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The Crowning of Another Saint.

IN MEMORY OF THE VERY REV. E. SORIN, C.S.C.

OUR FATHER," grief-wrung hearts and lips
Essay the words of love to frame,
And, faltering, pray, "in earth and heaven
Thrice hallowed be Thy holy Name."

But it is hard to humbly breathe
These words divine: "Thy will be done,"
While mourning him whose well-earned crown
Was in Thy holy service won.

The Soldier of the Holy Cross,
Our Lady's loyal, dauntless Knight,
Who bore her name upon his shield,
Her azure colors in the fight,

Through all the long succeeding years,
Against the hydra hordes of wrong,
And bade her praises loud and clear
Go echoing o'er the world in song;

Lo! it was his while thro' the air,
The mystic harps in glad accord
Rang out in countless *Aves* blest,
Praising the Mother of our Lord,

To hear the summons: "Hasten home,"
Borne down by shining bands that wait,
Bright messengers twixt earth and heaven,
And see beyond the pearly gate

His garnered sheaves of golden grain,
The treasured wealth of many years,
The harvest reaped in tender joy
From fields the sower sowed in tears.

And while above his pulseless breast
Arose the requiem's solemn plaint,
Thy hosts, O Father, hailed with joy
The crowning of another Saint.

Then, Father, hear the boon we crave,
And bid Thy pity's soothing balm,
With strengthening power descend to soothe
The orphaned hearts of Notre Dame.

M. A. FITZGERALD.

Nov. 1893.

Did the Irish Know Property in Land?

JOHN GILLESPIE EWING.

That private ownership in land was preceded historically by agrarian communism, or a system of cultivation in common, is a usual statement in current historical works. That men, while tilling the soil or pasturing upon it their herds, never thought to appropriate to themselves the land on which they labored or over which their cattle roamed; that they considered it to belong to the community; that private ownership in land only arose in later days, usually through force or fraud,—these are the statements made in the setting forth of this theory.

The acceptance or the rejection of this statement of the historic past will cause the most diverse readings of the history of a people. For the manner in which the land is held and cultivated is the primary fact in the political and social life of a people, and in all but modern days it was the greatest fact.

There are few lands in which the question of the land has been of greater importance than in Ireland. Treating of the social state of the Irish, almost all modern writers on Irish history have laid down the premise that the land was held in common. Let us examine this statement. Let us try and answer the question involved in

the discussion of this statement: Did the ancient Irish know property in land? Our query has to do with the ancient Irish, that is the Irish prior to the incoming of Strongbow and his followers in the reign of Henry II., and the Irish subsequent to that event, who did not accept the English customs and laws of real property.

First, as to the precise assertion made when it is said that the Irish practised agrarian communism. The entire island was divided into a number of political divisions known as Tuaths. They were about two hundred, giving an average area to each of about one hundred and sixty square miles. They were the smallest political units of the land, and were usually combined into what were called Mor Tuaths, and these into the kingdoms of the island, which from St. Patrick's time down to Strongbow's were some seven or eight in number. The assertion is usually made that the inhabitants of each of these Tuaths held the land within it in common; although, as the notion is advanced by some, it would seem as if it were considered that the land of the Mor Tuath, the kingdom, or even the whole island, was common to all the dwellers within them respectively. But it is a question of a greater or less extension of the field of the common holding.

Second, what are our authorities on the question? What are our data? Our earliest authorities on the Irish are the Romans. Though they never entered the island as conquerors, they did as traders, and the few brief notices they give us on the customs of the Irish are most valuable. Tacitus, in his "Agricola," says of Ireland: "Solum cœlumque, et ingenia cultusque hominum haud multum a Britannia different."—"The soil and climate, the manner and the genius of the inhabitants differ little from those of Britain." And Pomponius Mela, writing of Britain, says: "Sed sunt inculti omnes, atque ut longius a continenti absunt, ita aliarum opum ignari magis, tantum pecore ac finibus dites." The Romans, writing of the British Isles, mention many barbarous customs that struck them among the peoples of these lands: they note that they have little or no skill in the culture of soil; that they possessed their wives in common; that they offered human sacrifices; that they even fed on the flesh of men; but they are absolutely silent on the alleged communism of the land. The entire absence of private property, or even its rarity, would have appeared most strange to a Roman. Yet, from Cæsar down, not a writer has left us a word

that can be construed into a proof of the existence within the British Isles of communism in land. I will not dwell on the contrary testimony, as that of Mela above, who specifically mentions the existence of private property in land among those Britons who were most distant from the continent. The fact that the ancients failed to note this custom, which in their eyes would have been most barbarous, is a weighty argument that it did not exist.

But the Irish were not an unlettered people; they have left us many remains. We have materials that illustrate for us their social life from the time of St. Patrick until their extinction in the reign of James I. as a distinct people. We have their laws and their histories, and we have innumerable lives of the saints of the land that, by the incidents narrated therein, illustrate for us the otherwise dead text of the laws. We are not, then, driven to surmises and plausible theories on the subject. And I would say that everything outside of the evidence furnished by the historical materials on the subject is irrelevant. We know the Irish as an historical people. It is only by a patient investigation of their historical remains that we can come to know them. Anything outside of this may be called whatever you please, but it is not history, and it is not to be received as such.

Now the assertion that the Irish practised agrarian communism is not founded on the historical remains of the people. On the contrary, it is directly contradicted by statements to be met on every page of these remains. It is a theory that draws its proofs from no historical data whatever, and whose supporters can point to no text in support of their position. For what is this agrarian communism? What is its essence, and by what characteristics can you recognize it?

According to this theory, each people, either Tuath, Mor Tuath or kingdom, was the sole owner of the land, no distinction made of individuals or families. The land so held in common could be used in two possible ways. Either all the people could cultivate in common, and then the harvest be divided according to the number of the laborers; or else the land may be divided, either annually or at periodic intervals, and each cultivate his plot, and enjoy its fruit until the fixed time of division. In case the land were used for pasture, they could in common turn their herds upon it according to rule as to number and time; or else the land might be divided into parcels and each use his plot until the new division. In either case

neither the individual nor the family exercises a right of property: there are no such institutions as sale of land, or inheritance, or will. If we find that any people know neither sale, nor inheritance, nor bequest of land by individual or family, and that they periodically divide the soil, or annually divide the harvests or apportion the use of the land, we can unquestionably say that this people practise agrarian communism.

I have yet to see the statement of a case of such communism as practised by the ancient Irish, or even a reference by any of those who so glibly talk thereof that will show by the historic remains of the people that it existed among them. The olden laws of the race, as set out in the commentaries and decisions of the Brehons, are accessible. If such a system of land-holding had prevailed, it would undoubtedly have left its rules in these laws. It would not have been an easy system to work to: Questions innumerable arise at once, were it to be practised. Some of these questions must have arisen, and they must have been decided. Where do you find these decisions? In the four published volumes of the Brehon Laws, and in the numerous edited Irish annals, histories, and other historic remains, you will not find the slightest allusion to what can be construed as agrarian communism.

Take the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, the *Topographica Hibernica* and the *Expugnatio Hibernica*. Giraldus was a kinsman of the leaders in the Strongbow invasion, a chronicler of their conquest and a delineator of the land and the people they encountered. He was accustomed to property in land; and agrarian communism, as it is predicated of the Irish, would undoubtedly have appeared in his eyes and those of his countrymen as an indubitable mark of savagery. He has brought, in defence of his kinsmen and associates, the invaders, a heavy indictment against the Irish. Yet in the detailed charges of his work, not once does he even allude to the practice of agrarian communism. Search his works thoroughly, and on the manner of holding the land, not one charge is brought against the Irish to show that they were so far behind the English or Normans of that day as to practise communism. It would have been a striking and effective charge to have brought; but Giraldus, sensational as he was, with all his opportunities did not see the practice among the Irish of his day.

Take the Tripartite life of St. Patrick, written prior to the coming of Strongbow. Note the statements of grants of land to Patrick. They are all by individuals, not only by a people.

"Ath Truimm was at that time the stronghold of Feidlimid, son of Loegaire, son of Niall. . . . Feidlimid himself came to have speech of Lomman, and he believed and he offered Ath Truimm to God, and to Patrick and to Lomman and to Fortchern." Take the tale of the two brothers: "There he found two brothers, namely, Bibar and Lochru, sons of Tamanchenn of Ciarraighe, fighting with swords about their father's land after his death. . . . And they gave the land to Patrick for their father's soul." Again the tale of the six sons of Awley in Tirechan's Collections: "Venierunt autem filii Amolngid sex ad judicandum ante faciem Loigui, et Endeus contra eos unus et filius ejus tener et Patricius ante illos, et investigaverunt causam hereditatis illorum. Et judicavit illis Loigui et Patricius ut dividerent inter se hereditatem in septem partes. Et dixit Endeus: "Filium meum et partem hereditatis meae ego immolo Deo Patricii et Patricio." In all the references in the collection of materials on the life of St. Patrick, made by Stokes, there is no reference or allusion to the practice of agrarian communism in St. Patrick's time; while the references to land show both inheritance and sale.

Open the *Senchus Mor*, professedly compiled in the time of St. Patrick and by his assistance. Take the first book, the Law of Distress, and note the text. There are provisions for the levying of distress in all conceivable cases of injury; but none in the case of any of the possible violations of an agrarian system. On the contrary, there is provision in case of violation of the right of property in land. "Distress of three days for cutting thy wood, for breaking thy land, for injury caused by thy fence, for injury caused by thy stakes, for thy ploughed land, for thy weir, for infringing thy privilege, for scaring thy horses, for carrying off thy pet animals, for dying in thy kiln, for grinding in thy mill, for taking possession of thy house, for stripping it, for burning it, for opening it, for carrying off thy bondman, thy bondmaid." "Distress of three days for using thy horse, thy boat, thy cart, thy chariot, . . . for stripping thy herb garden, for stealing thy pigs, thy sheep, . . . for consuming things cast upon thy beach by the sea, for injuring thy meeting hill, for digging thy silver mine, for robbing thy bee-hive, etc." It is impossible to read the text alone, or the text with the later glosses and commentaries, and not see that the wood, land, ploughed land, weir, beach, and mine are as much property and protected against violence as the bondman or maid, the horse, boat, cart, pigs,

sheep or bees. No one, unless prejudiced by theory, can read and not say that, instead of agrarian communism, property in land prevailed throughout Ireland at the time of the compilation of this text.

The theory of common ownership of the land, read into Irish history in the past few years, cannot stand investigation. It is supported by no historical text. It is a mere romance that has been popularized and adopted because it has suited the fancy of some, the purpose of others, to depict the Irish, and all other ancient peoples, as once living in a species of democratic equality, both political and social. In attempting to obtain any idea of the system of land-holding prevailing among the Irish, we must accept as a first fact that they did not practise agrarian communism.

A Conversation on Style.

(Messrs. J. M. Kearney, F. Thorn, and F. L. Carney.)

THORN:—"Our professor asks us to define style. What is style? When this question is put to a person, he will stop to think, for it requires thought. There is hardly one man out of ten who can tell what style really is. *Le style c'est l'homme*, they say in French. In English, 'the style is the man.' Is not style the individual personality of the man, clad in the garment of language? A rhetorical definition says that style is the manner of expressing thought in language. Style is not born in us; we must acquire it; we may have genius, we may have more than ordinary intelligence, but we must learn how to express our thoughts and feelings with the stamp of individuality on them.

It is not everyone who can write well; but any man can come to write plainly, honestly, directly and without ambiguity. If we were to select the work of some author who has merit as a stylist—say Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University"—and read a page every day, carefully, attentively, and try to put in our own language what we have just read, then proceed to write on our paper a single sentence, rewrite it, transpose it, change positions of words, substitute others, put it in as many different ways as possible; if, when we have finished our work, we find that our thought is easily understood, both by the learned and the unlearned, why, then it is safe to say that we have begun to write well. Constant practice of this kind

must necessarily bring but one result: a clear, forcible style.

CARNEY:—"That's all true enough; but you're going so fast that you don't give me a chance to ask who said *le style c'est l'homme*?"

THORN:—"Who? Buffon, of course."

CARNEY:—"Buffon! The naturalist?" (*smiling.*)

THORN:—"You are quite capable of confounding Voiture with Voltaire. By the way, speaking of Voiture, there's nobody at Notre Dame who can write rondeaux in the manner of Voiture as Berry used to—"

KEARNEY:—"That was in an older day, in the memory of the late Mr. John McGrath. The Professor said we were to talk about style.

"Many definitions have been given for style, but they may be all reduced to the simple phrase that it is the personal expression of thought. In a general sense, it means the expression of thought in language so selected that dignity and distinction are added. The subject itself determines the style. Some ideas are in themselves grand and beautiful, and require high expression; others are plain and simple, and should be treated accordingly. The style required in describing a beautiful picture would be entirely different from that representing a massive pile of masonry. It must be remembered that the style is inseparable from the thought. The idea should always be present, and the writer should endeavor to bring out all the qualities it possesses. Every writer has a style peculiar to himself. His feelings, his convictions and his individuality are recognized by his manner of treating a subject. It is impossible to imitate another's style; but the grace and beauty may, to a certain extent, be followed and copied. Everyone has it in his power to free his expressions of mistakes and ambiguities. Grammatical constructions and logical principles, which a writer ought to follow, are to be found in a text-book. Rhetoric teaches a man what is or is not correct; but the personal qualities depend upon the writer himself.

"There must be a perfect equation between the thought and style. The subject should be thoroughly understood, and the style will adapt itself to the idea."

CARNEY:—"Oh, come, dear boy! give somebody else a chance! The Professor did not ask for a declamation. Let me sum up in a few words:

"Style is the personal expression of one's thoughts and temperament. It is the man reflected in his works. To give a definition

that will exactly express in what style really consists is impossible, however. True as it is that no two men are alike in character, in disposition, or in thought, it is equally true that no two writers have precisely the same style.

"Every man has his own characteristic way of expressing his thoughts, and he is sure to give a certain individuality to what he writes. It is this personality in an author that gives him the charm and the interest in the eyes of the public. To write as one talks is style; and, after all, if a person is not natural in what he says; if one cannot see in a man's writings his temperament as well as his thoughts, of what interest are his works? One reads, not for the sake of the mere reading, but for the pleasure and the advantage one finds in learning the sentiments, the opinions and the individual views of men. If these impressions are really not the true, simple, characteristic convictions of the writers, they at once lose their worth and their interest."

THORN:—"Can't you give us something light and airy on the subject?"

CARNEY:—(*sarcastically*) "You gave us something light and airy."

THORN:—"I was about to give you something practical. I was about to name the qualities of style when I was interrupted by frivolities."

"*Clearness*. This means that we must use the simplest words to convey our meaning in the simplest way. Easy as it may seem, it is, nevertheless, one of the hardest things in the world, to write simply; the writer who has simplicity is one who can lay claim to a fine style. Moreover, the style must be adapted to the reader; any mind should be able easily to understand it."

CARNEY:—"Let me—"

THORN:—"I have the floor."

"Another important requisite is *force*. It is force that makes style what it is, that gives it life and energy, and strength; it consists mainly in the use of words that will convey to the reader the meaning directly, and not cause him to be lost in a maze of ambiguous phrases. The best, most attractive, and most fascinating writer is that one on whose work is the mark of his personality. A style without this personality is only the expression of another's thoughts in another's language."

"If we could only write as we speak, easily and naturally, without the vain addition of flowery figures, we should then be possessors of a good, uncriticisable (kindly permit the word) style. The reader may say, 'show me a writer who has this simplicity so hard to obtain, one who has force, one who has beauty.'

"First of all, I would point out a book known to all, read by all, liked by all; a model of simple directness and force combined. This book is none other than John Bunyan's 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Who but he could so pleasingly, so simply, express the difficulties of life? Let us take an extract from Christian's fight with Apollyon:

"Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, 'I am sure of thee now;' and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword and caught it, saying: 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise;' and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that has received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying: 'Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.' And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more."

"In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight,—he spoke like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile and look upward. But 'twas the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw."

"What an easy grace we find here! how simply this unlearned man narrates the contest! He, an unlearned man, wrote for unlearned people. As we read, we seem to glide over the words, and we do not stop to think or to consider it as style at all. This very fact shows that Bunyan possesses simplicity in a marked degree. This book is now a classic in our literature."

CARNEY:—"I am not fond of Bunyan. He was very well in his time. Give me something more brilliant. There's Ruskin—"

KEARNEY:—"But Ruskin would have been as impossible without a literary ancestor like Bunyan as Shakspeare would have been *sans* Celtic blood."

THORN:—"Sans! Why don't you use English?"

KEARNEY:—"Sans is almost an English word. Shakspeare uses it in 'As You Like It' and in 'Hamlet.'"

THORN:—"Well, go on. What should we do to acquire a style—a style like yours, for instance?"

KEARNEY:—"I am proof against sarcasm. I may say, however, that if in our daily conversation care were taken to guard against incorrect

expressions, a literary taste and instinct would be acquired which would enable us to detect a false note. Closely following this method is that of reading classic authors. If one were to read and study but one work of Cardinal Newman, he would attain a style which would be both elegant and correct. Thackeray is another author that well repays the reader to study. He cannot do otherwise than imitate him, unconsciously though it may be, and in so doing our natural endowments, combined with such training, will bring about the desired result—a good style.

"Beginners are liable to attempt *fine* writing; but in this they make a mistake. The reader can at once detect all affectation. If one would only be simple, no wrong impression could be taken from the idea of the writer. But this simplicity is the hardest quality of style to attain. Eminent stylists claim that their greatest difficulty was to acquire a style which would make their ideas plain. Above everything else the writer should preserve his individuality. The shell without the kernel is useless, and so it is with composition.

"Style possesses three chief qualities: *clearness, force and beauty*. First of these is clearness; and once that is obtained the rest should be easy. It is the construction of a phrase in such a manner that there can be no ambiguity, and that the reader can easily understand what is meant. It often happens that what we write is perfectly clear to ourselves; but another person may take a different meaning. Precision, as a rule, obviates all the difficulties in regard to clearness. It is related that a modern writer before making public his articles would read them to his domestic. If she understood his meaning, then and only then, was he sure that he was clear.

"A good method of obtaining clearness is to make as many constructions of the same idea as possible. The selection of words also plays an important part; but it is only after thoughtful study of the details of composition that one is enabled to write clearly.

"The second property, *force*, is the strong and powerful manner of expression by which we stimulate the reader to imbibe our own feelings. It demands that all superfluous expressions should be cut out, in order that the strength of the important words may be retained. Conciseness, therefore, is necessary. The quicker an impression is understood, the more forcible does it become. The temperament of a writer has much to do with the strength of his lan-

guage. A strong subject requires strong expression; and, on the other hand, a weak subject cannot be made forcible by the use of vehement words. If the convictions of the writer are followed, he cannot help but impress upon the reader the earnestness of his feelings. In short, force is nothing but the thought of the writer put into words.

CARNEY:—"I agree with all you say. There is no doubt that the man who writes in a simple, natural and graceful manner is sure to have a good style. Its essentials are clearness, force, and beauty; and when one is plain and simple in what one says, one cannot but be clear; for simplicity is precision, and force and beauty are but one's own personality expressed in the natural harmony of sound."

THORN:—"Ah, oui: *le style c'est l'homme encore!* But how can we make it so in our case? The Professor says, 'be simple and clear.' That makes me despair. Simplicity and clearness are so hard to get!"

CARNEY:—"No; it is the *three* qualities of style we all find it hard to get. And why? Because one ceases to be natural when one begins to write. Most people imagine that an author must of necessity be a person of two distinct natures: one the natural, simple disposition to be enjoyed when not at work, the other the unnatural, assumed temperament under which he writes. They forget that the style must represent the man; that the writer must present his ideas and convictions fully, and naturally, and that the chain of thought must flow from the mind in the same simple, individual manner as when one speaks. The ability to write as one talks, however, is by no means the easy matter it seems. It cannot come with the first attempt, nor with the second; it is the result only of years of persistent labor, and the patient practice of the rules of expression, until, after years of study, these elements of style become second nature."

THORN:—"But why should there not be one style for everybody? How can different styles—"

CARNEY:—"I was about to say that many styles, which are quite unlike one another, may all be equally good; but no style is worthy of study which does not employ pure, straightforward English. A style cannot be good where one has to read a sentence twice over to find out its meaning. Clearness is the first and most important requisite, and it is reached principally by the simple use of Anglo-Saxon words in preference to the Latinized

forms; that is, by using ordinary common words to express even uncommon things. We have examples of this in our best English stylists.

"With the fundamental principles of style fully mastered, one finds writing comparatively easy. It is then that a man writes as he talks."

KEARNEY:—"Bravo!"

THORN:—"To be polite, you should have said *encore!*"

CARNEY:—"No: *Brave!*"

KEARNEY:—"I have not finished yet. I want to say a word for what is called euphony,—which I like to call beauty—the last and least important factor of style. The first two qualities are necessary; the third is the exterior dressing which is given to an expression. It is, in short, the æsthetic element of style.

"Beauty, or euphony, is dependent on sound; euphony is its most important characteristic. Edmund Burke's style is delightful to the reader, not only for the thoughts, but also for the harmony of his expressions. Succeeding words produce no jarring sound, nor do recurring syllables jingle with one another.

"Beauty, or euphony, cannot be acquired from rules. By reading aloud one is enabled to detect repetitions, and by constant corrections the difficulties are removed. Constant reading of classic authors is necessary. Harmony and rhythm become a second nature, and whatever is crude or vulgar irritates that æsthetic quality, which everyone possesses in a lesser or greater degree."

THORN:—"I certainly think that euphony is most important."

KEARNEY:—"And yet I fancy you are an advocate of the forcible. I wish you would give an example of what you hold to be force."

THORN:—"Let me quote from Cardinal Newman's 'Idea of a University.' He is speaking to students, telling them what a great author is:

"He is master of the two-fold *Logos*, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so, be elaborate in his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations; but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. . . . When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich

fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into walls, and pavements of modern palaces."

"Is there in this a single sentence not easily understood? The writer conveys his meaning directly; his pen commands, the language obeys; as a result we have the consummation of logical force and simplicity. For the oratorical style we select Edmund Burke, whose language, in addition to the qualities of force and beauty, possesses the power of delighting, attracting, and of captivating.

"It is difficult to discuss style, and not an agreeable subject for young writers. But now is the time to acquire a style, and we can do so only by practice, by constant, daily work. There are many models from which to choose: Irving, Hawthorne, De Quincey, Newman, Burke, Bunyan, Sir Edwin Arnold.

"But always let us remember, *le style c'est l'homme*. Personality, or individuality, makes the style; it is one's own personal expression. Let us learn to write exactly as we speak; that will be style."

The Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.

This venerable and faithful priest was born at Daon, near the city of Mans, France, on the 19th of June, 1817. His early education, begun at home under pious parents, was carried on in the schools of his native village until his entrance into the college of Chateau-Gontier in his twentieth year. After the completion of his college course he entered the Theological Seminary of Mans. It was while a student here that he formed a true and holy friendship, severed only by death, for the future founder of Notre Dame.

In December 1840 he was elevated to the holy priesthood, and on the 18th of the same month privately and piously said his first Mass in the chapel of the seminary. After two years spent in the faithful discharge of his priestly duties in his native diocese, his Bishop yielded to his earnest pleadings, and this zealous and exemplary young priest was allowed to embrace the religious state. He at once made application and was received into the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and during the year of his novitiate was a model of piety and regularity, cheerfully pious and piously cheerful.

In 1844, he was sent to the United States to join the Rev. Father Sorin, who had preceded

him a few years, and who had scarcely begun to lay the foundations of the now famous University of Notre Dame, Indiana. It would be highly interesting and edifying to sketch even briefly the privations, the sacrifices, the trials and the triumphs of these two men of God, actuated by a holy emulation in doing and enduring for God's greater glory, their neighbors' and their own sanctification.

Father Granger in 1851 became the pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the first church in the country to be consecrated to the Adorable Heart. The present noble edifice, without doubt one of the finest in the land, stands to-day a monument to his zeal and success in his labor of love for God's holy house.

Although of a retiring disposition, his superiors and confrères did not hesitate to honor him by conferring upon him offices in which great prudence and devotedness were required. His ready obedience overcame his natural diffidence, and he became Provincial and afterwards first Assistant-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, discharging with rare prudence the onerous duties of these important trusts. His great love for souls made him a real martyr; self was entirely forgotten when God's honor and glory and the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to him were to be promoted.

Like the Curé of Ars, for whom he had singular veneration, Father Granger loved and seemed to live in the confessional. He imitated his holy patron also in his manner of preaching. His sermons possessed all the elements of true pulpit eloquence, lacking only the grace of delivery, which his unction and earnestness more than supplied. Many priests, secular and regular, have time and again acknowledged what the great Archbishop of San Francisco and Father Elliott publicly said of the spiritual guide of their boyhood days, that, after God, they owed to Father Granger's words and example their sublime vocation to the holy priesthood.


His loving observance of his religious vows was proverbial. The worst things he chose for himself, and one would be ashamed to offer his shoes or his hat to a beggar. To illustrate the poverty and privations of the early days at Notre Dame, there are persons who well remember the time when Father Granger and Father Sorin, the venerated Superior-General, had but one hat between them, so that the neighbors knew Father Granger must be at home, because Father Sorin had been seen abroad in secular attire.

On the feast of the good St. Anne, in the year of grace 1893, strengthened and sustained by the sacraments he had so often administered to others, full of holy hope and cheerful resignation, the Very Rev. Alexis Granger, who, like his patron, lived a life "hid with Christ in God," yielded up his gentle spirit into the hands of his Creator, leaving to his dear children a sweet memory of untold blessings and firm conviction that another had been added to the number of their intercessors in Heaven.—D. J. SPILLARD, C. S. C., in the *Catholic Family Annual*.

In Remembrance.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, C. S. C.

BY M. M. RICHARDSON.

CTOBER dusk on frosted eaves,
 Nut-brown beneath a golden sky;
 Flutter and fall of ripened leaves,
 A whisper as the wind goes by.

And look! the star that for us shone
 Above the sunset shines no more:
 Some other land its light hath won,
 Its glory touched some farther shore.

With dropping beads we murmur low,
 Ave Maria, guide his rest;
 The Christ he served in mist and snow
 Receive him into mansions blest.

For he, consumed with God's white fire,
 Hath wrought among the souls of men;
 Immortal deeds shall call him sire,
 Born through his might of tongue or pen.

Like gold and frankincense and myrrh,
 May he bear upward from the earth
 His good works to the feet of Her
 Who gave Judæa's Saviour birth!

OCT. 31, 1893.

—Ave Maria.

NOTRE DAME has borne many and heavy sorrows within a few short months. The pillars upon whom her greatness leant were taken from her one by one: Father Granger and Father Walsh, and now her loved Founder, Father Sorin. She and her children have cause to mourn, and all the Christian world mourns with them. And all the Christian world knows, too, that She, in whose sweet and powerful name these grand souls wrought such good, is raising up other strong and wise and gentle soldiers of the Cross to fight the battles of Notre Dame.—*The Young Eagle*.

[From the Catholic School and Home Magazine.]

The Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C.

In the death of this Patriarch of the West, the Catholic Church in America has lost one of its great pioneers, and Catholic education one of its successful founders. By energy and persistency to duty, united with childlike dependence upon God, this holy priest not only spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ by his bands of missionary priests, but he succeeded in building up one of the greatest educational establishments in our country—the far-famed University of Notre Dame. It is well, also, to remember that this is also the parent of many schools and academies scattered through the land. Fifty years ago he came, a stranger, with a mission for the truth; and how well he succeeded the monuments of his zeal amply attest. How he loved to tell the story of his early days in Indiana when all was a wilderness, and when a log building remodelled served as church for the Indian tribes who flocked around the missionaries!

Father Sorin was born in France in 1814, and after a careful education he determined to consecrate his life to religion. In 1840 he entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross which had been but recently instituted for the purpose of mission work and teaching. In 1841 Father Sorin, with six Brothers, sailed for America for the purpose of establishing the Order here. He came to Indiana where the good Bishop of Vincennes desired him to locate; and, strange but happy coincidence! his first Mass in America was in New York, Sept. 14, on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the morning after his arrival. A tract of forest, 600 acres, was given to the missionary by the banks of the St. Joseph River and near the beautiful lake which was called St. Mary, in honor of our Blessed Mother. The condition was that the missionaries should establish a mission house and erect a college. A log church, a band of Indians, acres of wild land, little of the world's goods, and an unlimited confidence in God, allied to splendid bodily health, this was the material by which the foundations of the mighty work were laid.

On Aug. 28, 1843, the very year that the College of Holy Cross in Massachusetts was established, the corner-stone of the new college was laid in Notre Dame du Lac (Our Lady of the Lake), and the now famous Notre Dame began to exist. The State of Indiana gave it

a charter in 1844. The simple building soon gave way to University buildings, the log church was succeeded by the magnificent cathedral, which is the admiration of all who visit Notre Dame. The great dome of the University towers above the buildings and is seen for miles around, whilst it serves as a pedestal for the historic statue of the Blessed Virgin, around whose head is a crown of electric stars. Just when the work was nearing completion a disastrous fire destroyed the labors of years, and it was thought that it would be impossible to recover. But Father Sorin, with the same faith and confidence in God, began the rebuilding, and a more beautiful and costly series of buildings makes the Notre Dame of to-day the best equipped educational institution for Catholics in this country.

In 1868 Father Sorin was elected Superior-General of his Order, and he became the Patriarch to whom all his children looked for guidance. The Golden Jubilee of his priesthood was celebrated in 1888, and cardinal, bishops, priests and laymen gathered to honor this good old priest, whose life was so filled with the work of God among men. In 1843 he was Superior over one log church, and a simple, unpretentious college. Before he died sixty houses acknowledged obedience to him, while thousands of pupils, male and female, sat on the benches of his academies and schools to learn the lessons of Christian wisdom from his devoted priests, Brothers and Sisters. The city of Notre Dame, with its halls of Science, Gymnasium, University, Bishops' Hall, Minim Department, its Manual Training Schools, its Printing Houses, is the marvel of our generation; and it alone would be monument enough for good old Father Sorin, who when called by his Master from his field of labor could point to it and say that the talent given him had not been hidden in a napkin, but had acquired a hundred-fold. His love of the Blessed Virgin was the keynote of his life, and one of his proudest achievements was the establishment of the *Ave Maria* in 1865. It was the privilege of the writer to have been a sea companion with Father Sorin in 1882, as also to have met him in the Presbytery in 1892 when visiting the University, and his conversation remains fondly as the conversation of a devoted priest, a zealous missionary, an ardent patriot, in one word, a saint. May the good God, whose faithful servant he was, bless him in eternity, and may we have other Father Sorins to carry on the good work of God in Catholic education!

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Timely Topics.

I.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

"Why are so many boys here envious of one another?" It was a startling question to ask, and was answered pithily by a prominent member of the football team. He said: "I don't know; but it is a fact. Take the team, for instance. Just after the last game we were all big dogs, but now they're a lot of small purps snapping at our heels." It is a fact as the gentleman just referred to said. It seems that no one here can become a "big dog" unless "a lot of small purps" make a great outcry behind him. As the questioner remarked, the boys are envious of one another. It is a painful admission, but truth hurts sometimes. Let us hope that we hurt to cure.

The trouble is that Notre Dame boys have no *esprit de corps*. They do not stick together. Each one attempts to do things his own way, and for his own benefit, instead of working for the common good. Everyone seems to be envious of everyone else. That is a broad statement to make, but I think it can be proven. Let anyone attempt to start any movement, no matter how praiseworthy or beneficial, and carping critics throw cold water on his enthusiasm. Should he show a little independence of spirit, they cry out that "he wants to run everything," and his movement dies for lack of support. The boys, as a result, all hold back. If anything new comes up they want the Faculty to give them a lift. They will not take

the advice of members of the student body. Unless the Faculty gives them everything they will take nothing. Unless the Faculty does everything they will do nothing for themselves. Why is this? Cannot the boys here do as students do everywhere? Consult the Faculty by all means; but do not wait for them to do things you should do yourselves. The boys complain that the Faculty does not encourage athletics. Why, the boys themselves do not. That is not a Faculty matter. Why did not the practice team show up better this fall? Did they expect the Faculty to come out and play with them?

That, however, is only one phase of the question. Why cannot the boys here take lessons from the Chicago boys or the Ohio boys? The former sound the praises of their city in season and out of season. Chicago to them is all. The latter are always showing the glories of the Buckeye State. They stick together, and when one of their number does anything praiseworthy, when one gains honor in class or on the campus, his fellows point to him with pride and say, "There's Ohio stock." It is a well-known fact that the Ohio boys here, as well as Ohio people all over, have more *esprit de corps* than any of the other students. Each is proud of his State and proud of his fellows. When one gains honor the rest do not envy him. They say with pride: "He is from Ohio." Why cannot some of this spirit be infused into the rest of the student body here? Why can they not glorify Notre Dame as the Buckeyes do Ohio? Why, when one student distinguishes himself, must his fellows depreciate his achievements? Why cannot all join in and make his glory the glory of the University, and so their own? Why cannot all respect Notre Dame, work for Notre Dame, and praise Notre Dame? Why need we have these carpers who find fault with everything, and try to detract from everyone's well earned glory, attempting to pull his hard-earned laurels from his brow? Boys, let us reform! Let all work for the common good, and each one's particular good will be benefited. If one of our number has a good idea help him carry it out, instead of attempting to block its execution. Do not fear to follow. Good followers are as necessary to success as good leaders. Everyone will feel the benefit, and everyone will share in the glory. Let us drop our petty spites and work for the general good. The results will be great. Each one will be satisfied with himself and with his fellows instead of discontented with all.

THE MONITOR.

The Duty of the American People.

If there be one nation on the face of the earth more than another whose institutions must draw their life blood from the individual purity of its citizens that nation is our own. In this Republic where almost every man bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of the sovereignty, where at regular periods the ministers of authority who went forth to rule return to be ruled, and lay down their dignity at the feet of the monarch Multitude, and where, in short, political sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world, the purity of the people is the rock of political safety.

Just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was created, and how it ought to be administered, so do our conceptions of the statesman and his duty become greater and nobler. Suffering humanity is constantly calling for a tongue to express its grievances and warn it of impending dangers. When the robber of Macedon was sweeping down on lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," Demosthenes arose, and all Athens resounded with the fame of his eloquence as he told them of the dangers which threatened to destroy their country. And when for a long time the opinion had prevailed that men of wealth could not be convicted, Cicero stood forth the vindicator of the laws.

In this our own country, who is he who shall stand perpetually as priest at the altar of freedom, and feed its sacred fires by diffusing knowledge and displaying that lofty patriotism on which hangs our political safety? I answer it is the American statesman. His is the moral dignity of stamping the great features of our national character, and in the moral worth which he gives to it to erect a bulwark which shall prove impregnable in that hour of trial when armies, fleets and fortifications shall be vain:

"With grave aspect he rose,
And in his rising seemed a pillar of state."

Republics abound with young civilians who believe that the laws make the country, and that any measure can be imposed on a people if only a sufficient number of voices can be obtained to make it a law. The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting. Well they know that the

State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen. Well they know that they need in their representative much more than talent, namely, the power to make his talent trusted. The men who carry their point do not need to inquire of their constituents what they should say or do, but are themselves the country which they represent. The statesman must serve the State and not the State the statesman. Elevated to a station high above the multitude, the statesman should have an individuality which should mark him as one of nature's noblemen. He stands, the arbiter of a nation's greatness:

"Daring nobly and conscious of his trust,
Though ever warm and bold, is ever just."

Statesmanship consists not in airy schemes or idle speculation; the rule and conduct of all social life is its great province, not in lonely cells it lurks, but holds its heavenly light to senates and to kings to guide their councils and to teach them to reform and bless mankind.

The accomplished lawyer, the skilled physician, the enlightened man in any sphere of life, must have a long and careful training before he can perform the duties incumbent on his calling. But what proportion is there between the direction of the complex machinery of a nation where there are found people in every condition of life, where the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed are side by side, where men are found with tastes and ambitions, with religious and political principles as different as they are numerous, where all forms of humanity are congregated into one civic body? How complex must be the bond that holds them together! There is but one menace to the future development of our country and that is political corruption.

The experience of ages that are past and the forecast of ages to come unite their voices in an appeal to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted by the refining alchemy of power into a government which shall stand through ages. What is the individual man with all the good or evil that may betide him, with all the good or evil that may befall a republic like this, when legislation becomes ineffective! Webster once said: "No man can suffer too much and no man can fall too soon if he suffer or fall in defence of the Constitutions of his country." That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God and leaving at an immeasurable

distance below all grovelling and personal interests, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of virtue and of death itself, that is the greatest, that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues! When politics was a more honorable profession we had the best men of the nation in the senate; when it was pugnacious we had fighting men; now that it has become in many parts of the Union an ignoble profession we have a greater proportion of commonplace men, and an element of positively ignoble men,—men whom it is a shame to honor. It were idle to blame senators for this change since it is the people themselves who are to blame. We put politics on a lower level than our forefathers put it. With them it was easily the noblest of professions, now it is neglected. The law has suffered in the same way, but not to the same degree. The profession of medicine, on the contrary, has risen in our esteem. Since the cause of the senate's decline is clearly the decline of the political spirit of the people, the senate will regain its dignity and usefulness in proportion to the rise in the political spirit of the people. There is no mechanical device whereby the lost dignity can be restored.

We talk of changing rulers; but the presidents, the governors and magistrates whom we elect are not our rulers, they are our servants, our representatives. They only exercise the power that we delegate to them. The voters are the rulers, as voting in a republican form of government is ruling.

One of the first duties of the people is to rescue the suffrage from the influences which are corrupting it. A greater increase of political activity and a corresponding abatement of partisanship on the part of the best citizens is called for. The average party man regards party success as much more important than the public welfare. Is it not possible for people of fair common-sense to rid themselves of partisan feeling long enough to see that the country is best served by commending and supporting all that is good, and opposing all that is evil on both sides? It is for the interests of this country that both parties should be incorrupt and trustworthy. He who wishes that only one party should possess any virtue is an enemy to his country, and he is equally an enemy to his own party.

Nothing is so good for a political party as high-minded, intelligent opposition. When one party lifts up standards the other party must hear and answer the challenge. On the other

hand, the degradation of either party is an encouragement to its antagonist to relax its energies.

The practice of bribery has reached a development in this country such as to call for the most thoughtful attention of our patriotic men. Venality has long been the bane and shame of more than one legislative assembly. We need a remedy against corruption in the very sanctuary where our law-makers meet. We need radical reforms in the exercise of our most sacred functions.

That nation whose citizens are open to bribery stands on a smouldering volcano, which sooner or later will become a living fire devouring its vitals. Anarchy and civil strife are twin forces that enter the domain of a nation when honor and patriotism have flown:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Henry Ward Beecher, in a political speech, once said: "Our government is built on the vote; but votes that are purchasable are as quicksands; and a government built on such votes stands upon corruption and revolution." The truth of these words has been gathering force; and to-day, as never before in the history of our nation, are they impressing themselves on the minds and consciences of men who think. Everywhere are sounding notes of warning; but will they prevail on the politician to such an extent that this privilege—the greatest of free men—will not in elections be degraded into a thing of barter? Only when the storm cloud of revolution shakes its lightnings over their heads will men eager for political honors perceive the ruinous effect of venal voting. The man who sells his vote admits that he is less than a man, and not worthy to be an American. It is certain that if there were no buying there would be no selling. What is the remedy for this crying evil, this dragon of our elections? Some cut the difficult knot with the sword called common-sense, and say it is all owing to man's depravity. But they never give us an inkling into their idea of how man is to be converted. It is not to be expected that man will be very much better than the laws which govern him; and so long as it is the policy of law-makers to foster and promote the growth of selfishness by incorporating it into their laws and systematizing it, man will continue depraved. When class legislation is abolished, when the wage system is equalized, when justice is dealt to rich and poor alike, then will venal voting be a thing of the past, and not until then. For selfishness,

whether it controls the nation or the individual, is sure to lead to corruption and ruin.

There is another blemish of the American Union which Americans seldom notice. And this regards selections for federal offices in regarding not so much the merits of the candidate as the effect his nomination will have on the vote of the State to which he belongs. Second rate men are run for first rate posts, not because the party that runs them overrates their capacity, but because it expects to carry their State either by their local influence, or through the pleasure which the state feels in the prospect of seeing one of its own citizens in high office.

Americans should realize that this country exists not for one man or for one party alone; but that its length and breadth are generous enough for men of all creeds and of all climes. Here justice should hold its potent sway as unrelenting and exacting towards the rich monopolist as it is towards those on whom fortune seldom smiles. Its statesmen should be to-day as they were in those trying times of our young republic—men who thought more of their country than of their own interests. America is to-day the pride and model of all popular government. Let us hope that when America shall have led the van of progress and reached the acme of national greatness we will see her empress of the seas and crowned with the accomplished hope of ages.

M. J. MCGARRY, '94.

Exchanges.

We note with disapproval a growing tendency on the part of several exchanges to read regular lectures to the faculties of their institutions. The courtesy and deference due professors are being eliminated by the knowing ones who desire pedestals for their own exaltation. If a part in disciplinary government tends thus to make despicable "kickers" of the students, the experiment will meet an early death. No college can afford to harbor a set of disgruntled cranks.

The *Washburn Mid-Continent* in an article on Gounod buttonholes its readers to make a plea for classical music. The apology was probably provoked by Josh Billings' saying—"Classical music is so much better than it sounds."

The *Round Table* announces the yearly pres-

entation of a Greek play by the Sophomores of Beloit. Greek may be banished from the curriculum of the Eastern colleges, but its position in the West is assured.

The *Viatorian* is conducting a discussion on the relative worth of science and letters. The first contribution is inscribed, as the writer tells us, "with a sense of duty." One could wish, for his own sake, that the "sense of duty" had led him to investigate the differences between scientists and sciolists. His researches would have tended to strengthen his position, and lift much of the haze that rests upon his arguments.

The *Indiana Student* is always ready to print anything that will add to the sprightliness of its columns. A recent issue contains an astonishingly good piece of literary work by a high-school student. "A Model Essay" would do credit to one more advanced.

The *Phoenixian* is a dainty little journal issued by the ladies of Earlham College. Hitherto these ladies have made it representative of their own good work; but a strange desire to copy their brothers' manners has induced them to open the last number to the report of a football game. Of course, we were well aware that the gentler sex manifested a lively interest in respectable football; but that they should master its technicalities is a revelation to us. We marvel at the fair editors' allowing space to this account and "Athletic Notes." Both are certainly out of place, and spoil an otherwise good number.

Mr. Egan's "Desmond."

Among the complimentary notices of Professor Egan's new book, "The Success of Patrick Desmond," the following, from the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, has special interest:

"The novel is very seldom true to life. Just as the painter must depart from the exact reproduction of nature to secure the effect dictated by the canons of art, so must the writer deepen his shade and brighten his sunshine to secure the interest of the reader. The hackneyed five act drama, wherein vice courses triumphantly till the last, and where virtue comes in for an innings of fortune is, after all, the only popular model for the popular story. A tale that ends sadly must have powerful qualities of attraction to compensate for the divergence from popular lines, and but few modern writers are bold enough to make the attempt. William Black has tried it, and not unsuccessfully, and James

Grant—who lived to be the father of a Catholic priest—had a single fit of temerity, but though once in a lifetime the ordinary reader will forgive such a lapse, he unmistakably does not like it.

"The 'Success of Patrick Desmond' is not a sad story. There is not a bit of tragedy in it, yet its ending is not what popular usage demands. Had Professor Egan married Patrick Desmond to Eleanor Redwood he would have fulfilled the requirements of stereotyped custom; but how commonplace would have been the ending! This great Catholic writer has given us many a charming production, but none so exquisite as this. His 'Patrick Desmond' is a character one loves to recollect and dwell upon. His virtues are not heroic, but within the reach of any of us.

"He does not walk on red-hot plates, nor is he exposed to the fury of beasts, but he lives in a modern world, assailed by the easy temptations of modern surroundings. He is thrown into an environment where money is the chief pursuit, and he is possessed of a motive which makes wealth a desideratum; yet through all he never loses the simple dignity of Catholic manhood; never descends to the vulgar strife he is plunged amidst; and when the crisis of the tale is reached, and wealth comes within his grasp, if he will but compromise the principles he cherishes by the commission of quite a usual and, some would think, a justifiable piece of mercantile finesse, he remains true to himself, and accepts what the world calls commercial failure rather than buy success at the price of right. Such is the 'success' of Patrick Desmond.

"And yet we like him all the better, that when in after time he became enabled to seek a bride he found himself a day too late. No, he did not enter a monastery. The service of God is not an alternative. His sphere was in the world, and in the world he stayed."

Local Items.

- Splendid sleighing!
- Curb is himself again.
- What is a jelly-roll face?
- Did you get "enthused"?
- Hossscar has fallen from grace.
- The "Infanta" failed to appear.
- It was a shame Chauncey did not go.
- Lord Tom is in his usual good spirits.
- Say, K., have you nerve enough to go up and speak?
- The Carrollites are to have an indoor baseball league.
- Mr. White, of Iowa, is the latest addition to the Law class.
- Spike says that "he had a stone in his shoe and a rattle in his voice."
- Hand ball and indoor baseball are having a duel in the Carroll gym.
- Let us hear more frequently from our literary and debating societies.
- The Rev. James J. Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., was a welcome visitor during the week.
- Jas. F. Kennedy has been selected to take

charge of Brownson study hall *vice* J. Brady.

—FOUND—A valuable pin. Owner, by identifying, can have the same by calling on M. D. Kirby.

—LOST—Between Carroll Hall and refectory, a seal-skin glove; finder please return to Students' office.

—The "phenom," owing to sickness, has given up the idea of training, at least for the winter months.

—The young gentleman who called out "Analytical Geometry" was undoubtedly a novice in his calling.

—The members of Bro. Paul's table were treated to a sleigh-ride on last Tuesday afternoon. Many thanks!

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were the Misses Hattie and Elizabeth Nester, of Chicago, Ill.

—The Temperance Society at its last meeting admitted five new members. Its roll now shows ninety-five members.

—We have a new sprinter in training. He performs well and shows great prospects of becoming a second "Hal."

—Feeney has blossomed out in a new *rôle*. As a defender of the persecuted Celestial, his forensic ability is shown at its best.

—Prof. Egan lectured to the class of English Literature last Saturday on "Lyrics." He gave a short sketch and description of the most famous lyrics in the language.

—It is rumored that the "Never Sweats" will be without a 3d baseman this year. The gentleman in training for that position, it is feared, will not return after Christmas.

—Jas. Brady departed for his home in Portland, Oregon, last Friday. Jim was a general favorite with the boys, and he will be sadly missed by his large circle of friends.

—The Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., is engaged in preaching the Forty Hours' devotion at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend. The Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., is replacing him at St. Vincent's, Ind.

—The sleighing during the past week has been fine. Last Sunday the members of the 'Varsity Eleven enjoyed a ride to South Bend and vicinity. Tuesday morning the 2d Eleven enjoyed a similar treat.

—Two of the Lambs were the recipients of the college colors in flowers. Of course this was accompanied by best wishes and a box of candy, etc., for all of which they are truly grateful, and return many thanks.

—The Military Company will soon be reorganized. It is rumored around that it will be captained by a gentleman from South Bend. It is high time for such a movement, which should have been made weeks ago.

—We did not imagine that the fame of the Carrollites' football talent had reached our

neighboring city of South Bend; but it seems it has, as Captain Klees was unable to arrange a game with the high school. Too bad! Why don't they get a team?

—Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C., has received from President Cleveland his commission as postmaster of Notre Dame. For more than forty years 'or since its establishment in 1851 the office had been held by the late lamented Father Sorin.

—The ex-Carrollites seem to be in no hurry about arranging a date to play off the tie game of football with the Carrollites of '93. The Carrollites have a strong eleven this year; this explains the dilatory tactics of their opponents. 'Rah for the Carrollites!

—The class in gymnastics is now in a healthy condition, and can boast of quite a large membership. Under the direction of Mr. Paul Beyer, of South Bend, who is a trained athlete, and an artist in his line, the class is attaining to a great degree of efficiency.

—Mr. W. H. Covert (Com'l), '93, accompanied by Mr. Mills, of Toledo, Ohio, visited his many friends at the University on Thanksgiving Day. "Billy" is captain of the Y. M. C. A. Football eleven of Toledo, and was to have played the Heidelberg eleven on Thanksgiving Day, but missed the train.

—The inventive genius has been working on college yells of late, and the following is one of his productions. Its merit is appaent:

Razoo, Kazoo! Jimmy, blow your bazoo!
Wahoo, Rahoo! Rip, Zip, Bam!
Hi-yi, Ki-yi! N-o-t-re D-a-m-e!

—"Resolved: That the placing of ice in a sick man's bed is cruelty to animals" is the subject of the debate which is presently occupying the attention of the "gym inhabitants." Curb for the negative is still on the floor. Richard (pronounced Reeshard) will next endeavor to prove by experience that it is positive cruelty.

—Yesterday (Friday) was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, patronal festival of the United States. It was appropriately observed at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, and a magnificent discourse on this beautiful dogma of the Catholic faith—the exceptional privilege of the Blessed Virgin—was delivered by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

—On Thursday last the remains of Brother Ladislaus, C. S. C., who departed this life on Wednesday morning, were laid to rest in the Community cemetery. The deceased Brother was well known to the students through his long connection with the store. He was in the fifty-fourth year of his age; his character was marked by gentleness and piety, and the end of his long illness found him well prepared. May he rest in peace!

—The hand ball season is with us once again. The "long" winter months would glide by

quickly if we had one or two good games a week. Last year was quite a success in this regard. There would be no lack of rivalry between the different Halls and the M. L. S. But, alas! one thing we sadly need is a decent hand ball alley. By all means let the students of '93-'94 put their heads together, and ways and means will not be wanting.

—The M. L. S. has been challenged by Brownson Hall to a hand ball game for the last two or three weeks without getting one. But it was not through any fear entertained by the Brownsons as to their ability to defeat them that they were not heretofore accommodated. They were so engrossed in football that they did not have time to think of anything else. Last Sunday, however, a game was arranged between the two departments. Sauter and Martin being the representatives of the M. L. S., and Maynes and O'Neill of Brownson Hall. The M. L. S. men were not "in it" in either game. The first game resulted in a score of 22 to 9, and the second 22 to 6 in favor of Maynes and O'Neill. They will now probably give up the idea that they can play hand ball. Brownson Hall is now ready to consider challenges from other sources.

—The entertainment given by the Mozart Symphony Club in Washington Hall on Saturday evening was not the best with which Notre Dame has been favored. Nevertheless the music was of a high order, and the notes of the various instruments blended in strains of perfect harmony. It was quite evident that some of the artists did not enter into their selections with enough vigor and expression; but this, no doubt, was partly due to the coolness of the hall. Mr. Lund, the distinguished violinist, proved himself to be an artist of exceptional talent. His tones were always sweet and clear, and his technique perfect. The solos rendered by him were not of a very classical order, but he was enthusiastically encored. The *Viola d'Amour* is certainly an instrument of rare type; and the selections given by Mr. Stoelzer were very acceptable, and revealed many beauties and sweetness not to be found in any other instrument. He is certainly to be praised for the enthusiasm that entered into his playing, and his selections were rendered in a manner and suggested that the instrument possessed life of a sympathetic nature. The duett for the "Viol da Gamba and Viola d'Amour was very expressive, and the strains of perfect harmony spoke as if coming from one instrument reaching the highest degree of artistic effect. Miss Braems and Mr. Mora both possess highly cultivated voices full of feeling and harmony with a magnificent range, but very weak, and little vigor, which is, after all, necessary for one that wishes to gain a reputation and the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Hoch, the famous cornetist, is truly a master of his instrument, and his numbers constituted one of the most

attractive features of the entertainment. His tones were always clear and expressive, and that he was highly appreciated, and the audience delighted was shown by the fact that he merited to receive a triple *encore*.

Moot-Court.

The case of Crawford *vs.* Mutual Aid Society came up before the University Moot-court Wednesday, Nov. 29. The facts in the case were as follows: Crawford joined the Mutual Aid Society, which had a provision in its by-laws that the society had the privilege of changing such by-laws whenever it saw fit. The by-laws also provided that in case of sickness a member should draw \$5 a week as a sick benefit. On April 1st, Crawford became sick, and remained so until October, drawing the \$5 per week until the 1st of August, when the society met and changed the amount to be drawn weekly by a sick member from \$5 to \$1. From the 15th of August to October he only drew \$1 a week. Crawford then brought action against the society, claiming the \$5 per week. The attorneys for the plaintiffs claimed that no retractive law, nor one impairing the obligation of contracts, could be passed in the society. The defendants claimed that the right to amend and change any by-law entered into and formed a part of the plaintiff contract with the society, and that, therefore, he could not object to such change. The court decided in favor of the defendants. The attorneys for plaintiffs were J. Kennedy and E. Chassaing, and those for defendant were J. Cullen and J. Maloney.

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The first case on the docket disposed of on Wednesday last in the Moot-court was that of Watson *vs.* Mackin. This case had been tried before by jury, and the jury had disagreed; a new trial was granted which was to have taken place Wednesday, December 6. The attorneys for the plaintiffs—Sinnot and Mitten—however, failed to appear, and the case went by default, judgment and costs being entered against them. The attorneys for the defendants, were E. M. Roby and Jas. J. Ryan.

The second case to be tried was that of United States *vs.* Hop Sam Lee on a writ of Habeas Corpus. The facts in the case are as follows: A Chinaman by the name of Hop Sam Lee had failed to comply with the provisions of the Geary Act regarding registration, etc., and he was accordingly arrested by a United States Marshall. The attorneys for the Chinaman petitioned the court for a writ of Habeas Corpus, claiming that the law relating to the exclusion of Chinese was unconstitutional, and consequently the arrest was illegal. The prosecution, on the other hand, claimed that the law was constitutional. The court held that it was con-

stitutional, and consequently the arrest was legal, following the argument laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States in which six of the judges favored its constitutionality and three were opposed to it. McGarry and Hennessy were for the prosecution, and Gibson and Feeney for defendant.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Correll, Crawley, DuBrul, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Kearney, Keough, Maurus, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, McGarry, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, L. Byrne, Cullinan, Campbell, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Chassaing, Cooke, Cooledge, Cuneo, Chirhart, F. Dillon, Dorsey, F. Donohoe, Dougan, Fagan, Foley, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Halligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Hennessy, Hesse, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Karter, Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Lane, Maloney, Mott, Murray, Markum, Murphy, O'Rourke, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, S. O'Brien, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, G. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, J. Rielly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, White, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Burns, Banholzer, Bacon, Ball, Clarke, Connor, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Coyne, Clendenin, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Druecker, Dutt, Dixon, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Edwards, Fennessey, Fleming, Fox, Farley, Fitzgibbon, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Gibbons, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Healy, Howard, Hoban, Hutchinson, E. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kasper, Klees, Lansdowne, Ludwig, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lippman, Leonard, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Miles, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, Martin, McShane, McCarrick, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Pendleton, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Reber, Shillington, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Stearns, Strong, Serrano, Tinnen, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, J. Treber, W. Treber, Taylor, Teresa, Wilcox, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, Waters, O. Wright, Wymetal, Whitehead, Ward, Wachter, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allen, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Corry, Catchpole, Cross, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, Christ, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Flynn, Feltenstein, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Goff, Girsch, L. Garrity, Leo Garrity, Gimbel, Greene, Graff, Healy, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Herschey, B. Hesse, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, Lysle, McGinley, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Eugene McCarthy, Morehouse, Emil McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McPhee, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, McIntyre, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Otero, Orte, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Robb, Ryan, Roesing, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Steele, Simm, Schneider, Terhune, Taylor, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, Wells, York.