

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•  
r-x-j

VOL. XXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 6, 1896.

No. 35.

Nostræ Dominæ Universitas

—et—

Congregatio a S. Cruce ad

III. AC R. R. Gulielmum H. Elder,

CINCINNATENSEM ARCHIEP.

CUR hodie tellus cœlo ridere videtur?  
Totaque lætitia radiat provincia, et omnes  
Cincinnatiensē subito vertuntur in urbem?—  
Festa dies agitur, summo decoranda triumpho.  
Millia tum placidas reboant campana per auras,  
Tum florum nitidos certant variare colores  
Christicolæ, sertisque domus viridantur amœnis.  
Dum sacra jucundis resonat concentibus ædes,  
Annosique juvat laudes cantare Parentis,  
Publica dum grati declarant gaudia nati,  
Aureaque unanimes cupiunt profundere dona,  
Nos, Nostræ Dominæ famulos, Crucisque ministros,  
Jam pudeat timidam quoque non adjungere vocem.  
Munera parva licet, sinceri pignus amoris,  
Votaque deferimus, tanto ut sint Præsule digna.

Christus in cœlis colitur, Deique  
Filius nudam faciem revelat  
Angelis, sanctum ut Domini tremendo  
Nomen adorent.

Factus et caro Dominus, nefandas  
Fregit humani generis catenas,  
Jesus et totum moriens redemit  
Sanguine mundum.

Vivere inter nos Hominem Deumque  
Quis neget? Missam celebras, Sacerdos:  
Hic adest vocem famuli secutus  
Ipse Creator.

Hic vir est servus Domini fidelis,  
Atque divinæ Fidei minister;  
Angelis major merito vocatur  
Christus et alter.

Non ego illustrem referam magistrum,  
Vel ducem mira pietate clarum  
Efferam: nostrum volitat perennis  
Fama per orbem.

Cur Ego duros memorans labores  
Præsulis, curas animi dolebo?  
Martyris victor meruit decoram  
Ferre coronam.

I, Sacerdos, I! Minitatur atra  
Pestis, et cives pereunt paventque:  
Nulla te mortis moveant pericla,  
O bone Pastor!

Quin tuis semper vigilans gregisque  
Anxius, prudens ovium saluti  
Consulis, nec non teneros ineptus  
Negligis agnos.

Te sacerdotes venerantur, alium  
Diligunt omnes populi Parentem:  
Omnibus præstas faciem benignam,  
Magne Sacerdos!

Serius in cœlum redeas precamur:  
Hic diu natos doceat, sacrumque  
Adsit exemplar Domini ministris  
Optimus Elder!

## The Poems of Father Tabb.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.



O attempt to define poetry is a task as useless as it is difficult. The true poet needs no introduction; his poems demand no preface; he is the untutored child of nature, and if he ascribes no motive for his work, it is for the sole reason that it is intended for none but those in whose heart his every word will find a responsive echo. Of our poet we make a part of ourselves. Though often towering above us, we feel that his nature is in touch with ours, and to none do we turn for sympathy with a greater confidence than to those whom we feel have undergone the same sorrows and experienced the same pleasures as ourselves. "In joy and in grief alike we love to sing," said an ancient Greek, and in grief and joy alike we love to turn to our hero of heroes to seek a sympathy that few things this side of heaven can bring.

For one who can read the poems of Father Tabb and remain utterly unappreciative of their merit, I could only think that for such a one, truth and beauty have few charms. For his ear there is more music in the ceaseless din of a cable-car through the crowded street than in the slow and measured progress of the Indian's canoe over the clear surface of a woodland lake, left in all its loveliness as God made it, untouched as yet by the ravishing hand of the white man. For him the awful splendor of the starlit heavens is nothing but a great collection of inanimate worlds that come from nothingness, and that will shrink back into nowhere, without even a suggestion of their vastness. What response can a poet expect from a soul like this? By years of study he may learn to appreciate the fierce and war-like epics of a Homer, or he may find delight in some strong tragedy that teems with action, and is embellished by the hand of a master dramatist. But these tell us only of the fierce passions of ambition, jealousy and hatred; they appal us by their awfulness, and leave the impression that man is but the blind tool of the gods. And they have their lessons to teach; but these lessons are elevating and grand, and with the scene of action laid on Mount Olympus, they are too high for ordinary mortals to strive after. But for one who would find the keenest pleasure in those beautiful lyrics, that come unbidden from the poet's heart, no amount of study

can fill the void which nature has left vacant

John B. Tabb was born at the Forest, Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845. His parents, Thomas Yelverton Tabb and Mariana Bertrand Archer, were first cousins and great grandchildren of Thomas Tabb of Clay Hill, Gloucester County, Virginia. The education of Father Tabb's early youth was under a private tutor, but he had hardly studied two years before trouble with his eyes necessitated its abandonment. It was at the age of seventeen that he was appointed clerk to Captain John Wilkinson, C. S. N., on the blockade runner "Robert E. Lee." He passed the enemies' ships between Wilmington and Nassau, eighteen or twenty times before being captured in '64 while carrying despatches for the Confederacy. It was while confined in Point-Lookout prison that he became the ardent admirer of Sidney Lanier that his works have lately shown him. He became a Catholic in September, 1872, and studied three years in St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., where he now holds the chair of English. He was ordained in '84 by Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, twelve years after his joining the Catholic Church.

The first volume of Father Tabb's poems was privately published in 1884 and was only enjoyed by a few friends of the author. In 1894, however, he gave to the public a small volume of poems, published by Copeland and Day and containing most of the author's poetical works. To Sidney Lanier he dedicated the volume:

Ere Time's horizon line was set  
Somewhere in space our spirits met,  
Then 'o'er the starry parapet  
Came wandering here.

And now that thou art gone again  
Beyond the verge, I haste amain  
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)  
To greet thee there.

Needless to say this volume was well received by the critics who saw in it remarkable cleverness and pureness of expression. While the thought is most poetical, the dress that adorns it is almost as perfect as the English language can make it. "The Half-Risen Moon" shows clearly his ingenuity and felicity of expression:

Over the sea, over the sea,  
My love he is gone to a far countrie;  
But he brake a golden ring with me,  
The pledge of his faith to be.

Over the sea, over the sea,  
He comes no more from the far countrie;  
But at night, where the new moon loved to be,  
Hangs the half of a ring for me.

If we are to judge from his poems, Father Tabb

has evidently inherited the happy disposition so characteristic of the land where the skies are brightest and hearts the truest. Descended from an estimable Virginia family, he could always distinguish the natural and the beautiful from the artificial side of life. We are told that while at school during his early youth he always preferred the woods and streams to the campus, and the friends with whom he communed the most were those objects that brought him closer to nature. A very brief perusal of his works will convince one of the truth of this statement. There are a thousand instances in his poems where a beautiful thought suddenly flashes out which carries with it the very odors of the forest. How lightsome and beautiful is the "Fern Song":

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,  
And spread out your palms again,  
And say: "Tho' the sun  
Hath my vesture spun  
He had labored alas in vain  
But for the shade  
That the cloud hath made,  
And the gift of the dew and the rain."  
Then laugh and upturn  
All your fronds, little fern,  
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

And how beautiful "The Lake:"

I am a lonely woodland lake,  
The trees that round me grow,  
The glimpse of heaven above me wake,  
The sum of all I know.  
The mirror of their dreams to be  
Alike in shade and shine,  
To clasp in love's captivity,  
And keep them one is mine.

It is, however, in his quatrains that Father Tabb approaches the nearest to perfection. It is impossible to describe just where the art lies in these dainty pieces of verse. They are truly skilfully carved little jewels, that shine most brilliantly when they are the work of an artist, but which fall perfectly flat when an unskilful man attempts them. Whoever has written one knows this difficulty too well. To call them the highest poetry would be a mistake. They are rather what Richard Watson Gilder would term—"a little picture painted well." Or, perhaps, not even that much—only a flash of a mirror reflecting back a ray of beauty. But call them what you will, those that have come from the pen of Father Tabb are admirable to say the least. "Prejudice," "To the Sphinx," and "Poetry" are but passing examples. How could it be expressed more tersely or beautifully:

A leaf may hide the largest star  
From love's uplifted eye;  
A mote of prejudice out-bar  
A world of charity.

Father Tabb would in no way be called a religious poet, and yet through all his poems we find a spirit of piety and devotion. But what is more natural? There was never a true poet yet whose works did not sing in part the praises of his Maker and of sacred things. Poetry presupposes beauty, and beauty reaches its highest form of perfection when it soars from things human to things divine. Does not the Incarnation show this?

Save through the flesh Thou wouldst not come to me—  
The flesh, wherein Thy strength my weakness found  
A weight to bow Thy Godhead to the ground,  
And lift to heaven a lost humanity.

Occasionally our poet lapses into the exceedingly commonplace form—a strange contrast to his usual decorum. It only shows what a slight step it is from the sublime to the almost ridiculous. This seems to be a little far-fetched—or perhaps it is intended for humor:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,  
But far from home to-day,  
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,  
That sin has cast away.  
O comrades, let us one and all  
Join in to get Him back His ball.

But verses like this are exceedingly rare in Father Tabb's little volume. And his exactness of expression and his elegant thoughts seldom fail him. Most of his verses show the highest art which comes from constant polishing and a most wonderful facility in the English language. It has been truly said that a writer of purer English is seldom found, and his poems should indeed be a genuine pleasure to any student of the language. Father Tabb is as yet little read, but much appreciated; and though his poems will hardly ever be rapturously received by the public in general, yet it is certain that more criticism and a wider reading of his works will add to his glory and not detract from it.

---

#### A Picture and a Legend.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes  
An awful thrill that softens into sighs.—SCOTT.

Evening on Lake Tahoe! What a glorious panorama unfurls before us in retrospect; what a kaleidoscope of beauty memory becomes when we recall the days we lingered there! An ideal body of crystal water on the extreme height of a lofty mountain like a great diamond oval in a setting of dull jade, majestic pines dressed in green silken gowns of creeping vines

whose delicate tendrils are etched against a dark-blue sky, sloping mossy banks where the violets, snow-flowers and purple daisies play hide and seek in the waving beds of pampas, grass, and now and then nod in the night breeze and show their pretty petals in the mellow moonlight, lovely water-lilies riding at anchor on the surface of the mirror-like lake, as if attached to the images of myriad stars which are reflected in the placid waters,—these are just a few of the things the visitor to this ideal spot may see any evening in midsummer.

But for a better view of Lake Tahoe and the Sierra Nevadas, let us come earlier in the evening, and, taking a position on the east side of the lake, look westward toward the ocean. Purple peaks pierce a canopy of fleecy clouds; snowy domes reflect the last lingering rays of a glorious sun; billows break against a rocky shore, and throw their spray high in the air, thus forming the most ideal rainbows in the bosom of placid pools, long green ponds and quiet bayous. Then just this side of the foot hills lie the agricultural districts and the little Indian villages in all their pastoral simplicity, hedged in with exquisite groves of pine-trees and forests of flowers, all of which make the beholder think he is witnessing some beautiful dream rather than a living reality. The sun rests his huge disk upon the crest of tumbling breakers, and seems reluctant to bid farewell to this fair scene ere he sinks to rest beyond the waves. An after-glow of softest twilight fills the flowery vales and lights up the dark castled crags, and enamels the snowy peaks with a golden radiance, and then night draws down her curtain of darkness and pins it with a solitary star.

Just a little to the southeast, behind a range of snowy domes, there appears a soft, delicate disk of mellow light, like the halo about the head of the blessed; and soon the moon in chaste splendor comes forth to begin her solitary reign. From the summits of perpetual snow flow down gushing streams of crystal water making the night melodious; and as they dash against the projecting rocks their spray glitters and glows in the moonlight, a virtual shower of nature's pyrotechnics. To the northwest, Mount Shasta, in its mantle of snow, rises in the darkness like some awful phantom in the night, and south-east of Shasta, shimmering in the silver beauty of snowy summits, are Lawson's Buttes, the prettiest peaks among the Sierras. But sunrise on Lake Tahoe is equally beautiful. Aye, more so! You watch the eastern horizon take on delicate tints which soon form into a halo of bright

purple, the moon fades away and dawn steals in among the pallid stars. What can be more beautiful than roses growing in the snow! All along the snow tops of the Sierras flowers of all species and the most beautiful in the world, pierce the hard, cold crusts and give forth their fragrance. The damp air of the night causes them to droop; but with a few minutes of sunshine they raise their drooping heads, dewy with Nature's tear-drops.

#### EULOLA'S ISLE.

On a little eminence that rises near the east bank of Tahoe, there grows a stately pine, towards which we often steered our craft, and where we spent many an hour in sweet meditation. There, away from the boisterous world, alone with nature in her loveliest aspect, we read a story of love, the sad history of a life, carved in hieroglyphics on the bark of a mountain pine, of a beautiful girl, the solitary scion of a time-honored race, who found this life all too bitter, and who sleeps her last sleep beneath the cold waters of Lake Tahoe. The inscription represents a serpent biting itself, signifying that anguish had driven the writer to self-destruction, the outline of a heliotrope, meaning forgiveness, and that of a morning glory, signifying rest.

According to the well-authenticated legends of the Indians, it is the epitaph of Eulola, the last daughter of the Cliff-Dwellers. Wajekob, Eulola's father, was chief of the most powerful tribe in Nevada and California; but when the Spanish missions were established, his people became divided, and the power of Calamecoe, chief of the Winnemuccas, began to prevail, Wajekob waged a long and heroic war against the Winnemuccas, but was finally subdued; and, in keeping with Indian customs, was made a prisoner of war for life. Eulola, Wajekob's beautiful daughter, was held in great esteem by Calamecoe, not only because she was sprung from a nobler race than his own, but also on account of her personal beauty and the intelligence and refinement she had acquired by several years of close communion with the Spanish missionaries at Reno.

Among those who accompanied Padre Veytia to the mission, and who helped him to teach the catechism to the Indians, was a young and handsome Castilian named Don Jago Omar, a layman and a voluntary exile into the wilderness. Eulola was among his pupils. She at first attracted him by her brilliant mind and quick perception; and later on captivated him by her

sweet disposition, her eagerness for knowledge and a higher life, and above all by her confidence in him. He saw the soul of an angel dressed in the garb of a savage, and he longed to take her to his native country, where she could obtain the education that would make her a beautiful and accomplished woman. Eulola was his ideal, and like a great artist or sculptor who contemplates some glorious painting or statue, her future became to him a beautiful conception which he longed to make real.

Deprived of his power to rule, and of his liberty, which an Indian values above all things, Wajekob slowly drew near to death. One fine morning in August, when the sun peeped over the eastern hills, and brightened the great sagebrush plains, he asked to see Eulola and Omar. As they stood by his bed of bark and dear-skins, he took Eulola's hand, and the mist of death was in his eyes as he said in very broken Spanish to Omar: "My little girl will have no friend now, and I want you to take care of her, and deliver her from these tyrants who have caused my death. You have always been kind to her and to me." Wajekob sank back on his pillow and the last of the Cliff-Dwellers was dead.

Eulola's grief was inconsolable, and her hatred of the Winnemuccas grew apace. Her attachment to Omar was now greater than ever: she clung to him as her only friend on earth, and his interest in her, prompted at first by the strictest sense of an adviser, now developed into tenderest affection. Yes, Eulola and Omar loved each other with all the fervor of which two young hearts are capable. "La bonita Eulola" was what the Winnemuccas called the last and only daughter of the Cliff-Dwellers, and the appellation of "the beautiful" arose not from physical attributes alone; for she was of noble blood, and the Indians, as well as their more enlightened brethren, have a deep respect for nobility, provided it be accompanied by sterling qualities of character.

Among the powerful chiefs whose authority bordered on that of Calemecoe, was the young warrior Panona. He had long known and admired Eulola, and one day while he and Calemecoe together smoked their peace-pipes, an agreement was made by which Calemecoe was to give Eulola in marriage to Panona. The compact reached the ears of Omar and Eulola, and they decided to steal away under cover of night and seek their friends beyond the sea. It was half-past eleven on a beautiful August evening; the harvest moon hung a dim, but lovely

crescent just above the range of the Sierras which stood out a purple peristyle against a dusky sky. All was quiet at the mission save the occasional bark of the Indian dogs as they chased a coyote which had ventured too near. On the outer skirt of the myriad tepees, Omar walked silently, leading two small ponies. He followed the trail that stretched dimly across the sage-brush plain, and was soon met by Eulola. There is something in the human heart that engenders a tear when we are about to part from the familiar scenes of birth and childhood, no matter how dark may have been our existence there; and Eulola wept as she gazed on the lands of her fathers, from which she was now about to part forever.

Eulola and Omar rode hard all night, and by day-break were climbing the steep trail that leads from the summit of the Sierras to the sea. Great was the consternation among the Winnemuccas when they missed Eulola and Omar next morning. Calemecoe and Panona were confirmed in their belief that the couple had gone westward; and Panona, with fifteen mounted men, armed with lances, started in pursuit. Day and night, without rest or refreshment, they followed the trail, and on the third day passed by Eulola and Omar, who were hidden in the dense foliage in a ravine just west of Truckee. The Indians went as far as Gold Run, but saw no evidence of that stream having been forded and began to retrace their steps. Twice they passed by Eulola and Omar, who were using every exertion to find another trail to the coast and avoid Panona. This they would have done had not Omar been compelled to shoot a mountain lion which was about to spring at him. The report of his arquebuse discovered him to his pursuers, and in an instant they had him surrounded. He placed Eulola safely behind a high ledge of rock, and then made a desperate dash at the Winnemuccas, and succeeded in killing three of them before Panona's lance stretched him dead on the ground. They carried the broken-hearted Eulola back to the mission, but despite the fact that she was closely watched, one dark night she stole away, her mind clouded by sorrow, and the simple epitaph carved on the tree, which has grown into beauty, on the little isle that bears her name, tells the sad story of her death. In the evening, when all is quiet on the lake, the waves beat their sad refrain against the little moss-grown island, and the turtle dove in the branches above seems to chant mournfully, "Eulola! Eulola!"

## The Fairy-Folk of Ireland.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

To have spent your childhood in Ireland seems to me the happiest and the sweetest of fates. To live there until your sixteenth Easter sun has risen is to live in another world,—a world of dreams and poetry, of legend and allegory. From their earliest years the children of Erin are fed upon a strange mixture of history and romance, and the hardest facts, the direst misfortunes, the sorest defeats, are never enough to stifle the impressions of their youth. While their "organs are limber," as Burke puts it, they live in the kingdom of the fairies; they learn the laws of the "good people," and respect them; and woe to the traitor who invites the anger of the fairy queen.

To Irish lads and lasses, fairies seem real beings. Every child has more than a speaking acquaintance with these airy people. They know their haunts; they hear them in every blast of wind, and see them in the waving corn and the swaying boughs. They hear the prancing of their tiny steeds and the laughter that accompanies their ceaseless play. They listen to "the sweetest music ever heard," issuing from the fairy forts, and see the most splendid cities, where everything is of gold inlaid with precious stones.

Fairies may differ in dress and appearance, but they are always the same in character. They may be two inches in height, or twenty; they may wear the conventional "green jacket, red cap and white owl's feather," or the less usual cloak of green and cap of puce, but they are, without distinction, the "good people," who exert a mighty influence upon the lives of human beings. They preside at births, and hover over death-beds. If a new-born babe is lovely they mark it for their own, and watch over its infancy, its childhood, its youth—ay, and its manhood and old age. Whether they carry it off sooner or later does not matter; in either case, it is borne away at some time by the fairies to *Tír nan Óg*—the Land of the Young.

The children have many ways of discovering those who belong to the fairies. Beauty, gentleness and kindness are qualities that point out the "fairy hand." And as these are usually the qualities of young girls fading away under consumption's relentless hand, young girls thus afflicted are said to be in the hands of the

fairies, and may be called away at any moment: "Whom the gods love, die young," was the ancient proverb; "Whom the fairies love are the first to go," is the thought of the children of Ireland. Never does a villain die except of old age; it is always the good that perish, while their limbs are still straight and their cheeks still flushed with youth. Such is the opinion that obtains among the Irish before they reach their teens.

It often happens, however, that the fairies are forced to give back the stolen boy or girl. This is always brought about either by some friend who had previously been taken away to fairy-land, or by a band of rival fairies. The fairies are very skilful in deceit. Unseen and unheard, though all the neighbors should surround the patient's bed, they exchange the body of the coveted man or woman for another which bears a close resemblance to it. The changeling soon dies and is buried; and the children believe that instead of being flesh and blood, the person substituted is merely a form of brute matter that appears natural to human eyes. That fairies possess the power of transporting men and women to another world, and of putting in their stead useless beings that soon expire, is never doubted in the nursery. Fairies are all-powerful. They can lead one astray in broad daylight and plant a forest where a moment before was a moor. They can set a traveller on the right path in a moment and return wandering children to their parents' door. They take special delight in stealing babies from the cradle, and in hovering round them while asleep. If the child smiles, the fairies have been good; if it frowns, it is in danger.

Night is the favorite play-time for these children's-heroes. If the weather is stormy they prefer to stay within their forts and pass the time in dancing and merriment. The fairy queen is always there in state. She takes precedence in the feasting, and all the others are subject to her slightest whim. The king of the fairies is not so important as the queen; at least, he does not enter into the child's idea of the fairy-kingdom so much as his consort. The music, of course, comes from a diminutive set of Irish pipes, and it is such music! The dancing is most graceful and the costumes indescribably beautiful. Their banquet boards are laden with the sweetest fruits and the most sparkling wines. They eat nothing common. If a stranger be present at their banquet, he should beware of tasting their food; for the moment he has taken three bites of the fruit

or drunk three mouthfuls of the wine, he ceases to belong to the world of men; thenceforth he is a fairy. In fine weather they enjoy themselves in many different ways. They hunt the fox or the hare; they race across the country on horseback; they play football or engage in the national game of hurling.

Who that has spent his youth in Ireland and drunk in, till his imagination overflowed, the stories of midnight hunts and games, has not heard the joyous barking of the fairy beagles, as they ran the hare to cover, or the deep growl of the fox-hounds as Reynard disappeared across the heath? Who has not heard the gallop, gallop, of the hoofs of a hundred fairy coursers and the shouts of a hundred riders urging their steeds to victory? No stone wall is high enough to check the ardor of the little fairy riders. They sweep the country "faster than the wind"; mountain and bog and meadow are their courses. They gallop from fort to fort at the top of their speed, and, gaining new recruits at every fairy village, never draw rein until the east is reddened by the rising sun and chanticleer is heard in every farm-yard.

Football and hurling are favorite sports in that part of fairy-land. The contests, which last all night, are fierce and bloody, and it often happens that a peasant of the neighborhood, skilful in sport above his fellows, fleet of foot and handy with his "hurley," is called from his feather-bed at the dead of night to fill the place of an injured fairy athlete. For his pains the mortal player receives from the fairy-queen some lasting token of gratitude. An unwritten treaty is entered into between the fairies and their earthly guest, and should danger threaten the family or the flock of their ally, it is warded off by the almighty power of the good genii.

The fairies help him and his family in many ways. In the morning the housewife finds order and cleanliness in the household; the blaze is merrily dancing in the hearth for her reception; the ashes removed from the fireplace and the furniture dusted and arranged. The maid discovers on entering the dairy that the cream has been skimmed from the milk and churned into butter sweeter and more abundant than could be made by human hands. The "man of the house" himself is relieved of the task of foddering his cattle. The "good people" have been there before him, supplied the herd with fragrant hay and made comfortable their beds of straw. In short, ease and prosperity falls upon the favored mortal who happens to be useful to the elfin tribe.

There are places in which the fairies live and thrive, where, it is safe to say, they never die, and again there are spots which are shunned by these tiny tenants of the children's fancy. I know a beautiful valley—for fairies live in the most delightful places—where, I have been told, there is a fairy for every blade of grass. In that valley alone I *knew* there were millions of fairies; and such beautiful nooks may be found without number from Malin Head to Cape Clear and from the Shannon's mouth to the bay of Dublin. What an infinite number of legions of fairies must then throng "the green fields of holy old Ireland!" Could they be as useful in fact as we believe them to be, what a power they would form for the regeneration of Ireland! And the children believe that some day,—*when Ireland is ready*—an army will spring from the earth to confound the Sassanach tyrant. What a beautiful legend! If all fairy tales were as inspiring as this, what a valuable mine of folk-lore would the world possess!

Fairies prefer to make their homes in valleys watered by pleasant streams, in fields thickly grown with hawthorn trees, on the pebbly shores of little lakes, in ruins clothed with ivy, in which the crow and the sparrow make their nests, and particularly in the old Danish raths, or forts, that crown the hillocks of the whole country. Old castles and abbeys destroyed in the course of hundreds of years—castles where lived the kings and chieftains of a noble race, where the stranger was welcomed and warmed, where peace and love reigned until the enemy came and conquered, and abbeys within whose walls rest the bones of the brave and the fair, the rulers of broad lands and the queens of smiling hearths—these are to-day the ivied homes of the fairies—fitting successors to proud dynasties!

The fairy raths are supposed to have been the beacon points of the Danish inhabitants of Ireland during the ninth and tenth centuries. They are situated on the summits of hills which command a view of the surrounding country. The outer wall, which is high and circular in form, encloses a hollow area; and outside is a moat from which, presumably, was taken the earth for the wall. These raths are now entirely overgrown with grass. They are believed to be the favorite resorts of the fairies, and so much credence is given to this belief that no "fort" has ever been desecrated by the spade or plow. Such a thing is said to have been more than once attempted, but the guilty ones received fatal warning of the punishment they

deserved, and in a year and a day they died.

These battlements of the stern Vikings are not deserted. They are peopled with happy, careless beings that are ever young and never die.

"To the fitful song of the haunted stream  
Their aerial numbers flow;  
And their tiny spears in the starlight gleam  
To the burden to and fro.

Away! quick March! through the ruined arch,  
At the sound of the nutshell gong—  
And here shall we halt at the Viking's vault,  
And chant him a battle song."

Let them live on and chant for aye their battle-songs. They were the "good people" that we learned of when our ears began to hear and our brains to understand. Scenes of fairy-story evenings—the solemn *seanachie*, the awe-struck group of youthful faces, reflecting the light from the broad blazing turf fire—are still the happiest remembrances of our youth. They are the strings that help to bind us to the land of our birth, the fairy ties that stretch and strain, but remain unbroken. Oh! that all our hopes were like the hopes of our youth—"As sunny and as vain"!

---

#### The Tyrant of "The Admiral Benbow."

CHARLES FOULKS, 1900.

There was much of the boy about Robert Louis Stevenson even to his latest hour, and his affection for pirates and the usual machinery of the "dime novel" was eminently natural to him. In the very beginning of his "Treasure Island" he brings to our notice the most picturesque old rascal that ever flourished cutlass or wore queue. Billy Bones was a retired seaman. He had sailed over many seas in a pirate ship—which is not a gentle training for any man. He was, it seems, a favorite with the captain, and at his death, the master gave Bones a map of a small island on which he had hidden an immense treasure. Bones realized that he would either have to leave the ship or share with the men. He preferred to leave; and thus it was, one day, that he wandered up to the country inn, "The Admiral Benbow."

The "Benbow" was a quiet little place along the coast, and very few people ever lodged there. This suited Billy. He could sit all day, undisturbed, and dream of the gold in store for him. He decided to make his home there; and Mr. Bones was a man of no little resolution. He ordered the people about as though they were

his slaves. When he wanted them to be silent he would slap his hand on the table, and none of the visitors would dare speak. But he was disagreeable only when he had taken too much rum and the pirate came to the surface again.

It was his wont, every day, to take his old brass telescope and wander about on the cliffs, scanning the horizon for a sail, lest any of his old crew might surprise him. In the evening he would seat himself in the parlor near the fire, and sip a glass of wine and water, very strong—not one, but many, until he became so intoxicated that he would have to be carried to his room. The doctor was called in one day to prescribe for the proprietor who was ill, while Bones was in one of his reminiscent moods. When Billy saw him he began his old sea song:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—  
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!"

The doctor was not pleased, but he merely looked up for a moment and kept on with his talk. In a few minutes the Captain—as Bones was commonly called—slapped his hand on the table for silence. It did not quiet the doctor; he kept on talking as before. The Captain sprang to his feet, drew his clasp knife and threatened to stab the doctor. He subsided, however, when he learned that the physician was also the chief magistrate of that district,—and for weeks the "Benbow" was a very orderly house.

The Captain always kept his weather eye open for any seaman who might happen along, and especially for a man with only one leg. For fear that they might come without his knowledge, he paid the son of the proprietor a silver four-penny on the fourth of each month to watch for the man with one leg. One morning the lad was laying the cloth for the Captain's breakfast when the door opened and in stepped a stranger, a seaman, evidently. He asked the boy if the table was for his mate, Bill; and, taken off his guard, the lad told him that it was, and that the Captain was out walking. Soon came the Captain, eager for his breakfast. The stranger boldly stepped forward with out-stretched hand, but the Captain knew only too well what was his motive in seeking him, and angrily demanded what was his business there. After a moment's dispute, they drew their hangers. Steel clashed on steel, and the stranger bolted through the door, the blood spurting from a terrible gash in his shoulder, the Captain in pursuit.



When Bones returned to the house he called for rum, but reeled and fell. Providentially, the doctor came in to visit the proprietor, and he speedily brought him around. But this was not the last of the unfortunate man's troubles. He was just regaining his strength when a blind man came along and stopped in front of the inn. Again the lad betrayed the Captain by telling the man that he was at the "Admiral Benbow." The blind man begged the boy to step nearer to him, and, as he did so, grasped him by the arm and forced him to lead him up to the Captain's room and announce him. Into the Captain's outstretched arms the blind man dropped the "black spot"—the summons to deliver the chart or suffer an ignominious death—and instantly he left the house.

It was some minutes before either the boy or the Captain spoke; but at last the Captain sprang to his feet, fear and rage in his heart, and cried: "Ten o'clock! Six hours! We'll do them yet." He had hardly finished when he reeled, put his hand to his throat, and, with a terrible moan, fell face downward on the floor—fit ending to a life of violence and crime.

---

"Summer-School Essays."

---

The twin volumes which D. H. McBride and Company, of Chicago, have brought out with the title "Summer-School Essays," are two books which you want for your library. If the summer schools did nothing more than bring before an audience of a thousand representative Catholics, the scholars and thinkers of our country, it would have a great and blessed influence on our people. But the summer schools are to be centres of general culture and their field is to be as wide as the land. The lectures which hundreds heard and thousands followed, half understandingly, in the garbled reports of the daily papers, are now to become common property in the compact and tasteful volumes of the Summer School Library.

The second volume of the "Essays"—we noticed the first volume a fortnight ago—is made up of five lengthy studies of as many controverted questions of history. But the men who made them always kept their tempers and religiously avoided billingsgate, so that there is no taint of controversy about the modest red-brown book. We are very fond of accusing non-Catholic writers of unfairness—so used to it, in fact, that we scarcely ever stop to consider that it is not impossible for a Catholic publicist

to have prejudices too. Father Nugent, whose nimble wit and scholarly attainments are familiar to every Notre Dame man, in two pithy sentences outlined the common failing of historians who are special pleaders. "The generality of Protestant writers," he says in his lecture on "The Spanish Inquisition," which is accorded first place in this collection, "persist in looking at the Inquisition through the small end of the telescope, and magnifying it a thousand diameters. A large number of Catholics seem to think that we ought to turn the telescope, and view it through the large end, and minimize everything to its lowest degree."

This Father Nugent declines to do, and his essay on the Inquisition is a calm and critical survey of the facts in the case and a deliberate weighing of their worth. In the same spirit were the other lectures conceived and carried out; and it is for this very reason that they are especially valuable. It is an easy task to persuade a Free-Silver man that the gold standard is a thing iniquitous, but when you endeavor to convert him into a "gold bug," you must be very careful in your handling of statistics. Now Father Nugent and his colleagues are not content with reiterating statements which have been dodged a thousand times. They break fresh ground and carry the war into the enemy's territory, resting only when his last line of defence is broken and he takes ship for another land. A summary method, truly, but the only one safe and satisfactory.

Our own Professor Ewing takes issue with the critics of Innocent III., the annuler of the Charter which Stephen Langton and the nobles wrested from John. Clearly and graphically he sketches the condition of England at the time and the circumstances which led to Innocent's espousal of John's cause. That the Pontiff was no tyrant usurping national power and threatening the liberty of England, Mr. Ewing makes very evident. His essay is an admirable statement of the case, and will correct many false impressions that are floating about touching Innocent's attitude toward England.

Besides these two papers, the volume contains three others: "Savonarola" by Conde Benoit Pallen, Ph. D.; "Joan of Arc" by J. W. Wilschach, and "Missionary Explorers of the Northwest"—all interesting and scholarly contributions to popular history and each worthy of a careful reading. The McBride proof-readers probably took a vacation on the day before the book went to press; there are scores of inexcusable errors between the cover boards.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 6, 1896.

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

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

## The Staff.

DANIEL V. CASEY, '95; DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95;  
JOSEPH A. MARMON;  
M. JAMES NEY, '97; ARTHUR W. STACE, '96;  
RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96;  
WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96; FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96;  
JAMES BARRY, '97;  
ELMER J. MURPHY, '97; SHERMAN STEELE, '97;

### THE REPORTERS.

JAMES BARRY,  
FRANCIS J. O'MALLEY, JOHN F. FENNESSEY,  
FRANCIS J. CONFER.

—Nowhere in the ecclesiastical Province of Cincinnati will the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Elder be hailed with more affection and thanksgiving than at Notre Dame. Not merely because he is of the few to whom God gives the consolation of a sacerdotal golden jubilee; not merely because he is our Archbishop and the *doyen* of the American hierarchy; but chiefly because it gives us a chance to express the special veneration with which he is regarded by the Faculty and students, past and present. His has been a true priestly life, lived not in the glare of the public eye, but in the pest-house, the death-chamber, the confessional—wherever there were hearts to comfort or souls to save. With his own hands he nursed the victims in a plague-stricken city, and his own escape from the pestilence was little short of a miracle. When positions of trust were forced upon him, it was the responsibility, not the honor, of his office which impressed him. He has borne the burden and the heat of a long day, but the Lord of the vineyard has given him a vigorous as well as a happy old age. Born and reared in the South, the sunshine of his native state seems to have got pent up in his heart and made his life one long June day. God grant that its evening may be still far off!

—In the college chapel, last Wednesday morning three-score of students were “confirmed in the Faith, and made soldiers of Jesus Christ.” No ceremony in all the ritual of the Church—the year-long epic that is prose to the unknowing and poetry the most sublime to the initiate—is more full of beauty and symbolism than the “laying of hands,” the Sacrament of Confirmation. Bishop Rademacher, the Right Reverend Ordinary of the Diocese, officiated, assisted by our Reverend President and Vice-President, and Father Corbett, the Director of the class. Mass was celebrated at six o'clock by the Bishop, and following it came the ceremony proper, which was prefaced by a brief and beautiful sermon by the Right Reverend celebrant. The students were all in blue or cadet gray, and very manly and determined the little fellows and their larger brothers looked, as they filed from their places and knelt at the altar rail. Firm and decided came the responses to the usual questions; the rite went on, and there were sixty young soldiers enrolled under the banner of the Cross.

—Next Wednesday evening, in Washington Hall, the University Stock Company will present Bulwer-Lytton's great drama, “Richelieu.” Since the Columbians' production in 1893 of “Richard III.,” nothing so elaborate has been attempted by local Thespians; and the SCHOLASTIC wishes the Stock Company the fullest measure of success in its undertaking. We may be pardoned for expecting masterly things from the Company, for it is the only *purely dramatic* organization at the University, and the literary societies have set a high standard in our theatricals.

—What Europe was in the Ages of Faith, Notre Dame will be to-morrow. At eight in the morning, after a Solemn Mass in the college chapel, the Blessed Sacrament will be carried in procession about the Lake and back to the church again. Those who have been of the devout train in former years know that there are few rites more stately or beautiful than the ceremonies of Corpus Christi as performed at Notre Dame. The gleaming altars, rich with flowers and lights, the imposing arches spanning the flower-strewn pathway, the glint of sunlight on the muskets and the trappings of the military escort, the cadenced rise and fall of the chanters, the solemn hush that falls over the kneeling throng at the Benediction,—this is a memory-picture not easily forgotten in after years.

## Silhouettes and Sketches.

## VI.—THE HOME OF THE UPPER CLASS-MEN.

College traditions are of the stuff that dreams are made of,—they pass with the men who gave them form and being; to whom they will always be the fragrance of the rose of life. It is ever the golden present with your undergraduate; he has a great and supreme contempt for all men but the members of his own class, and it is only as his last Commencement draws near that his eyes are opened to many things he dreamed not of before. Vision comes to him, and he realizes that his predecessors were not all dwarfs—that there were men before his time. He catches himself watching with keen and abiding interest, the development of the Juniors who are, in another twelve-month, to give a new tone, perhaps, to his *Alma Mater*. He may even grow reminiscent within hearing of a group of next-year men; but because his legends have all a personal flavor about them, they are held as chaff by his audience and are religiously forgotten before the lights have "winked."

This is, perhaps, the reason why Sorin Hall has no unwritten history. There are memories it is true, of the mighty men of yore, of athletes who swept all before them on the track, on the water and on the campus, and kept the flag of Sorin always at the peak. Now, Brownson has changed all that, and inter-Hall competitions are vanished features of our sports. Half a dozen years ago, no field-day could go by without a stubborn contest between the sprinters and jumpers of the two Halls, no autumn slip way without a football game, no spring hurry by without the meeting on the diamond of the rival nines. It was healthy competition; and it had a wonderful effect on the form of our Varsity teams. Now the Sorins are content with the reflected glory of the "bleachers" and

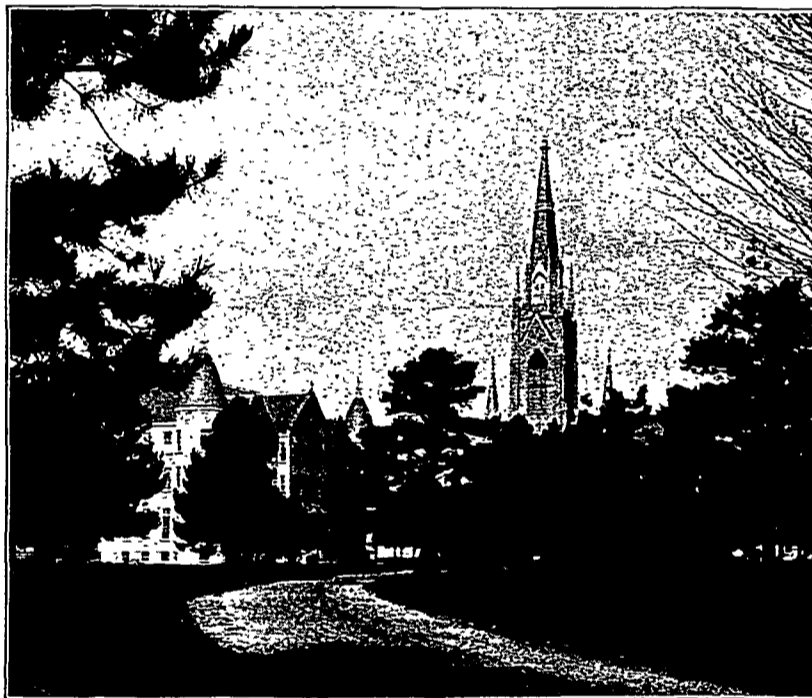
the side-lines, levying tribute on the country all about, instead of risking sunstroke and unkind comments on the Brownson Campus.

Nor are they wholly without excuse. The walk to the Stile stretches its cool, enticing length away to the west; the shaded lawn that fronts the Hall is Elysium when the mercury is in an antic mood, and all the land to the northward is a kingdom delectable and unexplored. It is good, when the foibles of economists grow tiresome, and the planets and the variable stars develop new idiosyncrasies, to tramp out to the Red Mill with a comrade, and come back for a lunch at the house of the marvellous cooks. Time has seven-league boats on a "rec" day, and you have hard work to keep up with him when you have the freedom of a

country-side. Little less than a passion would be the college-spirit that would dictate, to a Sorin, stuffy flannels and a crimson cap on an afternoon in May.

Sorin is more like a club than a dormitory. There are no "sets"—or if "exclusive" circles are formed, they are tolerated with good-humored indifference until they fall to pieces of their own weight—and class lines are any

thing but tightly drawn. Your chum may be "of the enemy," on public occasions, and none the less your friend for that. Every man is your comrade—unless he have an affection for the mandolin and the room next yours—and a thousand things conspire to make him your friend. You lounge together on the Hall steps, and discuss "Sentimental Tommy" and Caspar Whitney in the airy depths of the reading-room; you volunteer much unnecessary advice over the billiard-green, and hold your cigarettes and "Yale Mixture" in common. And this last, the smokers say, is the truest test of fellowship. But the closest ties are of danger's forging; and if, together, you have burned, behind drawn curtains, the forbidden midnight oil, or forgotten the meaning of the phrase "within bounds," your friendship will endure forever. D. V. C.



SORIN HALL.

## Memorial Day.

## THE EXERCISES OF THE MORNING.

## PROGRAMME—PART I.

Solemn High Mass.....8:00 a. m.  
 Music—"Marching through Georgia," Univer. Band  
 Presentation of American Flag on behalf of the  
 Graduates of '96.....F. P. McManus  
 Singing—"Columbia".....Grand Chorus  
 Presentation of Military Flag, Col. William Hoynes  
 Singing—"America".....Grand Chorus  
 Presentation of Gold and Blue Flag....John G. Mott  
 Music—"Gold and Blue March".....Preston  
 University Band.

## PART II.

Dress Parade.....Military Companies  
 Presentation of Drill Medals

Company A  
 Company B  
 Sorin Cadets.

Salute.....

Last Saturday, when the world was casting its garlands of fresh-blown flowers upon the graves of the tried and true who went out of the world while the smoke of battle surrounded them, Notre Dame wove its garland for them here within her walls, with no one but herself seeing. There could be no better proof of her sincerity. There was no one to marvel at the glistening flags, the long row of cadets. All was done for those who were in the grave, and perhaps they knew it all better than anyone.

At eight in the morning, a Solemn Mass was offered in the college church for those who fell in the Great Struggle. It was fitting that it should be celebrated by the man who had ministered to the spiritual needs of so many of the boys in blue who came not back from the front; and that Father Corby felt keenly the significance of his office was made evident by the few earnest words he spoke at the Offertory. His sermon was full of the fire that inspires common men to dare what heroes might blanch at, and he wakened the latent patriotism in every heart.

It was '96's day, and at ten they began their part of the celebration. Few noticed our veteran Father Cooney pull the rope which let fall the folds of the bright Red, White and Blue; but all saw the two banners of Gold and Blue creep out along the flag-staffs and sway in the wind. All was there—love of country and of *Alma Mater*.

Mr. Francis P. McManus made the presentation speech, and in spite of the wind which made the flags flap noisily, he sent his words clearly to the ears and hearts of all. All felt, all thought, that never was time more befitting

to unfurl for the first time the bright new flags, and Mr. McManus had but to fan this spark of patriotism into a glow. Mr. John G. Mott, on the part of '96, also delivered an address, apostrophizing the Gold and Blue which waved above him.

When Col. Hoynes stepped forward, he was greeted with a cheer; for it is a happy thing that some of those who have seen the smoke roll over the field of the wounded and dying, and heard the crack of muskets and boom of cannon, should live to recount it all. He presented to the Cadets, who were drawn up in a long line before him, the handsome silk flag on behalf of his old brigade. It was an honor from those sturdy Catholics who yet remained of the Army of the Potomac. After he had finished and cheers for the Red, White and Blue and the Gold and Blue had been given, Father Morrissey spoke a few words—masterly words, for no one can better speak on the spur of the moment. He praised the Class of '96 for its work in the past, and reminded them to forget neither country nor *Alma Mater*.

Then everybody followed to the campus, in the wake of the Cadets and Band, for the dress-parade. After manœuvring backwards and forwards, the companies drew into line, and the Band, in white and blue, marched and countermarched with quite as much regularity and evenness as the Cadets themselves. Col. Hoynes gave a few sharp commands, the Band played a final march, and the throng swept back to the college. Another day was gone—given to the honor of our country and her valiant dead who lived not to see the peace that came in the wake of war, the sunshine upon the last shadow of the storm.

\* \* \*

## THE AFTERNOON GAME.

(*Notre Dame*, 9—*St. Ignatius*, 6.)

The game, in the afternoon, with the "College Boys" was a farce throughout. Except for the hitting on the Varsity's side, Gibson's pitching, and a pretty foul catch by Shrewbridge, the game was featureless, unless errors and kicking may be classed as features. The Varsity piled up three runs in the first on a couple of bases on balls, a double, a single and a brace of errors.

The third and seventh each brought a run for the Varsity, while in the eighth Clark got rattled and the fielders were kept busy. Three hits, four errors and a few stolen bases chased the score up to 9. Gorman was put in, but was

hit freely, the side being retired on a foul fly and two put-outs on bases.

Three errors in the third gave the visitors their first run. In the next inning two more were piled up on hits and errors, and then they quit until the seventh, when two walks and a timely hit resulted in two more runs. Their last run was made in the eighth, a hit, two stolen bases and another hit bringing Gorman around four bases.

In the first half of the ninth, McLaughlin fanned, and Shrewbridge got first and scored an error, stealing third. He started home, when Quinn hit the base, but Rauch fielded it, throwing it home. Umpire Burns declared the runner out, and McLaughlin called his men from the field for the twentieth time. This time they left for good, adjourning to learn to take all sorts of guying from the disgusted crowd. Score 9 to 6.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Browne, 3d b. and c.	1	2	0	6	3	0	1
Hindel, 2d b.	1	1	0	2	1	2	0
Daly (Cap't), l. f.	1	0	1	0	0	0	1
Sauter, s.s. and 3d b.	3	3	1	1	1	2	0
Carney, c.	1	1	0	10	1	0	1
Monahan, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, c. f.	0	2	0	1	0	1	0
Hesse, l. b.	0	2	0	6	1	0	1
Gibson, p.	0	0	0	0	2	1	1
Rauch, s. s.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>

ST. IGNATIUS	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
O'Rourke, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
McLaughlin (Cap't)	0	0	0	8	0	0	0
J. Shrewbridge, c.	1	0	0	7	4	0	1
Quinn, s.s.	1	1	0	2	2	0	1
T. Shrewbridge, 2d b.	1	1	0	4	2	2	0
Gorman, r. f. and p.	0	1	0	0	0	1	3
Minter, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	1	1
Martin, b.b.	0	1	0	2	1	2	0
Clark, p. and r. f.	1	1	0	0	2	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>6</b>

SUMMARY—Earned Runs: Notre Dame, 2; 2 Base Hits, Lanter, 3 Base Hit, Hindel. Bases on Balls, off Gibson, 3; Off Clark, 11. Struck out by Gibson, 14; by Clark, 4, Passed Balls, Carney, 3d; Wild Pitches, Clark, 1; Gorman, 1. Umpire, Burns.

Exchanges.

The greatest imposture we have seen this month is exemplified by the *Holcad*. Both for choice of subject and manner of treatment, the articles in this paper have no closer connection with the students than that found in their names at the end of each. The puritanical righteousness and irrelevant piety that pervade them betray their origin to a pen that is certainly not

that of a student. But we make exception as regards the article on the modern Dutch painters which is the *bona fide* work of a student, and is very fair as far as it goes. However, the Dutch painters put the stomach to a very strange use, for we read that they use "their peasant interiors as backgrounds to throw out many of their strongest works of art."

\*\*\*

The *Adelphian* has two very good stories, one on the naughtiness of the "X rays;" the other on the goodness of a monkey. Both these stories exhibit singularity of plot presented with care and attractiveness.

\*\*\*

"If one comes upon an unusually stupid part of the *Cynic* he can skip it."—*University Cynic*. We skip the whole *Cynic* this time.

\*\*\*

A long year ago we said something against the *Washburn Mid-Continent*, and the *Mid* stayed away. It comes back now in its final issue, saying: "Our patrons will not feel *abused*, we trust, if we *favor* them in this issue with the *pick* orations of *ten* states rather than with the usual food." We do not know how its patrons have been "abused" throughout the year, but where in the name of audacity and absurdity is the "favor" now?

\*\*\*

The editor of the *Manitou Messenger* does not like to see the exchanges which the college receives treated carelessly, as some of them contain very good articles. "They are worth reading for anyone, especially so for teachers and students." Of course, editors are included in this. Here is a bit of smartness from the *Messenger* Professor (coming into class-room): "Let there be light!" Student (raising the curtain): "And there was light." There are some that would crack their wit even on their mothers' graves.

\*\*\*

The *St. James' School Journal* is noticeable this time for the great ease in stringing together rhymes manifested in its pages. The thought also is sometimes as appropriate as the rhyming is pleasing. Tennyson is worshipped in the *Journal* with the romantic exaggeration of a young admirer's heart. A *billet doux* is sent to him containing such unstinted praise as must make the old man (if he swallows it) walk about the Elysian fields quite "stuck on himself." We are allowed to show that Tennyson is a poet, but not that he is an absurdity.

There is not enough sense or brightness in the *Magazine*, of Tennessee University, to make up for its slipshod style.

\*\*\*

We see *The Academy* of Troy Academy for the first time; we hope that when we see it again it may have something readable.

---

Personals.

---

—Mr. F. A. Becker (student '79) paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* on Thursday last.

—Miss Kasper, of Chicago, is visiting her relatives at Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy.

—Mr. Julian Kune, of Chicago, spent Decoration Day with his son of the Minim Department.

—Miss M. Sullivan visited her brother Joseph, of Sorin Hall, during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Charles W. Schaack, of Carroll Hall, entertained his mother during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Gordon R. Cowie, of Carroll Hall, enjoyed a pleasant visit from his mother on Decoration Day.

—Professor Clark, of the Valparaiso Normal School Conservatory of Music, spent Sunday visiting friends among the Faculty and members of the Community.

—Louis J. Hermann (Law '91) is another graduate of Notre Dame who has distinguished himself in the legal profession. He is one of the partners in the firm of Maier and Hermann, one of the leading legal firms of Evansville, Ind.

—Edward J. Ball (Coml '92), Plymouth, Ind., spent Sunday visiting his brother Alphonsus, of Brownson Hall, and renewing old acquaintances among the Faculty and older students. Mr. Ball was the winner of the Mason medal in '91 and of the Commercial medal in '92.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill, (LL. B. '93), of Chicago, spent Sunday among his many friends at the University. Hugh is rapidly climbing toward the top of the ladder of success and is one of the most prominent of Chicago's young attorneys. But when he lays aside his professional cares and visits his *Alma Mater* he is the same genial, whole-souled Hugh of the days of old, when he shone in Moot-Court and public debates.

—Mr. E. Francis Jones (student '95), of last year's Stock Company and a member of the numerous musical organizations of the University, is again among us. He received a most hearty welcome from his hosts of friends at the University on his arrival, and is still busy shaking hands. His fine tenor voice, which delighted all who heard it last year, has improved with age, and is sweeter and clearer than ever. Mr. Jones is most welcome among us, and we trust that his visit may be a long one.

Local Items.

---

—Field-Day, Thursday, June 11.

—The Specials had their pictures taken Thursday morning.

—The extra "rec" day was spoiled last Wednesday by rain.

—FOUND—A cycle grip. Owner may call at Room 41, Sorin Hall.

—Dr. O'Malley is now lecturing to the Criticism class on the novel.

—Are you going to wear a Gold and Blue band on your hat this summer?

—The Carroll Crescent Club have made arrangements for a banquet Saturday evening.

—The improvements on the track continue, and Bro. Hugh will, no doubt, have it in first-class shape by Field-Day.

—There have been all sorts of rumors about that promised college-cap; and it is high time that it should appear. It's a good thing; push it along—quick!

—The Carrolls took a long ramble through the country last Thursday evening. The landscape as it appeared gilded by the setting sun was very beautiful indeed.

—We were not aware of the existence of any game preservers in this vicinity, but the boys who went walking last Monday evening report seeing a number of "dears."

—If the man who picked up Brucker's knife by mistake will return the same to him, he will receive a copy of Joe's latest work entitled "How to Raise a Van Dyke."

—The new wire fence between the Observatory and Mechanics Hall is now completed, and is a great improvement over the old wooden structure that formerly did duty there.

—This is jolly skiving weather, but the fate of some of the "old-timers" and the recent rains seems to have had a dampening effect on the habitants of Mrs. Hayney's and the Stile.

—The Elecution contest will be held on Friday next. The SCHOLASTIC would wish success to each competitor, but unfortunately there is only one medal for each Hall. The contest will be interesting, as the programme shows.

—Many of the Carrolls were startled by the announcement which some of the boys made last Thursday: "There is going to be an examination to-night!" "In what?" "Conscience." And the weary look remained, while a brick sought the "inveterate's" life.

—Beginning on Monday, the examinations on the books required to be read by the Rhetoric class will proceed in the following order: Art of Newspaper-Making, Philosophy of Style, English Composition, Idea of a University, Words and Their Uses.

—Hand-ball was unexpectedly revived last week. The principal features of the game were

the hard things said of the umpire. All disputes were settled by the conduct of the ball. It took wings, and settled on a beam from which it now smiles with a tantalizing grin.

—The Oratorical contest will be held next Thursday at 10.00 a. m. Much interest is being taken in the competition, inasmuch as the flower of our orators will take part in it. The judges will number three, as usual,—two of the learned gentlemen being from the East, and the third from Chicago.

—The Noble Greek Handball Association have organized a baseball team. Following is the line-up:—Howell, P.; Schermerhorn, C.; Golden, 1 B.; Confer, 2 B.; Geoghegan, 3 B.; Nevius, L. F.; Gebhart, R. F.; Phelps, S. S.; Tuhey, C. F. They challenge any team in the University from the Minim Specials up.

—Sheehan desires to inform his friends that he did not buy a new hat on account of any enlargement of his cranium; on the contrary, his old tile being completely worn out, he gave it to a friendless wayfarer, and a new headpiece was made necessary if he would protect his curly locks from the gentle zephyrs that toss the rocks along the campus and occasionally blow down the flag pole.

—Father Corbett is still receiving photographs of the graduates of Notre Dame. This week he struck a bonanza in the shape of thirty-two photographs of "old boys," from 1873 to 1876. They came from Fitchburg, Mass., and Mr. Thomas T. Gallagher (A. B. '76) presented them. They are all in excellent condition. Father Corbett is justly jubilant over his luck and is very thankful to Mr. Gallagher.

—The Minims finally settled the question of the championship of St. Edward's Hall. The Blacks and Grays met on Brownson Campus and there decided the result. The Grays had far the best of the game. The final score was 22 to 10. Captain Kelly of the Grays has his men trained so that they approach the teams of past years. Many interesting games have been played, several being ten-inning games. The winning side and Capt. Moxley, of the losers, receive gold medals.

—Quite a feature of the Temperance meeting at Good's Opera House on Tuesday evening was Mr. Daniel P. Murphy's address on the relation of college men to Total Abstinence. He was loudly applauded for the new idea which he proposed, namely, that the students of the Catholic schools, academies and colleges should unite and form a national organization in the cause of Total Abstinence, and thereby aid the C. T. A. U. This idea was afterwards embodied in a resolution, which passed the Convention. Mr. Shannon made a very clever speech on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Corr captured the house by his declamation, "College Oil-Cans." Mr. Bennett, too, made a stirring address. Perhaps the greatest appreciation of

all was that received by Mr. Jones, who sang songs as only he can sing them. Mr. Bounves, also, sang delightfully.

—The *Minnehahas* and *Evangelines* got tired of rowing Wednesday morning and decided to play a game of baseball. The "Minnes" caught water first and ran up eleven tallies, but their opponents pulled a longer stroke and made it twelve. Howell was in the box for the gentle Acadians, and the other men caught nothing but crabs off his delivery. The game was a close one, however, and was not won until the twenty-ninth inning, when McDonald broke his sliding seat and had to give up the race.

—There was a loud splashing noise, and the members of the Boat Club looked up, thinking perhaps the boat-house had tumbled into the lake. It turned out to be a case of "thought he could make it in two jumps." As Edward Petronius Bolen sat drying himself in the sun. A few moments later, he remarked in all seriousness to a friend: "I don't think it was the proper time for Charlie Niezer to laugh and pull his boat from the wharf. My first jump was a good one, but in the second I was certainly "out of cedar."

—The first practice match of Lacrosse was played on the Brownson Campus on the 31st. In the first half, Dowd scored a goal for Mattingly's team, and McCarrick scored in the second half for Sammon's men. Time was called with the score a tie. Both teams made an excellent showing for their first attempt. It was an even contest throughout, being devoid of the foul plays and roughness that might have been expected from beginners. It was a matter of regret that the required twenty-four men could not line up in their positions; but if Lacrosse ever attains a place in western field-sports, the following list of players will be remembered as the first teams to cross sticks at Notre Dame:

POSITIONS.		
Sheehan	Goal	Harrison
O'Brien	Corner Point	McGinn
Carney	First Defence	Duperier
Schermerhorn	Second Defence	
Hierholzer	Third Defence	
Mattingly (Cap't)	Centre Field	Sammon (C.)
McDonald	Third Home	McCarrick
Pietrzykowski	Second Home	McCormack
	First Home	Moran
Dowd	Outside Home	Boland
	Inside Home	

—The Carrolls were fishing Thursday morning and made big catches, which included turtles, bull-frogs, fish, etc. Some accidents occurred, but these instead of marring their pleasure added to it. Masters Reinhard and Meagher got stuck in the marl near St. Mary's Lake and were released only when the steam-dredge was employed to do so. One of the principal features of the excursion was the capture of a large salmon by Willie Scherrer's fishing tackle. Bro. Lawrence pulled the fish to dry land, because Willie was unable to do

so. Herron had an opposite fate. Although six feet tall and strong in proportion, he did not get a bite all the forenoon from anything larger than a minnow, but the minnows bit continually, showing their inexperience.

—Notre Dame was well represented at the convention of the Indiana Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which was held in South Bend on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Father Cooney took his usual interest in the proceedings, and spoke hopefully of the cause of Temperance. Father Burns was also present, and delivered a stirring address at the meeting in Good's Opera House, on Tuesday evening. The delegates from Notre Dame were Messrs. John G. Shannon, Daniel P. Murphy, James Barry and James Bennett. At the election of officers on Wednesday morning, Father Cooney was chosen Spiritual Director of the Indiana C. T. A. U.; Father Burns was elected Organizer for the diocese of Ft. Wayne, and Father Cooney and Mr. Shannon delegates to represent the State of Indiana at the National Convention to be held at St. Louis in August. The delegates visited Notre Dame on the afternoon of Wednesday and were delighted with the institution. They were entertained by the local branch of the Union. If such a thing were possible, we would desire that the Convention be held annually in South Bend, so that Notre Dame might see the delegates oftener.

—The S. M. Specials of Sorin Hall, Paul J. Ragan, Captain, played the first of a series of games and, of course, won the first of a series of victories on last Sunday. The Carroll Hall Specials were the victims. It was a well-contested game, and fortune that day smiled on both teams alike, until she gave a "good eye" and a strong arm to every Sorin who came to bat in the eighth inning. It was a game of poor pitching for the Carrolls and miserable fielding for the Sorins. Spillard was a "snap" for the big fellows, and McNichols, his successor on the bat, was not better. Cornell played a magnificent game behind the bat and kept an eye on second. Marmon allowed the Carrolls only three hits, and was so steady and effective that the Carrolls failed to find him. Bones said after the game, "The curves Chauncy can't throw are not curves at all." Ragan is a good catcher, and his specialty is keeping up a close acquaintanceship with the second base man, to the discomfort of those who try to steal the middle bag. The infield of the S. M. team is fairly good and excellent in parts. Team-work is lacking. The outfield, in which the boys placed most of their hopes, and which showed up so brilliantly in practice, was a disappointment. It is reported that the captain has assigned two new men for the outfield. If this is true a strong team may be looked for from Sorin Hall. The S. M.'s were well supported by their partisans on the benches, and many new yells were aired to rattle the players of the Carroll Specials.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennan, Burns, Eyanson, Lantry, Marmon, J. Murphy, Mott, McNamara, Miller, McDonough, G. Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Slevin, Stace, Weaver.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, Bowlin, Brucker, M. Campbell, John Corby, Carney, C. Cullen, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Hay, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Haley, Heirholzer, Hindel, Hengen, Henry, Johnson, Kegler, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kerwin, Kearney, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medly, Moran, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, Morehouse, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McPhee, McCormack, Menig, Niezer, Naughton, Neeley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, O'Malley, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Paras, Quinn, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schermerhorn, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Strauss, Tracy, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Ward, Wagner, Wade, R. Wilson. L. Wurzer.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, Burns, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Franey, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fox, Foster, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonak, Keefe, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Leonard, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, L. Meagher, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, J. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Pendleton, Plunkett, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Webb.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, Francis Breslin, L. Weber, I. Bergeron, Resee, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. G. Davis, Buell Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, Weise, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, N. Freeman, Kune, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Weidner, F. Welch, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Wilde, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite.

