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Keats.

WITH eager lips he drank the sparkling wine
Of ages that long since have passed away.
A Greek of Greeks, he dearly loved the lay
Of that blind Homer, whose each rhythmic line
Reveals to us amazed a perfect mine
Of beauties rare; with him he loved to stray
Amid Olympic fields. Without dismay
He fought for Greece, and bore her ills condign.

O Keats, sweet warbler of immortal songs!
Those who the magic music of thy notes
Have heard, will ever in their bosoms hold
Thee dear. The hand of time avenged thy wrongs
Long years ago, and fame thy name now floats
Upon its tempest wave, as was foretold.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

Voltaire on Fossils and the Flood.

REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

From the earliest dawn of observation and speculation until their true story was revealed by the modern science of paleontology, fossils have ever been objects of interest and wonder. Many have been the theories regarding them which have obtained in divers times and places, and often have they been pressed into service by philosopher and theologian to give vraisemblance to some ingenious hypothesis in science, or some novel commentary on Scripture. I question, however, if any one has ever entertained more preposterous notions regarding their origin and occurrence than that notorious coryphæus of infidelity, Voltaire. It seems incredible that any one endowed with ordinary

common-sense could have advocated such views as were put forth by the noted Frenchman; but when one remembers to what artifices the impugners of the faith—especially those of the Voltairean or Ingersollian brand—are wont to resort in their warfare against truth and religion; how prone they are to ignore facts which contravene preconceived notions, or which are adverse to systems on which they have staked their all, we can easily comprehend apparent mental aberrations which otherwise would be simply inexplicable.

In Voltaire's time fossil shells found on plain and mountain were appealed to as certain evidences of the extent and magnitude of the Deluge. Fossils found imbedded in the solid rock, in marl beds and gravel pits, gave strength to the argument derived from shells scattered over the earth's surface.

Woodward, an English geologist, who wrote in the latter part of the seventeenth century, imagined "the whole terrestrial globe to have been taken to pieces and dissolved at the Flood, and the strata to have settled down from this promiscuous mass as any earthy sediment from a fluid." And to bolster up his fanciful hypothesis he went so far as to declare, contrary to all the facts in the case, that "marine bodies are lodged in the strata according to the order of their gravity, the heavier shells in stone, the lighter in chalk, and so of the rest."

Thomas Burnet, a contemporary of Woodward, entertained still more extravagant views. In his *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, or "Sacred Theory of the Earth,"—a work which attracted widespread attention at the time—he explained why the primeval earth enjoyed a perpetual spring before the Flood! showed how the crust of the globe was fissured by the sun's rays, so that it

burst, and thus the diluvial waters were let loose from a supposed central abyss.

At the same time William Whiston, at first the deputy and subsequently the successor of Sir Isaac Newton in the chair of mathematics at Cambridge, published his "New Theory of the Earth," wherein he discussed the Universal Deluge from a new standpoint. He attributed the Flood to the near approach to the earth of a comet, "and the condensation of the vapor of its tail into water." Having ascribed an increase of the waters to this source, he adopted Woodward's theory, supposing all stratified deposits to have resulted from the "chaotic sediment of the Flood."*

These physico-theological systems of the English cosmologists were refuted and ridiculed by Vallisneri, Moro and the Carmelite friar, Generelli, who are justly regarded as the ablest exponents of the science of geology during the first decades of the eighteenth century.

But notwithstanding the researches and discoveries of the Italian school of geologists, so prevalent was the notion that fossils, wherever found, were the result of Noah's Deluge, that Voltaire in his anxiety to shake the popular belief in the Universal Deluge, endeavored to inculcate scepticism as to the real nature of fossil shells, and to recall from contempt the exploded dogma of the sixteenth century that they were sports of nature.

To Voltaire, Bernard Palissy, who was the first one in France to promulgate true notions respecting the nature of fossil shells, was but a visionary whose theories were both ridiculous and absurd. The views of the Italian geologists, as well as those of Palissy, he dismissed with a sneer, or a simple expression of undisguised contempt. At best they gave him but little concern. It was against the popular views advocated by Woodward, Burnet, Whiston and their school—views which obtained not only in England but also in France and Germany as well—that he directed all the resources of his genius and all the force of his sarcastic and sophistical pen.

"The Scriptures," says the "Sage of Ferney," "tell us that there was a deluge; but there is apparently no other monument of it on the earth but the memory of a terrible prodigy, which warns us, but in vain, to be just." In his estimation it is but a fable, like the deluges of Deucalion, and Ogyges, and this, forsooth, because there is no record of such an inundation in the writings of Herodotus or Thucydides.

* Cf. Lyell's "Principles of Geology," Vol. I, chap. iii.

Rather than give credence to the Bible, and rather than accept the scriptural narrative of the Deluge, as then interpreted, the great infidel had recourse to the silliest and most puerile explanations of the nature and occurrence of those countless and widespread witnesses (as was currently taught) of a great catastrophe—the fossils which were everywhere so abundant.

He did not hesitate to revive the exploded view that fossils were but *lusus nature*—mere sports of nature* due to the plastic power of the earth itself. He was ready even to credit a story which was circulated about fossil shells having been experimentally produced in a certain soft stone—*dans une pierre tendre*,—or to believe that marine shells were produced in fresh water lakes, of the existence of which there was not a scintilla of evidence.

His views regarding ammonites are as amusing as they are far-fetched: "Reptiles," he informs us, "almost always form a spiral when not in motion; and it is not surprising that when they petrify they should assume the form of a volute. More natural still is it to conceive that certain stones spontaneously assume a spiral form. The Alps and the Vosges are full of them. These are what naturalists denominate *Cornua Ammonis*." †

The fossil remains of a reindeer and a hippopotamus, which were discovered near Etampes, and which excited a great deal of discussion at the time, found a simple explanation at the hands of Voltaire. They were simply specimens which had strayed from the collection of some naturalist—skeletons "*qu'un curieux avait eu autrefois dans son cabinet*."

As a result of his examination of the faluns of Touraine, situated over a hundred miles from the sea, Palissy proved that the marl there found,

* In his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, Article, *Coquilles*, he asks: "Est on bien sûr que le sol de la terre ne peut enfanter ces fossiles? La formation des agates arborisées ne doit-elle pas nous faire suspendre notre jugement? Un arbre n'a point produit l'agate qui représente parfaitement un arbre; la mer peut aussi n'avoir point produit ces coquilles fossiles qui ressemblent à des habitations de petits animaux marins."

† Les reptiles forment presque toujours une spirale, lorsqu'ils ne sont pas en mouvement; et il n'est pas surprenant que quand ils se pétrifient, la pierre prenne la figure informe d'une volute. Il est encore plus naturel qu'il y ait des pierres formés d'elles mêmes en spirales: les Alpes, les Vosges en sont pleines. Il a plu aux naturalistes d'appeler ces pierres des *Cornes d'Ammon*. (*Dissertation sur les Changements Arrivés dans Notre Globe, Envoyée à l'Académie de Boulogne. Œuvres Complètes de M. de Voltaire. Paris: Sanson & Cie., 1792. Vol. 43, p. 131.*)

was composed of pulverized marine shells. This indicated that the site now occupied by the faluns was formerly under the ocean. This to Voltaire was absurd. He sent for a box of the marl in order that he might examine it personally. As a result of his inspection he declares: "It is certain, as far as my eyes can give certitude, that this marl is a species of earth, and not a conglomeration of marine animals numbering more than a hundred thousand milliard milliard.*"

The fossil oyster shells found in the Alps were, according to Voltaire, but the shells of fresh water mussels. He was positive in maintaining, in the face of innumerable facts to the contrary, that marine shells are always found near the ocean, or on level plains but little above sea-level, but never at high altitudes, especially on the top of high mountains.

When he was told that petrified fish had been found in the mountains of Germany and Switzerland he answered at once that their presence there could easily be accounted for. They were but fish which a traveller had taken with him, which, becoming spoiled, were thrown away and were subsequently petrified.†

New difficulties, however, multiplied in rapid succession. Countless shells were found in Italy and France and round about Mont Cenis, which, it was claimed, resembled those occurring in the eastern Mediterranean. But nothing daunted, Voltaire, as usual, had an answer to his hand, but such an answer as only one reduced to the narrowest straits would ever think of giving.

The great infidel was leading a forlorn hope in his attack on geology and the Bible—the teachings of the two were one as then understood—but this he would never admit. He was intent on discrediting the Bible, on relegating to the domain of fable the Genesis narrative of the Flood, and to attain his end he employed arguments that were as ludicrous as they were irrational.

His attempts at explaining the occurrence of marine shells resembling those found in the Syrian sea, and in the neighborhood of the Alps are so characteristic of the methods of Voltaire, and his style of argumentation generally, that I give at length what he says on this topic.

"There have," he says, "been found in the provinces of Italy, France and elsewhere, small shells, which, we are assured, originally came from the sea of Syria. I do not wish to call

their origin in question; but should we not bear in mind that those countless hosts of pilgrims and Crusaders who carried their money to the Holy Land brought back shells on their return? Or should we prefer to believe that the sea of Jaffa and Sidon at one time overflowed Burgundy and Milan?"*

Elsewhere he expresses himself as follows: "Is it altogether a fantastical idea to reflect on the immense crowds of pilgrims who travelled afoot from St. James in Galicia, and from all the provinces, to Rome by way of Mont Cenis, carrying shells on their caps? They came from Syria, from Egypt, from Greece, as well as from Poland and Austria. The number of those who thus went to Rome was a thousand times greater than was that of those who visited Mecca and Medina, because the roads to Rome are better, and the travellers were not forced to go in caravans. In a word, an oyster near Mont Cenis does not prove that the Indian Ocean has enveloped all the lands of our hemisphere."†

I need go no further. Voltaire in his abortive endeavors to destroy the integrity of the Sacred Scriptures, and to prove that the narrative of the Flood is but a myth, that *une telle aventure n'est faite que pour la poésie*, signally overreached himself, and demonstrated to the world in the most striking manner, the folly of those who would assail the impregnable citadel of truth, and the weakness of those systems which are based on a hatred of religion and the Church.

It is true that the views of some of Voltaire's opponents were not always above criticism; that their arguments for the universality of the Noachian Deluge, based on the existence of fossils, were not warranted; but such facts as these do not render the author of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* less ridiculous nor his methods less despicable. Dowered with a brilliant genius which was coupled with a power of sarcasm and

* Op. Cit., Vol. 43, p. 132.

† This is such a typical specimen of Voltairean reasoning that I reproduce the original: "Est-ce d'ailleurs une idée tout-à-fait romanésque de faire reflexion à la foule innombrable de pèlerins qui partaient à pied de St. Jacques en Galice, et de toutes les provinces pour aller à Rome par le Mont Cenis, chargées de coquilles à leur bonnets? Il en venait de Syrie, d'Egypte, de Grèce, comme de Pologne et d'Autriche. Le nombre de Romipètes a été mille fois plus considérable que celui des hagi qui ont visité la Mecque et Médine, parce que les chemins de Rome sont plus faciles, et qu'on n'était pas forcé d'aller par caravanes. En un mot, une huitre près de Mont Cenis ne prouve pas que l'Océan Indien ait enveloppé toutes les terres de notre hémisphère." (Op. Cit., Vol. 55, p. 312.)

* Op. Cit., Vol. 55, p. 320. † Op. Cit., Vol. 43, p. 331.

rony such as no one else ever possessed, he strove, with Satanic zeal and persistency during his long and eventful career, to destroy the Church, and to bring religion and its ministers into contempt. And, not satisfied with what he might accomplish by his individual efforts, he enlisted others in the same nefarious warfare. But all to no purpose. The Church still lives, and is stronger to-day than in any period of her history. As for Voltaire, his ashes have been scattered no one knows where; and to-day, wherever truth is appreciated or virtue respected, his name is a synonym for baseness and cynicism, superficiality and tergiversation, sophistry and falsehood.

A Resurrected Favorite.

BY J. M. FLANNIGAN.

A few years ago a visitor to the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked: "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she is buried?" And fifty-two years after her death her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, writing a memoir of her, in order to satisfy public interest and curiosity says: "During her life the ignorance of the verger was shared by most people; few knew that there was anything 'particular' about that lady."

For over half a century England possessed a true artist and genius—one whose works were extensively read and relished. This lady, to whom fame and distinction should be shown, absolutely refused all honors and avoided publicity. So meekly did she bear herself that her own family "never thought of her as being clever, still less famous," but only as dear "Aunt Jane" who was ever the delight and joy of her home. They never thought of her as the author of six novels, the first of their kind, which stand as masterpieces absolutely alone in literature.

To many readers who make style and purity in composition a study, Miss Austen's books have been a source of pleasure and luxury. The recent recognition of her as a novelist, and the wide revival of her name, denote a movement that shows taste and culture. It is the same spirit that hailed Dante and St.

Francis D'Assisi and gave them their proper places in the realms of literary art.

The natural result of this general acknowledgment is a desire to know more of this gentle woman, to learn the particulars of her life, to trace the inspirations and influences to which her works are due.

Mr. Austen Leigh in his complete and charming biography of his relative says: "Of events, her life was singularly barren; few changes and no great crisis ever broke the smooth current of its course. Even her fame may be said to be posthumous; it did not attain to any vigorous life till she ceased to exist. Her talents did not introduce her to the notice of other writers, or connect her with the literary world, or in any way pierce through the obscurity of her domestic retirement." She was one of that class of fortunate women who have no history. They occupy a place in the hearts of their families and friends, and use their talents, of whatever order they may be, with diligence and humility. They are undisturbed by vanity and worldly distinction. In our day there is a morbid craving for publicity. It is certainly very doubtful whether the literary talents possessed by some women are to be regarded as advantageous to their possessors or to their friends and families. Miss Austen was certainly a firm believer that the proper study of woman is home. She lived in strict harmony with her opinion.

Our author's life, as well as her talents, seems to me unique among the writers of fiction. She must have secretly been aware of her success, conscious of an extraordinary power of wit and humor; still she quietly remained among her own people in preference to seeking the honor and distinction that go hand in hand with lionism. There is no record that she went very much into society. It is told that once on a possible presentation to Madame de Stael, Miss Austen's nerves failed her, and she declined the dreaded introduction. Why she persistently refused to meet the literary people of her day is something I cannot answer; but, judging from her life, I believe it was not on account of vanity or self-appreciation. Any one who has studied her characters as distinct and free from any manifestation in her own life will find expressions of actual courage in her as if she braved society either practically or theoretically.

Jane's father, the Rev. George Austen, was a refined and well educated clergyman of the Church of England. In his infancy he became an

orphan; but, belonging to a respectable family, he received many educational advantages. In early life he was given the living of Steventon. This, together with a neighboring rectorship, placed Mr. Austen in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances. During his life we hear of no straitened means; nor even were the profits of his daughter's books sought after.

Here at the parsonage of Steventon, on December 16, 1775, Miss Austen was born. Her childhood and youth were spent in as common and ordinary a manner as that of any clergyman's daughter. Her family was all in all to her, the outer world nothing. Indeed, her stories seem to be nothing more than reflections of her own life. We find in them no thrilling events nor unnatural excitement; and yet they are full of art and genius, as must be all true delineations of human lives.

To the outside world she was a stranger. Probably she received a glimpse of London. She lived the last few years of her life at Bath, a fashionable watering-place, and for a few months at the beautiful and picturesque town of Winchester. This was all the travelling she did, and it is a severe set back to that class of persons who persist in saying there is nothing of interest in their own homes or friends. They are constantly reaching their hands for other people's goods. They prefer the characteristics of other nations; and every now and then they dig into the historic medieval times, and as a result bring up stuff that should have been left buried.

Jane was not highly accomplished, nor was she a great reader, but was, indeed, very well educated as judged by the standard of the time. She could read French well, and knew something of the Italian. Goldsmith, Hume and Robison were her favorite historians, although she was never really a great lover of history. During her life Europe was in commotion; her own country was at war, and France was undergoing a terrible revolution. She makes no reference in her works to any public events. In her home circle Charles I. and his grandmother Mary had in her a most vehement defender. This was only an outburst of sympathetic feeling that was not governed by history or facts.

We do not know exactly when she began to write, but it is thought that when about twenty-two years old "Sense and Sensibility" was written; it appeared only in 1811. In the next five years "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park" and "Emma" were produced. After

her death "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey" were published.

Genius has been defined as "a power of taking pains." If this be true, our author is entitled to be known as wealthy in the possession of it; for there is not a line in her books that is carelessly written, nor is there a character drawn that has not received great thought and care. Her style is never labored, nor is the skill too evident; she had the art which concealed art.

Her novels are like Dutch pictures. There is that something in their general make-up which finds a warm place in one's heart. There is in them that honest and simple homeliness which one feels but is at a loss to describe. Human nature is always a delicate subject to man. It is easy to applaud, praise and flatter, but one must be careful how he censures. Miss Austen's great secret was in a thorough knowledge of human character; how it can be changed by education and circumstances; how, when once formed, it shows itself through every hour of the day, and in every word of the person. Her materials are of the commonest everyday occurrences. The emotions of tragedy or the exaggerations of farce seem to have no effect on her. The plots are delightful; the curiosity is never intensified; the action is moderate, every word and movement disentangles the plot.

But the real secret of her success rests in her having the exquisite and rare gift of dramatic creation of character. Scott very honestly says of her: "She had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature should die too early!" She did indeed die too early, for her life ended on the 18th of July, 1817, being forty-two years old, just when she might enjoy the fruits of her labors.

Her place is among the great artists, and her place is high among them. Her fame will endure and increase; her art can never grow old; she depicted something that never changes. She was one of the creators of our language, and belongs to the Immortals. In that great temple of love and veneration, her altar will be honored and before it a light of simplicity and purity will burn as long as our language exists.

Trifles Light as Air.

ALAS, AND MORE!

I called her Phyllis long before I knew her,
And in my heart of hearts I wished her mine.
Into a talk on novels once I drew her,
And found—oh, woe!—she was a Philistine.

D. V. C.

AYE!

Marguerite has such pleading eyes,
I really can deny her naught;
So I told the truth (I ne'er tell lies).
Marguerite has such pleading eyes!
When in me a hope she spies,
And her woful tale she's brought—
Marguerite has such pleading eyes—
I *really* can deny her naught.

H. O'D.

ALICE.

Wherever a blossom blushes,
Or a bird sings some sweet song,
Wherever a spring-time zephyr wafts
The song and the scent along,
I always think of Alice,
With her shy and gentle air;
Wherever the blossom's blushes blow
She comes beside me there.

And so, when the birds are singing,
And the breezes whisper round,
And I pause a moment, musing
On a pansy I have found,
The memory comes of Alice,
And I think, though fair you be,
Dear birds, soft breezes, pansy true,
You're not so sweet as she!

J. G. M.

IN THE DEPTHS.

On the surface, which men see,
Seems a fellow's nature light,
From care's burden ever free,
On the surface, which men see;
Question I, may there not be
Deeper currents out of sight,
On the surface which men see,
Though a fellow's nature's light?

E. C.

A SUMMER IDYL.

A man and a maid in a hammock are sitting,
And close up behind them a billy-goat strolls.
Their motion excites him; the hammock hard hitting,
He soon fills their garments with big, buttin-holes.

DU B.

MINS PIGH.

A young man once said, with a sigh:
"I would be almost happy if Igh
Could but find a maid
Who could throw in the shaid
All others at making mince pigh!"

A maiden next door heard his crigh,
And she said: "At least I will trigh."
And a pigh then she maid
Of superlative graid,
And now he lives up in the skigh.

D. V. C.

The Scotchman's Story.

ARTHUR V. CORRY.

We had been working all summer as the advance crew of a surveying party, and towards fall we camped on the Wise River. We selected this site as it gave us easy access to the field of our future operations in the early spring. There were seven of us besides myself, and in the long winter evenings we whiled away the time as best we might by telling stories, relating anecdotes, or playing cards.

Our party had a representative from nearly every quarter of the globe. There was a Chinese cook, an Italian roustabout, a Russian and a Canadian chainman, three Americans on the staff, and a Scotchman, named Maury, as chief.

Maury was of a quiet disposition, and rarely engaged in idle talk. He was well along in years, and his grey hair and beard and weather-beaten face showed that he had "roughed it" since he was a mere youth. At times he fell into a reminiscent mood and related bits of his early life. From these we gathered that he had run away from home in '50 and had gone to the diggings. Relentless fortune had tossed him from place to place. From California he went to Washington. He then joined an expedition to Alaska and remained there four years. He returned to San Francisco and got a position as mining superintendent in Costa Rica. From there he went to Old Mexico, later to New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, and finally to British Columbia. At Victoria, he was appointed chief of our party. Such a wandering life was nothing to excite wonder in those days. However, there was a certain reserve about him and in his voice a tone of sadness that caused one to take more than a passing interest in such a man.

It was Christmas eve and we all were talking of home, our friends and dear ones, except Maury who sat in a corner of our cabin, his face buried in his hands. Finally he broke a silence which must have sealed his lips for years, and for the first time we heard the story of his life.

"My parents died when I was very young," he began, "and I never felt the power of human affection until I met him who was my dearest friend. Frank Allen and I attended the same school. He was like a brother to me. Where

you found one of us, you would be sure to find the other; and so, when he left Roxbury to seek his fortune, I followed him.

"While at San Francisco he became acquainted with Ferdinand Costillo. This man fired his youthful imagination with stories of the old Spanish mines in Mexico. I did my utmost to dissuade him from going thither, but to no purpose. I felt so bad over his departure that I would gladly have followed him had I known his whereabouts. You can imagine how glad I was to find him in Costa Rica, six years later. There I joined him, and together we left Mexico and finally reached Idaho.

"We prospected several gulches for gold, and started to explore a branch of the Salmon River. Several mountain streams united to form Dry Creek, which emerged from the Bitter Root Mountains through Weiser Cañon. At the mouth of the cañon we discovered good prospects; but to our dismay we found that it was over sixty feet to bedrock. It took us all that fall to sink a shaft. We were sorely in need of help to carry on the drifting; the black sand lying on bedrock proved to be a bigger bonanza than we expected.

"Frank made a trip to the mountains in search of suitable timber when he met a geologist named Gooch. He induced him to visit the camp and we showed him the claim. He became enthusiastic over the mine, and upon offering him a quarter interest if he would help us to put in ten sets of timbers, he accepted. We raised a moderate head of water from the creek and ran it through mortised sluices. Into these I would dump all the dirt as in placer mining. With the extra man everything worked smoothly. The first 'clean up' netted us a small fortune apiece. As I was stronger than either Allen or Gooch, I hoisted the bucket; when not engaged in surface work, I lent a hand below.

"It is just twenty and one half years ago since I descended the shaft to help Frank and Gooch put in the tenth and last set. I held the top stull, while Gooch fitted the caps beneath the uprights, and Frank held them from twisting by pressing outward. It was in a limestone formation, and great precision is required in setting the caps true, as it frequently happens that the ground beneath is pitted by percolating water. The caps would not set even, so Frank took a sledge and struck the sill floor. I noticed that it gave forth a hollow sound, but did not think it strange. A second and a third blow, and the bottom of the level fell out. The lights were extinguished, and I found myself hanging to the stull for dear life. An indistinct,

gurgling sound reached my ears. Then the stull began to fall, and in some unaccountable manner I straddled it. There was a splash and I felt myself dragged downward through fathoms of icy water; then the log rose to the surface and was swept swiftly forward by the current. It was darker than the blackest night. My only safety lay in clinging to the stull. My head struck an overhanging ledge, and this stunned me for a few seconds. Ahead I heard a mighty roar as of a waterfall and I gave myself up as lost.

"My life raft got into an eddy and whirled about so fast that I became giddy. Then a terrible shock, and I was thrown upon a projecting rock. I was so exhausted that I lay there seemingly an age. I awoke to a realization of my fate. Had I not better trust myself to the black river than die of madness? I felt in my pockets for matches. Thank God! they were dry. I had lost my right boot; then I remembered that that morning I had placed a candle in each. It was but the act of a second to light the candle. I saw about me a cavern of immense size. At my feet was a swift running river, and around me everywhere were fantastic columns and stalactites. There was a slight draft of air which made my candle flicker. I knew then for certain that there was an outlet to the cave. It was a matter of life and death with me to find it within four hours, for my candle would be burned out within that time. The candle's flame pointed to the right, so I went in that direction. I travelled for over two hours and my candle was two-thirds gone. I took a solemn vow that I would never descend another shaft should I again see daylight.

"I came to the breast of the cave, and the flame no longer flickered. Then I gave myself up as lost, and was so overcome with terror that I could not move for a few minutes. I looked at my candle: only a little left. A low moaning greeted my ears and increased as I advanced. My candle burned out. What was to be my fate; would the river again claim me? At short intervals I lit a match which would flare up, cast a dull glare around me, and die out. My last match was burned. It took me an hour to travel three hundred yards. At each step I cast stones beyond, and listened with breathless attention for a splash. The low, moaning sound had increased to a terrible roar. It was the sound from the falls which I had passed in such a roundabout manner. The wind struck me fairly as I gathered several stones and pitched them ahead: no splash. But

the next moment I was aware of the mistake I had made. Within two feet of me the river quietly flowed. I had thrown across it. A step forward, and I was again at the river's mercy. I kept afloat with the current. The river took an abrupt turn, and behold, in the distance was a resplendent speck of daylight. To say that I was grateful would but mildly express my feelings.

"Shortly after I rounded the bend, I hit against what I supposed was a log, but upon grasping it I found it to be Gooch. At first I supposed that he was merely unconscious, but he had passed to the great beyond. I held him until I reached sunshine and swam ashore. I covered his body with drift-wood and left it. I was now on the banks of Salmon River, and in the distance was our dug-out. I searched for Frank's body and finally found it on a bar not far from the mouth of the cave. It was mangled beyond recognition. I went to the cabin for a shovel to bury Frank and Gooch. By sundown, I had finished and returned home. I entered, locking the door after me, and I may say that this saved my life.

"I threw myself on a bunk to rest. My head was fairly bursting with fever. It increased, and for several days I was delirious. After I recovered from the fever I noticed that all the small window panes in the door were broken. I had, most likely, attempted to leave the house, and in my frantic efforts, I had thrust my hands through the glass panels of the door. I could hardly recognize myself after these terrible experiences. My hair and beard were white as snow, and I had aged ten years. The cabin became a wilderness to me after I had fully recovered. If I had remained there another month, I would have been a raving maniac; so I took a few cooking utensils and other necessaries and started for civilization. Boys, I would not return to Weiser Cañon for all the wealth that it holds.

"I finally mustered courage to write to Frank's parents, telling them of his death; but poor Gooch's fate will never be known to his relatives."

THE consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones; and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common-sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.
—*Ruskin.*

Reminiscences of the "Baby Room."

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

The large, red brick, public school was only two short squares from my home. I was a very little fellow when I first started to go there, with even a trifle more flesh on me then than I have now. The vivifying fluid, called *blood*, that makes the young fellow feel as happy as a lark and lighter than the air, was with me in abundance. It was about the time that they used to tell me I was clever and "smart"—a foolish thing to do, but the idea has long since been knocked out of me—and then, aye, even then, by careful observation mother could find traces of beauty in my face; but she was the only one. I did not quite approach the phenomenal brightness of a young friend of mine who, when he was scarcely three days old, looked up into his mother's face and said, "God."

To be honest about it, I was, or, at least, I thought I was, too particularly brilliant for my own special good, and I longed and begged to be at books and finally persuaded my indulgent parents that I was old enough to attend school. I wanted to teach the natives what a man could do! I really believe I must have been all of three feet high. You see I was ambitious then.

What on earth ever possessed me with the wish to go to school, 'tis impossible for me to say now; whatever it was it did not remain with me long. So each morning I trotted off to *study*. And, just to show the force of habit, custom inclines me to do the same thing yet. What an awful dignity and burden of responsibility I fancied was laid upon me! Cæsar never walked to and from the Senate-Chamber more solemnly than I did to and from that school. It seemed the eyes of the world were on me.

All went well until one day, about the time for dismissal, I was busy enjoying a pleasant flirtation with a dear little miss who sat across the aisle. She was a cute darling, and deep enough to learn how to gain my highest esteem—I never go farther than *esteem* with my girl-friends. It is possible that I had the same great appetite then as I have at present (I did not take medicine for digestion then as I do now), and she must have noticed it. To touch my heart through my stomach was her plan of action, and she did it in the right way. Every day an orange with a few bits of candy

were awaiting me in my desk. I actually liked that girl better than any other I ever met.

Well, the teacher, a gentle lady, who did all in her power in divers ways to make life exciting for us, had been witnessing the little flirtation, and immediately wrote something on the blackboard with "30" after it. I found out later it was my name, and the "30" meant that I should remain that number of minutes after school as a punishment for my misbehavior. Whether it was her bad writing, or my poor reading, I cannot say; but to this day I do not know how any one could have made out my illustrious name from what she put on the board. After considerable insisting and resisting, and many tears, encouraged by a few pet words, I promised "not to be naughty again."

Somehow I could never recognize my name when written by that teacher. In a few days my offense was repeated. The bell rang, and I was marching out, braver than Napoleon ever marched to battle, when the *gentle* matron grabbed me by the collar and pointed to the board. I could see nothing there that should bar me from liberty. A sad scene ensued. With dire forebodings and face bathed in tears, I noticed that my friend, the teacher, who did *all* for *my good*, held something that looked much like what we might use, at times, on a saddle-horse. This same thing was the worry of my life, and especially so on this particular occasion. It was raised slowly in the air until it was directly over my head when it became stationary. The good teacher, so thoughtful and polite, wished to know if I wanted to feel it? But I assured her I was thoroughly content with seeing it, and my drooping head shook with a decidedly negative air. I told her I never had a whipping in my life, (?) did not know how it felt, (?) and that my mamma never punished her tender little boy. (?)

I was again forgiven, and all ran smoothly until the end of the session. I am naturally a good fellow, even if I do say it. But now the event of my life was come to pass. It was to be the "last day," and I was to speak a piece. Mother dressed me in a tight blue sailor suit that pinched my legs, and put white stiff cuffs on my wrists that made me feel miserable. The same stifling sensation has often been felt since. But to be compelled to wear the collar I had on that day was the worst punishment I ever received. It was a square pattern of white lace, so long that it looked to me more like a short shirt than anything else. However, I soon forgot my woes, for mine was the first number on the

program. The room was filled with visitors. What would I do? The only encouragement I got was from my little girl friend who leaned over and whispered in my ear: "Don't mind, even if you don't speak it well; you are dressed the nicest of them all." What more could I desire?

I walked to the platform, scared to death, stood, looked straight at the crowd of listeners; but all was a blank. My knees could be heard knocking together. I really felt horrible no matter how I looked. My lace shirt collar was wet with perspiration. With an awful effort, taking in a long breath that sounded, when let out again, like a sigh two tons in weight, I spoke the first few words. The ice was broken. I felt better. The reaction had set in, and I threw my whole heart and soul into the piece. Edwin Booth or Henry Irving never felt prouder in their lives. The deep, round tones somewhere up in third G must have made a touching impression. Hauling in another long breath I threw it out again in words like unto these:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

The applause was deafening, but the occasion was not too much for me. I did not know whether to throw on a great deal of dignity and simply bow, or respond to the *encore*. After a moment's consideration, I deemed it better to *first get* the reputation and then throw on the dignity; so, with the greatest solemnity possible, I rose and repeated these lines:

"Pelick White blew out the light and scrambled into bed;
He pulled the cover off his toes to cover up his head,
A mouse came out and peeped about for something good
to eat
And Pelick's toe as white as snow was just the kind of
meat."

This was the first stanza. I spoke it, forgot the second, mumbled two lines of the third, and skipped the rest. It was evident my second piece was a failure; my heart was broken. I then and there resolved never to speak that piece again and I haven't.

GIVE a man brains and riches and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains and he is a fool.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Staff.

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FRANK MCKEE, '94;	M. J. MCGARRY, '94;
M. P. MCFADDEN, '94.	

—The announcement that the New York Philharmonic Club, assisted by Miss Marion Weed, a mezzo soprano, will give a concert in Washington Hall next Monday will be joyful news to all lovers of good music. Although we have never been favored by a concert from the entire club, we have had the pleasure of listening to some of the artists who are its members. The high reputation which the club enjoys will, we are certain, attract a large audience.

—The French Academy has once more refused Zola a place in the ranks of the Immortals. For ten years he has repeatedly come before this tribunal, and he has as many times been judged unworthy to rank with the great literary men of France. His coarseness has offended the artistic temperament even of his own countrymen. He has done nothing to elevate, but much to prostitute art. The immoral tone of his works is not consistent with true art; and the Academy, in again refusing him the highest gift in its power, does honor to itself, and emphasizes the fact that Zola is not the great man he pretends to be.

—A beautiful tribute to the lamented founder of Notre Dame, from the pen of the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., appears in the current number of the *Ave Maria*, the frontispiece of which is a portrait of Father Sorin taken by the Ives process from one of the best photographs extant. Father O'Neill's sketch is illustrative of the great patriarch's devotion to the Mother of God, and shows how nobly this modern knight battled for the Lady all fair. "In the most active and progressive region of an active and progressive land," says the writer, "he

taught the lesson that religious zeal can work still greater marvels than can the unhallowed ambition for wealth and power; that men of God are in no way debarred from being emphatically 'men of their times.'"

—It is coming to be understood more and more just what place athletics should occupy in a college curriculum. Prominent educators, like Dr. McCosh and President Eliot, whilst holding that no college is complete without athletics, emphatically denounce the system under which they are at present conducted. Whilst exception may be taken to some of the views of Dr. Eliot, in his report to the Harvard Board of Overseers, no one will deny the truth of these words: "From the college or university point of view athletic sports are to be promoted either as wholesome pleasures, which do not interfere with work, or as means of maintaining healthy and vigorous bodies in serviceable condition for the intellectual and moral life. With athletics, considered as an end in themselves, pursued either for pecuniary profit or for popular applause, a college or university has nothing to do. Neither is it an appropriate function for a college or university to provide periodical entertainments during term time for multitudes of people who are not students."

—The hard times are doubly hard upon those who have voluntarily assumed the care of the poor and distressed, and who are dependent for the necessaries of life upon the benefactions of kind friends. A private letter from Montana reports intense suffering among the Ursuline Sisters of St. Peter's Mission and their one hundred and fifty abandoned Indian children. They are suffering the pangs of cold and hunger, living in unplastered rooms in a region where the thermometer registers fifteen and twenty degrees below zero. In their poverty and distress the self-sacrificing daughters of St. Ursula make an appeal to all charitable souls to aid them in procuring funds necessary to make their present quarters habitable. Our Lord has promised to reward the poor boon of a cup of cold water offered in His name; how much more will He remember a gift which will not only relieve the corporal sufferings, but likewise tend to the spiritual aid of the unfortunate! Donations for the Sisters may be sent to this office, or forwarded directly to the Mother Superior, Ursuline Convent, St. Peter's Post-office, Montana.

The Lætare Medal.

The action of the University of Notre Dame, in conferring the Lætare Medal this year upon Mr. Augustin Daly, of New York, will undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the Catholics of the United States. Mr. Daly has been long and favorably known to the people of both hemispheres as the apostle of high and ennobling dramatic art. Before Edwin Booth began his long and glorious career upon the stage, the theatre was looked upon with suspicion which, it must be said, was richly deserved. But Booth set his face manfully and vigorously against the corrupting influences which were then commonly associated with the stage, and erected a theatre to which men might bring their wives and daughters without fear and without apology. Booth's own idea about the theatre, as he himself often declared, was that decorum was as necessary upon the stage as at church. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has continued the traditions introduced by his distinguished friend. But of this trinity, to whom the play-going public must ever show gratitude for the purification and preservation of the stage, none was so influential, none has so thoroughly won the public confidence, as Mr. Augustin Daly, of New York. He has met a great problem and done much for its solution. He has shown to the world that the theatre is not a moral Juggernaut hopelessly devoted to the propagation of evil; but that it is a potent factor in molding the morals of a nation, which the Church must seize upon and purify. The Lætare Medal, which Mr. Daly this year receives from the University of Notre Dame, is a recognition of that fact, and an evidence of the appreciation in which his efforts are held by Catholics everywhere.

The "golden rose" that is annually awarded by the Pope to one of the crowned heads of Europe in recognition of services rendered to the Catholic Church is comparatively well known; but the Lætare Medal, which may in a certain sense, be termed the American counterpart of the Papal decoration, is not so generally understood.

The Catholic Church has never been at a loss for means to reward deserving clergymen. There are bishoprics for some of them, and, when these are disposed of, the Pope can confer some title of honor or distinction, such as Monsignor or Domestic Prelate, with the right

to wear purple and other insignia. With regard to the laity, the matter has not been so easy. It is true that there is the Order of the Knights of St. Gregory, and distinctions such as that recently conferred upon Mr. Onahan, of Chicago; but beyond these no special provision is made by which to recognize lay zeal. It was in view of this fact that the University of Notre Dame, inaugurated, in 1883, the ceremony that has since been widely known as the conferring of the Lætare Medal. Lætare Sunday is the mid-Lent Sunday—a day when Lent puts off for a while its penitential aspect—and is so named because the Mass of that day begins with the word *Lætare* which, translated, means "rejoice."

The medal is the best that can be procured from any jeweller. It is a heavy gold piece, depending from a bar, and appropriately inscribed. On the obverse side it bears the legend, "Magna est Veritas, et Prævalebit," together with "Lætare Medal," in large letters, and the year of the presentation below. The reverse side bears this inscription: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to —, in Recognition of Distinguished Services Rendered to the American Catholic Public." Accompanying the medal is an address, printed on the rarest watered-silk and ornamented by a beautiful and appropriate design in painting. Signor Luigi Gregori, a celebrated Roman artist, who was for many years connected with the Faculty of Notre Dame, and who had spent many years in renovating some of the paintings at the Vatican at the request of Pope Pius IX., has, since the foundation of the Lætare Medal, been engaged to paint the address.

The first recipient of the honor, in 1883, was the late John Gilmary Shea, the distinguished historian and author, who was, perhaps, better versed in the Indian dialects than any other American scholar. It was chiefly in recognition of his three large historical volumes that he received the medal. The presentation speech was by Maurice Francis Egan, who was then editor of the *Freeman's Journal* but who has for many years filled the chair of English Literature at Notre Dame.

The next medalist was Patrick Keeley, the New York architect, who had built in his time over seven hundred churches and fifteen cathedrals in Europe and America, many of which are now celebrated. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, a well-known artist and lecturer of Chicago, received the Lætare Medal in 1885 in acknowledgment of her labors for the promotion and interpretation of Catholic art. The only occasion

on which the award was made to a scientist was in 1886, when General John Newton was chosen for the honor by the trustees and faculty of Notre Dame. General Newton had gone through the war with distinction; but it was after the celebrated explosions which he conducted at Hell Gate, and which attracted world-wide attention while they greatly enhanced the usefulness of New York harbor, that the award was made.

The Lætare Medal underwent a novel experience in 1887. The choice of the committee fell upon a distinguished convert. It so happened, however, that the man thus chosen, had, because of some act which he considered specially irreligious in his past life, bound himself by a vow of expiation never to accept any ecclesiastical dignity or distinction. Of course, the medal was practically awarded, although the recipient refused to allow his name to be added to the list of those who had been similarly honored before him. In 1888 Commendatore P.V. Hickey, then editor of the *New York Catholic Review*, who had previously been made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Leo XIII., received the medal. He was the first to be so honored for journalistic work alone, although John Gilmary Shea had also won distinction during his brief career as an editor. Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, who has labored so long and so successfully for the development of a Catholic literature in the United States, was the next medalist. She has been well styled the "American Jane Austen," and whole generations who had been educated by her stories felt complimented by the award. In 1890 the medal was awarded to William J. Onahan, of Chicago, one of the most deserving and influential laymen of the Church in America, whom the Holy Father has since honored with one of the rarest and most significant of the papal distinctions. Daniel Dougherty, the "silver-tongued orator," who had just won the enthusiastic regard of all his co-religionists by his admirable oration at the Catholic Congress of Baltimore, was the next to be honored, and the whole world applauded the choice. Henry F. Brownson, son of the celebrated philosopher, Orestes A. Brownson, was chosen in 1892, in reward for services rendered by the translation of Tarducci's incomparable "Life of Columbus," as well as for his success in editing the works of his distinguished father. Last year the medal was awarded to the veteran editor of the *Pilot*, Mr. Patrick Donahue, who for more than a half century has rendered

faithful service to the Church, and who was one of the pioneers of Catholic journalism in the United States. The decision of the Faculty of Notre Dame met with universal approbation, and probably no Lætare medalist was ever more widely popular than he who, having passed his eightieth birthday, is still the guiding spirit of a publishing house which is doing much to spread the light of truth in America.

Thus it is seen that every department of art and science has been, in its turn, honored by this medal. So distinguished a body as the Lætare Medalists, could they be brought together, it would not be easy to duplicate; and it is eminently fitting that an honor which brings with it the approbation of the Catholic public of the United States, and which is enriched by traditions such as cluster round the Lætare Medal, should be conferred upon one who has rendered such signal service in purging the theatre and saving it to posterity.

* * *

Mr. Augustin Daly is a Southerner by birth, and of Irish descent. He is not quite fifty years of age; and yet he has been so long before the public that one thinks of him as older. Mr. Daly has always been chary of confiding his private affairs to the public, and there are few well known men who have allowed themselves to be interviewed so seldom, or who have less often taken the public into their confidence.

Mr. Daly is descended from a highly respectable and cultivated family domiciled in South Carolina; he was carefully educated: Judge Joseph Daly, a most erudite lawyer of the New York Bar, where the requirements of the legal profession are very high, is Mr. Daly's brother.

Mr. Daly, in the seventies, began his career as a journalist. He wrote leaders, special articles, novels and poems; he was looked on as one of the most brilliant of New York press men. He had the Southern dash and chivalry, and the Celtic restiveness under what he considered undue dictation. He was willing to sell his manuscripts to editors, but not his independence. Even in those early days he was looked on as one of the most interesting figures in metropolitan life, and a great future was predicted for him. His friends were right. The young man of their hopes did not disappoint them. In the *New York Mercury*, of other days, older readers doubtless remember two Irish names which illuminated the columns of that

paper. The elder name was that of Pierce Egan, the younger Augustin Daly. When the elder man ceased to write with his usual vigor, the readers enjoyed the picturesque and dramatic episodes of the younger man, already favorably known to the New York press for his versatility and cleverness. He was ambitious and determined, but unspoiled by the Bohemian life of the metropolis, in which such men as made up the brilliant staffs of the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Herald* were prominent. Discovering his power, he determined to turn his attention to the drama.

The American stage has great traditions; but they are the traditions of individual actors. There was needed a well-trained troupe which might counteract the bad effects of the starring system on dramatic art. Mr. Daly had dramatic ideals, and he resolved to be true to them. One of these ideals, if we may judge from results, was to create the most perfectly trained troupe of actors in the country. He did not begin as a reformer; he expressed no intention of "elevating the stage." He seems to have determined to take the public taste as it was and to make it eventually agree with his, which had been admirably trained. He began his work gradually; there is a great difference between the Daly play of seventy-four and that of ninety-four. He has succeeded in doing what few other men could do—in patiently modelling the public taste on the higher dramatic standards. No man without a strong will and an infinite capacity for taking pains could have done this.

He has now two theatres—one in London, the other in New York—which are the homes of pure dramatic art, where one may be amused and delighted by the masterpieces of literary art and pictures of life "not too good

'For human nature's daily food,'"

nor vitiated by bad morals or bad taste. Two men have helped the modern stage immeasurably—Henry Irving and Augustin Daly. Outside of the "Comedie Française" in Paris there is no such company of players as those formed by Augustin Daly. When the town of Stratford-on-Avon made him its governor, it was held on all sides to be a fitting honor to a man who has given the best Shakspearean comedies to us again. In fact, Mr. Daly has conquered two worlds.

He is reticent as to the future of the stage, but he evidently believes that it will always be a strong factor in modern civilization; he is not without a strong hope that the religious motive may make itself felt in that mimic

world which, at its best, holds the mirror up to nature. It is too early yet for the fulfilment of such a hope.

It was held to be a very bold thing when he produced a translation of François Coppeé's "Pater,"—at once so religious and so sombre. This play, exquisitely done by Miss Ada Rehan, he later produced in the theatre of the University of Notre Dame. On all occasions he has proven himself the best friend of the public, and yet he has never courted popularity. His charity has been perennial, and, though he has somewhat of the reserve which passes for haughtiness, he is the soul of generosity, loyalty and kindness.

He was fortunate in his marriage. Miss Duff, now Mrs. Daly, is a sister of Madame Duff of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. To speak of the benefactions of Mr. and Mrs. Daly to the Cathedral of Denver and the Cathedral of New York would be to offend people who are honored and blessed everywhere for acts of kindness of which the world hears only by accident.

In presenting Mr. Daly with the Lætare Medal, the University of Notre Dame shows its appreciation of a man of genius who is also a man of steadfast constancy to the highest ideals of humanity and Christianity. It has reflected the spirit of the Church in accentuating the appreciation due to the efforts of Catholics in nearly every other department of human achievement; it now, in remembrance of the Christian origin of the English drama, adds its branch of palm to the trophies of one who is restoring its lustre and gradually removing the stigma under which it has rested. In honoring him, the University points to a happy union of morality and culture—the only art true to God and nature.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

Your correspondent in his outburst of indignation against the wholesale destruction of trees on the college grounds overlooked several considerations to which I would kindly invite his attention. While it is to be forever regretted that so many fine oaks were cut down in days gone-by, there are at present causes which necessitate the eradication of trees. One of these is the need to cut down some in order to save the life of others. It is a curious fact that Americans, who have destroyed more trees wastefully and foolishly than have the people of any other country, are so unwilling to use the axe in cases where the cutting of trees is really necessary to

the existence of others. A familiar phrase in the mouth of some is, "I cannot bear to see a tree cut down; I love trees so much." The one who really loves trees soon learns enough about them to realize that there is not room enough for all that spring up, and that it is a kindness to sacrifice some in order to save others. In every direction misshapen, scrubby or half dead trees are using the light and air and soil needed for better specimens which would last for a century if given a chance to grow. A well-branched tree is worth half a dozen small stunted ones with scanty foliage; and no tree can grow into a thing of individual beauty unless it has, from the beginning of its life, sufficient room for growth in all directions. Hence judicious pruning and cutting are necessary. In Central Park, New York, ten thousand trees have been cut down within the past three years, and experts say the park would be still more improved if half the remainder were removed.

If "One of Them" had confined his indignation to the lack of care shown newly-planted trees, he might have reason to congratulate himself on effecting some good. On the avenue leading to South Bend there have been, as an old settler told me, enough trees planted to make a forest; but every tree when placed there bore its death-mark. The lopping off the top of the young tree with the expectation that it will grow to a majestic size, is a clear indication that the one who so placed it knew little about arboriculture; for naturally the stub will decay, and this decay will soon enter the heart of the tree.

Another cause which shortens the lives of trees is the old-fashioned way of planting them in straight lines. Trees should be placed in groups. Their trunks need protection from the hot sun and biting wind. One can see the need of this especially in the case of maples. The bark on the southwest side will dry and split, decay will follow, and insects will soon find their way to the heart of the trees unless protection is afforded the trunks.

I fully agree with your correspondent when he says that no more ridiculous sight could be imagined than a tree, whose branches have been lopped away, and which is crowned with only a small tuft of vegetation. Injudicious pruning not only destroys the picturesqueness of the scenery, but is an indirect cause of death to the tree itself; for fungi will attack the raw wounds at the extremities of the amputated limbs and cause rot. The highest type of beauty among trees is the one whose branches almost touch the ground.

Let us hope that the trees remaining on the hills surrounding St. Joseph's Lake will for the future be left to grow as nature designed them, and then will Notre Dame contain a hallowed spot where lovers may commune with her.

ANOTHER OF THEM.

Communication.

MR. EDITOR:

The representative of your paper in reporting the entertainment of Feb. 22 wholly ignored the playing of the Mandolin Club. For three weeks the members of this club had been hard at work specially preparing for the occasion, and felt satisfied upon receiving the hearty *encore* which followed their first selection that their labors were appreciated. Hitherto the SCHOLASTIC has not been chary of its compliments when mentioning the excellent work of the Mandolin Club, and hence its silence on the occasion referred to is the more noticeable. If there had been need of adverse criticism your reporter need not have felt any scruple in expressing his dissatisfaction; the club always values criticism of the right sort be it favorable or otherwise.

F. D. H.

Local Items.

—The Lambs held no meeting last week—the banquet was too much for them.

—Mr. R. Miller, an attorney of South Bend, was a visitor at the University Moot-Court last Wednesday.

—Co. B had a competitive drill on Thursday. After fifteen minutes' drilling W. Gavin was appointed second corporal.

—Mr. Frederick Murphy of Brownson Hall left for his home in Hammond, Wis., last Wednesday. All his friends at the University—of whom he has a host—sincerely regret his departure.

—Plans are gradually assuming definite shape for the decoration of Carroll reception rooms. They will contain the photos of representative Carrollites, past and present—"our jewels only."

—Rev. A. M. Kirsch has finished his lectures on "Medical Jurisprudence" which he has been delivering before the Law Class. A "quiz," which will cover everything in "Blackstone's Commentaries," has been commenced.

—The Directors of the Catholic Summer School, which opens July 14, have invited Prof. Edwards to deliver a series of lectures on history.

—An Irish pike has been presented to the Museum by Mr. Patrick Burns, of Michigan City, Indiana. The pike was used in the rebellion of 1798 at the battles of Vinegar Hill, Wicklow Gap, Three Rocks and Scalabaugh Barn. It is quite a curiosity and an object of great historic interest.

—During the past few days, which have been very fine, the ball-players have been working very hard, practising as much as the ground

would allow, and getting into proper shape for the coming season. This is very encouraging, and speaks well for the success of our baseball team. As soon as the snow leaves the ground work will begin in earnest.

—The Mandolin Club is something that we should all feel proud of. Under the direction of Prof. Preston it has attained to a high degree of excellence, and is an important factor in our musical entertainments. The hearty and repeated encores which the appearance of the club always evokes testify to the esteem and appreciation of all who hear them.

—Rev. Dennis Hayes, Rector of St. Rose of Lima's Church, Chicago, has presented to Rev. D. J. Spillard, whom he met while escorting Bishop Dunne to his See in Texas, a chalice which was given in 1864 by the senior students to the Rev. P. Dillon, then Vice-President of the University. It was given to be kept in the Catholic Historical Collection of the Lemonnier Library.

—The distinguished sculptor, Signor A. Luzi, is now modelling a life-size bust of the late Father Sorin. Signor Luzi is well known at the University through his colossal bust of St. Paul the Apostle, and a life-size bust of Mgr. Satolli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. It is the intention of the friends of Father Sorin to have a full-length statue of him made in the no distant future.

—A full-size picture of Father Riordan, "Apostle of Castle Garden," has been secured for our Irish National Museum, by Bro. John Berchmans, from his nephew, Mr. J. Barrett, of Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland. Father Riordan has endeared himself to the hearts of the Irish by the care he showed his country-women persecuted by the English Government. The portrait has been skilfully executed by J. Francis Smith, an artist of reputation who is temporarily located in Dubuque, Iowa.

—Mr. Orville T. Chamberlain, who was visiting in South Bend recently, was a student here in 1861, and at the opening of the war he enlisted in a regiment formed here at the time, and did valiant service in the army. The Director of the Historical Department has requested Mr. Chamberlain to give the names of the Notre Dame students who enlisted in the army and their history as far as possible. This he has promised to do.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was organized on Friday, the 23d ult., Rev. Father French presiding; B. F. Bates was elected Secretary *pro tem*. The chairman then stated that the officers of the society were to be elected, and that nominations were in order. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. J. French; 1st Vice-President, James F. Kennedy; 2d Vice-President, F. D. Hennessy; Corresponding Secretary, C. F. Roby; Treasurer, T. F. Cavanagh; Critic, E. J. Callihan; Censor, Jas. McVean; Sergeant-at-Arms, O. F.

Schmidt. The Columbians propose to give an entertainment on St. Patrick's Day, and are now busily engaged in its preparation.

—An adjourned meeting of the Notre Dame Athletic Association was held on March 1st. Colonel Hoynes presided with his customary *savoir-faire*. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, the election of officers was proceeded with, which resulted as follows: the Rev. Fathers Moloney and Burns, C.S.C., were enthusiastically elected Directors, and Bro. Lawrence, C.S.C., Promoter. Colonel Hoynes was proposed for re-nomination; but he, in his modesty, thought he had held the office long enough and was willing to retire in favor of some new man, but the members would not hear of it and unanimously continued him in the office of President; F. Bolton was elected Vice-President; J. Cooke, Corresponding Secretary; F. Esgen, Recording Secretary; F. Hennessy, Treasurer; J. Feeney, Field Reporter; J. Flannigan, Captain of the Special Baseball Nine. The following five men were elected members of the Executive Committee: Messrs. Sinnott, Chassaing, Du Brul, Cullen, E. Roby; and Messrs. Burns and McCarrick, Captains of the two first baseball nines.

—The sixth regular meeting of the Philodemics was called to order on the evening of Wednesday, the 28th, by President Du Brul. After divers and sundry matters "of great importance" had been disposed of Mr. James McKee began the regular programme with a reading, "Uncle Remus and the Fonygraft," the shortest and perhaps the funniest of the series. Uncle Remus is always amusing even in the mouths of dwellers north of the Ohio; but when his speech is interpreted by such as Mr. McKee one remembers that old Bible phrase, "flowing with milk and honey," for no other describes the wonderful softness and melody of the half-savage Southern tongue. The debate of the evening was, "Resolved, That in the English novel idealism is to be preferred to realism." Messrs. Crawley and Hudson defended the affirmative, while Messrs. Ryan and Davis upheld Mr. Howells and his school. At times some of the speakers wandered far from the point at issue, and indulged in rhetoric rather than arguments; but all the speeches were good, and those of Messrs. Davis and Hudson were particularly clever and carefully done. It was easy to see that every Philodemic present was anxious to declare his allegiance either to Mr. Howells or Mr. Crawford, but time forbade, and, after the judges had decided that idealism was still "on top" the meeting adjourned *sine luce*.

—As the baseball season is almost upon us, and as the teams will soon be organized, it is thought that the records of those taking part in the championship games of last year may help materially in the selection of men for the

different teams. It is perhaps a little late, but the old adage still holds good. The following averages were compiled by Mr. P. N. Foley from score sheets of the championship games played last summer. The pitchers' work is also shown separately:

CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1893.

Batting Averages.

	A. B.	H.	G.	AV.
A. Funke, - - - -	24	10	5	.417
P. Maynes, - - - -	25	9	5	.360
E. V. Chassaing, - - - -	20	7	5	.350
F. Keough, - - - -	3	1	1	.334
F. McKee - - - -	25	8	5	.320
W. Covert, - - - -	22	6	5	.273
A. Flynn, - - - -	23	6	5	.261
W. O' Neill, - - - -	27	7	5	.260
M. A. Quinlan - - - -	4	1	1	.250
C. Roby, - - - -	25	6	5	.240
A. Beck, - - - -	13	3	4	.231
R. Markhoff, - - - -	21	4	5	.191
J. Bauer, - - - -	23	4	5	.174
W. Burns, - - - -	19	3	5	.158
J. McCarrick, - - - -	25	3	5	.120
J. Cullen, - - - -	19	2	5	.106
F. Thorn, - - - -	21	2	5	.096
O. Schmidt, - - - -	22	2	5	.091
G. Ryan, - - - -	4	0	1	.000
C. Dechant, - - - -	5	0	1	.000

Fielding Averages.

	P. O.	A.	E.	G.	AV.
J. McCarrick, p., 3 b., -	5	20	0	5	1.000
C. Roby, 1 f., - - -	2	0	0	5	1.000
F. Keough, 1 f., - - -	3	0	0	1	1.000
W. Covert, c. p., - - -	37	19	3	5	.950
A. Funke, p., - - -	3	9	1	5	.924
W. Burns, 2 b., - - -	26	14	4	5	.910
O. Schmidt, c., - - -	45	23	9	5	.884
J. Flannigan, s.s., 3 b., 2 b.,	13	20	6	5	.847
W. O'Neill, s.s., - - -	1	15	3	5	.443
E. V. Chassaing, c. 1 f., -	16	13	6	5	.811
F. Thorn, 1 b., - - -	36	2	9	5	.809
J. Cullen, 2 b., s.s., -	18	16	9	5	.791
P. Maynes, r. f., - - -	5	1	2	5	.750
A. Flynn, c. f., - - -	2	1	1	5	.750
A. Beck, 1 b., - - -	42	2	15	4	.746
F. McKee, 3 b., s.s., -	5	11	10	5	.616
J. Bauer, - - - -	7	2	6	5	.600
R. Marckhoff, r. f., - - -	2	2	4	5	.500

Pitchers' Averages.

	H.	S. O.	B. O. B.	W. P.	G.
A. Funke, - - - -	40	43	25	7	5
J. McCarrick, - - - -	37	38	7	6	4
W. Covert, - - - -	12	11	4	2	1

—The University Herbarium has lately received a most valuable addition by the munificent donation of a collection of Canadian Plants. The donation was made by Rev. Joseph Carrier, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences in the College of St. Laurent, near Montreal. For years he has been collecting plants around Montreal and throughout Canada, and, by exchange, has procured specimens from distant points of Canada, and thus the collection has been made rather complete with regard to flowering plants. The collection is not only valuable in fairly representing the flora of Canada, but includes most typical forms, and is arranged especially in a manner calculated to be used in a class of Determinative Botany. For a number of years the Professor of Botany at the University here has been collecting in

Northern Indiana, and the two collections will now form an illustrative companion to the manual of Gray. Besides these two collections at the disposal of the students in the Biological Department there is a complete Herbarium including nearly all North American flowering plants as well as Underwood's Collection of hepaticæ and Calkins' collections of fungi and lichens. Moreover, there is a collection of North American woods and fruits, as well as marine algæ. All three collections are at the disposal of the students in botany at any time during their course.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devaney, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hervey, Kearney, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, McGarry, O'Donnell, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Brennan, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Cullinan, P. Campbell, A. Clarke, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Covert, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Chirhart, Conway, Cochran, Corby, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, F. C. Donohoe, Duffield, Dougan, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, Foley, A. Flynn, Feeney, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Groff, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Hennebry, Hesse, Harding, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby Karter, Ludwig, Loser, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Markum Manchester, O'Brien, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Piquette, Perkins, Ruppe, Rumely, Reilly, J. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Turner, Tinnin, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin Wiss, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase Corby, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Davezac, Davis, Fennessy, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Franke, Gonzales, Gavin, Gausepohl, J. Goldstein, Hutchinson, Hoban, Howard, Harding, Jack, E. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Munzesheimer, Maurer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. H. O'Neill O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Trankle, Taylor, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Whitehead, H. Wilson, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckhoff, Breslin, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, Caruther, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Durand, Dalton, Everest, Feltenstein, Flynn, Finnerty, Girsch, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Goff, Ralph Higgins, R. Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Jonquet, K. King, Kelly, Langley, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, Em. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Morehouse, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Romero, L. Rasche, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, Steele, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, York.