinions.

Shakspeare, the poet, the greatest dramatist that ever lived, was in his early days a stable boy. We see how by perseverance and inborn genius he made a mark indelible through all future ages. Degenerate, indeed, will be the age when Shakspeare's name shall not be known, and his praise shall not be sung.

Napoleon, the general, the consul, the emperor, was, in derision, called an upstart. He was a man of obscure birth; but by hard work he advanced himself to be the ruler of an immense nation and almost a whole continent. His generals, for the most part, were, like himself, men who had earned their proud positions by their valor, their wisdom and their blood.

In all the arts and all the sciences men have made their mark by the exhibition and recognition of their worth. Nowhere, perhaps, can be found, whether in the senate or the field, on the perfumed throne or the judge's bench, a more splendid array of all that is true, noble, self-sacrificing and worthy than in the Church. Here are found representatives of every class and rank of society, loving each other with fraternal love. In the Church the peasant and the prince are equals. Merit only is recognized. Hence, what a glorious array of self-made heroes! What a galaxy of men—men in the highest sense of the word—appears before our mental vision! Every pope, every cardinal, every bishop is appointed on account of his piety, his merit; and for all future generations, as during all past ages, merit and piety only shall be rewarded. There is no royal road to perfection; the path is just as clear for the poor, obscure peasant as for the man who can trace his relationship back to kings and nobles.

Another field for the exercise of genius and patience is a democracy—a government like our own, based on liberty, equality and fraternity. Liberty and patriotism have drawn out noble deeds and self-sacrificing actions. Here, in this grand republic, we have had many and glorious examples. The maxim that "every man is the architect of his own fortune" is strikingly illustrated and verified in the history of American statesmen. Very few of the fathers of this republic were the inheritors of distinction. Benjamin Franklin was a printer's boy; Sherman, a shoemaker; Knox was a bookbinder;

Green, a blacksmith; John Adams and Marshall, the sons of poor farmers; and Hamilton, the most subtle, fiery and electrical, but at the same time the most composed and orderly genius of all, excepting the unapproachable Chief, was of as humble parentage as the rest. And if we come down to a later period, Daniel Webster was the son of a country farmer, and was rescued from the occupation of a drover only by the shrewd observation of Christopher Gore, whom he had called upon for advice in respect to a difficulty arising from the sale of a pair of steers. John C. Calhoun was the son of a tanner and currier; the father of Henry Clay belonged to the poorer class of Baptist ministers; Martin Van Buren, during his leisure hours, gathered pine-knots to light his evening studies; Abraham Lincoln was a deck-hand on a Mississippi flat-boat, and many among our present statesmen, who receive the applause and reverence of mankind, passed their early years at what in other countries would be almost impassable distances from the eminences which they now enjoy.

All these things tend to show what glory a man may win for himself by hard work. It is not genius which should be lauded; for a man may possess genius and not know how to use it. The progressive man, the man who encounters and conquers all obstacles, is the man who deserves praise.

With such noble examples to follow, with such glory attracting and such love impelling, who is there that will not endeavor to place himself in the van in the battle of life?

JAS. BARRY.

Waiting for that Day.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for that day—
 Waiting till the pleasant summer,
 With its sweet commencement rumor
 Brings to all, with joy elating,
 "Rec" begins to-day.
 Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for that day!

Ah! my heart is sick with thinking,
 Thinking of each day—
 Thinking how to "skive" from study,
 To preserve my fair face ruddy,
 And to keep my face from shrinking,
 Shrinking as the clay.
 Ah! my heart is sick with thinking,
 Thinking of each day.

Ah! my heart is sore with crying,
 Crying for that day—
 Crying for vacation's coming,
 When to home I go a-humming,

With my footsteps almost flying
 O'er the rosy way.
 Ah! my heart is sore with crying,
 Crying for that day.

Ah! my heart is surely breaking,
 Breaking for that day—
 Breaking for June's days so glorious,
 That dear time of joy uproarious,
 When from College leave we're taking,
 Hurry home to play.
 Ah! my heart is surely breaking,
 Breaking for that day.

Waiting, tired, impatient, weary,
 Waiting for the day—
 When to College 'gain returning,
 With my heart for study burning.
 Oh! I think this awful dreary,
 Whiling months away;
 Oh! the student's ever weary,
 Wanting study, wanting play.

A. K.

Was Shakspeare a Printer?

It was settled long ago that Shakspeare was a part of every Englishman's constitution, and the complaint has certainly been inherited in an intensified form by his sprightly cousin Jonathan.

As a species of common property, we will feel justified in treating the great dramatist according to our own pleasure; and recently, after a couple of centuries of idolatrous adulation, apparently for the mere sake of change, people have been found to assert that Shakspeare was not himself, but only—Lord Bacon!

To a good old-fashionedly constituted mind this has been very dreadful; and in great need of comfort and consolation, faithful readers turn again to the old, familiar volume, in order to regain their former mental *status*.

Shakspeare seems to have done his work so quietly, simply, and thoroughly, that it may well be a vexation to the critics, who need something to write about, and find the highest enjoyment in examining spots on the sun and motes in its beams.

The great dramatist appears perfectly to have understood the value of the gift he had bestowed upon the world, and in all soberness he believed that the world ought to be contented therewith and leave himself alone. In this spirit he bequeathed a malediction to any meddler who dared to disturb his bones; and in the same spirit he followed his own business, and conducted himself generally in a fashion to convey a very broad hint to let his character

alone also. It has been shown that he was an attorney, a schoolmaster, a soldier, a chemist, a farmer, a doctor, and a sailor; and a learned Frenchman demonstrated, beyond dispute, that nobody but a butcher would have closed "Hamlet" with a heap of carcasses. But as good must always come out of evil, and all turmoil tend to peace, so a leading American journal, with a mission to discover everything lost, and reveal everything hidden, has at length settled the matter beyond dispute by announcing that Shakspeare was so profound, so wise, so witty and so virtuous, that he must have been—a printer! There can be nothing more to say. The proposition is self-evident, and we can only recover our usual self-complacency by remembering that intuition led us long ago to the same conviction!

Now, for a proof to show that Shakspeare was a *printer*. Without attempting to marshal the array of corroborating lines, let it be sufficient that Shakspeare stood by the dignity of his order most nobly when he made Jack Cade, the rude leader of a rabble horde, sum up the crime of Lord Say in the accusation: "Whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill."

T. J. F.

The Stage.

The rapid decline of the stage from elevating drama to pleasing farce-comedy is surprising. What is the reason of this? We can suppose that it is because so many self-styled actors have attempted productions that require the most skilled artists of the dramatic profession.

Since Keene, the elder Booth, Edwin Booth, Barrett, E. L. Davenport, and many other geniuses have left the stage, the legitimate drama seems to have become uninteresting and unattractive to the American play-going public. There are very few actors and actresses on the stage of to-day who present to the people good plays. We can name, for example, Ada Rehan, Madame Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield; these possess true acting qualities; but excepting them, and a few others, we have no representatives of good drama.

There should be a revival of the legitimate. It is not characteristic of the American people to have it said that they can appreciate only

the farces and comedies of the day, such as "A Trip to Chinatown," which has had phenomenal success here. Now, this state of things should not, cannot, continue. The stage is, properly, a place for education and refinement, but not for puppet-shows that amuse but do *not* elevate or refine.

Soon there may be a change, and we sincerely hope so. The modern stage is *not* a stage in the true sense of the word; nine actors out of ten now before the public would do that same public a great favor by "making themselves scarce."

Something must be done. At the present rate the dramatic profession is becoming more and more depraved, and before every particle of appreciation of the good, beautiful and elevating has left the hearts of the people, some one *must* do something.

Only a few years ago the stage was a galaxy of stars, and now, what is it? We have made a glorious descent from Shakspeare's "Richard III." to "The Isle of Champagne"; from "Hamlet" to "A Texas Steer." Glorious, indeed, is the present! What a grand spectacle we behold when we review the *stars*, the present stars, of the drama! How they shine and dazzle us with their brightness!

Well, enough for now. *Che sara, sara*. Let the future speak for itself, it will tell.

F. T.

Commendatory.

Both *The Review of Reviews* and *The Literary Digest* contain summaries of Father Zahm's character-sketch of M. Pasteur. Besides this it has been extensively noticed by the press generally. The articles on the "Noachian Deluge" in the January and February numbers of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*—which, by the way, is one of the most ably edited of our Catholic magazines—have, if anything, attracted even more attention, and have also been provocative of no little controversy. Among the complimentary letters that Father Zahm has received from all quarters, we are permitted to reproduce the following extract from a letter written by a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, known throughout the world as an able scientist and theologian:

"Legi articulos tuos de diluvio, et gratulor tibi maxime eo quod quæstionem hanc difficilem bene tractasti. Utinam plures ecclesiastici homines surgerent et similes quæstiones agitent in publicis ephemeridibus cum eadem doctrina et prudentia sicut tu fecisti."

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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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

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Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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—Our esteemed contemporary, the *South Bend Tribune*, issued on Saturday last a "memorial number" in memory of its founder, the late Alfred B. Miller. The number is creditable to the enterprise of the managers of the *Tribune*, and forms a fitting tribute to the worth of him who launched and guided it so long and well on the sea of journalism. A portrait of Mr. Miller, together with "views" of the various departments of the *Tribune* establishment, accompanies a well-written sketch of the progress of South Bend and its environs during the past twenty-three years, or, since the foundation of the *Tribune*. This latter feature makes the issue of great historical value in addition to its other intrinsic merits. The *Tribune* has our best wishes for a long continuation of its prosperous career.

—Among the periodicals issued under the auspices of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, *Les Annales de Saint Joseph*, published at the

Collège de Ste.-Croix, Neuilly, France, holds a leading place. Like its renowned contemporary the *Ave Maria*, it has an object peculiarly its own, and one designed for the promotion of religious devotion and literary taste. As its title indicates, the main purpose of its publication is the spread of devotion to St. Joseph, the Patron of the Universal Church; and while this grand aim is never lost sight of, its readers are entertained with a variety of interesting and instructive articles in prose and verse. It now enters upon the twenty-fourth year of its existence under the most favorable auspices, and with the brightest prospects of ever-increasing success in the fulfilment of its noble mission. That these happy auspices may be bountifully realized will certainly be the heartfelt wish of every devoted client of St. Joseph.

In the prospectus for its new volume, the *Annales*, after announcing the many additional attractions provided for its readers, pays this tribute to the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the venerable Founder of Notre Dame:

"This year, 1893, which will witness the golden jubilee of the establishment of Notre Dame, Indiana, in the United States, is too glorious for us to leave unnoticed. Hence, in memory of this grand event in the history of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, we desire to make this twenty-fourth volume of the *Annales de Saint Joseph* a work worthy of the venerated Father Sorin, whose name is renowned in France and in America, and whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this issue. It is the humble homage of our filial respect and religious devotedness to the pious and distinguished Founder of Notre Dame and our brethren beyond the sea."

—Should women meddle in politics? is a subject that is causing more or less comment among the learned people of to-day in this country. For my part, I believe that the place for women is at home. A home is what a mother makes it; should she deal in affairs on the outside, her home will soon become barren. A daughter is, in nine cases out of ten, a reflection of her mother; she rarely outlives early home influences; however, she may make a misstep. Indiscretion may be to her a necessary teacher; but her early domestic training will manifest itself sooner or later. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should teach her with that sweet and sympathetic grace and gentleness which only a mother knows? The flowers most beautiful to the eye and sweetest to the smell grow in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes.

However, the greatest element of danger in woman's entry into public life lies in the fact

that it takes away from home the one who ought to be there and nowhere else. The public platform is no place for a mother who has sons or daughters to educate. If woman's progress is going to tend in that direction the sooner the advancement is stopped, the better. The first thought of a wife or mother should be her home—all other things, no matter how important, are secondary to that. No matter how rampant may become certain public evils, let her see to it that she keeps the evils out of her home, and she performs her greatest duty to her God, her family and mankind.

H.

The Columbians.

The Columbians put out the green flag and let its folds float to welcome to Washington Hall the appreciative audience that will long remember their celebration of '93. After the opening "Overture," by the University Orchestra, came the "Oration of the Day" by Mr. Raymond C. Langan, '93. His oration in full appeared in our last issue. Its literary worth, however, was greatly enhanced by Mr. Langan's characteristic delivery; he was perfectly in sympathy with his subject. The Orpheus Club sustained their reputation by the manner in which they rendered the two numbers, "My Gondola Awaits Thee" and Brodie's "Barlow Medley." The exhibition drill, by Capt. Coady's picked men of H. L. G., Company A, was one of the features of the programme. To lull the hearty applause at the end of the drill, the curtain rose on the "Market Scene" in the first Act of

"LOUIS XI."

History's travestied Louis XI. was brought out so as to reflect credit upon Professor Neil and his co-workers, the Columbians. The adaptation was that of W. R. Markwell from the French of Casimer Delavigne, as played by Mr. Henry Irving. In this play Louis' character is plainly developed as that of a man selfish, crafty and avaricious. Vindictive and cruel to an extent that made the executions he commanded pleasures and the murders he planned free from any touch of mercy; he would sacrifice pride and honor both should they threaten to thwart his interests. Excessively superstitious, he had remorse from his evil actions that could never be tranquillized. This, in the false delineation of his character in the play, makes him the greater monster. That he has suffered "historical decapitation,"

as Macaulay styles it, is not to be doubted. He was most calumniated for his superstition when his salient characteristic really was his broad religious devotion.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, as "Louis XI.," was excellent, and in some of his acting showed wonderful dramatic power for an amateur. The chief characteristics of Mr. O'Donnell's elocution are good enunciation and rich guttural tones fitting him uncommonly well for his part. That he was not quite equal to himself, as in "Richard III.," was owing to his support rather than any defect in the portrayal of his rôle. Seemingly it came from lack of feeling and sympathy. Mr. John Devaney, nevertheless, we commend since we recognize that he has acquired the first principle of elocution in putting his heart into his words. Mr. Frank Bolton deserves mention for his interpretation of the part of "Philip de Comines." Mr. Healy was heard at his best. Mr. Murphy, by his correct articulation, silenced the murmuring acousticians who generally complain after plays of not having been able to hear.

All in all, the Columbians are to be heartily congratulated on their brilliant and widely-acknowledged success.

The Lætare Medal.

As previously announced in the SCHOLASTIC, the ceremony of the presentation of the *Lætare* Medal to Mr. Patrick Donahoe of Boston, took place in that city on the 17th inst., the name-day and the birthday of the distinguished recipient of the University's highest honor. The occasion was deeply impressive and memorable, as will be seen from the following account compiled from the reports which appeared in the various daily papers of Boston:

An interesting event, which followed the closing of the annual meeting of the Charitable Irish Society on St. Patrick's Day, was the conferring upon the venerable Patrick Donahoe, President of the *Pilot* Publishing Company, and the oldest member of the Charitable Irish Society, of the *Lætare* Medal recently allotted him by the University of Notre Dame.

It was a notable occasion, crowning the venerable man's long and honorable career in the cause of Catholic journalism with a fitting tribute from one of the leading Catholic institutions in the country.

There were present, besides the officers and a large number of the members of the Chari-

table Irish Society, many Catholic clergymen and other friends of Mr. Donahoe, among them Rev. Richard J. Barry, Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. Alexander Klander, C. SS. R.; H. A. M'Glenen, Peter A. Dowd and others.

Dr. John B. Moran, as temporary chairman of the occasion, introduced Very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General, who addressed Mr. Donahoe as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY: You enhance the honor about to be conferred on one of your members by causing it to be done in your presence on this your annual festival, the Feast of St. Patrick.

"It is a most fitting occasion to show your respect for one of your oldest members, who so worthily bears the name of the apostle and patron of Ireland. I thank you for the courtesy to myself implied in this action of yours, and am delighted to meet the members of this time-honored society.

"The University of Notre Dame, Ind., some years ago, invented the happy device of a medal of honor to be conferred annually on some layman who had done signal service in the cause of religion and country. It has the merit of being more generally appropriate than an honorary degree. This year, on Lætare Sunday, you, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, were selected as worthy of this medal. This award is based on many sound titles. You were almost the first Catholic Irishman who rose to distinction in Boston, where so many of the sons of Erin have since won for themselves, by sheer talent and industry, honorable names. You are the oldest living witness of the growth and vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in Boston.

"Now, entering on your eightieth year, you have been for over half a century a potent factor in the marvellous advance of your race and religion in this country. In the 'Massachusetts of To-day' you are recognized as a fine type of a Roman Catholic Irishman.

"In 1836 you founded the *Pilot*, which is still conducted with that intuition of the best aspirations of fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens for which it has been noted from the beginning. The *Pilot*, though a pioneer in the field it ventured on, has always proved a true guide, even in the most perplexing times, when human sagacity might be pardoned for making some errors. On all the great questions of religion, patriotism and social reform the *Pilot* has always taken the right departure and steered the true course.

"In giving to the late John Boyle O'Reilly a fair field in the *Pilot* to manifest his genius, guide his countrymen and influence the course of events, you did more for the cause of Ireland than any other man living in America. For this alone you deserve not only a Lætare Medal, but the highest honors that your countrymen can confer upon you; for this alone your name should be held in benediction, and you should enjoy our eternal gratitude.

"Your publishing house placed in our hands many books that were a real help to religion and patriotism. Your liberality and enterprising spirit encouraged the few gleams of literary talent that from time to time showed themselves in our ranks. The magazine you founded in your days of adversity, though now in other hands, and reaching out with vigorous and well-directed efforts for wider recognition, is still proud to bear your honored name. May both be perpetual!

"Your charity is proverbial. One can hardly name a Catholic church, orphan asylum or hospital in this city that did not profit by your bounty when you were counted among the wealthy men of Boston; and even in your days of meagre resources, brought about by our destructive conflagrations, your mite was as cheerfully given to any worthy charity or patriotic cause as your thousands were given in better times. In the care of destitute children your heart and purse were always concerned. You had generous helpers in this work, among them William Pelletier, Charles F. Donnelly and James W. Dunphy; but I think none of them will object to hearing you called the founder of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, on Harrison avenue, of which you were the first president. You were a benefactor of the Carney Hospital, and one of the most efficient promoters of the Working Boys' Home and the House of the Angel Guardian. You were one of the most prompt and generous of the contributors to the fund for the erection of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

"Your private deeds of charity are known to God; and for the most part forgotten by yourself. With these facts in mind I need hardly say that this honor from one of our most flourishing and progressive seats of learning is right well bestowed, nor that I deem it a special privilege to be made the medium of conferring on you this distinction, especially here before your brethren of the Charitable Irish Society and on the Feast of St. Patrick, which, by a happy coincidence, is both your birthday and your name-day. Receive, then, Patrick Donahoe, this gold medal, blessed on the Sunday of mid-Lent, in imitation of the Pope's blessing of the golden rose, when the Church exhorts even the afflicted to rejoice. It is the crowning honor of a well-spent life, and no doubt will go far to compensate you for the bitter trials of the past, console you in your declining years, cheer you in the brighter prospects that now begin to smile on yourself and your family, and reward you for your many good deeds and the good intentions that, all know, animated even your less fortunate efforts. I hope and pray that you will live to carry this honor proudly as you visit the Irish Parliament about to be established once more in College Green, Dublin, and that, modestly wearing this badge of the esteem of your fellow-citizens, a token we hope of the favor of God, you will outlive this nineteenth century."

The Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, then read the address of presentation, which was handsomely inscribed upon a banneret of white moire silk, beautifully ornamented with hand-painted devices representing the genii of the arts and sciences, surrounding the representation of the University, and placed on a gold stand about twenty-four inches high. (The address appeared in the SCHOLASTIC of last week.)

Mr. Donahoe rose to respond to his honors amid thunderous applause. A basket of choice roses and a bunch of shamrock were presented him as he began to speak. His remarks were as follows:

"VERY REV. FATHER BYRNE, REV. FATHER ZAHM AND OTHER ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—From my heart, which is too full for ready words, I thank the great University of Notre Dame for the honor of its Lætare Medal,

and you, my old friend, for your gracious presentation of it.

"It is hard on an old man to stand up against a broadside of praise. As we get on in years, our soul's eyes grow sharper, and I, on my 79th birthday, see not what I have done, but what I wished to do, or might have done.

"If I have done some good in my long day, to God, who helped me, be the honor. I, who was of the little Irish Catholic flock when it was poor and despised—I, who have lived under the spiritual guidance of every one of Boston's bishops—thank God that he has spared me to the day of the Church's glory in America; to the day when everyone honors what the children of St. Patrick have done for both the Church and State; to the day of American Cardinals and Catholic universities and 10,000,000 American Catholics, and an Irish Catholic Consul-general at London.

"I am proud to look back over seventy years of history, and, borrowing another's words, say: 'All of this I saw, and part of it I was.'

"As to your poetic vision, Father Byrne, of old Patrick Donahoe at the Irish Parliament in College Green—well, stranger things have happened; but it is for you, young men here, standing back of the fighting men in the old land, to hasten Ireland's freedom. I'll see it from heaven, anyhow, and rejoice with you. Again I thank you all from my heart."

After the presentation, Mr. Donahoe was surrounded by his friends and fairly overwhelmed with congratulations.

The medal is of solid gold the centrepiece being of blue, on which is a raised representation of an open book, with a pen laid upon it. On a raised circle around the edge is the inscription: "Lætare Medal. Magna est Veritas et Prævalebit." On the reverse side are the words: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to Patrick Donahoe, in recognition of distinguished services to the American Catholic public."

The Man in the Tower.

One morning, on the steamer *New York*, when she was about three days out, an American gentleman made his appearance suddenly on deck and exhibited such a peculiar fondness for the railing that it attracted the notice of several passengers. This man would rush from the cabin door across the deck, and, seizing the railing, would gaze into the sea for a moment; then, convulsively jumping forward and backward, would bob his head up and down. He was plainly sea-sick.

Now a sympathetic young lady, who had as yet escaped the "unescapable," approached him, after he had repeated his little act for the third time, and innocently asked him if he found the sea an interesting study. The man glared; then seeing sincerity beaming from the female's eyes, he answered, "Yes."

"The sea is certainly a poet's treasure-trove of thought," the maiden added.

"Yes," growled the man again; but his breakfast pork offered a slight objection.

"Don't you find it amusing to stand as you do now and watch the little wavelets rise and fall reflecting the sun-kissed cloudlets as they are wind-driven through the azure sky?"

"No, madam!", vehemently roared the pestered victim. "I'm in the greatest pain; and if thou wouldst take thy angelic form hence and pray for my soul, I would bless thee."

"Oh, the brute!" the maiden exclaimed, and walked away.

The man, like Casabianca of old, stood on the deck and would not, could not go, but his head bobbed up and down again, and the wavelets received his outpourings of woe, and continued to reflect the cloudlets.

Now, kind reader, this suffering man is like a friend of yours—the Man in the Tower. He has a most disagreeable duty to perform; and college boys, like the novel-tinged maiden, would rather be amused by the Tower critic than be hauled over the coals for their shortcomings. Let these persons know at once that the object of this column is not for amusement. If it causes some one an occasional twinge of pain, he will certainly deserve it, and probably cease the boorish actions which provoked the Tower-man's censure.

* * *

Few boys understand the importance of writing a good letter. They imagine that letter-writing consists in filling a page or two of paper with anything that enters the mind, then, signing their names to it, send it off to the victim. College-bred boys have no excuse for writing a bad letter; yet it is surprising how many really bad letters are written by them. The boy without an idea generally writes in this manner:

"DEAR FATHER:

"I thought I would take my pen in hand to write you a few lines, knowing that you would be glad to hear from me. I hope that you are well, as this leaves me at present. Kind regards to all, etc.

"Your son, JOHN."

The literary fellow, who has dipped into the "Inferno" of Dante, or, perhaps, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, writes in the following strain:

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"The sun slowly setting amid a feathery nest of clouds sends a last struggling beam to illumine nature ere she seeks oblivion in the fair arms of Night. It recalls sweet memories of home; and, by the way, governor, please send me a V or an X, and I will appreciate it highly.

"Your son, ED."

The poor speller is abominable, and I will

give no sample of his typical letter as there is no excuse for him whatever. Here is a copy of a letter I found on the 23d of February:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I went to the play yesterday. I had a nice time. The boys enjoyed a very fine dinner to-day in honor of Washington, old boy. There were some nice girls there too and that made it interesting. The play in itself was very fair. The Juniors can give a good deal better one. how are the boy and girls at home? any more parties. how is anna tell her I wrote to you now write soon. I will close now hoping you are well

"Your friend —."

What is to be thought of such a letter? Think of the many such letters that are received by parents and friends, and picture their feelings when they are insulted by poorly punctuated, badly spelled and carelessly composed missives. The least advice offered, the better; for, I trust, the examples given will be sufficient to cure the fault.

* * *

"Give the devil his due," is an old saying; but, time-worn as it is, it may find new applications. The scientific freshman, who has reaped but a sparse harvest of book learning may look with a sort of jealousy on the young *littérateur*, who seems to have a monopoly on the SCHOLASTIC. Yet there are good reasons why the essays of literary students should be given preference to those of the scientific classes. There are few scientific freshmen who have done any practical experimentation, and know little or nothing about induction or deduction, and their themes must necessarily, for the most part, be a repetition of the dry, uninteresting facts already better expressed in their textbooks. With the literary students it is quite different. There is much room for originality in the expression of one's personal impressions. After all, in literature thoughts are silver, but expression is gold.

Personals.

—Prof. M. F. Egan was in Chicago Sunday and returned last Monday.

—Edward Piper, '80, is a successful Building Contractor at Battle Creek, Mich.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laux spent a few days at the College with their son.

—Rev. James F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill., was a welcome visitor during the week.

—Joseph Rumley, '72, is Treasurer of the St. Joseph's Association, Laporte, Ind.

—Frank Garrity, '81, holds a high position among the officials of the Northern Pacific RR.

—Mrs. Thomas Quinlan made a very enjoyable visit to her son Thomas of Brownson Hall.

—On Wednesday Prof. F. J. Liscombe left for Chicago on business, returning Thursday afternoon.

—Rev. J. M. Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa, returning from the East, stopped at the University Wednesday.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., came up from Fort Wayne last Tuesday, and made a short and pleasant stop with many friends.

—Brother Maurelian, Manager of the World's Fair Catholic Educational Exhibit, paid a flying visit to the University Wednesday night.

—This week's issue of our enterprising contemporary, the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*, contains a sketch and portrait of the Very Rev. William Corby, First Assistant Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross and Provincial of the Community in the United States.

—The leader in the April number of the *Catholic World* will be an illustrated article from the pen of Professor A. F. Zahm. The Professor, his friends will be glad to learn, is meeting with great success in his researches, and we shall soon have tangible evidence of the importance of his work.

—Mr. Wm. Robb and Mrs. Robb, of Chicago, were welcome visitors at the University Sunday. Mrs. Robb's son is now our smallest student, being the youngest Minim. Mrs. Robb's singing at the impromptu concert was a great addition to the enjoyment of all. Her exceptionally rare voice was fully appreciated by the audience.

—Michael Kauffmann, '76, is cashier and a heavy stockholder in the John Kauffmann Brewing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Michael is now a two hundred pounder, and finds time to subscribe to, and read the SCHOLASTIC. The many gold medals donated by this gentleman to our colleges prove him to be a great friend of education.

—The Misses Margaret and Gertrude Barrett and Mr. S. J. and Miss Lynch, of Chicago, formed a pleasant party who spent last Saturday and Sunday at the College. They came to visit their brothers. Miss Barrett's singing was the great attraction at Sunday's concert, and, in future, when other concerts are given, we hope that Miss Barrett will favor us again.

—It gives us great pleasure to note the fact that Prof. Egan has been offered the position of Minister to Greece, to be stationed at Athens. We would be exceedingly glad to have the Doctor act in such a position, but our selfishness is great; and our greater desire, is that he remain with us. This latter desire, the Professor has assured us, will be gratified, for he cannot accept the honor offered him.

—The oldest living alumnus, not computed by birth but by class year, Rev. Dr. S. E. Kilroy, '54, was the honored guest of the week. Though

very few remember him as a student, it was an exceedingly short time before it had been whispered along the line that Dr. Kilroy claims to hold the honor of *primus alumnus*. All the old-timers were delighted to meet him. He entered as a student at Notre Dame in 1845, and nine years later became a member of the faculty. There is no more welcome visitor coming to Notre Dame than the genial Doctor, who makes and retains hosts of friends wherever he goes.

—The Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., the esteemed Vice-Rector of Sorin Hall, Notre Dame, was ordained Subdeacon last week by the Most Rev. Archbishop Katzer in the seminary at Milwaukee, Wis. The reverend gentleman has the hearty congratulations of the Faculty and the students of the University on his well-merited promotion in the Sacred Ministry. All extend to him their sincere good wishes that he may speedily attain the crown in his ordination to the Priesthood, with health and length of days to continue the noble work for which he is eminently fitted. *Ad multos annos!*

—It will cause deep sorrow to the students of last spring to learn that Professor Smith, who had charge of the wood department in Mechanical Hall last year, died of pneumonia in Chicago some three weeks ago.

—The sad news reached Notre Dame only very recently that William Meagher (Lit.), '90, of Mankato, Minn., submitted to the last summons on the 6th inst., after suffering from an attack of consumption. The many friends that the Meagher boys, John, Lawrence and Will, made during their years at Notre Dame, unite with us in extending most heartfelt condolence to the afflicted family, but hope and pray that "what is our loss is the gain of him who has left us."

Local Items.

- Holy Week.
- Are you on the list?
- "Dignified and stately."
- To-morrow is Palm Sunday.
- Services will begin to-morrow at 9 30 a. m.
- How are times in the land of Evangeline?
- Richard says he was unable to match the paper.
- Did you see the cute little rosebuds on the 17th of March?
- The invitation does not extend so far as to include supper.
- The eavesdropper has failed to put in an appearance during the last few days.
- The "penmanship" class in Brownson Hall received a well-merited increase during the past week.
- Our genial friend from the West objects to

the telling of stories at the expense of the Celtic race.

—The celebrated Whitney Mockridge Concert Company will give an entertainment in Washington Hall on Easter Monday.

—Rev. J. Kirsch, C. S. C., took a very clear and natural photograph of the members of last year's Varsity eleven on Thursday afternoon.

—In connection with the services of Holy Week the solemn singing of the *Tenebræ* will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

—Señor Louis G. Garfias, of the city of Mexico, has sent Professor Edwards for the library a collection of Spanish works relating to the history of our neighboring republic.

—P. Wellington, of Brownson Hall, defeated R. Kutina, of Carroll Hall, Sunday, the third and final of the series for the championship of both halls, the score standing 15 to 5. The combined scores of the series were Wellington's.

—Notre Dame University did itself honor in bestowing the Lætare Medal on Patrick Donahoe of the *Boston Pilot*. Mr. Donahoe is one of the men whose current of worth runs deep and silent; but an age produces few Patrick Donahoes.—*Western Watchman*.

—Rev. Father Nugent, the eloquent Iowa orator, received a cordial ovation at the hands of the college men when he entered cathedral refectory Wednesday. Yesterday (Friday) afternoon he favored the students with an instructive lecture of which we shall give an extended report in our issue of next week.

—Solemn High Mass was sung in the college church on Sunday last in honor of the festival of St. Joseph. Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby was the celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Mohunard Ill as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent panegyric of the great Saint was preached by the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C.

—The 19th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society was held on Tuesday, March 14. Selections were given by J. Yeager, O. Wright, J. Marr and Chas. Zoehrlaut. The questions of the preceding week were answered in a very creditable manner by the committee, consisting of Messrs. McCarrick, Marre, Miles and Gerdes. A well-written criticism of the previous meeting was read by H. Miles. The committee on queries for the following week was appointed and consists of W. Kegler, J. Lohner and G. Lee. F. Cornell was appointed critic for the next meeting.

—What proved to be one of the best meetings of the St. Boniface German Literary Society was held on Wednesday, March 8. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That the law relating to the expulsion of the Chinese from the United States is just, and should be enforced." Mr. Schopp read a long and carefully prepared paper for the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. Maurus on the negative. On account of the lateness of the hour, the

society adjourned until Thursday, March 16. Rev. Father Klein argued very strongly for his side, and was cleverly answered by Mr. Fred Neef, who closed the debate. It was decided in favor of the affirmative, and would have done credit to societies of longer standing. After his report as critic, Mr. Neef gave a humorous recitation, and Father Klein and Mr. Schopp gave some very choice vocal selections.

—The 8th regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was presided over by Prof. Egan on Thursday evening, March 16. The regular exercises of the evening were opened by O. Bergland, who read a well-written criticism. H. Mitchell then followed with an essay in which he displayed his usual amount of talent. The interest was renewed when J. Rend read, and in which he showed his brilliant attainments. J. Lanagan then read a short essay on the old adage: "Where there's a will there's a way." T. Finnerty amused the members by characterizing "William Tell," and in which he acquitted himself with great credit.

The ninth regular meeting was called to order Wednesday evening, March 22, by Prof. Clarke. W. Marr read a well-written criticism. Messrs. Mitchell, Slevin, and La Moure gave readings. A debate, "Resolved, That machinery is not beneficial to the laboring classes," was conducted by Messrs. Coolidge and Schaack on the affirmative, and Messrs. Brown and Dorsey on the negative.

—At the entertainment given in honor of St. Patrick's Day, by the Dramatic and Musical societies of the University of Notre Dame, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

- Overture—"Jolly Robbers,".....*Supplé*
University Orchestra
Oration of the Day..... R. C. Langan, '93
Song—"My Gondola Awaits Thee," (*White*), Orpheus
Club
Barlow Medley,—(*Brodie*)..... Orpheus Mandolin Club
Exhibition Drill..... Captain Coady and Co. A, H. L. G.
"LOUIS XI."

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. BY THE
COLUMBIAN ASSOCIATION.*Dramatis Personæ.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| Louis XI..... | H. O'Donnell |
| The Dauphin..... | Arthur Funke |
| Duke de Nemours..... | R. Healy |
| Philip de Comines..... | F. Bolton |
| Jacques Coitier..... | J. Devanney |
| Tristan L'Ermite..... | T. Ansberry |
| Olivier le Dain..... | N. Dinkel |
| François de Paule..... | D. Murphy |
| Comte de Dreux..... | F. Powers |
| Armand..... | J. Stanton |
| French and Burgundian Knights, Lords, Peasants and
Pages. | |
| Knights— | J. Foster, C. Roby, E. Newton, P. Wellington,
J. McVean, A. M. Funke, F. Esgen. |

—On Sunday, March 19, St. Joseph's eve was celebrated in a memorable way by the members of St. Joseph's Literary Society. During the course of the evening's proceedings a short entertainment was given which proved to be for the visitors a kind of agreeable *coup-*

de-main. The programme was fittingly opened by the Cecilian quartette—Messrs. Horan, Durbin, Shea and Schlink—with a hymn to St. Joseph. The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. M. Hart. After Mr. Sauter's rendition of the short but clever poem called "The Last Leaf," and Mr. Louhrada's declamation of Richter's brief masterpiece, the "New Year's Night of an Unhappy Man," came the oration on "Self-Made Men," striking in itself and not at all inappropriate to the occasion. Thereupon followed the song "Twelve Months Ago To-Night," which was heartily endorsed by an *encore*. Mr. Downey gave a careful and well-studied rendition of the weird piece entitled "The Sacrilegious Gamblers." The short but strong and highly literary bit of prose "Regulus' Return to Carthage" was recited in a manner easy and taking by Mr. Michels; a clear voice and good enunciation helped greatly in making his recitation effective. Mr. Singler called forth great applause by his narration of "The Blacksmith's Story." The advantage of elocutionary training showed itself in Mr. Singler's easy manner; and a good interpretation of pathos, together with excellent intonation vividly brought out the light touches of description. The concluding number of the excellent programme was a vocal selection by the Quartette. On the whole, the entertainment was certainly a success; and although the harvest time has not yet come for the members of the society, they may well feel assured that, with their good-will, and under the able directorship of Mr. J. DeGroot, C. S. C., their diligent efforts will surely be crowned with entire success.

—AN IMPROMPTU CONCERT.—Among the welcome visitors to witness the St. Patrick's Day celebration at Notre Dame were Miss Margaret Barrett and Mrs. Robb of Chicago. The discovery that two such talented vocalists were in our midst suggested the getting up of a musical programme for Sunday afternoon. Upon the urgent requests of our local musical associations, and of the artists' friends at the University, they kindly consented to give an impromptu concert in Washington Hall. Aably assisted by the principal members of the Orpheus and Crescent Clubs, they entertained the students for a wonderfully short hour. The first number on the programme was the "Transcription from Tannhäuser," a trio for violin, cornet and piano, by Messrs. Barton, and Chassaing of the Crescent Club Orchestra, accompanied by Prof. J. Liscombe. It was a fitting prelude to the whole programme which, in its working ran as though full with the beautiful themes of a fugue. Mrs. Robb then sang "The Holy City," responding with a "Spanish Song" to the hearty *encore*. She has a clear and sympathetic voice that carries one into the realms of her song. Softly in the tones of a sweet bell it pictures the romance of old Spain or rings in excited pathos at the sacred vision of "The Holy City."

The next number was a duet by Messrs. Chute and Schaack rendered in their usual agreeable style. Miss Barrett then sang "For All Eternity," accompanied on the violin and piano by Mr. Guerra and Prof. Liscombe; she was encored and sang "O Promise Me." Miss Barrett has a full and well-cultivated voice of exceptionally good compass. She sings with much expression and accuracy which enabled her to heighten the beauty of her solos.

Then followed a flute solo by Mr. O. Schmidt, who is an accomplished musician, having studied for several years in Germany. He is a leading member of both the Orpheus and Crescent Clubs. His solo, which was from the Opera "Faust," was encored loudly, and in response he played "Robin Adair." Messrs. Mormon and Schaack then sang "The Day is Done" in a manner that was highly commended by all. Mrs. Robb then sang a selection from "English songs." Miss Barrett closed the programme with Cherubini's "Ave Maria," a fitting ending to the delightful treat. We can safely say that it is improbable that they could have sung to a more appreciative audience, and impossible that they could have found a more grateful one. In just estimation it was the best concert of the season.

[*The Chicago Herald.*]

The Lætare Medal and its Recipients.

The "golden rose" that is annually awarded by the Pope to one of the crowned heads of Europe in recognition of services rendered to the Catholic Church is comparatively well known; but its American counterpart, the Lætare Medal, being a very modern institution, is not so generally understood. The Catholic Church has never been at a loss for means to reward deserving clergymen.

There are bishoprics for some of them, and when these are disposed of the Pope can confer some title of honor or distinction, such as Monsignor or Domestic Prelate, with the right to wear purple and other insignia. With regard to the laity, the matter has not been so easy. It is true that there is the Order of the Knights of St. Gregory and kindred institutions, but beyond this no special provision is made by which to recognize lay zeal. It was in view of this fact that the University of Notre Dame, Ind., inaugurated, in 1883, the ceremony that has since been widely known as the conferring of the Lætare Medal. Lætare Sunday is the mid-Lent Sunday—a day when Lent puts off its penitential aspect—and is so named because the Mass of that day begins with the word *Lætare* which, translated, means "rejoice." The medal is the best that can be procured from any jeweller. It is a heavy gold piece, hanging from a bar, and appropriately inscribed. On the obverse side it

bears the legend "Magna est Veritas, et Prævalebit," together with "Lætare Medal," in large letters, and the year of the presentation below. The reverse side bears this inscription: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to —, in Recognition of Distinguished Services Rendered to the American Catholic Public." Accompanying the medal is an address, usually in Latin, printed on the rarest watered-silk and ornamented by some beautiful and appropriate design in painting. Signor Luigi Gregori, a celebrated Roman artist, who has spent many years in renovating some of the paintings at the Vatican, has, since the foundation of the Lætare Medal, been engaged to paint the address. Every year a bit of silk is forwarded to him in Rome, and returns a beautiful canvas worth a vast deal more than its weight in gold.

The first recipient of the honor, in 1883, was the late John Gilmary Shea, the distinguished historian and author, who was, perhaps, better versed in the Indian dialects than any other American scholar. It was chiefly in recognition of his three large historical volumes and of his journalistic work that he received the medal. The presentation speech was by Maurice Francis Egan, the professor-poet, then editor of the *Freeman's Journal*.

The next medalist was Patrick Keeley, the New York architect, who had built in his time over seven hundred churches and fifteen cathedrals, many of which are now celebrated in Europe and America. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, a well-known artist and lecturer of Chicago, received the Lætare Medal in 1885 in acknowledgment of her labors for the promotion and appreciation of Catholic art. The only occasion on which the award was made to a scientist was in 1886, when General John Newton was chosen by the trustees and faculty of Notre Dame. General Newton had gone through the war with distinction; but it was after the celebrated explosions which he conducted at Hell Gate, and which greatly enhanced the usefulness of New York harbor that the award was made.

The Lætare Medal underwent a novel experience in 1887. The choice of the Committee fell upon a distinguished convert. It so happened, however, that the man thus chosen had, because of some act which he considered specially irreligious in his past life, bound himself by a vow of expiation never to accept any ecclesiastical dignity or distinction. Of course, the medal was practically awarded, although the recipient could not allow his name to be added to the list of those who had been similarly honored before him. In 1888, Commendatore P. V. Hickey, then editor of the *New York Catholic Review*, who had previously been made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Leo XIII., received the medal. He was the first to be so honored for journalistic work alone, although John Gilmary Shea had also won distinction as an editor. Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, who has done more for religious fiction than any other

American, was the next medalist. She has been well styled the "American Jane Austen," and whole generations have been educated by her stories. In 1890 the medal was awarded to William J. Onahan, of Chicago, who is one of the most prominent and influential laymen of the Church in America, and whom Maurice Egan, with fine appropriateness, has named "The American Ozanam." Daniel Dougherty, the "silver-tongued orator," was the next to be honored, and the whole world applauded the choice. Last year Henry F. Brownson, son of the distinguished philosopher, Orestes A. Brownson, was chosen in reward for services rendered by the translation of Tarducci's incomparable "Life of Columbus."

This year the choice of the trustees and faculty of the University fell upon Patrick Donahoe, the veteran founder and manager of the Boston *Pilot*. The interesting ceremony of presentation took place on Friday, March 17, amid a small but select group who came by invitation to witness the event. The medal was accompanied from Notre Dame by Rev. John A. Zahm, C.S.C., Professor of Physics in the University, and in the enforced absence of Archbishop Williams it was presented by the Very Rev. Dr. Byrne, Vicar-General of the archdiocese.

Mr. Donahoe is one of the most picturesque characters in America to-day. For the past fifty years he has been identified with every important movement, social, political and religious. Like many another great man, he began life under circumstances none too encouraging; but by industry and sheer force of mind he advanced himself regularly until he became the recognized leader of his co-religionists in America. At the time of the "Know-nothing" movement his aggressive spirit made for him many enemies in bigoted quarters, and on several occasions he narrowly escaped with his life. After long service as editor of the Boston *Pilot* he gave place to John Boyle O'Reilly, then a young Irish refugee, who continued to work on the lines laid down by his old chief until the *Pilot* attained first rank as a weekly journal.

While speaking of Boyle O'Reilly, it may be well to say that the London *Tablet*, in lamenting the fact that the Boston poet did not himself receive the Lætare Medal, gave expression to a wish that is shared by all his admirers. In fact, his name had already been offered and accepted by the faculty, when it was suggested that a man so young, and with the promise of so many years of life before him, might give place temporarily to some of the older men who were also candidates. Then came his strange and tragic death, and the Lætare Medal was never awarded him.

Donahoe's Magazine is another work that has done much for Church literature in America. For many years it was the only magazine conducted under Catholic auspices, and that at a time when such magazines were much more urgently needed than at present. On the death

of Boyle O'Reilly Mr. Donahoe again assumed the management of the *Pilot*, while retaining James Jeffrey Roche and Katherine E. Conway as editors. And now, having long since passed the scriptural "three score years and ten," he is still the moving spirit in a work whose influence is felt throughout all the land.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, Flannery, C. Fitzgerald, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Brinen, Barton, Burns, J. Brady, Bennett, Berggren, Baldwin, A. Corry, C. Corry, Colby, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Casey, Chidester, Conger, Devanney, F. Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Delaney, Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, R. Flynn, J. Flynn, Freytag, E. Flynn, Guerra, F. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Hesse, Hagan, Henley, Heneberry, Hudson, Jacobs, Kearns, M. Kirby, Kintzele, Kilkenny, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Libert, Laux, Lennon, Murray, McFadden, D. Murphy, McCullough, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, McCarthy, McGarry, O'Shea, Pulskamp, Prichard, Pomroy, Patier, Quinlan, E. Roby, C. Roby, Stanton, Schueler, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Bachrach, Bixby, Breen, Blake, Brennan, Bacon, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, A. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, DanneMiller, Dixon, DeLormier, Fleming, Ford, Franke, Funke, E. Gilbert, Gibson, Gibson, Gerding, Gerdes, F. Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heizman, Howell, Jones, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kelliher, Klees, Kinney, Lanagan, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, T. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Lynch, Ludwig, Lippman, M. Lee, H. Martin, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, May, Marre, Mills, Marr, Miles, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, McDermott, S. McDonald, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. J. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Reilly, Reber, Roesing, Sweet, Sievers, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Spiegel, J. Sullivan, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, York.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bopp, Bump, Barrett, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Brown, Crandall, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, F. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cressey, Corcoran, Durand, Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Eagle, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Finnerty, Flynn, Freeman, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Ives, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lohner, Langley, Lowrey, Lysle, Maritzen, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Morris, McGinley, McGushin, McPhee, McAllister, McCorry, McDonald, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, Pyle, Pieser, Roesing, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Rohrbach, Robb, V. Romero, A. Romero, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Snyder, Swan, Shillington, Segenfelder, Stuckart, Shipp, U. Thompson, L. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.