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Forget-Me-Not.

(A RONDEAU.)

FORGET-ME-NOT: a sapphire hue
From Nature's flowery jewels that strew,
With perfumed welcome, sweet-blown spring,
And kiss her footsteps till she wing
Her flight with time's eternal crew;

The constancies of Life renew
Each advent of this drop of blue;
In harmony the blossoms sing,
"Forget me not!"

How sweet to longing hearts these few,
Soft words of absent love! how true,
How tender, pure! What rapture fling
Around the souls that trusting cling
To his last whisper'd fond adieu,
"Forget me not!"

J. ST. ELMO BERRY.

Pope Adrian IV. and Ireland.

To the student of history it is a well-known and universally admitted fact that everything advanced by historians as true cannot in all cases be accepted as such. Many things, indeed, have been lightly admitted by writers of history, which they themselves might have believed to be true, but which, after the lapse of time, were found to be directly the opposite of the real facts. It requires many years, sometimes even centuries, before a true judgment can be passed upon certain actions. Only then, as it often happens, documents and records are produced which entirely change the previously accepted state

of things. Therefore it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to form a correct judgment of certain persons and events of past times unless information is obtained from unquestionable sources. Yet many writers of so-called history were, we know, men more or less biased by partisan prejudice, and many others were either incompetent for the task, or failed to make such accurate researches as would place their writings beyond question.

There is one point in history which has been given even by trustworthy historians without, we believe, questioning its truth in the least; namely, the alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV. to Henry II. of England, justifying his assumption of authority in Ireland. This Bull—or rather forgery, for it is now known that no such Bull was ever granted by the Pope—was evidently gotten up by Henry himself; and he produced it to work out his own ambitious designs. By doing so he succeeded in deceiving a few of the Irish bishops; and the most prominent English chronicler of those times, the venal Cambrensis, set down the event in such a manner as to mislead those who follow him, leaving it to be understood that the alleged Bull was genuine. The fact that Pope Adrian was an Englishman gave coloring to Henry's scheme in after ages, and much undeserved odium has been heaped upon his memory on account of it. That this odium was undeserved, the sequel will show.

Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear), the first and only Englishman that ever was elevated to the Pontifical throne, was elected Pope in the year 1154, the same year that Henry II. was crowned king of England. At this time, as well as for many succeeding centuries, the Sovereign Pontiff was, by common consent, appointed general arbitrator between the sover-

eigns of Christendom, and his voice, as such, was recognized as the highest authority in international affairs by all nations. All disputes, either in Church or state, were therefore, according to the mutual understanding mentioned above, referred to him. Moreover, "all islands, by ancient right and by a donation of Constantine the Great," were considered as under the dominion of the Roman Church; and in this grant Ireland, of course, was included. Henry had a wistful eye on Ireland; but as he was acquainted with the relation in which it stood towards the Roman Pontiff, he knew he must arrange matters first to blind the European powers, who would undoubtedly support the Pope's prerogative.

According to the statements of the upholders of the Bull, Henry deputed John of Salisbury to go to Rome in order to obtain a letter conferring on him authority to correct the many abuses, both civil and ecclesiastical, which, he represented, then existed in Ireland. Therefore, in order to give the Bull its force, supposing it to be obtained under this plea, as its supporters allege, the real circumstances in Ireland must be such as Henry asserted them to be. Henry claimed that anarchy and all kinds of disorders, both civil and ecclesiastical, existed in that country; but if we examine contemporary history we find that Ireland at that time (1154-5) was in a well-organized and peaceful condition, generally speaking. It had, to a great extent, recovered from the disastrous wars carried on for several centuries against the invading Danes, and the Irish hierarchy and clergy had almost succeeded in extirpating those vices and disorders which are the natural consequence of long wars. Therefore it is not likely the Pope could be so far deceived as to grant the Bull in question; and even were he to grant it, we see that Henry would have obtained it under false pretenses, making it null and void.

In the Bull, as given by its supporters, nothing can be found on the authority of which Henry might exercise the right of sovereignty over the Irish if they were unwilling that he should hold such; and Henry when in Ireland did not demand the lands of the natives to be handed over to him, but required only homage to be paid him. He did not attempt at once to overrun the country and reduce it to subjection; but having acquired a foothold, he trusted to time and his own nefarious policy to accomplish his object of bringing Ireland finally under the sway of England.

It is stated by some, in support of their

opinions, that Adrian was aware of Henry's intention, as well as that of his predecessors, to annex Ireland to the English crown; that he also knew that Henry would undoubtedly invade Ireland whether the Pope willed it or not; and therefore, wishing to have him enter the country with views the most favorable to religion and the improvement of the people, he, on these conditions, gave him the grant. Moreover, that he might have intended it as a great blessing, and not what it afterwards proved, the greatest scourge that ever was inflicted upon any nation. This supposition falls of its own weight. Anyone who is aware of the great authority in temporal matters which the Popes as arbiters exercised at that time, will see that the Pope's fearing to exercise his authority over any sovereign would not be a likely occurrence. If Henry attempted to invade Ireland during Adrian's lifetime, without that Pontiff's permission, all the Pope would have to do would be to call to his aid the other sovereigns of Europe, and they, especially the king of France, would most willingly oppose such a measure by force of arms. To deceive those kings might, therefore, have been one of the objects which Henry had in view when he forged the document, for they were all jealous of his power and would not wish to see him conquer Ireland.

Among the writers who assert that Adrian gave the Bull, the principal is John of Salisbury, who, it is claimed, was the person who received it from the Pope. It is mentioned in a book entitled *Melelogicus*, written by John of Salisbury, but it is doubted whether he ever wrote the portion in which the Bull is mentioned. It is objected that it was not till after his death this was added to his work, in the shape of an appendix, by some of Henry's partisans. Giraldus Cambrensis, another historian of that time, also supports the authenticity of the Bull; but in connection with this writer (who is, by the way, its principal supporter) it might be well to ask how far we can trust the authority in this matter of a historian whose writings are noted for glaring errors. Even in his history of Ireland we find, among other errors, the statement that "the River Shannon runs into the North Sea," which everyone now knows to be false, for that river runs in the opposite direction.

On the other hand, we have as authority for denying such a Bull many writers of high standing and probity. Among these is the Abbé McGeoghegan, who asserts that the sup-

posed Bull was nothing more nor less than a forgery. Commenting on it, he caustically asks: "Is it likely that any Pope would select such a monster as Henry II. to effect a reformation of a nation's morals?" This question is indeed a pertinent one; for the more we consider the character of Henry, the more evident does it become that the Pope, knowing his private character, would not appoint a man to reform a nation who was looked upon with suspicion, and who so greatly needed reforming himself. The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, speaking of the pretended Bull, says: "Indeed the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrank from accepting it as genuine, and unhesitatingly pronounced it an Anglo-Norman forgery."

It was the common opinion amongst writers that the Irish accepted the forged document as genuine; but time, which divulges the truth of all things, proves that this opinion is opposed to history; and also to a report of the Lord Judiciary and Royal Council of Ireland sent to Rome in the year 1325, to Pope John XXII. In this report, amongst other crimes, the Irish are charged with rejecting the supposed Bull. "Moreover, they assert that the king of England, under false pretenses, and by false Bulls, obtained the dominion of Ireland, *and this opinion is commonly held by them.*"

Some of the reasons advanced for denying the genuineness of the disputed Bull are: That it was neither produced nor heard of for nearly twenty years after the time it was claimed to have been issued, that is from 1155 to 1174 or 5; and that Pope Adrian at the time it was published had been dead for fifteen years. Why did not Henry, when he was in Ireland in 1172, produce the document if he had one? But he did not then do so, nor for several years afterwards, although it would very likely serve him well to have done so. He was well aware with what respect and obedience the Irish at all times regarded the mandates of the Pope; and by producing the Bull, if he had one, the difficulties of conquest would be materially diminished. This, it appears, was what afterwards induced him, or some of his followers, to forge the Bull and endeavor to deceive the Irish by it.

If we examine carefully the facts, we may perceive a reason for Henry's not forging the Bull when he first entered Ireland. At that time he thought his own followers and those that were already in the country would be able to conquer the natives; and he endeavored to

gain the country in this way. But in 1174 he was surrounded by many difficulties. The Scots were pouring down from the north; his own children were in open rebellion against him; the barons and neighboring princes had combined against him. To uphold himself in England he had to withdraw nearly all his followers from Ireland; but, wishing to retain his hold on the latter country, he caused the Bull to be forged and read before a synod of Irish bishops. It produced a profound effect upon the assembly; they were astonished, utterly dismayed, to think that the Pope should give the liberty of the nation into the hands of their enemy. Many of the bishops at once perceived the true nature of the Bull, and rejected it as false; while others, considering that it might have been obtained from the Pope, and fearing that in rejecting it they would reject the commands of their spiritual superior, submitted. In this they were followed by many of the people, who were accustomed to follow their pastors in all things. So that we see the forged Bull was not *generally* accepted as genuine when brought forward, but, contrariwise, that even those who yielded to it did so under a kind of protest, under a doubt, and only until the doubt was cleared. The troubles which followed in Ireland threw the country into such confusion that it is not surprising the matter of the alleged Bull was in a measure lost sight of, and in the general wars and persecutions which took place before and after the Reformation many, nay most, of the Irish historic records were destroyed.

Another fact that helped materially to screen Henry's forgery was the disturbed state of Italy at the time. During the twelfth century we find that the country was involved in innumerable difficulties, and kept in a state of almost continuous revolution, so that for the greater part of the time the Popes were compelled, on account of these disturbances to flee from city to city. As a consequence many valuable papers and public records were lost. Many false bulls (examples of which are given in Cambrensis Eversus) date from this period; and as the Anglo-Normans of the time were not behind the age in such matters—as has been proved by the finding in the ruins of an ancient monastery, founded by De Courcey, one of Henry's commanders in Ireland, a matrix for forging Papal seals—it is not at all improbable that they forged the pretended "Adrian Bull."

Another reason which we have for denying the authenticity of Henry's Bull is that neither

the original document nor any record thereof can be found in any collection. The second Bull brought forward by Henry purporting to have been received from Alexander III., *has since been proved, beyond all doubt, to be a forgery*; and this of itself goes far to weaken the claim of the previous one, if not to nullify it. Henry did not think those sufficient, but endeavored to obtain a genuine Bull from Lucius III., who succeeded Alexander; but that Pontiff positively refused it. If Henry had lived until after that Pope's death, he might possibly have added another crime of forgery to those already spoken of.

"If," says Froude, "the Anglo-Normans forged such a sanction to color their conquest, they committed a crime which ought to be exposed." This they did do, and the crime which remained so long hidden under the mantle of obscurity has been exposed only within the last few years, in all its hideousness, to the view of nations. It is a crime without parallel in history. F. C.

A Strange Adventure.

The gloomy twilight of a November day was fast fading into the sombre streaks of darkness as I left the old town of Oaxaca for the distant city of Vera Cruz. I knew that travelling through this part of the country at night, infested as it was with bands of brigands, was a rather hazardous undertaking; but it was quite necessary that I should be in Vera Cruz as soon as possible, and therefore, braving all dangers, I set out.

I was well prepared for any attack that might be made, and could rely upon my trusty horse in case of any emergency. Travelling in those days was not attended with the comfort and sense of security that characterizes our modern travel; for the mountain fastnesses afforded ample protection from the law to the different bands of marauders and cut-throats who inhabited them. But my fears on this score were groundless; for although I kept a sharp look-out during the entire journey, I was not molested; nor, in fact, did I see any evidences of the existence of such a band.

As I said before, twilight was just merging into night as I set out on my journey. As the twinkling lights of the adobe village receded from my vision and were finally swallowed up in the all enveloping blackness of the night,

my heart sank within me; and being of a superstitious nature, the awful silence and solitude of that vast region conjured up the most fantastic and grewsome shapes. The stiff breeze that was blowing when I left the village had now strengthened into a gale, and the leaden skies overhead were, ever and anon, illuminated by jagged streaks of lightning. I quickened my horse's pace, knowing full well that a mighty storm was brewing.

Great peals of thunder echoed and reverberated among those hills, followed immediately by flashes that seemed to rend the very dome of heaven itself. The darkness that succeeded these flashes was so intense that I could not see three feet ahead of me. I knew that ere long the storm must break with all its fury; so, hoping against hope, I strove to reach some place of shelter, although almost positive that none existed on that road. The gale had now reached its height. The incessant flashing disclosed to me a scene that was at once awful and inspiring. I shall never forget it. Great trees were pulled up and snapped assunder as if they had been so many twigs, and the tall, waving grass bent and tossed like the angry billows of the ocean. It seemed as if all the forces of nature were in agitation, protesting against some great grievance of which I knew nothing.

I must have wandered from my way; for, looming up before me stood an old pile of ruins which, after a closer view, I concluded must have been an old monastery. It would afford me a temporary place of refuge at least, from the storm, and it was not long before I was in the inside of the structure. As I passed through the portals a vague, indefinable fear crept into my heart; but of what, I could not then tell. I tethered my horse to an old column that stood erect and seemed to defy the elements and ravages of time. I then gazed around me to see if my surmises as to the character of the building were correct. At the end of the nave, opposite to where I stood, was what undoubtedly must have been an altar years before, but now hardly recognizable as such. A little in front of this and to the right there stood a round stone at an elevation of about four feet from the floor, and this I judged to be the place where some good missionary must have stood and delivered words of advice and warning to his brethren, and to the people of a race that had ere this become extinct.

The wind had now abated a little, but the rain, was beating down in torrents. The light-

ning, every now and then, illuminated the crumbling structure. Lulled by the steady dripping of the rain, I must have fallen asleep. I know not how long I remained thus—hours perhaps—when I was awakened by a touch upon the shoulder. Turning around I beheld a sight that chilled my blood. A hooded monk stood behind me in all the trappings of his Order, but his face was ghastly; and even as I looked I knew that he was of the tomb. I would have cried out in terror, but my tongue clove to my mouth. He, or rather it, started up the nave of the church and motioned for me to follow. I did so as well as my trembling limbs would allow, and the vision pointed with his bony finger to a stone seat which I sat upon, and awaited developments. Upon the altar were lights which cast a pale radiance over the place. Suddenly, behind the altar a door was opened, and filing out on both sides came monks robed as the one I had seen, and with the same sepulchral appearance. When they were all seated the door opened again and there issued forth one clad in the vestments of a priest, and then I knew that the Sacrifice of the Mass was to be celebrated. The priest began the Mass and had proceeded as far as the Introit, when I perceived that there was something wrong, and that it was impossible for him to go on. He turned partly around, and I could see on his face a look of such terrible agony as I have never seen before nor since. Some great weight seemed to be pressing him down. At this moment a gust of wind tore through the building and extinguished the lights. The church was now in semi-darkness.

The interruption in the Mass had not continued long when the priest descended from the altar and ascended the elevation that I have before mentioned. The rain had now ceased falling, and through a rift in the clouds, the moonlight fell full upon his upturned face. The expression of that face was awful to behold. It seemed to me that he was expostulating with that assembly of the dead, but I could not hear a word uttered. Not a sound, save the violent beating of my heart, disturbed the silence of night. He gesticulated wildly, and all at once he held his arms high above his head. Instantly a blazing flash of light shot down from the skies and smote him as he stood. Then I heard terrible wailings and shrieking emanating from those robed skeletons, together with a great clattering such as would be made by the rattling of bones. Then there was a great, rumbling noise, and as I looked the altar and those

assembled about it sank suddenly from sight. As the last face of that ghastly throng disappeared a sheet of flame darted up from the floor and mounted to that part of the roof that still remained intact. All was now over. With a loud shriek of mortal terror I fell prone upon my face unconscious. When I recovered I looked around me and everything was as when I had first entered. I lost no time in leaving that accursed place, for such it seemed to me. The next day I arrived at my destination. I have never been able to explain this phenomenon, nor indeed have I tried to. I simply give the facts as they happened without any exaggeration or explanation.

J. J. COOKE.

The Turkey.

On occasions of great festivity and rejoicing, such as Christmas, Easter or Thanksgiving, dining-tables may be seen heavily laden with choice edibles, foremost among which is the turkey. This is well known and appreciated too; but as everybody is not so well acquainted with the manners and habits of this favorite fowl, a few words on the subject might not be uninteresting. Should a student have some leisure moments and wish to get into mischief, he might do worse than take a stroll down to the farm-yards a day or so previous to the next turkey-dinner on a festival day, and try some experiments that I will tell him in the course of my remarks.

The real home of the turkey is North America, Canada especially. It has also been found along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In their wild state turkeys are as haughty, proud and cowardly as when in the poultry-yard. The large poultry-yards of "well-to-do" farmers are generally fenced in by open slatted paling fences, several—perhaps eighteen or twenty—feet high, planted with and surrounded by large trees and bushes. In the middle of the yard is an immense pond in which the ducks, geese and swans are continually sailing and diving, and enjoying the warm sunshine; about the pond are the hens, large and small, busy picking up the corn, wheat, etc., scattered around; rabbits, with their young ones, are nibbling away at choice blades of grass; variegated pheasants, pigeons and turtle-doves are hopping from branch to branch; and a blue-jay flies off with a piece of cheese stolen from the cat. Outside the poultry-yard lambs, kids and sheep

follow their favorite—the stable and herds-boy; the dairy-maid is yonder milking the beautiful fat cows, the large mastiff crunching a huge bone at her side; the hogs are scattered around, tumbling the bedding-stuff from the stables, and grunting and squealing as the stronger ones jostle and bite the weaker.

But what strange-looking fowl is that which we see parading up and down so majestically? Is it, perhaps, a peacock? No. The peacock is seated in yonder corner, sunning his hundred-eyed tail. It is a turkey. He looks around disdainfully on the motley groups of hens, which he considers as a set of mean, despicable beings. He does not stoop to eat of the food placed before him. His food consists of corn, vetches, bread, fresh lettuce, potatoes that have previously been cooked and finely beaten; apples, pears, peaches, etc., that are fresh from the trees, are placed before his royal highness, but he scornfully disdains all these. A little starveling mouse sneaks up and snatches away a few grains of corn and bread, which she divides among her poor hungry family. On a sudden the little cap on the gobbler's head raises itself, the "Adam's Apple" falls quickly, tail and wings expand to their full width, the nose protuberates more and more, turning at the same time into a deep red color, the turkey goggles, utters a piercing cry, and finally makes ready for an attack. Who or what has excited him? We shall see presently.

The turkey, like the bovine family, becomes exasperated at the sight of scarlet red, and the turkey's master happens to make his appearance in a scarlet vest. I once witnessed an instance in which a cow became so maddened at the sight of a scarlet dress that considerable force, and moral suasion from the head of a cane, had to be employed to prevent a child from being horned to death by the infuriated animal. If a person hold up before the eyes of a turkey a red handkerchief, he should be on his guard against the reception of "beauty spots" on his face from the bill, wings and claws of the furious biped. But if he has the good fortune to have a piece of chalk about him he may now turn it to advantage in taming the infuriated fowl. This can be done by stepping behind him, seizing him by the upper part of the neck with the left hand, and pressing his bill flat on the earth, while with the right hand a heavy chalk line is drawn on the ground to a distance of a few feet, perhaps six or eight, and in a direct line from the turkey's nose. He will lie there motionless

staring at the line, until taken up; and in the mean time the little tuft or cap on his forehead has shrunk to its former size, the Adam's Apple has collapsed, and the nose regained its normal size and color. When removed, he will rise gently, pace away in his usual measured, majestic way, and even take a bite of the food which he a short time ago so disdainfully rejected. Ferocious and haughty as he was ten minutes before, he will now suffer himself to be driven off into a remote corner of the yard by a cockerel, who had the misfortune to be jostled by him. The turkey in general is very cowardly. On perceiving a fowmart he will make off as fast as his heels can carry him, and will stoop into the high grass or into a bush or thicket at the sound uttered by even a very small owl, perhaps not one-tenth of his size.

Such is the tame turkey as seen in domestic life; we will now take a view of him in his wild state. The wild turkey roams from one oak forest and walnut grove to the other, till the winter season overtakes him. He then selects a good strong branch, which he chooses for his winter quarters. A sort of drowsiness overpowers him, and he throws back his head into his thick feathers, which afford him considerable warmth. During the autumn he has done nothing but stuff his stomach with acorns and walnuts. These make him so fat that if shot down from a high tree he will burst assunder on striking the ground. Possessing an over amount of nutriment in his body from his autumn gorging, the wild turkey requires but very little food during the winter season. At intervals, however, he descends from the tree-top and picks up a few acorns.

Quite a number of the turkey family live thus together in a single dense forest. On the approach of spring a hen makes the announcement with a peculiar cry, which is taken up by her next neighbor, then passed to the next, and in a few hours the whole colony are cooing. The gobblers descend from their tree-tops, and the hens creep out from their nests. The former strut about as proudly as an overdressed young fop on a promenade; and the hens begin to explore the country in search of a safe place for their nests. The hen always hides her eggs from the gobbler. The plumage of the wild turkey is of a brilliant metallic color. In the spring season the turkey commences his tours up and down the country, picking off choice berries from currant, raspberry and other fruit-bearing bushes. A good-sized turkey will weigh as much as fifty pounds.

Before closing this rather lengthy description, I should not pass over the young ones. The young turkeys are very tender. If they have the misfortune to be struck by a draft of cold air, or the sun shine upon their delicate head, or a nettle pierce their tender feet, or they are caught suddenly in a rain-shower, or "catch cold," they must immediately be wrapped up in flannel that has previously been well soaked in strong brandy; wine is poured into the water they drink; panado, frumenty and groats, eggs that have been cooked and chopped finely, and manchets, are placed before them. If the turkey hen espy a hawk, she immediately assembles her young ones, conceals them beneath her wings, or sets them under a thick bush. If she perceive a fowmart in the distance she immediately leaves her nest and contrives to allure the noxious animal away from her repository of eggs. The wild turkey is very thievish, knows how to unfasten ears of corn, understands the art of "hooking" fruit from the trees, and not seldom will he venture to enter a hen coop, eat away all the corn or bread, and then walk off contentedly. If it happens that the turkey is separated from his companions by a river or creek, he will try to fly over to them; but being so very fat and heavy, he often falls into the water, and seldom succeeds in reaching the opposite shore. Notwithstanding all his efforts, he falls back into the water, and is swept along by the current. But if, once perhaps in ten times, he succeeds in escaping Neptune's clutches and reaching *terra firma*, he again struts about proudly and majestically.

F. P. S.

Our Departed Founder.

As we have already intimated, numerous letters of sympathy with Notre Dame over the loss of its venerated Father Founder, the Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., are constantly being received. We would gladly give space to all, but the needs of our little paper forbid it, and our kind readers fully realize the greatness of the affliction with which our *Alma Mater* has been visited and the universality of the sympathy that consoles and encourages her. At the same time the publication of a few selected letters that may serve to intensify, in a particular manner, this universal mourning and cordial appreciation of a great life work, will, without slight to other devoted writers, be welcomed by our numerous readers. This week

we publish translations of letters addressed to the Very Rev. Father Français, Superior-General, C. S. C., from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Tours, France, which have been kindly handed to us by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby; also a letter recently written by the Bishop of San Antonio, Texas:

"VERY REV. FATHER:

"I sincerely mourn with you in the loss which your religious Community has sustained through the death of its Superior-General, the venerated Father Sorin. I shall unite in a particular manner with your prayers and offer up for him the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. . . .

"Your devoted in J. C.

✠ "FRANCIS CARDINAL RICHARD,
"Archbishop of Paris."

"VERY REV. FATHER:

"Your letter has brought me tidings that have grieved me greatly. I knew Father Sorin at the *Grand Seminaire*. It was he that led me there. Amiable and pious, he was beloved and admired by all of us. God did great things through him in America. We followed him from afar, and we loved to receive his letters. Several times I had the great pleasure of meeting him.

"The congratulations which he addressed to me on my elevation to the Cardinalate, and the prayers and good wishes which he offered for me, are still fresh in my memory. I hope that now from his seat in heaven he is praying for him who was one of his oldest and most sincere friends.

"I offer to God my prayers for the repose of his soul, and at the same time I invoke the intercession of that noble Christian, I may add that great apostle. I deeply sympathize in the grief of his Community of Holy Cross of which he was the savior, if not the founder.

"I thank you for your kindness in informing me of his departure for heaven.

✠ "G. CARDINAL MEIGNAN,
"Archbishop of Tours."

"P. S.—No doubt the biography of the venerable Father Sorin will soon be written. I hope the one who undertakes the work will communicate with me. I can furnish many interesting reminiscences of the seminary life of the lamented Superior."

"SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Nov. II, 1893.

"REV. DEAR FATHER:

"I deeply sympathize with you and your Community in the loss you have sustained by the death of your Superior-General, as I saw it to-day in the papers. It is a heavy loss, but God will not fail to protect you. I will pray for him, as it will be the best proof of my sympathy, and every day I will have a memento for him at Mass.

"I remain yours sincerely,

✠ "JOHN C. NERAZ,
"Bp. of San Antonio."

"LIEBENTHAL, KANSAS, Dec. 6, 1893.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"From the papers you kindly sent me I noticed for the first time that Very Rev. Father Sorin has gone to receive the reward of a long, well-spent life in his Mas-

ter's employ. If he does not enjoy it as yet, then woe to us! when shall we enjoy it? To-day I have said Mass for his repose; if he need it no more, our dear Lady will dispose of it. May he rest in peace! . . . My kindest regards and deepest sympathy to all.

"Yours as ever,

"REV. A. J. ABEL."

[From the Catholic Family Annual.]

Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.

BY REV. J. F. NUGENT.

On the 15th of May, 1853, the subject of our sketch first saw the light in the city of Montreal, Canada. Like most children of his time and circumstances he made his primary studies in the common school of his native city.

At the age of fifteen he entered the College of St. Laurent, an institution conducted by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, situated in a beautiful and romantic spot not many miles from Montreal. Here the boy remained for three years. It was during his stay in this institution that he decided on consecrating his life to the service of God. It was soon noticed that he was unusually talented. His studious habits and modest deportment quickly gained for him the esteem and confidence of his superiors. His vocation indicated the life of the teacher and preacher rather than that of the secular priest. He accordingly made application and was received into the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

He was now in his twentieth year. He had fully decided his future course, and he applied himself with all his energies to the pursuit of those studies necessary for the life on which he had entered.

Here again the talent of the youth arrested the attention of his superiors. It was therefore determined to send the young Levite to France to continue his studies. In 1873 he entered the Collège de Ste.-Croix at Neuilly, Paris, where he remained three years, teaching and perfecting himself in the higher branches. In September of 1876 he returned to America and was appointed to a professorship in Notre Dame. For two years he was Professor of Classics in the higher course. In 1877 he was made Vice-President of the University and Director of Studies. A few months later he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

In the summer of 1881 he became President of Notre Dame, which position he held at the

time of his death. His career was short but brilliant. His promotions followed in quick succession. He was ordained at the age of twenty-four, and at twenty-eight he was President of Notre Dame.

Nearly two years ago his health began to fail. He was young, and the approach of his insidious disease aroused no serious apprehensions. During the early part of last spring the symptoms of his malady became more alarming. His breathing suddenly became labored. Failure of appetite and insomnia indicated the rapid development of heart disease in a fatal form. The best physicians were consulted, but in vain. On the 19th of last June he received a letter from his medical adviser informing him that his case was hopeless. He bore the news with stoic calmness. The next day was commencement. Though ill, he struggled on to the close. That evening the baton of authority fell from his hand, and he began to prepare himself for the fatal moment.

In company with a few friends he went immediately to Waukesha. After two weeks at the health resort it was clear that even the elixir of Waukesha offered no hope. It was thought best, for the sake of special treatment, to remove him to St. Mary's Hospital in Milwaukee. He was there but a week. On the 17th of July, fortified by the sacraments, and surrounded by loving and devoted friends, he quietly yielded up his spirit to its Maker.

Father Walsh was widely known and is widely lamented. All who knew him loved him. The best estimate of his wide popularity is found in the numerous expressions of heartfelt sorrow which have flowed in from all parts of the country and from all sources.

Certain circumstances necessarily confine the biographer of Father Walsh to a narrow field. We cannot say many things of him, but we can say much. His death in a sense was premature. He died in the bright high noon of manhood. His sphere of activity lay within the precincts of the Church and class-room. Had he been thrown in contact with the outer world, compelled to grapple with the great and living questions of the day, and had the afternoon of his life been spared to him, he would undoubtedly have left to his biographer a rich field and a pleasing task.

His zeal in the cause of education, his administrative ability and his gentleness of manner pointed him out as a man destined to stand in the front rank with the great men of his age. It is, perhaps, the best estimate of his character

to say that in it were combined the scholar, the gentleman and the priest. His gravity and bearing eminently became the altar. He was equally at home in the pulpit and on the platform as a popular lecturer. In all places and on all occasions he was the thorough gentleman, easy, cultured and graceful. There was nothing in his manner that savored of the artificial and pedantic. Around him there was no atmosphere of foreign airs and schools. And yet, while he was free from these, his manner was removed from that commonplace so frequently indulged under our social democracy.

Father Walsh had many qualities that would have made him successful in almost any department of life, but he was peculiarly adapted to the sphere to which he had been called. Although a young man himself, he knew well how to make just allowances for the shortcomings and follies of youth.

He took a laudable pride in the prosperity and reputation of the University over which he had been placed; but the students were his special delight. He loved to talk about them, and to talk favorably of them to visitors. I remember to have stood with him several times on the porch as the boys passed in long lines to and from their halls and class-rooms. When I expressed my astonishment at the great number of boys, he smiled pleasantly and said: "Yes, and all fine fellows! I don't know where you could pick up a crowd of finer, manlier young fellows." Then he would observe some boy as he passed in the line, tell where he was from, what his parents were doing for him, and say there was nothing in the world the matter with him, only he was as wild as a colt. He seemed to know all the boys and all about them. He laid great stress on the quality of manliness. He had great esteem for an open-faced, manly boy. It was this liberal and manly way of dealing with the students that gave him his large hold on their affections. Placing the true standard of manhood before the boys and requiring them to work up to it was his favorite policy. It has done much, I think, to raise Notre Dame to its present standing.

Father Walsh has left a lasting monument of his zeal and industry on the grounds of Notre Dame. It was during his administration and under his supervision that the original design of the main building of the University was executed. During the same period Science Hall was added to the group of buildings which compose the University. He spared no labor to place Notre Dame in the front rank of edu-

cational institutions in the Western World. In the attainments of this end he regarded Science Hall and the library as important factors. Through the first it was possible to afford the advanced students all the advantages for obtaining a scientific education; on the second would rest the literary reputation of the institution. In both he succeeded. Science Hall compares favorably with anything of its kind in the country, while writers are beginning to turn their eyes towards the library of Notre Dame as a vast store-house of valuable literature.

Father Walsh died in Milwaukee, but the day after his death his body was conveyed to Notre Dame, and with solemn service and amid the tears of his brethren and sorrowing friends, was consigned to its last resting-place in the community's burying ground. The spot is shady, retired, and one of ideal beauty. Like the others, a plain cross marks his grave.

Do I wake or dream? Is it sight or seeming—
Dying, the sword uplifted and gleaming? I am fair and
strong.
I had planned me a day serene and long; is it ended
quite—
Planning and labor and love's delight?
O Lord, life-giver, life-cherisher, see the little lives that
have need of me—
Hearts bound in mine, by the love of that human Heart
of Thine.
Tender for all, the awful word of Thy power recall!
Youths I'm pledged to train are not in heaven, but still
await me here.
Oh, much to live for and much to love hast Thou given
me, God above!
Over and done? Why, the best of my life was but just
begun!
Not yet at its noon the sun of my summer-time:
Soon, too soon art Thou calling me.
O Lord of time and eternity, what are a score of years
to Thee?
Stay the hand on the dial; nay, no denial!
I would live, I would live! I've lived true to Thee, have
pity on me!
No respite, none? Then, God, if it must be, Thy will be
done!
Ah! ah, me! Through the dusk of this drear eclipse I see
The dear dead Christ—for me and my heaven sacrificed—
White on the Cross, the Atonement dread consummated!
Let me hide my face in the dust at His feet,
While the moments fleet.
I will trust His love for the life that's done and the life
begun.



NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Societies are an essential element of college life. They are the bone and fibre of every institution; for the life, spirit and enthusiasm of the students are united and shown to the best advantage by this means. Nothing can be accomplished unless there is union; and this can be effected only by bringing the students into closer contact with one another. The benefits that will be derived therefrom are readily perceived, and it will not be necessary to undertake to enumerate them. The one grand aim of all is the improvement and instruction of the student.

Some may expect to rise to distinction, while others, actuated by feelings of modesty, will not strive for that coveted goal; but this will not prevent them from being called upon to express themselves on matters of grave importance. There is not an American who will not be called upon, some time in his life, to give his views concerning affairs of the most vital importance to the nation. To do this well he should be able to express himself logically and forcibly. Orators are not born, they are made by hard study and constant practice. It would be simply absurd to think of becoming one without practice; but by means of societies facility in writing, forcibleness in speaking and ease in delivery can be acquired by each and everyone. All should feel a personal pride in the matter, and we may venture to say that their success, both in speaking and writing, will be extremely gratifying to themselves.

Semi-Annual Examinations.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19-20.

(Under the supervision of Rev. President Morrissey.)

BOARDS OF EXAMINERS.

CLASSICAL COURSE—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. D. J. Spillard, Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. P. Franciscus, Rev. P. Klein, Rev. J. Cavanaugh, Prof. J. F. Edwards, Prof. W. Hoynes, Prof. M. F. Egan, Prof. J. G. Ewing, secretary.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE—Rev. J. A. Zahm, pre-

siding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. J. Kirsch, Rev. J. Burns; Prof. F. X. Ackermann, Prof. M. J. McCue, Prof. C. P. Neil, secretary.

COMMERCIAL COURSE—Rev. J. J. French, presiding; Rev. B. Ill, Rev. J. Just; Bro. Theogene, Bro. Philip Neri; Prof. M. O'Dea, secretary.

PREPARATORY COURSE, BROWNSON HALL—Rev. W. Maloney, presiding; Bro. Leander, secretary; Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Louis, Mr. M. Lauth, Prof. Preston, Prof. J. McDonald.

PREPARATORY COURSE, CARROLL HALL—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Rev. T. Corbett, secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Albius, Bro. Cajetan, Bro. Alphonsus.

Good Language.

It has been well said that the years spent at school or college would be profitably employed if one learned nothing more than the art of conversing well. A good converser is perhaps more difficult to find than a good orator. It is not by any means rare to see men of unquestionable ability appearing to very great disadvantage in society. Hume, the historian, it is said, was positively sheepish in the drawing-room. At a reception given in his honor in Paris the only words which he had self-possession enough to utter during the evening were, "*Eh bien, madame*," several times addressed to the hostess. Now, to be brilliant in the *salon* may or may not be an aim worthy of the ambition of the student; but there is one essential part of the art of conversation which all should make it a point to master before leaving school, and that is the use of good language. It is the language which one uses that stamps him immediately as a person of education and refinement or the reverse. Whether a man is or is not well versed in Hebrew, Sanskrit, or the higher mathematics, is a question which at least ninety-nine hundredths of those with whom he associates will never be able to solve; but all will at once be able to detect whether he makes use of good language or not, and will form their judgment of him accordingly.

Students—even those whose standing in class is high—are perhaps as a class inclined to be somewhat careless with respect to the language they make use of. If their attention is called to any accuracy of expression, they are of course willing to acknowledge their mistake, but seek to excuse themselves on the plea that it was made intentionally or through carelessness, and is not to be attributed to ignorance.

As though a fault were a fault only when committed through ignorance! Those careless persons should remember that the manner in which our thoughts are usually expressed soon becomes a fixed habit, or second nature, which cannot be changed or got rid of without the utmost difficulty. It is next to impossible to have one kind of language—like an every-day suit of clothes—for our intercourse with ordinary people, and another for set occasions. If, therefore, we wish to be spared the mortification of blundering before those persons concerning whose good opinion we are solicitous, the only plan is carefully to avoid blundering even before those on whose opinion we are perhaps apt to set less value.

Some persons, who evidently have a certain ambition to shine in conversation, seem to think it impossible to be choice in their expressions and yet make use of language intelligible to ordinary mortals. Our best wish for such persons is that

"Some power the gift would gie them
To see themselves as others see them."

Good English and what is commonly known as jaw-breaking English are two very different things; and young men aiming at good language would do well always to bear this in mind. To those other and graver faults against good language, as well as propriety—viz., vulgarity, slang, and profanity—there is, we trust, at present no necessity to allude. Ungrammatical and inelegant expressions may lead others to form a low opinion of our culture; but coarseness of speech must force them to form a low opinion of ourselves. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and we rate too highly the qualities of heart of the Notre Dame students to suppose that the language they habitually make use of could offend a sense of delicacy however fastidious.

B.

The Songs of Sappho.*

A REVIEW.

We have often heard of Sappho, and have frequently seen her name appended to some epigram, or part of a fragment poorly translated from the Greek, but that is all. To the greater number of us her name only suggests an old, worn-out fable, a vague fancy, or a myth. But Sappho means a great deal more

than this. To the privileged few who have studied the classics she is no such mystery. For centuries she has been quoted and eulogized, and the scanty remains of her prolific stilus the delight of advanced students in all times and countries. Mr. H. T. Wharton, of London, was the first to bring her in close acquaintance with English readers; and for his deep research and careful edition of Sappho in the entirety of her works in our language he more than merits the general praise with which he has been deluged.

Very few facts are known about this wonderful woman; but it is probable she was born at Eresus, a Lesbian by birth, the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis, and lived about the time Solon was legislating at Athens. There is a doubtlessly untrue legend which says that she fell desperately in love with Phaon, a marvellously beautiful youth, and to rid herself of this unrequited passion, she perished by leaping from a tall, white rock hanging over the sea from Leucas, which, as the story goes, if it did not end in the death of those who made the leap, would cure them of the passion of love. At any rate, she very likely lived beyond her prime; for she taught a school of young girls music, poetry and embroidery at Mitylene, and left an enormous amount of verse, the greater part of which was burned by order of the Byzantine emperors in the fourth century.

Her works consisted of nine books of odes and many others of wedding songs, hymns, elegies, monodies and epigrams. "All are gone, save one ode, part of another, three epigrams, and a few broken fragments!" How unfortunate it is that so many of her perfect lyrics have perished beneath the hand of time! Were they too licentious? Were not all the ancient poets more or less so? "Nevertheless," as Volger says, "they were held in great honor on account of other qualities and gifts of genius, and justly so." And though we might have regarded Sappho bad in part, we could love and admire the great good which would shine forth. As it is, we would never have known her but for the quotations of the grammarians, rhetoricians and scholiasts.

The later comic poets of Greece and Rome made her name a synonym for all female licentiousness, and even up to our own day this seems to be the generally accepted estimate of her character. Our novelists also help to do this. "Whenever a story is written in which the heroine is more than usually 'brazen' the name

* THE SONGS OF SAPPHO. Edited by James Easby-Smith. Washington, D. C.: Stormont & Jackson.

of Sappho is dragged in and affixed to it." M. Bellardon de Sauvigny appears to go out of his way in trying to prove, "she was incapable of any passion save the most debased." It is really sad that with women thus famous nearly always "some cloud of reproach has mingled with the incense." Why is this? Is it because they are women and thus deserving of severer criticism in coarse periods of social transition? With Sappho it may be because she is an example of "an unsuccessful effort to combine" two social systems at the wrong time. But be this as it may, there is an abundance of good in her writings, and it is charitable to see and to speak only of this. "Her praises began with the epigrammatists and continue to be sung at the present day. Antipater says:

"Sappho my name, in song o'er women held
As far supreme as Homer men excelled."*

This is by Pinytus:

"This tomb reveals where Sappho's ashes lie;
But her sweet words of wisdom ne'er will die."†

This is ascribed to Plato:

"Some thoughtlessly proclaim the muses nine;
A tenth is Lesbian Sappho, maid divine."‡

"Few, indeed, are the fragments of those matchless songs which sounded through the myrtle groves of Lesbos, but they still charm the world as they charmed the Lesbian peasant and Grecian lord of old; they are a fountain head of lyrical fire whence Horace, Catallus, Byron, Tennyson and Swinburne have drawn."

Sappho adored Venus. She famished for love; and yet she was not made up of one passion alone—which is proven by the beautiful fragment:

"When anger swells thy breast, beware of thy sharp tongue."

But love was so magically handled by her that when she took any other theme her writings became so dull by comparison that they were neglected and less care taken in their preservation. "Love is the burden of her songs as far as we have them." She was the favorite poet in the Court of Love, and she richly merited all the graces she received. She knew the tyranny and tenderness and beauty of her Queen, and in awe she bowed in adoration of every new flash of beauty that shed its quivering lustres over the enchanting body of the fair Venus. "She recognized her ideal as divine." The sweetest lines on the subject of love to be found in the greatest of poets since her time are but imitations. Throwing away that admirable charm of Sapphic simplicity, they give

us naught but poor representations of the images embodied in Sappho's ode to love personified. "In all her successors in the laureateship, from Horace, the bard of Augustus, to Tennyson, the bard of Victoria, Sappho finds no equal."

She pictures love as we see it, by outer signs, founded by experience and observation—the effect of the soul in this passion on the body. We find few figures of speech, and those are very apt and simple. "How fitting is the simile of the faded grass in the second ode! What is more significant of inevitable decay than a blade of grass that has lost its verdancy beyond the possibility of rejuvenescence?" She puts into a few lines what Swinburne would deck with half a hundred. Simplicity is the pervading beauty of her style. "She crowds words and images into the reader's mind, supposing him to know what she means." How different is Swinburne's paraphrase of the fragment,—

"I love thee, Atthis, once long ago!"

Swinburne gives us eight lines of beautiful lyrical flight: but the soft Sapphic whisper,

"I loved thee once,"

in his version, "after six lines of tinkling—sweet be it admitted—suddenly swells into a cyclone." The English poet's interpretation is:

"I loved thee, hark, one tenderer note than all,—
Atthis of old time, once—one low, long fall,
Sighing—one long, low, lovely, loveless call,
Dying—one pause in song so flame-like fast—
Atthis, long since, in old time overpast—
One soft pause first and last
One,—then the old rage of rapture's fieriest rain
Storms all the music, maddened night again."

Let me quote a few verses from the ode to Anactoria and notice the delicacy of taste used in the choice of the epithets:

"Equal to the gods that mortal seems to me;
Yea, o'erpowered with heaven's delight,
Who enraptured in thy sight,
Hears thy soft speech, and thy light
 Silvery glee."

"Pale as faded grass I tremble, and a dread
Seizes all my heart and brain,
Holds them in a maddened strain,
Brings the joy-forgotten pain
 Of the dead."

And in the ode to Venus:

"Thou didst yoke thy sparrows to thy golden car,
And the fair and fleet-winged minions,
Spreading wide their snowy pinions,
Drew thee through the sky's dominions
 To the earth, afar."

"Bearing thee, immortal one, they swiftly came,
And thou, smiling, stoodst before me,
Asking: 'Why dost thou implore me?
What great trouble hovers o'er thee
That thou call'st my name?'"

* Lord Neaves. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

"Though he spurn thy gifts, thy woes shall be forgot;
Fired with love he shall pursue thee,
Bringing fairest presents to thee;
Loveless now, he soon shall woo thee,
Though he fain would not."

Could anything have more winsome beauty than this fragment:

"It is like unto the apple which in blushing beauty clings
To the very utmost bough, or on the very highest swings;
Which the pluckers overlooked, and in their greedy
hurry left,
Nay, which was not overlooked but was too lofty for the
theft.
Or, 'tis like unto the hyacinth which purples on the hill
Which the shepherds, passing careless, tramp into the
earth and kill."

And of the epigrams, permit me to quote this one as particularly pleasing:

"Here Timas lies, the exultant maid,
Whom, as she donned the bridal wreath,
Cruel Persephone betrayed
To Pluto and the ashes of death.
Then flashed the steel among the curls
Of all the train of waiting girls,
Who laid their lovely temples bare
To deck the virgin's tomb with votive hair."

The book has a very convenient, attractive dress, and is of special interest to students in the higher classes of Greek; for Mr. Easby-Smith has spared no pains in having the full and correct text in Greek printed on one side of the page and the English translation on the other. Mr. Easby-Smith is to be congratulated on his success in giving us a perfect, entire translation of the works of that Lesbian wonder, with her melodious verse, love and pathos, and in bringing so well into our acquaintance that bewitching soul of poesy—

"That soul, though love and life had fain held fast
Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and past
Through the inidrawn hollow of earth and heaven and
hell

As through a strait sea shell
The wide sea's immemorial song, the sea
That sings and breathes in strange men's ears of thee,
How in her barren bride-bed, void and vast,
Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last."

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

Exchanges.

Our exchanges are full of the football controversy now pending decision. It is acknowledged that the game under the present rules offers too many chances for the exercise of brutality. Moreover, the formation of wedges not only hinders the visitors from enjoying the game, but is even attended with great danger to the players. The faculties of several prominent institutions, while holding that football should not be eliminated entirely from college sports, advocate a modification of the present

code of rules. We may look for a different method of play for the season of '94.

* * *

The *University of Virginia Magazine* enjoys the distinction of being literary—a noteworthy quality even in a college journal. The hearty co-operation of all the students augurs well for its success. We feel sure that the medal offered for the best essay contributed to its columns, although an incentive to good writing, does not wholly influence the contributors. Virginia's men are proud of their *Magazine* and they have good reason to be so.

* * *

The Norwegian issue of *College Clips* is always a source of pleasure. Its delightful air of exclusiveness places it apart from its plebeian companions. How helpless those headings in the vernacular look in contrast with the invigorating Norse tongue!

* * *

The country editor who is prevented from issuing his paper by an accident to the train bearing the "patent insides," might learn a lesson from the *Wesleyan Echo*. The management of this magazine of ancient jokes and venerable liners complacently ignore collisions and kindred accidents. They have stored away volumes of "boiler-plate" matter, and numberless issues are thus secured. Other college editors may rack their brains to secure novelties, but they of the *Echo* are determined that no nightmare shall disturb their peace. And, then, the *Echo* is conservative—ah, yes! ultra-conservative!

* * *

From the *Campus* we learn that a plan is on foot to extend co-education to the literary societies of Allegheny College. There is an apparent lack of enthusiasm among the ladies' societies, and several members long to be in a more masculine atmosphere. Why not let the small minority shift for themselves? It would be too bad to introduce the gentle sex into the noisy debates carried on by men. We are confident that the change would be congenial neither to the ladies nor to the gentlemen.

* * *

The *Hillsdale Herald* gives the impression that it is in the hands of persons who are connected with Hillsdale College only by means of their collector. These interested individuals (said interest being confined to their subscription lists) are seriously annoyed at the impertinence of an enthusiastic student

who calls upon his comrades to found a worthy representative of their *Alma Mater*. With a mixture of timid defiance and charming gush the *Herald* claims a hearing. It has existed in its present form for eighteen years, and though it is a trifle dull, it is a land-mark, and as such is worthy of respect. However we may sympathize with these unfortunate managers, we must confess to a wish that the students may be better represented.

Obituary.

BROTHER PAUL OF THE CROSS.

Bro. Paul, C. S. C., Prefect of the Senior department of the University, died on the evening of the 12th inst. For a number of years the deceased had suffered from the ailment which finally carried him off, though he had been but a few days confined to his bed before his death. Known in the world as Patrick Connors, he was born in Ireland, in 1850, and in 1867 entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. During the past twenty-five years he had been constantly one of the Prefects of the Senior department, and was ever zealous to promote the happiness and welfare of the students. As a consequence he was deservedly held in high esteem, and by all who knew him the tidings of his demise must be received with deep and sincere regret.

The funeral services were held in the college church on Thursday morning at eight o'clock, the Faculty and students attending in a body. After the Office of the Dead, Solemn *Requiem* Mass was sung by Rev. President Morrissey, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. Very Rev. Provincial Corby addressed a few eloquent, impressive words to the students, after which the Absolution was pronounced, and the remains of Bro. Paul were borne to their resting-place in the Community cemetery. May he rest in peace!

RESOLUTIONS.

A special meeting of the Notre Dame Athletic Association was held on Wednesday afternoon to take action on the demise of one of its directors, the lamented Brother Paul, C. S. C., Col. Wm. Hoynes presiding. In calling the meeting to order, President Hoynes, in a touching panegyric pathetically eulogized Brother Paul. On the motion of Mr. Du Brul and the seconding of Mr. Sinnott, a committee of five was appointed by the chairman to draft resolutions of respect and condolence to the memory of Brother Paul. The following were submitted and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to summon from among us, Brother Paul, the

beloved director of the Notre Dame Athletic Association, and,

WHEREAS, A gloom has been cast over us by his sudden death, and

WHEREAS, In his lamented demise, the members of the Association have lost an unassuming, yet energetic director, and our *Alma Mater*, an invaluable and indispensable servant. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Athletic Association, profoundly deplore his untimely death, and sincerely hope for the happy repose of his soul;

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved community, of which he was an humble and pious member, our deep and heartfelt sympathy and condolence;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed upon the records of this Association by the secretary, and that copies of the same be forwarded to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and the press of South Bend for publication.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL,

FRANCIS M. KEOUGH,

JOHN P. BARRETT,

A. B. CHIDESTER,

CHARLES F. ROBY,—*Committee.*

Mr. Michael Kinsella, '73, died at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 6th inst. The deceased was the brother of Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C., and of Frank Kinsella, '74. He was industrious and popular during his collegiate days, and in after years manifested the same qualities in a successful Christian life. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Vacation.

—All aboard for home.

—"Stop him! head him off!"

—Has he a stiletto up his sleeve?

—Who, did you say, had the "swell head."

—Ed. says that he awoke and found it but a dream.

—Found—The "Lost Chord." Inquire of J. McVean.

—Curb does not see where the joke comes in on him.

—Larry affirms that it was a good thing he was not there.

—We are all very glad to see Freddy's genial smile as of yore.

—It was very strange that the accused did not plead "guilty."

—The "corporal" has ceased to admire his new cadet uniform.

—Writing competitions with a red pencil is decidedly improper.

—The Lambs are waiting patiently for what is perhaps never to be.

—Richard headed the list of celebrities attached to the document.

—Examinations will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

—Mr. Charles Sartan, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, visited Fred Esgen last Sunday.

—Hosscar, instead of falling from grace, avers that grace has fallen to him.

—The gentleman from Iowa arises to inform the chair that he is out of order. Ditto sight.

—“Chass” says that he is able to prove an alibi, and that it is all a mistake to accuse him.

—“Red’s style is getting to be of the very best.” His “inaptitude to govern” is a good one.

—The Irish question has been the subject of a warm debate in the “Gym” during the past week.

—“If history does not record the truth,” says Spike, “how could we believe that Jack Cæsar discovered England?”

—Mr. C. F. Parent and son, of Detroit, Mich., were the guests of F. E. Duffield, of Brownson Hall, last Saturday.

—If the evidence of some witnesses is to be believed, it is quite evident that a farm hand is not supposed to be living.

—The Rev. J. B. Bourassa, Rector of St. Louis’ Church, Pullman, Ill., was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—The race between Mott and Cullinan was very exciting. Ask Lord Tom to describe it. He can do so in a very graphic manner.

—There was quite a scramble to avoid a particular snowball (?) that was thrown at the sleigh load of Brownsonites, last Friday.

—The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, paid a short but very pleasant visit to the College on Thursday last.

—The Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, ’74, of the Cathedral, Chicago, attended the funeral of his old-time Prefect, Brother Paul, C. S. C., on Thursday last.

—Prof. Egan delivered a very fine lecture on “The Novel” during the latter part of last week to the class of English Literature, and also that of Criticism.

—The chilling disapprobation of a certain document produced by our friend was certainly a great damper on the enthusiasm he manifested in the cause.

—Tim is very anxious for an opportunity to sing “The Night Maloney Landed,” but the denizens of the Gym have all agreed that as sung by him, it would be entirely too pathetic.

—Bro. Valerian makes grateful acknowledgments to St. Mary’s School and St. Joseph’s Academy, South Bend, for several thousand cancelled postage stamps received from these institutions some time ago.

—A crowd of Brownsonites, chaperoned by Bro. Hilarion, were treated to an enjoyable sleigh ride on last Friday afternoon. Without doubt it was the most enjoyable ride the students have had for many a day.

—Curb has added a new word to his vocabulary. The first and second letters of it is a man; the first, second and third a woman; the first, second, third and fourth, a great man, and

the whole word a great woman. Ask him for it.

—Green is a very good authority on English History; and a close study of his work will no doubt be of great value to the students; but when it comes to embodying the exact words *in toto* of his history in an original essay it is time to call a halt.

—Now is the time for hand ball. This is the only pastime that can at this season engage the attention of the boys. There are, however, not enough match games played to keep up interest in the game. One or two of these games a week would serve to make the sport more popular.

—In giving an account of the hand ball game, the report read that Brownson Hall had been challenging the M. L. S. department, which was an error. The M. L. S. men had challenged Brownson Hall, but the latter department had no time to arrange games before the expiration of the football season.

—The death of Bro. Paul has been a great shock, and a cause for intense sorrow to the members of Brownson Hall, with whom he was very closely connected as Prefect. The last fatal sickness was of such a short duration that it is almost impossible to realize that he is gone. All are firm in the conviction that the place vacated by Bro. Paul will be hard to fill as creditably as he has done during the space allotted to him for his labors among us.

—THE ENGLISH MEDAL.—The essays for the English medal should be all handed in before May 30. The writers are requested to have them type-written. The following is the list of subjects: (1) “The Cause of the Popularity of *Ik Marvel*.” (2) “Home and the Poets.” (3) “Why Thackeray’s Characters Will Live.” (4) “St. Philip de Neri.” (5) “Letter-Writing as an Art.” (6) “Literary Pretences.” (7) “An American Aristocracy.” (8) “Pathos in Literature.” (9) “Coventry Patmore.” (10) “*Ruskin* in American Literature.” (11) “The Effect of the Battle of Gettysburg.” (12) “Literature and Modern Science.” (13) “The University Student and Journalism.”

—MOOT COURT.—The University Moot-court was held on Wednesday last. The case of Clarence B. Clausen, administrator of the estate of Warren R. Clausen, *vs.* The Chicago & Grand Trunk RR. Co., came up in the U. S. District Court. Clarence B. Clausen, the father of Warren Clausen, sues the Railroad Company for the death of his son which was caused by an accident on the road. Clausen was an engineer on the Railroad, and was on the engine of a train coming into South Bend. Another train was coming from South Bend, and both were late. The telegraph operator at Mishawaka did not inform the conductor of the train upon which Clausen was engineer that the other train was late. The two trains met, and Clausen was killed. His father, Warren Clausen, brings

suit against the Grand Trunk Railroad Co., for \$10,000 damages. The Railroad Co. claimed that the operator was a fellow-servant, and therefore the Company would not be responsible for the death which resulted from his negligence. Judge Hoynes, who presided, decided that the contention of the Railroad Company was good, and consequently was not liable in damages for the death of Clausen. The attorneys for Clausen were Messrs. Chidester and Ryan, and for the Grand Trunk Railroad Co., E. Roby and F. Onzon.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Cullen, Crawley, Devanney, Dempsey, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Kuhnert, Kearney, Keough, J. McKee, F. McKee, Maurus, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, McGarry, Pritchard, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Baur, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Burns, W. Byrne, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, L. Byrne, Cullinan, Campbell, Clarke, Corry, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cooledge, Cuneo, Chirhart, F. Dillon, Dorsey, Duffield, Dougan, Fagan, T. Falvey Foley, Freytag, F. Falvey, A. Flynn, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, Groff, Halligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Hennessy, Hesse, Harding, Hodge, Ilgenfritz, Kramer, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Karter, Kelly, Ludwig, Maguire, Maloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, Murphy, Ney, O'Rourke, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Quinlan, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, G. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Schwartz, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Schmidt, Stace, Sokup, Smoger, Turner, Tinnin, Vignos White, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Burns, Banholzer, Ball, Clarke, Connor, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Coyne, Clendenin, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Druecker, Doherty, Dutt, Dixon, Dannemiller, Dalton, Damzac, Edwards, Foley Fennessey, Fox, Farley, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Gibbons, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Healy, Howard, Hoban, Hutchinson, E. Jones, H. Jones, Jack, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lippman, Leonard, Lee, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Miles, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, Masters, Martin, McShane, McCarrick, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Phillips, Pim, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Reber, Shillington, Swift, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Strong, Serrano, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, J. Treber, W. Treber, Taylor, Wilcox, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Wensinger, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wymetal, Whitehead, Ward, Wachtler, L. Yglesia, A. 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, Cooledge, 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, Ortez, 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.

To the "Monitor."

"Carping critics" have never been allowed to "throw cold water" on a movement that was positively "praiseworthy or beneficial." Sometimes boys lose opportunities. Yes, but it comes from other reasons than envious feelings that prejudice them. No "movement dies for lack of support" when the enthusiasm that arouses some leader propels him into the way of true independence and he forgets not that it is the liberty to do what is right. We do well to depend on the Faculty for sanction of our propositions before acting upon them. When some of our principal men in the athletic circles have been acknowledged to have all requisites for honored students except judgment, are we blameable for lagging sometimes?

"The practised team showed up" better than any other eleven has ever before in the history of Notre Dame. The Thanksgiving day game was one that elicited well-deserved applause from everybody who saw it, and every one knows that *our* boys had been repeatedly asked, with queer expressions and winks: "If Hillsdale didn't have a pretty pert team?" No one, save a few in blind philopatrimism, would say they thought Notre Dame's chances favorable. Then the boasting spirit of some, and other influences from outsiders, made the 'Varsity Eleven turbulent in emulative strife. And were it not for the fact that we do not wish to make this matter personal, we could show some very inconsistent things happening to the Buckeye clans. But we won, because these two things worked as a great stimulus instead of having a retarding effect—a discouraging one. We wonder why the columns of the SCHOLASTIC did not contain some mention of the two finest plays in the game, in which a Chicago man and an Ohio man figured conspicuously? All in all, Mr. Monitor, we like your good intentions which we are compelled to interpret from the heading of your article, but your method is bad. There are no Ohio boys or Chicago boys here when we wish to do something as students, and it is not good policy to drag in the names of a great city and great state and with a raspy tongue lick the hands of their representatives to create your support. "If one has a good idea, help him." Yes; then "each one's particular good will be benefited." But don't give such weak examples of *esprit de corps*.

O. H. IOMAN.