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No. I.

Childhood and Age.

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN.

DEAD are the days when life
In the mere living seemed to hold a prize;
When its soul-sickening strife
Was seen through others' eyes,
And Fancy, lawless queen of childhood's soul,
Covered the whole
With glory that hath vanished in the years:—
Dead, but through all the bitter tears
Between to-day and then,
The memory lives of hopes and joys and fears
That will not come again;
But seem to fill me, as I call them o'er,
With deeper joy and more
Than felt I dimly in the days long dead.
Yea, as the great end nears,
Surrounded with the same ethereal light
The child appears
As made the distant future seem so bright
To tale-fed infancy,
And youth, and age, with like temerity,
The same air-castles rears.

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

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

NESTLING on the brow of a little
slope, and overlooking the crystal
waters of a placid lake, a few hundred
yards west of the splendid pile of
buildings that mark the University
of Notre Dame, there is a small
cemetery where repose the bodies of
those members of the Congregation
of the Holy Cross who are sleeping their last,
long sleep. Simple iron crosses mark the

resting-places of the departed religious; and
in passing down the rows of graves one grave
can be distinguished from another only by the
name on the cross. On one of these, that has
not yet had time to take on weather stains or
rust, is the inscription:

REV. THOMAS E. WALSH,
BORN MAY 15, 1853;
DIED JULY 17, 1893.
R. I. P.

This unpretentious cross, with its simple inscrip-
tion, is a reflex of the nobly humble life and
the unobtrusive character of him whose resting-
place it marks.

He was born in Montreal of Catholic parents,
both of whom preceded him into the life
beyond. In 1867, at the age of fourteen, he
entered St. Laurent College, near Montreal,
and was graduated from there in 1872. He
felt called to the religious life, and after his
graduation entered the novitiate at St. Laurent
as a novice of the Congregation of the Holy
Cross. Recognizing in him a young man of
unusual talent and promise, and anxious to
give him the opportunities he so eagerly
desired, his superiors sent him to Paris to
continue his studies at the College of Notre
Dame de Ste.-Croix, at Neuilly. He remained
there until 1875, utilizing to the best advantage
the exceptional opportunities afforded him to
acquire a mastery of the purest French.

Father Sorin, the late Superior-General of
the Congregation, had, years before, laid the
foundation of a great university in what was
then the wilds of northern Indiana. Under
his guidance it had grown and flourished; and,
ever on the alert for talent, he brought Father
Walsh to Notre Dame in 1875, and appointed
him Professor of Latin in the University. In

February, 1876, Father Walsh made his profession as a member of the Congregation. On August 28, 1877, he was ordained by the late Bishop Dwenger of the diocese of Fort Wayne; and on September 2d he said his first Mass. Later in the same year he was made Vice-President of the University; and in 1881, on the retirement of Father Corby, after a long and successful administration, he was chosen to succeed him as President. He remained at the head of the University until the time of his death. In 1886 he was further honored by being appointed Second Assistant to the Superior-General of the Congregation.

Father Walsh's death was comparatively sudden. During the preceding winter he had gone South for a short period of rest and recuperation, and had returned to his duties in February, feeling strong and hearty. Shortly after his return he was again compelled to consult his physician, and in April he was pronounced to be suffering from Bright's Disease in a very advanced stage. The malady made rapid headway; but he remained unflinchingly at his post, an uncomplaining sufferer, until the close of the scholastic session in June. The latter part of that month he went to Waukesha, hoping to be benefited by the waters there; but he grew worse rapidly; dropsy set in, and he had to be hurried to the hospital at Milwaukee, where he died July 17.

At the time of his death he was only in his forty-first year; but by those who knew him the span of his life is measured by his deeds, not by his years.

The more intimately one knew Father Walsh the more difficult it is for that one to write befittingly of his character; because, first, he knows how in life Father Walsh was so averse to everything that savored of flattery or adulation; and as he pens the lines that come so naturally to his mind, the countenance that is now stilled in death rises up before the fancy with it deprecating smile; and because, second, Father Walsh's character possessed a charm so subtle and elusive as to baffle description. As in the case of certain healing waters, nature has apparently endowed them with an indefinable something that eludes the analysis of the chemist, but is yet the essence of the beneficent power of the water, so it was with Father Walsh. The peculiar something that gave such an irresistible charm to his character will not yield to the analysis. It was thus cleverly expressed by one who knew him long: "There have been other courteous men, brave men,

learned men, modest men, and men faithful and true,—there was but one Father Walsh." Many live their lives and never meet such a one as he; and to few, indeed, of us is it permitted to know in a lifetime more than one such man.

As a priest, he was the embodiment of what is best and truest in the religious life. His piety was fervent, but not of the ostentatious kind; and whether in works of denial and mortification, or in the daily practice of less heroic virtue, his left hand knew not the doings of its mate. In the discharge of every duty pertaining to the priestly life he was conscientious and exacting with himself. In the midst of all the duties devolving upon him as President of a large institution he yet found time to sit by the hour behind the bar of the confessional; and around the confessional in which he was known to be one could always find a large proportion of the students who were on that evening in penitential mood. Over all his other virtues his humility shed a softened light that lent them an added sweetness and beauty. It was not a studied humility. He himself was all unconscious of it. It came from a childlike innocence of heart, and belonged to the nature that was in him.

As a superior, he was firm, yet gentle and kind and helpful. The yoke of his authority was to the earnest and faithful worker a light and pleasant burden. Those under him were made to feel as coadjutors rather than as subordinates. He was considerate, but he expected a faithful performance of duty. His nature shrank from causing pain; but if any failed to be led by his own example of faithfulness to duty, he could recall them to a keen sense of their remissness. He himself was a tireless worker. He did the work that lay nearest to hand; and wherever or in whatever he could be helpful he was found ready and willing. He inspired in his co-workers an enthusiasm in their work; and he had only to suggest a wish to have them strive to carry it out.

He was accessible alike to all; and the oldest students and the youngest "preps" alike stood reassured and unawed in his presence; for he put aside all outward show of authority. unconsciously he depended on an inherent nobility of character rather than on a studied dignity and the outward trappings of authority to command respect and reverence. Nor was it a mistaken dependence. For to all with whom he came in contact it seemed a pleasure to show by word and act the love and respect

they entertained for him. The beauty of his character attracted love, and its strength commanded admiration and respect. It was of such a character that the poet wrote:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: '*This was a man!*'"

As a man, he was a type of nobility and strength combined with gentleness. His ideal was a lofty one, and he strove after it faithfully. He believed in education—in that education that is to make men strong, and self-reliant, and free; to raise them to higher planes, and make them better, purer and nobler. In the advancement of this cause he enlisted; for it he strove with all the strength of his mind and soul; and it is simple truth to say that for this cause he laid down his life. He wished to surround himself with earnest workers, and to engage for the cause energy and talent wherever found. He was in thorough sympathy with every effort to promote the work of education, and rejoiced at the success of every institution that was carrying on this work. He was intellectual, and sought his pleasures in the higher life; yet no man was farther removed from the pedant than was he. He had a most genial and sunny disposition, a keen sense of the humorous, and a gentle charm of manner that gave to his presence an irresistible fascination and made him one of the most companionable of men. The effect of his presence can be gleaned from the following extract from a private letter written from the room of an invalid only six weeks before Father Walsh's death, and at a time when he was suffering a constant bodily agony: "Father Walsh called on his way to the train.... He left an impression of human sweetness, amiability and gentleness which continues even now, several hours afterward, to pervade the room." He really seemed born to diffuse sweetness and light. In his character, united to the innocence of childhood and to the purity and gentleness of womanhood, there was the strength, the determination and the nobility of manhood. The keynote to his character was his absolute sincerity. He hated pretense and despised sham. He stood firm for sincerity and for truth. He loved manliness and courage and independence. Upon the students he urged obedience to the regulations of the college as a voluntary act done through principle; for this, he told them always, *was* compatible with manliness and independence; but obedience accorded

through policy or fear he held in contempt and pronounced it servile and degrading.

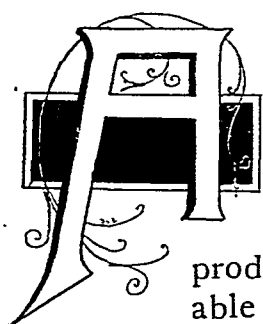
To those in the religious life death does not appeal with the same sadness that it does to persons whose thoughts are more of this world; and they seldom indeed show emotion in its presence. But at Father Walsh's last home-coming emotion was too strong for concealment. In the darkness of midnight, with a whirr and a clatter, the train that bore his remains dashed into the depot at South Bend, and came to a standstill before a silent, waiting crowd. Then, amidst a solemn stillness broken only by the throbs of the panting engine, an oblong pine box was thrust from the door of the baggage car. Members of his Congregation crowded forward to receive it, and lower it tenderly to the ground; and there, gazing upon it, strong men that they were, they broke down, and some there were who sobbed like children bereft of a parent. As the hearse moved away from the depot and into the darkness on its sad journey to the portals of Notre Dame, there was scarcely a dry eye in the carriages following solemnly in its wake.

After his funeral the old students, who had returned to pay their last act of respect to the guide and friend of earlier years, met and unanimously decided to erect a worthy monument above the grave of Father Walsh. But the rules of his Congregation would not permit this. It is better so. Epitaphs graven in stone have become as hollow mockeries. Those only have value that are written in human hearts. His is cherished in thousands of hearts throughout the land. No material monument could be devised more peculiarly fitting and characteristic than the simple cross that now marks the grave of Father Walsh. If more could be added to the brief inscription now upon it, let it be but the words—"The well-beloved."

CHARLES P. NEILL.

RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, in an address to the graduates at St. Joseph's Academy, Galesburg, Ill., recently gave his statement of the Catholic position with respect to education: "The Catholic attitude is that we don't believe in training a single faculty; we don't believe that man consists of body, mind, heart or soul alone, but of all of these. We therefore strive to adjust ourselves to the whole being as expressed in life. We aim, while educating in these other things, to implant those principles rooted in the character of God. We are striving to produce better women and braver men."—*The Monitor*.

Journalism and the University.



STANDARD production—and one that never fails to appear about Commencement time—is the little joke on college-bred street-car drivers. Judging from the production, it is more than probable that the joker has never seen the inside of a college. He is one of those flippant beings with whom it is useless to argue on the question of education; he could never be convinced that a Bachelor of Arts—other things being equal—can guide a car better and more intelligently than an unlettered man. The benefits of education are nothing to him; its beauties are lost on his unappreciative mind. He cannot recognize that, even though education may not increase the speed of the car, it will certainly improve the speech of the driver; and this is “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

But it is not of car-driving as a profession for college men that I am to treat. They certainly have a right to follow it if they choose; but, in spite of the paragrapher's opinion, college men, as a rule, do not drive cars. A university training leads to occupations requiring mind rather than wind, brain rather than brawn. Even the most vigorous opponent of college athletics cannot deny this. College students enter professional paths of life. The law is a goal for many; medicine is taken up by many more; the ministry is full of them. All professions feel the university influence, and none feel it more than that very new, but very powerful profession, journalism.

But little more than fifty years old, modern journalism is the force that sways the world. “The pen is mightier than the sword,” and the editor's pen is the mightiest of the mighty. Never was a greater truth uttered than when it was said that the newspaper molds public opinion. The orator, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, can reach but a few people at most, and then not often. The newspaper—the voice of the journalist—is carried to countless numbers, and that, too, every day of the year. It is hard for an orator to move his audience; but the editor, by daily repetition in different forms, influences the ideas of his readers and directs their sentiments.

The press is the greatest factor in our civili-

zation, and, like any powerful force, it needs a great mind to control it. The good wrought by the use of a paper, and the evil done by the abuse of its influence, depend upon the editor. Nowhere is the need of a good man felt so keenly as in the editor's chair. An immense load of responsibility rests upon his shoulders, and he must have great moral force and strength of character to sustain the burden. No man without a conscientious regard for truth and justice ever became prominent as a journalist.

The editor's mental ability must also be of a high order. In answer to an application for a position as proof-reader, Horace Greeley once wrote: “Don't fancy that the knowledge and talent required for a mere Secretary of State, President, or any such trust, will be sufficient.” Needless to say the editor's talent and knowledge must be greater than his proof-reader's. John Stuart Mill said that one should know something of everything, and everything of something. He could not have had the editor in mind; for he, it seems, must know everything of everything. He must be a thinker, and a quick one; for at times his decision must be given on the instant. Cultivation of the faculty of thought is an absolute necessity. His mind must be trained to quick and sure methods of reaching conclusions. Once acquired, this power is an invaluable aid. The editor must have an immense store of general knowledge; he is called upon to decide all questions, from a rule in base-ball to a vital problem of state-craft. The university is the best place possible to acquire both a method of thought and a fund of knowledge. Education teaches one how to think; and the higher the education, the better the thought. Nowhere can one become conversant with a greater variety of subjects than at the university; so, as a place for the gathering of knowledge, it is unexcelled. A career in journalism must rest on a foundation of education, whether this foundation be laid in or out of school. No one will say, however, that there is a better place than a university in which to build such a ground-work.

Specializing is the order of the day in everything. It is the strength of the one idea that carries all before it. A specialty is like a tower; to be pleasing to the eye it must not stand alone. The Eiffel Tower, for instance, makes a disagreeable impression on the visitor as of something wanting to complete the whole. Not so the spires of the great cathedrals; they rise from a broad structure and leave nothing

to be desired. So it is with education: it must be broad to be perfect. Let a man confine himself entirely to one branch of study, and no matter how great the height he reaches, he will always be narrow and small-minded. His views will be as dwarfed as height can make them, and as circumscribed as his position on the pinnacle of his specialty. Journalism is one specialty that must rise from a broad structure. Yet, journalism itself is so broad that one can hardly look upon it as a tower or spire. It is the very cathedral itself, and its foundations must be deep and strong. Some of our colleges have established schools of journalism. They surely make a mistake in attempting to build the student's career without a foundation. In such a school the student learns only the mechanical part of the business. He wastes years in acquiring knowledge that could be picked up in so many months on a newspaper staff. If he does go into journalism, he finds his preparation to be very inadequate. He has lost valuable time and must secure the knowledge he needs after he leaves college. The time to learn newspaper work is after the collegiate course has been completed; the place to learn it is in the newspaper office. In the university the student should sow the seeds of knowledge that he may reap the harvest at the editor's desk.

As a university training is the best preparation for a journalist's career, we may well ask what course is the best to follow. The editor uses two faculties—observation and narration. He must learn, then, to notice closely and exactly; he must learn, also, to state facts without bias, without exaggeration, without belittling. He must learn to distinguish quickly and unerringly, between importance and insignificance, between truth and falsehood, between good and bad. It is well to know where to find what one does not know. A famous jurist once said: "There is not so much in knowing the law as in knowing where to find it." This is true of all knowledge. When one is so equipped he has little more to do; he owns an immense hoard on which he may draw with the least expenditure of time and labor.

So much for the general line of preparation. Let us now go more into particulars. First in importance comes English, of course. It is the journalist's tool, his weapon, his all; it is the instrument of his art, and over it he should have full control, learning its various keys and notes, finding the chords he will wish to strike. A knowledge of it is indispensable; but to know

it perfectly, one must be familiar with several other languages. Composed as it is of so many different elements, English is hard to understand without a knowledge of the various sources from which it is drawn. Latin is the principal of these, and the most necessary. With a knowledge of Greek and Saxon added, one is prepared to study and learn his mother tongue, and not till then.

Learning the language is not enough; one must learn how to use it. The use of language, and not its knowledge, makes style. Style is another requisite, and each should have his own, individual and original. These two qualities are in demand; without them no writer can hope for success. A journalist's style must be terse and simple. His facts must be stated directly and accurately. Above the desks of some newspaper men is a printed card with this legend:

ACCURACY,
TERSENESS,
ACCURACY.

With a crisp style, having just a dash of humor in it, even a stock-market report may be made interesting. Practice forms a style. No one can hope to dash into literature without practice in writing. It is here that the college paper comes into play—not as a school of journalism, but as an incentive to composition. The importance of much practice cannot be overestimated. Hawthorne wrote steadily for ten years,—and burned most of his work. After that he entered the literary world and became famous. "Writing maketh an exact man," and too much exactness cannot be possessed by a journalist.

"Reading maketh a full man," was another wise saying of Bacon's. The newspaper man must be well read. Two books above all others should be familiar to him—the Bible and Shakspeare. In these two books one finds almost an epitome of human knowledge; theology, philosophy, law, history, oratory, poetry, all these, and more, are to be found there. It was not Divine Revelation alone that made the Bible *the Book*, as the name signifies in Greek. The truths in it, the wisdom, the proverbs, all these fill us with wonder. These two books are storehouses from whose inexhaustible treasury one may always draw. A line from Shakspeare and a quotation from the Bible are always effective. If ever I were forced to choose between the two, I would be tempted to say, as an Irishman might, "I'll take both."

History ranks next in importance. The history of England, as well as that of the United States, should be studied closely and philosophically. The relations of the two countries should be examined and compared. Their institutions should be traced to the very sources. An editor should know what this government is; he must breathe the very spirit of our land. All our great editors are such men. The Constitution of the United States is as familiar to them as their own names. They are versed in political economy, and are well informed on all questions of government. The people look to the newspapers for light on these subjects, and the editors are expected, as in duty bound, to present these questions clearly before their readers. The journalist must also have practical politics at his fingers' ends. Greeley used to lay more stress on this than on any other branch of the profession. He made his subordinates learn the history, the strength, the principles, the leaders and their records, and the prospects of the parties. A journalist must look on politics in an unbiased way, unblinded by prejudice. He may be a partisan, but his partisanship must not exclude right.

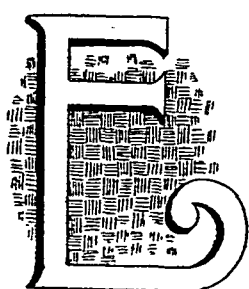
Given such a training as I have outlined, and a liking for the work—or, in newspaper parlance, a nose for news—one is prepared to place himself well up in the ranks of journalism. The training is certainly severe, but it is an equipment to be envied. Some may hold it time lost; but all our great editors have most of the accomplishments I have mentioned. Perhaps they are obtained outside of college; but who will say that they can be learned quicker or better than at the university? Some may object to Latin and Greek as useless. Let them read Charles A. Dana's opinion on that question. In an address to the students of Union College, the great editor of the *Sun* says: "I would rather take a young fellow who has read Tacitus, and who knows the Ajax of Sophocles and can scan every line in Horace; I would rather take him, for instance, to report a prize-fight or a spelling-match than one who has not had those advantages." Who knows more whereof he speaks than Mr. Dana? Himself a college man, he appreciates the benefit of higher education in his profession.

Even with all the advantages education gives, one must begin at the bottom. To quote Mr. Dana again: "The boys that begin at the bottom come out at the top." The work of the profession is hard, and only those really

fit for it do come out at the top. A good preparatory training will carry one up much more quickly than he would otherwise rise; and if he be made of the right stuff, his progress will be rapid. All the good men may not be highly successful; for journalism, like virtue, is too often its own reward. It is, however, one of the noblest occupations in which a man can engage. The editor is "a leader in Israel" the world over; and if honors were ever deserved, those showered upon him are surely well bestowed.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

Not on the Programme.



EDWIN BELLEVILLE walked leisurely along the brilliantly-lighted street which led to the theatre. The throng was every moment growing larger after the temporary lull caused by the evening meal, and the scene soon assumed the brilliant aspect of a metropolitan avenue.

Belleville's face wore a contented expression, possibly caused by the enjoyment of a well-selected dinner, and heightened by the evidently pleasant effects of a *perfecto*. Or, perhaps, the appreciation which crowded houses had nightly shown for his singing may have been the most important factor in producing his good humor.

The opera had been so well received and had done such good business that the manager had decided to keep it on the boards all summer. The season had certainly been a success for Belleville. Even the most obstinate press critics had been won over by his work, and admitted that he had made a success of a singing part, which, as everyone knows, is, in most night operas, made to play "second fiddle" to the gyrations and circus tricks of the comedians.

But, as he had found out, his triumph was not to be enjoyed in perfect serenity. He had made a bitter enemy in the person of Philip Morton, another singer, who played a minor rôle in the same organization. Before the season had commenced and when the opera was first put in rehearsal, he had made every effort to secure Belleville's part for himself, but without success.

Morton was really a good actor and an excellent singer. But the manager knew that he was not to be entrusted with an important rôle, on account of his villainous temper and his hard drinking. At first his attitude toward Belleville had been decidedly ugly, and it was said that he had threatened to do harm to the leading tenor. But his general unpopularity with the company, and the manager's threat to discharge him if he did not cease quarrelling, had caused his anger to subside into a morose civility. Since the opening night no words had passed between the rivals except those which occurred on the stage in the course of a performance.

Belleville, as he passed along, nodded to acquaintances, and occasionally stopped to have a few words with a group of friends. At length, throwing away the stub of his cigar, he turned into the narrow street, almost an alley, which led to the stage door. Here, finding it cool and pleasant, he stopped to chat with the door-keeper. He did not go on until the middle of the first act and consequently he was in no hurry.

The Soprano drove up in a coupé a moment later and greeted him with a cheery "Good evening, Mr. Belleville! This is my birthday," she continued, "and I am going to have a little 'spread' for my particular friends at the hotel after the performance. If you have no other engagement, I wish you would come."

"I shall only be too glad," he replied. "May I ask how many you have already celebrated?"

"Don't be too curious!" was the answer, accompanied by a laugh, as she disappeared in the direction of her dressing-room.

"Hello, old man! Been to the races to-day?" greeted the comedian.

"No."

"Well, I have; had a good ten to one shot. I could have put you on to making a barrel of money."

"How much did you win?" asked Belleville.

"Well, the truth is I played another horse, but—yes I'm coming," he cried in answer to the stage manager's remark that it was time to be dressed.

"Tell you about it later," he called back over his shoulder and then added: "Say, Morton's been drinking this afternoon and he's ugly to-night."

The last of the chorus girls had passed through the door by this time, and Belleville was about to follow when he was called by a voice close behind him.

"Mistah Belleville, kin I speaks to yo' a minit?"

He turned quickly and found Sammie, the little negro, who danced in the palace scene in the second act. Belleville had, while out walking one day, saved Sammie from a beating which the man with whom he lived, and who called himself the boy's uncle, was about to give him. Belleville had induced the manager to interest himself in the boy, and he was taken into the company. Among them he was popularly known as the Senegambian Seraph, probably because he resembled one so little. He looked more like an understudy to a coal heaver than a member of the heavenly choir. But he was bright and affectionate, and had come to be liked by everyone behind the scenes.

The Seraph drew Belleville farther into the shadow and whispered: "Mistah Belleville, yo' won't say nothin', will yo'? He done said he'd kill me if I tole anybody."

"Why, Sammie! what's the matter? Of course, I won't say anything. Who was going to kill you?"

"Mistah Morton. I was in de alley when Mistah Morton comes out ob de back doah ob dat saloon wiv another fellow what hangs around dere; and I heahs him say to de other fellow: 'I'll fix Belleville to-night, d—— him! I swoah I'd get even wiv him, and'—and den he sees me and grabs me by de neck, and says: 'Yo' little imp of blackness! if yo' opens yo' mouf 'bout what yo've heard I'll kill yo'!' and den he lets go and I sneaks."

Belleville laughed lightly and said: "Thanks, Sammie; Morton was drunk and didn't know what he was saying. He'll be all right when he sobers up. But if he ever offers to lay hands on you, let me know, and I'll attend to him."

"All right, Mistah Belleville; but he's a bad man, and I'se afraid he's gwine to hurt yo'."

"Go on now, Sammie, and get dressed," said the singer as he walked away toward his own dressing-room.

The Seraph had naturally taken a great liking to his benefactor, and always wanted to be with him, or help him in some way. Belleville was touched by this proof of the little fellow's devotion; and, seeing Morton's bloodshot eyes, as he passed him, he resolved to be on the lookout for any trouble with his enemy.

As the evening advanced, those of the company who were brought into contact with Morton noticed that something unusual had come over him. He was habitually taciturn and gloomy, nor was he otherwise now; but

his eyes had a strange steely glare, and he was evidently laboring under some intense excitement. However, the comedian, earlier in the evening, had spread the report that Morton was drunk, and nothing was said other than to remark that he had a bigger load on than usual. The manager, too, from the front had noticed that something was wrong. He came behind the screens and stood in the wings for a moment where he watched the actor with a heavy frown contracting his brows, but said nothing.

Belleville sang and acted better than ever, and the applause which greeted him was even greater than usual. The Soprano, meeting him while waiting for their cues, said: "You're covering yourself with glory to-night, Mr Belleville; I shall be growing jealous before long if you continue."

The effect of all this on Morton seemed to be to increase the sort of hysteric calm under which he labored, and his eyes grew wilder and more bloodshot. Belleville did not seem to notice him when away from the footlights, and everything went off smoothly until near the close of the last act. The stage was set with a mountain scene with the entrance to the smugglers' cave in the foreground. Here, Belleville as *Marco*, the chief of the band, overpowers *Juan*, the captain of the guards, in a hand to hand struggle. The latter part was acted by Morton.

In this scene the Seraph acts as body servant to *Marco*. Belleville noticed that the little fellow seemed frightened, and was not ready to move at the right time, but thought no more of it except to whisper a sharp reprimand to be on hand when he was wanted.

When his cue came *Juan* entered and in his usual lines commanded *Marco* to surrender. At *Marco's* prompt defiance of the order, the two men closed in the struggle. As they did so, Belleville was startled by the insane glare in the other's eyes. They swayed to and fro in the desperate conflict. When the time came for *Juan* to fall, instead of doing so he drew slightly back and something glittered in his hand. "Curse you; take that!" he gasped, as his arm came forward. Like a flash, and before the knife could reach its intended object, something black darted between the two men, and then sank to the stage with a low cry. For a few seconds not a person moved. Then a number of supers, dressed as smugglers, seized Morton, who stood with the dazed look of a man suddenly awakened. As Belleville

leaned over the prostrate form of the Seraph, some one had the presence of mind to shove out the next scene in front of them, and with most of the audience still unaware that anything unusual had occurred, the performance went on.

Belleville raised the boy in his arms, carried him to his own dressing-room and tenderly laid him on some cushions. When the doctor, who was hastily sent for, arrived, the Seraph was still unconscious. The wound was pronounced ugly, but not fatal. When the Seraph opened his eyes a few moments later they looked into those of Belleville, and he sank back with a look of relief as he asked:

"Mistah Bellville, he didn't hu't you, did he?" On receiving an answer in the negative, he continued:

"Mistah Belleville, won't yo' take me wid yo' now when yo' goes on de road?"

Belleville must have had a cold, for he coughed rather hard, and turned away from those present as he answered: "Yes, Sammie, you shall stay with me as long as you want to." And after Belleville had seen that the Seraph would receive the best care he walked off alone, and forgot to keep his engagement with the Soprano.

J. A. MARMON.

Personals.

—Silver jubilees are always interesting; but when they mark the mid-career of men such as Father Dinnen, late the pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, the interest increases wonderfully. The Rev. John R. Dinnen (A. B. '65) was born in Burlington, Vermont, in 1843. He is eminently a self-made man; for it was while working in the office of the Illinois Central in Chicago—whither the family had removed in 1857—that he began his education which was rounded out and completed at Notre Dame. For some years he taught at the University; and it was with real sorrow that the Faculty and students saw him leave in '69 to take up the work of a parish priest. He was ordained July 22, 1869, and three days later he celebrated his First Mass in St. Patrick's, Chicago. Since then the years have been busy ones, and it is the prayer of his friends—whose name is legion—that he may be spared for many more to continue the work he has so well begun. It is safe to say that but few priests in the diocese are so widely known and well beloved as Father Dinnen. Until his appointment in 1878 to the rectorship of St. Bernard's he did missionary work in all parts of the State,

and everywhere he is kindly remembered. His work at Crawfordsville has been very successful, and the number of presents received attests his popularity, not only with his parishioners, but also with the non-Catholics of the city. Fully one hundred and twenty priests were present; among them Vicar-General Brammer, of Fort Wayne, the Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, and Rev. Fathers Fitte, Regan and Moloney of the University. Among the laymen, General Lew Wallace and General Manson of Crawfordsville, Hon. and Mrs. W. Hesing of Chicago, Judge and Mrs. T. E. Howard of South Bend, Mr. John R. Walsh of the *Chicago Herald*, and many of Father Dinnen's boyhood friends were present. In the evening Mr. Hesing delivered an oration on "Patriotism" in Music Hall. From Crawfordsville Father Dinnen goes to St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, of which he will be Dean. He carries with him the love and veneration of the people of Crawfordsville, and the wish of his friends is that he may be as successful at St. Mary's as he has been at St. Bernard's. *Ad multos annos!*

—On Tuesday, August 7, the Rev. A. A. Lambing, Rector of St. James' Church, Wilkesburg, Pa., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Father Lambing has had large and varied experience of the many hardships to which priests on missionary work in this country are subject. Having studied at St. Michael's Preparatory and Theological Seminary, Glenwood, Pittsburgh, he received Holy Orders at the hands of the late Bishop Domenec August 4, 1869. During the following year he taught at St. Francis' College, Loreto, Cambria County, Pa., ministering at the same time to a small congregation at Williamsport, forty miles distant. Thence he went to St. Patrick's, Cameron Bottom, Indiana County, as pastor; but in April was again transferred to St. Mary's Church, Kittanning. While here he built a new church on the west side of the river. Two or three more removals to churches in which it was thought his abilities would be more useful and Father Lambing went to his present charge, St. James', Wilkesburg. Throughout all his busy life he has been a frequent contributor to different religious and historical magazines. He takes great interest in history and biography, and was at one time President of the Historical Society of western Pennsylvania. To him also is due, in a large part, the preparation of the Catholic School exhibit of his diocese at the Columbian Exposition. In recognition of his many services to Catholic education the University of Notre Dame, in June 1886, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. She could not have made a better choice. *Ad multos annos!*

—A most welcome visitor to the University during the vacation was Prof. J. P. Lauth, '67, of Chicago.

—Miss Ellen Walsh, of Montreal, Canada, a sister of the late Rev. President Walsh, C. S. C., is visiting the University.

—Guy M. Bixby (student), '93, is engaged in the General Office of the Missouri, Kansas, & Texas RR. at St. Louis.

—We were pleased to meet and greet Mrs. L. Heeman and Miss E. Ryan, of Chicago, who are visiting relatives and friends at the University.

—Charles A. Paquette, B. S., B. L., C. E., '91, has been appointed Engineer of Maintenance of Way for the C. C. C. & St. L. RR. He is the youngest chief engineer in the United States.

—Hugh O'Neill, LL. B., '91; B. L., and LL. M., '92, is now a practising lawyer at the Chicago bar. He has a suite of rooms 28 and 29 Reaper Block, Chicago, and is making his mark in his profession.

—The Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., is making a tour in Europe. During his stay in Rome he had an audience with the Holy Father and obtained from him a special blessing for his friends at Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him a pleasant time and safe voyage home.

—The Hon. B. J. Claggett (student), '87, was unanimously renominated by the Democratic convention held in Bloomington, Ill., as Representative from his district. He is one of the most popular public men in this section of the country and well merits the confidence reposed in him. His prospects for re-election are the brightest.

—It is with great pleasure that we announce to his many friends that the Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., formerly Professor at Notre Dame, and latterly President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, has been elevated to the bishopric of Dacca, East Bengal, India. While his confrères regret that he is no longer to labor with them in the United States, it is pleasant to know, nevertheless, that the noble qualities which have endeared him to his friends here make him admirably fitted to perform the arduous duties which his new field imposes upon him. Bishop-elect Hurth, a sketch of whom will appear in another issue, will be consecrated at Notre Dame on September 16.

Note.

—This issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be mailed to all our students and subscribers of last year, as also to those who advertise in our columns, and we request that those desirous of continuing their subscription and patronage would send in their names as soon as possible so that our list for the coming year may be put into proper shape.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, August 18, 1894.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

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

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

—We are requested to announce that classes will be resumed on Tuesday, Sept. 4, when the work for the scholastic year will be regularly inaugurated.

The New Scholastic Year.

THE present issue of our college paper, beginning, as it does, a new volume of the SCHOLASTIC, reminds us that the time is rapidly approaching for the return of the students and the resumption of class duties. If present indications may be taken as an index, the attendance this year will be exceptionally large; and it is gratifying to find so many of the "old boys" who have signified their intention of returning.

They will find, on their return, unmistakable evidence of activity during the summer months. Class rooms have been repaired and refitted, and many other improvements, impossible during the year, have been carried out. The administration of the college remains unchanged; and, with the exception of a few very desirable additions, the Faculty remains the same. Father Morrissey's firm but gentle hand

is still the guiding influence, and it is pleasant to be able to announce that Fathers French and Regan retain the positions they have heretofore so admirably filled.

As the time approaches for the return of the students, it becomes necessary to remind them of the advantage of arriving at the University before the day fixed for the formation of classes. Nothing will compensate for the time lost at the beginning of the session. Then the placing of students in their proper classes receives special attention; the course for the year's work is outlined by the Professor, and elementary principles—most important because most elementary—are thoroughly explained. The old adage which declares that "well begun is half done" has never been more thoroughly verified than in the resumption of classes at the beginning of the scholastic year, and it has not unfrequently been remarked that students who straggled into the ranks a week or two after the class-work had been begun have been unmistakably and seriously handicapped during a whole session.

It is also expected that the effects of a profitable and well-spent vacation will be evident in the freshness and vigor with which the students will enter upon their studies during the coming term. A good vacation at the proper time is as necessary for most young men as is food or clothing; but vacations are desirable only when they leave the body stronger and the mind more eager for intellectual pursuits. It would, indeed, be a sad reflection if any student were to return to college without a complete realization of this fact, and without the determination to profit to the utmost of his power by the opportunities for advancement which will be placed within his reach. Hardly less important than the thirst for intellectual improvement is the resolution to conform as closely as possible to the regulations which experience and the most conscientious consideration of their special needs have dictated for the government of students. No regulation has been thoughtlessly established; no rule which does not look to the spiritual and temporal advantage of the student is enforced. The college code is neither long nor difficult; but its exactions are peremptory, because their importance is supreme.

In another column of this issue will be found full information as to the date of the formation of classes, and it is hoped that students will be at Notre Dame in ample time to begin the year's work on the day announced.

The First American Eucharistic Congress.

ONE of the largest and most imposing gatherings of ecclesiastics ever seen in this country assembled at Notre Dame on the 7th inst. to assist at the opening of the first American Eucharistic Convention. Not since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has there come together so numerous and distinguished a body of Catholic priests and prelates; as, indeed, not since the Third Plenary Council has there been an occasion important enough to warrant such a vast convocation. It was, of course, expected that a meeting which was of so much consequence to both hierarchy and clergy,—which was meant to go so far towards cementing a closer union between them, as regards not only spiritual but also temporal affairs,—would be attended by a very large number of representative men; and this proved to be the case far beyond even the most sanguine expectations.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

As early as the morning previous to the day announced for the opening, delegates from the various dioceses and religious orders began to arrive at the University; and before night closed there were fully one hundred and fifty priests on the grounds, besides several bishops and abbots. Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by our whole-souled President, Father Morrissey, together with a corps of self-sacrificing collaborators, left nothing undone to secure the guests a cordial reception. The main building and the different halls were festooned with draperies and flags of all nations, and in the evening the college lawn was lighted with lanterns and variegated globes. Throughout the day corridors, libraries and art galleries were thronged with visitors, and those who came early were exceedingly rejoiced at having an opportunity of inspecting the preparations for the grand opening on the morrow.

The merry ringing of bells, followed by melodious peals from the chimes in the tower of the Church of the Sacred Heart, ushered in one of the most memorable days in the history of Notre Dame. From early dawn until the hour set for Pontifical High Mass, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the college church alone no less than one hundred times—an occurrence altogether without precedent in the New World. Besides this, the altars of the various chapels about the University were in

constant use up to ten o'clock. As the moment for the solemn opening of the convention drew near, people from South Bend and adjacent towns filed into the church in such numbers that it was wellnigh incapable of holding them. The aisles and deep vestibules were crowded with devout laity, and every pew was filled. Seldom, if ever, was there so great a multitude assembled in this spacious temple, and seldom will the ceremonies they came to witness be repeated.

Shortly after the appointed time the procession of clergy entered the sanctuary. First came the acolytes and nearly two hundred priests, in cassock and surplice; then the bishops and mitred abbots, followed in turn by the Archbishop with deacons of honor and officers of the Mass. The main altar, aglow with hundreds of burning tapers, the dazzling beauty of the rich gold vestments of the celebrant and ministers, the picturesque group of ecclesiastics, having for background the frescoed walls and stained-glass windows of Holy Cross Chapel, presented a spectacle which will not soon be forgotten. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati; Very Rev. J. Brammer of Fort Wayne, assistant priest; Very Rev. F. Higgins, S. J., and Dr. Selinger, of St. Francis' Seminary, deacons of honor; Rev. J. French, C. S. C., Deacon; Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., subdeacon, and Fathers Spillard and Maguire, masters of ceremonies. The choir, under the direction of Fathers Lauth and Klein, rendered one of Gounod's most beautiful Masses in a manner befitting the occasion, and Professor Preston sang Bordese's *O Salutaris* very feelingly at the Offertory.

THE SERMON

was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Bishop of Covington, who selected for his text the words: "Master, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." He alluded to the appropriateness of holding this first Eucharistic Convention at Notre Dame—a spot hallowed by the labors of the early missionaries, Marquette, Allouez, Petit and De Seille, servants of God who were especially noted for a great love for and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He also related a touching episode in the life of Father De Seille, who, on perceiving that his last hour was at hand, had himself carried by two faithful Indians to the altar of the little log church, situated on the very spot where

the University now stands, and administered to himself the Viaticum amid the tears and lamentations of his loyal band of Pottawatomies. The Bishop reminded his hearers that within a score of miles of this place the grave of Marquette had been discovered, and that the bones of Allouez, buried somewhere within the shadow of Notre Dame, would some day be recovered also. An additional reason for holding the convention here, continued Bishop Maes, was the fact that, by an arrangement instituted by the lamented Father Sorin, there has been no hour of the day or night during the last forty years, in which one or more of the Priests, Brothers or Sisters of Holy Cross at Notre Dame are not kneeling in adoration of the Holy Eucharist. The Bishop's sermon was devotional rather than didactic, and his earnest manner lent additional force to his words.

FIRST SESSION.

At 2.30 in the afternoon the delegates assembled in Washington Hall to open the first organized meeting. After prayer had been said, Bishop Maes was elected Permanent Chairman and Father O'Rourke, of Louisville, Ky. Secretary. A commendatory brief from Pope Leo XIII. was received by the audience standing, and letters of regret and encouragement from such eminent prelates as Mgr. Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Feehan, Ryan, Hennessy, and the Bishops of Cleveland, Buffalo, Wichita and Arizona, elicited rounds of applause. The congress then proceeded to the regular program, the first item of which was the reading of the report of the Association by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Mundweiler, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad's, Ind. According to his showing the Archdiocese of Cincinnati leads all others in the number of its members, with Chicago a close second. The next paper, which described the nature and aim of the Eucharistic League, was read by Vicar-General Cluse, of Germantown, Ill., and was well received. Father Brinkmeyer, of Cincinnati, was too ill to be present, and was replaced by Father Henry, of Ohio. The paper which gave most pleasure, however, was that read by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., Bishop-elect of Dacca, India. It was entitled "The Fruits of the Hour of Adoration," and, like the other treatises, was a masterly presentation of the theme under discussion. Vicar-General Bush, of Altoona, Pa., then suggested means for increasing the fidelity and power of the Association, and for

extending the work among the laity. After the discussion provoked by the papers the first session of the Eucharistic Congress adjourned.

HOOR OF ADORATION AND PROCESSION.

In the evening, at the hour announced for the solemn adoration, the delegates again assembled in the sacristy of the college church and, vested in surplice and stole, proceeded thence to the foot of the altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. As they knelt there in devout prayer, surrounded by a great throng of pious worshippers, the scene was so impressive, the silence so intense, that it was positively difficult not to feel the Divine Presence. After a short meditation, conducted by Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed. This ceremony, of course, was the one thing of interest to many of the people on the grounds; and was by far the most picturesque sight witnessed here for many a day. The college lawn was one mass of beautiful swinging lanterns; the windows of the main building were ablaze with lights, and at different points along the heart-shaped walk the gorgeous arches, erected with so much care by the devoted Brothers, stood out in bold relief against the falling shades of night. The dome, too, brilliant at all times, was a crown of glory then.

The procession moved along under the trees and through the darkening twilight between two hosts of fully five thousand people. There were in line, as in the morning, about two hundred priests, preceded by one hundred acolytes with candles, and three hundred flower girls from the churches of South Bend. The Brothers and Sisters of Holy Cross followed the canopy under which the Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, the Ordinary of the diocese, while the St. Hedwige and St. Stanislaus' bands walked in front and furnished inspiring march music. The upturned faces of the kneeling multitude, lit up by the glare from the torches in the hands of acolytes and priests, made a picture worthy of the brush of a Van Dyke. At intervals during the procession, when the strains of the band died away, a chant was taken up by the clergy, in which the people presently joining, the very welkin was made to ring. At the steps of the main entrance to the University, where an altar had been raised by the Brothers in the course of the afternoon, Solemn Benediction was given, after which the long line wound its way toward the church. The final

Benediction was imparted by Bishop Rademacher, and the evening's exercises closed with the chanting of a grand *Te Deum* by at least a thousand voices. When, later, the crowds dispersed for their homes, one of the most memorable days in the history of Notre Dame went out in a blaze of glory.

THE PONTIFICAL REQUIEM MASS,

which was to begin the closing exercises of the Convention, took place at seven o'clock Wednesday morning. As on the previous day, all the clergy, including bishops and abbots, were present in the sanctuary. Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Oechtering of Fort Wayne, as assistant priest, Rev. J. French and Rev. J. Cavanaugh as deacon and subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Higgins, S. J., and Doctor Selinger, of Milwaukee, deacons of honor. The music of the Mass was rendered in a very impressive manner by the community choir, who have undoubtedly a keen appreciation of the beauties of the Gregorian chant. There was no sermon on this occasion, as everyone had been already informed that the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered for the repose of the souls of deceased members. At the end of the ceremonies Bishop Rademacher imparted the solemn Absolution, while the clergy and attending prelates stood around the catafalque with lighted tapers, emblematic of the eternal glory which they hoped their departed confrères of the association were then enjoying. After services the delegates, headed by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, adjourned to Carroll Hall refectory for breakfast, while the visiting laymen were entertained by Father Morrissey in the spacious dining-room of Brownson Hall.

THE CLOSING.

Promptly at half-past nine the members of the League again gathered in Washington Hall to participate in the last session of the Congress. The meeting was opened with prayer, and Bishop Maes was a second time unanimously elected Permanent Chairman, while the office of Permanent Secretary and Treasurer devolved on the Very Rev. J. Cluse, of Illinois. The regular business was then taken up, and Bishop Rademacher read a paper entitled "Objections Against the Hour of Adoration and Libellum." The Rt. Reverend speaker handled his subject in a masterly manner, and the vigorous rounds of applause with which he was frequently interrupted gave evidence of the hearty reception tendered his sentiments by the delegates. The next paper was read by the

Cardinal's representative, Very Rev. E. Didier, who paid a glowing tribute to the energy and the zeal of the Western clergy; adding, however, that when the object of the League was better known in the East, the banner diocese (Cincinnati) might well look to its laurels. Father O'Rourke then read an admirable paper by Bishop Maes, treating on the importance of the Eucharistic League in the United States, and the regular program of the meeting was concluded. Much talk was evoked by the reports of several committees. The advisability of printing an American magazine in the interest of the Association was discussed; but, as no conclusion could be arrived at, the matter was turned over to a committee of three who are to report at the next convention. Rev. Dr. McMahon, representing Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and also "The Apostleship of the Secular Clergy," made a few happy remarks in regard to affiliating the League with the Apostleship. Short and stirring addresses were also made by Most Reverend Archbishop Elder and by Bishops Richter and Chatard. Solemn Pontifical Benediction, given by the Rt. Rev. Ordinary, assisted by Rev. F. McElroy and Dr. Murray, closed the exercises of the Congress, and the delegates departed for their homes, bearing with them happy memories of their visit to Notre Dame.

From every point of view this convention was a grand success. The attendance exceeded all expectations. Not even those who had the organizing of the meeting immediately in charge were aware that so many members would be present—a fact which affords much satisfaction, and is matter for great encouragement to all who are interested in the welfare of the League. Moreover, the air of good fellowship and, withal, earnestness which characterized both sessions of the Congress was an additional source of gratification. Although the gathering was festive enough, still it had not the appearance of a "vacation outing," as often happens with summer congresses. The delegates were fully impressed that they had a noble work on hand, and they strove with a will to do it thoroughly. The event is proof at once of their unwonted energy and perfect ability. There was plenty of wholesome discussion, and the delegates did not let matters of importance pass without voicing their sentiments. This was as it should be no doubt, and here also has the priest been true to his mission of teaching; but the case is so conspicuous that it deserves comment, and should go on record as

one of the most hopeful features of the Congress. As we have already said, there has not been held in the history of the Association a convention which accomplished more for the good of Catholics in general than the one just completed; and the SCHOLASTIC cannot wish the Priests' League better than to hope that its next meeting will be altogether as satisfactory.

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received the July number of our bright and entertaining contemporary the *Kalamazoo Augustinian*, and gladly take occasion to compliment the Rev. editors on the tasty appearance of their paper. Profusely illustrated and, on the whole, neatly gotten up, this issue is indeed a fitting "Souvenir of the Silver Jubilee of St. Augustine's Church." Notre Dame and Kalamazoo have long been united in friendly relations as may readily be noticed in perusing the pages of this Souvenir Edition. Prominent among the portraits which appear in it are those of the late Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Fathers Granger and Shortis; also of Father Klein, who delivered the Jubilee sermon. These, and other members of Holy Cross, have at various times been participants in the good work done at Kalamazoo, where now the Catholic Church is in such a flourishing condition. An edifying feature of this congregation is the annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame; and this, together with other items of interest, shows how energetic is the shepherd, and how faithful the flock of this parish. In the Jubilee *Augustinian* is recorded the history and progress of Catholicity in that district during the past three quarters of a century; and to the credit of those in charge be it said that the journal is itself a fitting memorial of Kalamazoo's halcyon days.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for August comes to us stocked with plenty of enjoyable matter. The opening article, "Newport," gives us an insight into the manner and customs of the quaint old town of culture and picturesqueness. Among the familiar scenes presented by the cuts are the Casino, its Quadrangle, and Ballroom, and an afternoon in the Bellevue Avenue. Newport is very much like all New England towns, full of narrow streets and quaint turnings; little squares undisturbed by the march of municipal government; "while the people," says Mr. Bronnell, "are addicted to observant

criticism of their summer visitors." "French for a Fortnight" is enjoyable, giving as it does little episodes of the Rev. Mr. Pentagon, who came down from the Canada woods to a pretty little town among the rocks of the Maine Coast. His introduction into French society was through the Perot family, who prevailed upon him to go to the Summer Festival of the French Society; this festival being a "pique-nique" unique. "The People that we Serve" throws considerable light upon the conventionalities of the people who live around us. "John March Southerner" still continues its usual interest.

Local Items.

- Retreat!
- Portiuncula!
- The First Eucharistic Convention!
- Vacation is drawing to a close.
- Some say that D. V. Any will become part of the bed.
- How many will be registered on the first day of the golden jubilee year?
- When R. C. scratched his shins, somebody asked if that was Peruvian bark.
- It is rumored that Frank takes a horn (a bass horn) two or three times aday.
- The Californian amuses the Minims with stories of events that might have been.
- The retreat of the secular clergy, which will be held here, commences on next Monday evening.
- Quite a number of the Faculty are visiting the several States enjoying themselves and recruiting.
- The assistant librarian is so reduced from swimming that one can readily note the decrease in his shadow.
- The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., represented the Total Abstinence Society of the University at the St. Paul Convention.
- Bring your "bike" along with you, boys; for some of the home talents have been practising, and there is promise of great events in the 'cycling clubs this year.
- Judging from the number of applications, the Freshman Class of the Scientific and Classical courses will be the largest that the University has had for a long time.
- Six Foot One Eye is the new name for the roomer on the top floor of Mechanic's Hall. He had a one round contest with his dresser, and the sky-light records the decision of the referee.
- The Director of the Lemonnier Library

returns thanks to Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind., for a contribution of valuable classical, scientific and artistic works in the German language.

—SCENE AT THE LAKE—Minims playing tag in the water. Big Minim in excitement shoves little one under. Little one rises to surface, ejects a gill or two of good lake water and yells, "Whose it?"

—Through the oversight of our reporter one of the pleasing features of Commencement was omitted. The sight of the University colors will always excite attention and designate the wearer as a lover of Notre Dame. Miss Nester, of Chicago, hit upon a neat way of manifesting her affection for U. N. D. She attended Commencement arrayed in a dress in which the prevailing colors were gold and blue. Many of our local lovers of fads cast envious glances at a fashion which far outstripped anything they could conceive.

—During the vacation carpenters, painters and decorators have been busily engaged in making repairs in the college. Rooms, corridors, classrooms have been renovated and placed in apple pie order. B. William displayed his usual good taste. While the interior of the main building was put into proper shape, the Rev. President, who always has an eye to the welfare and enjoyment of the students, caused the reading-rooms of Carroll and Brownson Halls to be repainted and papered. Both rooms now present the appearance of veritable parlors or club-rooms. The "gyms" likewise were newly-floored, and all is in readiness to welcome and gladden the student heart.

—The Director of the Catholic Historical collections of America has received from Mrs. Shirland a silver archiepiscopal cross which she found sixty years ago, when a little girl, while playing in the sands of St. Joseph's River near the site where La Salle landed more than two hundred years ago. The cross is similar in make to those given by the early Jesuit missionaries to the Indians. Mrs. Shirland has also presented life-like portraits of George and Martha Washington framed in gold ovals, and two engravings of Kalamazoo, Mich., made in the fifties. Mrs. Hugh Tansey has enriched the collections with two curiously-wrought rosaries which were in her family for a hundred and fifty years, and a brass crucifix found in St. Joseph's River about forty years ago by Mr. Brownfield of South Bend.

—A unique feature in the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption at Notre Dame was the procession around St. Joseph's Lake, during which the statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried on the shoulders of four ecclesiastics. In addition to the usual formality of heading the procession by acolytes and cross-bearer, there was also a color-bearer, and Old Glory waved to the fore, adding, as likewise did the

numerous streamers and bannerets, to the beauty of the scene. While the line of march moved along the shady walks of the lake, canticles, hymns and versicles were sung by the choir from the Church of the Sacred Heart. The procession returned to the church, where the exercises of the day were concluded by Solemn Benediction given by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C.

—A meeting of the graduates of the Law Class of '94 was held before the members separated on June 21, to perfect a class organization. The aim and object of this society is to keep the members of the class informed as to one another's success and whereabouts—an obligation of corresponding with the president once a month, who in turn imparts any information in regard to the graduates. It is certainly a very commendable organization, and the good fellowship that has existed among the students will distinguish them throughout life. Next year the class is to meet at their *Alma Mater* and assist at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee. It is the intention of the society to give a banquet at the reunion, at which experiences will be swapped. The following are the officers: President, Ed. M. Roby, '94; Vice-President, James Kennedy, '94; Secretary, Joseph Cooke, '94; Class Orator, M. McGarry, '94; Class Poet, Ernest DuBrul, '94. Honorary members are Colonel Hoynes, John T. Cullen, Martin P. McFadden.

—The St. John Berchman's Literary Association, which was established last summer among the younger Brothers of the teaching body, and which obtained the highest approval of the Very Rev. Provincial, held its regular meetings this vacation. Some very creditable essays on the following subjects were prepared and read: "Pedagogy," "Psychological Aspects of Education," "The Art of Writing," "The Catholic Educational Exhibit," "Literature," "Astronomy," "Emulation," "The Religious Teacher," and "The Worldly Life." Besides the above, an instructive talk was given by the Very Rev. President of the University, who highly commended the project, and assured the members that they could not be organized for a better purpose than that of cultivating a taste for the best literature. Rev. Fathers French and Cavanaugh, and Brothers Marcellinus and Theogene also spoke words of encouragement and congratulation. With the gratifying results which have already been attained, the members believe that the society is on a permanent footing, and have every reason to hope that it will continue and increase in usefulness.

—The annual pilgrimage from Kalamazoo is an event that is unquestionably looked forward to with a great deal of interest by many persons; and the one of 1894 was all that could be desired. As soon as the trains arrived at Notre Dame Station the line of march was

formed to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. On the way the acolytes carried lighted tapers, as did also the other participants in the procession. The surpliced choir which is the pride of Kalamazoo, chanted hymns in honor of Our Lady. From the grotto the procession moved to the Chapel of Lourdes in the church, where, after a few prayers had been recited, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Rivard, assisted by Fathers Cullinane and Houlihan. Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., preached an eloquent panegyric upon the Feast of the day. After Mass the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien presented a beautiful Missal to the church as a souvenir of the pilgrimage. In accepting the gift, the pastor of the church, Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., assured the pastor and flock of St. Augustine's Church, that a cordial welcome always awaited them at Notre Dame. Every year hundreds of visitors and pilgrims from the neighboring towns and cities come to witness and participate in the work of fealty to the great Protectress of Notre Dame; and the success of this annual excursion is attributed to the zeal of the unassuming pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo; the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, who each year seems to impart, more and more, to his flock his own great love for Our Lady's shrine.

Result of the June Examination.

(No Average under 60 is published.)

SORIN HALL.

E. Ahlrichs, 94; F. Bolton, 91; F. Carney, 92; W. Correll, 94; J. Cullen, 95; D. Casey, 96; P. Crawley, 85; A. Corry, 93; J. Devanney, 84; J. Dempsey, 92; N. Dinkel, 86; F. Davis, 94; F. Eyanson, 87; C. Fitzgerald, 96; J. Fitzgerald, 90; A. Funke, 83; J. Flannery, 82; J. Flannigan, 86; A. Hudson, 95; J. Hervey, 87; E. Jewett, 92; C. Kuhnert, 88; J. Kearney, 96; F. Keough, 91; J. McKee, 90; F. McKee, 85; C. Mitchell, 89; H. Mitchell, 97; J. McCarrick, 83; M. McFadden, 94; W. Marr, 89; D. Murphy, 96; M. McGarry, 93; Mott, T. 85; H. O'Donnell, 87; F. Powers, 94; A. Prichard, 85; T. Quinlan, 88; M. Ryan, 87; E. Scherrer, 92; F. Schillo, 78; J. Schopp, 96; R. Sinnott, 95; F. Thorne, 94; S. Walker, 95.

BROWNSON HALL.

O. Amberg, 92; J. Arce, 88; L. Brinker, 82; J. Barrett, 85; H. Beyer, 72; W. Bates, 81; W. Byrne, 90; C. Blanchard, 67; E. Brennan, 83; W. Burns, 80; H. Bennett, 84; F. Barton, 74; L. Baldwin, 72; B. Bates, 78; J. Brown, 89; E. Cullinan, 96; P. Campbell, 83; A. Clark, 88; C. Corry, 85; H. Crane, 66; E. Callahan, 76; T. Cavanagh, 73; G. Covert, 77; J. Cooke, 92; E. Chassaing, 88; A. Cuneo, 82; W. Conway, 76; L. Cochrane, 76; A. Campbell, 82; S. Corby, 89; F. Dillon, 84; A. Dillon, 83; R. Dugan, 87; W. Fagan, 89; T. Falvey, 66; P. Foley, 88; R. Flynn, 78; A. Flynn, 87; J. Feeney, 89; H. Galen, 70; W. Grady, 91; J. Gordon, 100; E. Gilmartin, 90; A. Gibson, 82; L. Gibson, 90; N. Groff, 80; N. Golden, 87; R. Halligan, 93; J. Hinde, 81; A. Herman, 89; F. Hennessy, 82; F. Harris, 62; M. Hennebry, 85; F. Hesse, 78; W. Hodge, 78; G. Johnson, 70; M. Kerndt, 84; J. Kennedy, 89; M. Kirby, 86; E. Krembs, 89; J. Kelly, 85; B. Kortas, 67; J. Ludwig, 85; W. Lawlor, 83; C. Loser, 89; P. Maynes, 80; W. Moore, 76; J. Maguire, 72; J. Moloney, 83; J. Mott, 87; J. Murray, 84; O. McHugh, 81; L. Mithen, 78; F. Markum, 84; W. Moxley, 91; J. McVean, 83; A. Major, 76; E. Manchester, 85; C. Mon-

tague, 90; M. Ney, 82; W. O'Neill, 83; T. O'Connell, 87; F. O'Brien, 77; B. Oliver, 77; R. O'Malley, 82; H. O'Neill, 84; G. Pulskamp, 84; F. Pulskamp, 96; R. Palmer, 92; C. Piquette, 85; G. Perkins, 82; P. Ruppe, 85; A. Rumely, 82; J. Rvan, 82; E. Roby, 80; J. J. Reilly, 74; F. Reilly, 74; T. Smith, 73; S. Spalding, 71; R. Slevin, 89; G. Sweet, 78; F. Sullivan, 80; A. Stace, 92; O. Schmidt, 77; C. Smoger, 78; R. Stack, 84; J. Streicher, 76; A. Spengler, 90; S. Schultz, 83; J. Tong, 87; C. Turner, 75; G. Tnnin, 90; A. Vignos, 91; G. Welty, 86; W. Weaver, 82; W. Wilkin, 77; C. Wagner, 75; J. Wiss, 71; P. White, 92; C. Walker, 89; C. Zeitler, 81.

CARROLL HALL.

H. Alber, 73; F. Austin, 76; O. Arnold, 77; J. Bloomfield, 76; T. Burns, 88; D. Bacon, 82; A. Banholzer, 83; V. Benson, 69; J. Benz, 82; C. Clarke, 79; W. Connor, 80; A. Cooke, 87; F. Cornell, 87; W. Clendenin, 90; J. Coyne, 82; F. Chauvet, 84; C. Cullen, 89; T. Cullen, 82; A. Chase, 79; A. Carney, 76; J. Corby, 85; J. Ducey, 84; A. Ducey, 76; J. Dannemiller, 81; J. Dalton, 83; H. Dilger, 83; A. Druecker, 97; S. Dixon, 88; G. Davezac, 84; A. Davis, 85; J. Foley, 67; J. Fennessy, 80; A. Farley, 89; R. Fox, 85; J. Forbing, 76; D. Fitzgibbons, 63; C. Fleming, 78; E. Franke, 76; E. Falvey, 75; W. Gavin, 82; M. Gonzales, 78; J. Goldstein, 92; T. Goldstein, 86; C. Gausepohl, 75; T. Hurley, 83; J. Howell, 79; D. Hutchinson, 72; L. Healy, 84; T. Hoban, 76; A. Harding, 62; H. Jones, 70; C. Krollman, 71; W. Kegler, 92; A. Kasper, 86; J. Lanagan, 96; J. Lantry, 95; J. LaMoure, 88; C. Lohner, 90; J. Leonard, 80; G. Lansdowne, 75; T. Lowrey, 92; O. Lippman, 70; W. Munzesheimer, 84; J. Murphy, 91; E. Murphy, 95; T. Murphy, 75; W. Monahan, 89; H. Miles, 87; R. Miers, 89; F. Morris, 72; W. Morris, 72; W. Massey, 87; W. Mills, 90; J. Miller, 89; L. Miller, 83; John McPhillips, 86; Joseph McPhillips, 89; J. McShane, 81; W. McDermott, 84; G. McCarrick, 85; E. McKenzie, 72; E. McCord, 72; J. Naughton, 87; J. H. O'Neill, 85; J. O'Mara, 78; W. O'Brien, 74; H. Ortiz, 66; W. Patier, 74; A. Pendleton, 80; H. Pim, 74; F. Plunkett, 75; A. Romero, 88; C. Rockey, 79; C. Reber, 81; J. Reinhard, 82; Roesing, 80; Shillington, 87; E. Swift, 81; H. Strassheim, 92; H. Stearns, 73; E. Sparks, 80; C. Strong, 78; J. Sullivan, 90; C. Swigart, 87; B. Tinnen, 72; L. Trankle, 79; H. Taylor, 78; D. Teresa, 70; J. Tempel, 94; E. Thome, 87; J. Tuohy, 85; J. Treber, 85; W. Treber, 96; I. Wilcox, 78; F. Waters, 80; J. Whitehead, 76; H. Wilson, 98; R. Wilson, 73; O. Wright, 85; D. Wright, 85; L. Wachtler, 83; F. Wagner, 79; B. Weitzel, 89; M. Wigg, 78; W. A. Yglesia, 70; M. York, 85; G. Zoehrlaut, 78.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

G. Abrahams, 89; L. Abrahams, 85; Allyn, 90; Bump, 98; Brinckerhoff, 95; Byrne, 95; Bullene, 90; Breslin, 90; L. Clark, 95; R. Clark, 95; B. Clark, 85; Croke, 92; Cross, 90; Christ, 90; Catchpole, 90; Caruthers, 90; Corry, 92; Curry, 90; Cressy, 88; F. Campeau, 92; D. Campeau, 94; J. Coquillard, 90; A. Coquillard, 95; Corcorn, 90; Crandall, 90; Clune, 90; Coolidge, 90; C. Dawson, 90; J. Dawson, 95; Davidson, 95; Devine, 95; E. Dugas, 90; G. Dugas, 86; Durand, 95; Dalton, 95; Englehardt, 90; Elliott, 90; Everest, 90; Egan, 90; Feltenstein, 95; J. Flynn, 100; Freeman, 100; Fortune, 100; Finnerty, 100; Girsch, 98; Leo Garrity, 95; M. Garrity, 90; Gimble, 95; Green, 90; Goff, 90; Graff, 95; Healy, 92; Ral Higgins, 90; Roy Higgins, 95; J. Higgins, 95; Hershey, 90; B. Hess, 95; R. Hess, 90; F. Hess, 90; Ives, 90; Jonquet, 89; A. King, 90; K. King, 89; Kelly, 92; Langley, 93; Lohner, 94; Lawton, 92; McGinley, 100; McPhee, 98; McCorry, 90; McElroy, 95; McIntyre, 95; E. McCarthy, 96; Eugene McCarthy, 92; G. McCarthy, 94; J. McCarthy, 92; R. McCarthy, 95; Morehouse, 98; Minnegerode, 96; Moxley, 90; Noonan, 100; B. Nye, 89; C. Nye, 85; Otero, 94; O'Neill, 78; Ortiz, 80; Pérea, 90; H. Pollitz, 80; W. Pollitz, 78; Peck, 95; Rasche, 95; Rasche, 90; Romero, 100; Robb, 89; Ryan, 89; Rohrbach, 88; Roesing, 90; Shipp, 89; Steele, 90; G. Scherrer, 95; W. Scherrer, 94; Simm, 90; Schneider, 90; Shillington, 90; Swan, 90; Terhune, 92; Thomas, 92; Thompson, 96; L. Thompson, 95; Taylor, 90; Wells, 90; Wagner, 94; York, 90.