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RT. REV. JOSEPH RADEMACHER, BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.
Our Bishop.

THE PROGRESS.

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VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, ST. JOSEPH'S CO., IND., JUNE 26, 1860.

NO. I.

THE FAREWELL.

The year has rolled away dear friends,
The months are fled forever,
Since first we walked these pleasant groves,
On days forgotten never.
Then smiling faces once again,
Were seen in joyful meeting,
As each old comrade's generous hand
Was clasped in friendly greeting.
And tales were told of pleasant days,
And pastimes in vacation,
With all the fortunes each had met,
While traveling through the nation.
And others, too, were standing round,
In silent, lone dejection;
Whose thoughts of home and friends were
Upon the sad complexion;
For they had sought the mazy world,
To brave its hidden dangers;
And every sigh and look declared,
The homesick, friendless strangers.
But when the first long hours rolled by,
Their saddened hearts were lighter;
And, day by day, the cheerful scene,
To each young eye grew brighter.
For, everywhere, the stranger boys
Were met by friendly faces,
And soon they found that home was here,
And blessed with all its graces.
For while together in the play,
Or in pursuit of knowledge,
We seemed a happy family, more
Than students in a college.
Thus, dear friends, our meeting was,—
But soon will be the parting,
And we must leave these happy shades,
Amid the tear drops starting.
For while the glad young heart for home,
And home's sweet joys, is yearning,
Far back upon as fair a past,
The glistening eye is turning,
And there beholds the bright way decked
With golden, glorious treasures,
Where all the joys we've felt shall be
The future's dearest pleasures.
And years may pass and troubles come,
But memory's brightest finger
Will point to many a quiet scene,
Where she will love to linger.
And oft will age with silvered hair,
And cheeks no longer ruddy,
Look back where long ago he sat,
Within the quiet study;
And well remember all the rooms
Where every class recited,
And when with answers prompt and keen,
His teachers were delighted.
And then he'll turn to seek the hours
Of Wednesday recreations,
When all was life and laughing joy,
Around the play-ground stations;
Or on the march, a happy youth,
Along the woodland wandered,
And picked the nuts or berries brown,
Or on his studies pondered;
When often gleaming down the hills,
The bright St. Joseph river,
Or smiling lakelets, lit his heart
In praises to the Giver,—
Or at the morning dawn awakes
The Continental party,
To win in pleasant towns remote,
Deserved applause hearty.
Then Sunday comes with prayer and hope,
To curb the passions lowly,
And lead the youthful mind to love
The true, the good and holy.
O, many a night, dear friends, alike
In June or bleak December,
The gushing, warm and generous heart,
These scenes will fondly remember.
And now we all must part awhile.
And some perhaps forever,
And many a sight and sound we've loved
Unkindly Fate must sever.
When first appears the prince of day,
The hills and vales adorning,
No more the mellow bells shall wake
The slumbers of the morning;
No more when all around is hushed,
At noon, at morn and even,
Shall all their sounding chimes salute
The Virgin Queen of Heaven;

No more when grief and death are near,
Shall toll their notes of sadness;
Nor on the festive day, shall ring
Their joyful peals of gladness;
No more the booming bell of nine,
Wide through the darkness bounding,
Shall sink the wearied mind to rest,
Amid its loud resounding;
No more for us on Sunday morn,
Their sweetest hymns are ringing,
While meek in silent march we list
The organ choir singing.
Ah friends! bright youth and hopes may fail,
And every love we cherish,
But pleasant sights, like these, and sounds
Of joy, shall never perish.
While some may leave forevermore—
The sad and lonely hearted—
And others once again return
To greet the friends they parted,
We all alike, the far and near,
Must feel the pangs of leaving.
And clasp the parting student's hand,
In silent, heartfelt grieving.
But those who go to come again,
And those no more returning,
Will ever bless the days and hours,
Of this bright year's sojourning.
A dear loved spot to look upon,
A memory fair enchanting,
When o'er the western hills, the rays
Of life are dimly slanting.
Then fare ye well, dear college boys!
And seek your homes endearing.
A journey pleasant, faces bright,
A welcome warm and cheering!
And may the loved delights of home
Be yours in joyous measure.
And memories dear of Notre Dame
Be evermore your sweetest pleasure.

SPRING AND BOYHOOD.

The bright month of May is passed,
with its thousand delights. Notre Dame
begins to deck itself in its most delight-
ful garb. The flowers which were des-
troyed by the winter months, are con-
ceived anew by nature, and spring up
again to drink the golden sunbeams;
and appear as fresh and lovely as Na-
ture's first. The little plants whose
seeds were scattered by the unkind winds,
bud up again from the bosom of the gen-
erous earth, as smiling as ever before.—
The merry little birds return from their
tour in the South, to greet us once more
with their sweet notes, and to add their
joy to the festivity. Man, too, like all
living things, responds to the voice of
Nature—becomes the receptacle of her
congratulations, and mingling them with
his own, sends them up to the throne of
that Great Being, who is no longer mys-
terious to him, but whose voice in nature,
is as soft and sweet as when it "thrilled
through earth's first paradise."
Spring is the morning of life, with its
unclouded sky—it is the childhood of
nature. Just as the seasons would be
uninteresting without Spring; so life
would be dark indeed, the world would
be dreary if it was not for childhood.—
How many associations cluster around
the word, how many fountains it unseals,
from which gush forth the pent-up mem-
ories of other days. It is a bright spot
in a cheerless waste—a bright green
oasis in life's desert. It is the morning
of our existence, its sun is brighter, its
breezes are purer, its flowers are more
fragrant and beautiful, its meadows are

greener, the music of its waters is sweet-
er, its step is lighter and its heart is
happier. The slow lingering light of
life's evening sun is lovely to look upon
as it fades calmly away, but give us the
morning sun which beams out and gilds
with glittering beauty the early dew-drops
of innocence and truth.

In the words of an ancient author,
"give us childhood." Its sorrows are
like shadows, and its griefs are fleeting,
its troubles are dissipated by a smile, or
a kind word; its storms are like mists,
and its clouds are always edged with the
mellow crimson of hope. In the stern
struggles of nature's age, the scenes of
boyhood's years will find their way often
to the heart, and their visions will haunt
the memory like the airy shadows of
pleasant dreams. Yes, give us boyhood
with its wild laugh and its College pleas-
ures.

Fellow Students, call the flowers of
Spring, for the banner of death floats
over them; and when Winter comes with
his icy breath, God will receive you into
realms of heaven and glory—perpetual
spring and everlasting joy.

THE STUDENT RETURNING HOME—
EVENING MEETING AT VACATION.

When first the torrid king of day,
Returning to the west,
Enveloped his fire in cloudlet spray.
That softly gives it zest,
The leafy trees in whispering glee
Evolve the cheering news,
Nor long unblest the lawn shall be
By cooling evening dews.
Ye wilted leaves and drooping flowers
Be noon-day's power to show!
But cooling groves and breezy bowers
Befit this milder glow;
And now with throbbing-hearted joy
Returning at their ease,
Regard the toiler and his boy
O'erjoyed with evening's breeze.
Nor long till meeting at the grove,
Forth comes the joyful wife,
On each her look of pride and love
Renews the joys of life.
Nor hear they now in social talk,
So soft that noiseless tread,
How slow he steals along the walk,
Each step in trembling dread;
Now stands before the wondering three,
Then speaks maternal joy,
"Indeed it is—I know 'tis he,
My own, my darling boy!" [love;
Enough, nor mortal know that evening
Alone, let angels bend above.
And thus may happy meeting be
To all who leave this lovely place,
And when at home, may each one see
Bright joy-togild each friendly face.
The joys of boyhood cling through life,
And while the mind in weary strife
Seems sick of living, tired and worn,
Lamenting, sad, the day 'twas born,
Then flashing bright, as if inspired,
By youthful visions quickly fired,
The joyful spirit smiles again,
And dashes far the cup of pain.
Tis thus my friends, when years roll by
And faded hopes compel the sigh,
The pleasant scenes of boyhood years,
Will make you smile amid your tears;
And, oh! when memory plucks the flowers
And seeks the brightest youthful hours,
Think ye she'll find a dearer place,
Or on her tablet fondly trace
Old paths more loved, than wind around
This dear familiar college ground?
Ah, no! while years roll onward roll,
Fast here must cling the willing soul,
And feast on memory's untold joys,
Among those dear "old college boys."

A Visit to Thompsonville University.

MR. EDITOR:—I had lately the plea-
sure of making a visit to the world-re-
nowned University of Thompsonville,
and as I am led to believe that the details
of my trip may not prove altogether un-
interesting to your readers, I beg to sub-
mit them to your notice. I must first
premise that the occasion of my visit was
an invitation to lecture on the Impenetra-
bility of Ultimate Atomic Particles; and
I was prepared to meet with a cordial re-
ception, which, in fact, I received.

I left Notre Dame on the evening of
the 3rd of May, took the cars at South
Bend, and after a rather tedious journey,
arrived at Thompsonville on the morn-
ing of the 5th. I was met at the Depot
by a deputation appointed to receive me,
which came provided with a wheelbarrow,
whereon they conveyed me triumphant-
ly to the College, passing through the
thriving city of Thompsonville, amid the
enthusiastic cheers of the populace. We
were accompanied on our march by the
Thompsonville Brass Band, which per-
formed several pieces of music exceed-
ingly well; the names of the performers on
the principal instruments were as follows:

Drum (3 inches in diameter) Herr Don-
nundblitzen; Tin Trumpet, Herr
Windischgratz; Penny-whistle, Signor
Flauti-Magico; Contralto do, Signor
Jack Robinson; Jews' harp, Monsieur
Clavecin.

I need not give you a lengthy descrip-
tion of the University buildings and
grounds, which doubtless already are suf-
ficiently well known to you, owing to the
wide-spread celebrity which the Institu-
tion enjoys. I received a hearty welcome
from the President, and was introduced
by him to those of the Faculty, with
whom I was previously unacquainted. I
found, however, that although personally
unknown to them, the study of my nu-
merous works had caused them all to look
upon me as an intimate friend.

We went first to the rooms of the Pro-
fessor of Ethnology, and it was fortunate
for him that we did so; for we were but
just in time to save his life. It appears
that he had been reading the seventy-
third volume of my work on the Origin of
the Seljukian Turks (which I wrote in
Arabic at the request of the Sultan Ab-
dul Medjid) and in attempting to pro-
nounce a word of sixteen syllables, he
had been choked by a combination of
consonants, and was just turning black
in the face as we entered. We applied
the usual restoratives, and soon had the
satisfaction of seeing him begin to reco-
ver. He was, however, too much ex-
hausted to engage in conversation, and
so, leaving him in the care of that eminent
physician, Dr. Hippocrates Squat,
we proceeded to the rooms of the Pro-
fessor of Astronomy.

We found this gentleman in a terrible
state of anxiety regarding his favorite

THE PROGRESS.

planet, Venus. She had imprudently placed herself just between the horns of the Bull, at the imminent risk of being tossed into the middle of Gemini, whilst she still kept twinkling on as unconcerned as ever, appearing perfectly unconscious of the proximity of danger. "That ungrateful planet," exclaimed he, indignantly, "gives me more annoyance than all the rest of the solar system together. In spite of my continual warnings and of the experience which she ought to have by this time, she is continually getting into trouble. I have often been tempted to leave her to her fate:—it would only serve her right, but, however, I have allowed my affection to prevail once again and have despatched a message by the telescope to Orion, exhorting him to endeavor to keep Fawns at bay until Venus shall have escaped the threatened danger. I am now anxiously expecting his answer." Finding the Astronomer too much engrossed by the absorbing cares of his station to attend to any thing else, we bade him good morning; and went next to visit the Professor of Mathematic, Signor Figurante, an Italian by birth, and a very clever man, indeed.

We found him engaged in extracting the 55th root of a polynomial of several thousand terms. He did not seem, however, at all annoyed, at our interruption of his labors, but received us with the utmost courtesy. After some time spent in interesting and instructive conversation, I asked him what he considered to be the best definition of an obtuse angle. He replied that it signified an Englishman remarkable for the dullness of his reasoning faculties, whereupon I immediately took my departure.

I intended next to have paid a visit to the professor of Botany, for whom I had brought a specimen of the *Solanum Tuberosum*, a rare plant, found in the vicinity of Notre Dame, but to my regret he was not at home I therefore proceeded, still in company with the President of the institution, to the room of the celebrated Dr. Polyglott Lexiconivorus Briggs Professor of Syro-Chaldaic, Coptic, Sanscrit, Armenian, &c., &c., whom we found talking Hebrew to one of his friends, and endeavoring to prove to him that the site of the tower of Babel was in the middle of the Red Sea. He offered me a cigar, which I imprudently accepted—imprudently, I say, because after lighting it I happened to drop the match upon the train of arguments which the Professor had just adduced. As might have been expected, an explosion immediately took place, and I thought myself happy to escape with slight injuries to my boots—my companion, the President, was not so fortunate, as the calf of his left leg was blown completely off. What became of Professor Polyglott Lexiconivorus Briggs I have not been able to ascertain; but I should judge that his fate was horrible in the extreme, from the quantity of adjectives, prepositions, demonstrative pronouns, and other parts of speech belonging to various oriental languages, which were afterwards picked up in the courtyard under his windows.

You may suppose that I had no desire to remain any longer in a place whose at-

mosphere was so very combustible. I fled precipitately to the depot, and finding a train about to start for South Bend, I jumped in, and bade farewell to Thompsonville for ever.

I have the honor to be, Mr. Editor,
Yours, &c.,
PILKINGTON WILKINSON.

THE PROGRESS

NOTRE DAME, IND., JUNE 26, 1860.

PROSPECTUS.

TO OUR READERS.

Kind readers, we present you with the first printed copy of the PROGRESS.—Upwards of a year ago the little paper was established by the students of Notre Dame University. Its composition has formed the recreation of many hours, during the intervals of laborious college duties. Its object has been to draw forth the latent energies of our young men, and prepare them for active life. Our officers, conscious that being the mere passive receptacles of the knowledge of the past does not constitute ability, have kindly afforded us the opportunity to reproduce the thoughts of our masters, and to realize them in action. Hitherto our humble sheet has been known only to our fellow students; to-day we lay it before our parents, relatives and friends. Its defects are numerous, but by indulging us a little, increased confidence will be added, and the humble authors of the little PROGRESS will acquire that tact which governs genius and directs talent. Thus new powers will be brought into action, and the PROGRESS will continue to greet the numerous visitors of Notre Dame.

During the next scholastic year the PROGRESS will be issued Semi-Monthly.

A WORD TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Young friends, do you ever consider your position? Do you ever consider that you are arriving at man's estate, and that you must, ere many years are wafted in the past, take upon yourselves the cares and duties of men? Do you ever contemplate the great field, into which you will soon be called, to act and to do for your country and for mankind what past generations have done for you? If you do, you will certainly model your lives and actions accordingly.

You must bear in mind that you have a great mission to fulfil; that you are soon to leave these hallowed and endearing shades of your *alma mater*, to go out on the high-way of life and there work what God has predestined you should do.

You are now here for the purpose of training yourselves up and of shaping your future course, and if you fail to do your duty, a happy anticipation of your becoming good men and blessings to your country can hardly be risked. Each and every one of you will have his own calling; but whatever that may be, let every one act well his part; above all, let him be honest, true and generous to his fellow-men.

You cannot in these turbulent times, (and perhaps worse to come) be too true to your country. Men now gain influence and power more by means of money than by honesty, merit and patriotism; while virtue and honesty and sterling worth are cast aside and disregarded. Carry with you those germs of virtue, which have been nurtured in your bosoms while at College, and remember that it is virtue, honesty and patriotic integrity that link society together and that will perpetuate our glorious Republic.

Be generous with whom you come in contact; for it is thus that true happiness is attained; it is by the reciprocal manifestation of sympathy that happiness is universally diffused. Do not follow the general rule, that "when a man begins to go down hill, everybody administers a kick, sending him a little farther." You may say that you may be treated in the same way. Should fortune place you in the same down-hill path; still though the world should suffer you to perish, you will have the consolation of knowing that your humanity outtops the world's. Be affable without suffering any man to ride over you. Have an end in view, and in gaining it, push men out of your course without knocking them down.

A true friend is one of the greatest blessings we can have. A true friend is a treasure; but many vicious and false ones surround us and do their best to effect our ruin by destroying all the good, rich qualities which are implanted in our hearts. Let virtue gain all these for us: it is nobleness and purity of soul that gives happiness to men, and Plato wisely says, "He is most happy who is most perfect." Virtue is a weapon which God gives us to gain the victory in our worldly strife: it ennobles the soul, exalts it above the grovelling things of this world and enables it to move in a sphere where happiness surrounds it; it breaks the chain of the evil one and strikes terror into his fiendish legions.

"Virtue! inestimable gem! sweet type of Heaven above!
In thee is concentrated all that wins our noblest love!
Refulgent in thy beauty, thou impartest joy to earth,
Thy kindred roses around thee, all extol thy worth;
Upborne on wings, celestial may'st thou soar above thy fears,
Endowed with life eternal, may'st thou pass this vale of tears."

Cultivate in your hearts virtue in its strict signification. It is not merely an abstaining from outward deeds of profligacy, it is not a mere recoil from impure action. It is an abhorrence of impure thoughts, a sensitive delicacy to which the thought of evil is offensive. It has its residence within. It is the sole monitor of the heart, making it a citadel of holiness, an inviolate sanctuary in which an evil imagination cannot dwell.

It is an elevated purity of the heart assimilating it to the likeness of its Creator, and if it be once engrafted deep and firm in the heart it draws with it peace, triumph, and untroubled serenity of mind; and in the maintenance of this there is harmony and joy: not only does it diffuse light, joy, peace, and happiness, but it makes the soul the temple of God, and prepares it for the enjoyment of the glories of eternity.

There are two other indispensable

companions of fortune and progress—hope and courage. Hope is that beacon far off in the future which encourages us to persevere, and courage is that which keeps us in the path that leads to the object of our hopes! It is the sublimest feature in man's character, it shows trust in God and in ourselves; that he who guides the planets through the countless paths of space, and yet who suffers not the sparrow to fall to the earth, will guide us in our course through this world; it does not allow us to stop awhile to drop a tear of regret over the tomb of some cherished hope, but never ceasing, drives us on through the changes and vicissitudes of life.

If you cultivate these noble qualities, young friends, you will prove a blessing to your country, you can go forth comparing those priceless qualities with the corruption which everywhere abounds, and do your utmost endeavors to remedy it. The Union has a great call for patriotism and integrity in the generation about to step forth, and you are that generation.

You will fail to do your duty to God and man, if you do not exert all your powers and energy in behalf of that Union and of the constitution which has not its equal in the records of man. It is a noble bond that binds a noble people! but it must needs be supported by all the power which man can command: evil and corruption creep into all places wherein man is concerned. Therefore, young friends, go forth with shield and buckler to beat down its enemies, and preserve its glories and blessings for future generations. Let *Esto Perpetua* be your watch word. Let it resound from the shores of our lakes to our southern coasts; from the stately mansions of the East to the humble cabin on our Western prairies, and still let it sound over the ashes of our forefathers, who won our independence, and moulded our institutions, till it is taken up by our successors and resounded still.

ESTO PERPETUA.

DUELING AMONG FUGIOMEN.

We are American—broadly American. We partake in one small share of national prejudices. We think, and perhaps not without cause, that America is unexceptionably, the greatest country in the world, and the American people the greatest people in the world; that they have the biggest towns, the biggest houses, the biggest children, (and more of them,) the best government, the best schools, the best stump-speakers, the fastest horses, the fastest steam, and the fastest boys—in a word the biggest, best and fastest institutions in the world; but, thank God, we are not yet so blinded by prejudice, nor so completely misled by our nationality, as not to be able, as far as our judgment goes, to distinguish between right and wrong, justice and injustice, even though the fault or crime, somewhat compromises the national honor and vests with our Statesmen, the representatives of the people. To-day we have to chronicle some acts, which we think deserve the appellation "disgraceful," and reflect anything but credit on the American people. We do so, not

THE PROGRESS.

that it is a pleasing task, nor simply to have something to write about, but because we hope it may be useful to some of our fellow Students. It is not improbable that many now amongst us, and perhaps those that least expect such an event, will be called upon to serve their country in some public capacity, and it will not be *mal apropos*, to know the evil consequences of the abuse of power, and of injustice towards the people.

"Teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe absterrent vitia."—*Hor.*

Ofi does another's shame the tender mind alarm,
And oft may it deter the youth from vice and harm.

The events to which we refer and which induces to write what follows, is the Potter-Pryor affair, which took place some time ago. We intended to have noticed it long before, but were too much occupied with other matters. The incidents of this case, are too well known already to be again detailed by us.

Fortunately for the parties interested, this duel has been indefinitely postponed, but for the honor of the country, it makes little difference; if any, it has added to the disgrace of the disreputable occurrence, by uniting with rowdiness the deserved opprobrium of cowardice. We had hoped that, with the lamentable result in the Broderick affair, depriving the country of one of its most promising Statesmen, and the equally unfortunate and still more shameful Sickles case, the country would be freed from such discreditable affrays; that the evil, which seems to have hung over the countenance of all Americans, excluding from the eye a proper view of these acts, and their results, would be dashed away by shame, and that the people with one spirit and with one voice would condemn both the deed and the doers, and that with the condemnation our Statesmen would join in crushing the venomous serpent, which is poisoning the ranks of all political parties, and bringing sure death to the Union.—Such difficulties must cease to occur. The cause of good public morals and the credit of our country require it; challenges to mortal combat are always to be regretted; they sin against the laws of God and man. Not only does national and temporal welfare forbid them, but God, in his goodness and wisdom has condemned them, and were "christian nations, nations of christians," they, together with their ruinous results, would have long since ceased to prevail. But when a challenge is sent and accepted by a member of Congress, a representative of the people, a man who should be a model for all political integrity, social virtue and honorable principles, and in the face of the whole nation of this late and enlightened period, the disgrace and even the crime is aggravated, and the occurrence more deeply deplorable.—For in this case the man adds to the actual sin of intention to murder, a sin against the people, by whom and through whom he holds his honorable position, and for whom he is to legislate to the best of his ability; he sins against his country, by misrepresenting it to other nations. We say misrepresenting it, because happily these outrages are almost exclusively confined to the class of men of whom we are speaking; he sins against

the people, by showing them an example of vice and crime—by employing his time in personal debates, and personal quarrels, where he should serve them in consulting their best interests.

Let us pause, in these difficulties.—Are those actually and immediately interested, the principals of the duel, the only ones upon whom the blame is to fall. We are afraid not. The chief blame they must receive, for no excuse whatever is sufficient to palliate in the least, the crime of duelling. But there are others, who are not a little culpable—others, who would perhaps never intentionally countenance such acts. But still they do it. We mean, the leaders of our different sectional parties and the public political Press. They are culpable—because they view the occurrences, as those of a political character, and think themselves called upon to support the man of their own party, when indeed they should condemn both equally, and exclude them from further participation in public affairs. But we do not wish to be understood as freeing from all merited blame the chief actors in the political drama of the day. The members of Congress, the principals in these disgraceful affairs.

When engaged in such dishonorable actions, they are doing the purest injustice to themselves, to those whom they represent, to their noble fore-fathers and to their country. It was not for such liberty as this that noble-hearted and talented Samuel Adams, incited the few inhabitants of the infant colonies to revolution. It was not for this, that the immortal WASHINGTON together with the Fathers of the Revolution, and their brave Soldiers fought, bled and died. This was not the example that WASHINGTON gave to posterity, after the battle was fought and the victory won, when occupying the first Presidential chair of the American Union. Would that we now had a WASHINGTON, who, with a magnetic influence and a gentle sway, might collect the immense and widely extended flock to a place of rest and peace; who might with his sweet voice gently murmur, "Peace, Peace be still," and quiet at his command the troubled waters of political controversy. Would, that we had a WEBSTER or a CLAY, to represent in glorious colors the right and the wrong, and influence the people to the preference of the one rather than the other. Would even that we had a JACKSON, who, uniting in himself the indomitable will of the statesman and the undaunted bravery of the warrior, might exclaim in tones of thunder. "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," causing the guilty ones to crouch and tremble. But we must tear ourselves away from this question, else we shall begin to tire our readers; one word more. Let each party deprecate the others, and war in battles of words. Let the fanatics of both parties rave, the Northern abolitionist condemning the Southern Fire-Eater, and the Southern Fire-Eater cursing the Northern abolitionist; let the Unionist come in, crying out that both parties will dissolve the Union, with their "irrepressible conflict"—until such extremities as we have mentioned to-day, and other similar ones are resorted to, the Union is safe. Let us trust, however, that wisdom may yet be extracted from experience and that such disgraceful acts, as duels among public men, may cease to be tolerated.

OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The most attractive feature for the Catholic Student at Notre Dame, is its religious associations. Here societies are formed by our Catholic youth, religiously cherishing those words of Christ.—

"Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." They determine to devote a short period of their College life to religious exercises—to the culture of those germs of which hereafter Catholicity shall not be ashamed, nor they ashamed of Catholicity.—throughout the whole action of society, at the bar, in the legislature, in the court, or in the camp.—Literary pursuits they prize, but they know that at every period of history, Religion and Literature have been more or less united.

The NOCTURNAL ADORATION, as its name implies, has for its object the worship of our Divine Redeemer in the Blessed Sacrament, where he manifests his power, and what is better, his wisdom, and what is better than power and wisdom, his benevolence.

Once a month, each member worships silently and alone for a short space of time, before the Adorable Sacrament, conscious that in life he is overwatched by a God—omnipotent, good and merciful, and that behind the dusky shadows of the tomb, all shall be the work of a justice, and benevolence which knoweth without bounds. The ARCH CONFRATERNITY is devoted to the Blessed Virgin. As in better times, when men were great and simple, the members piously worship piety, and patience, and fervor, and honesty, and elevation of mind and purity of heart, and a whole crowd of shining virtues incarnate in the amiable person of their Virgin Mother.

The HOLY ANGELS, composed of the junior Students, having Blessed Michael for their patron, learn to depend upon those guardians of earthly life, the Angels; and when death is upon them, and their mortal existence has flitted by, their souls shall be called and garnered by their author. These are the religious societies of Notre Dame.

All these associations have for their motto—LOVE, PEACE and FIDELITY. A prouder motto has never been adopted by any combination of men, one to which the human heart which beats only for the best interests of mankind, could more gladly yield allegiance and honor. No breeze on earth ever fanned a nobler banner—no sun ever flashed upon a more comprehensive emblem. It is not borne by armed men—it floats not above the smoke and carnage of hostile conflict—it is not rent by the iron tempest of death—blood is not upon its silken folds—it has never been consecrated upon the battle field amid the shouts and shrieks of contending foemen. Thank God there is none of this; it is the emblem of peace and of Catholic times.

Love for the universal face of mankind and as brave as the universe, and which finds a brother in all, and whose godlike teachings steal into the hardest heart and recalls it from its wanderings. It is one of the noblest attributes of the Deity. The same principle that called a Savior, from a better world to die for a wicked one, which wept over the grave of an humble Lazarus—which in the still midnight hour, agonized at Gethsemane—which bore meekly a thorny diadem, and the buffetings and scourgings of a blood-thirsty populace—which bared his shoulders to the Cross, and bore it wearily up Calvary—which yielded to the iron hands that were never raised but to bless, and the feet that never moved but to do good—which spoke peace and hope to the repentant thief upon the Cross, which breathed out with its expiring breath the prayer, "Father forgive them," which wept over the world—which filled the sepulchre with a God.

God points out the hapless victim of sin and crime, purity washes him from his stains, while fidelity binds him a willing captive to their united sway. This is the motto of our Religious Societies. May it be cherished by the members hereafter in the world whose fair beauty glitters in her tissued robes, her specious false-

hoods and pleasant sins, where the God of the world spreads his richest banquet, and provides seductive but poisoned viands for their destruction... May it be unfurled everywhere, and may the youthful and humble members of our religious associations, go forth, strengthened by the teaching of their zealous Directors, to achieve the triumph of "Love, Purity and Fidelity."

STUDENT.

OUR MILITARY COMPANY.

Among the many societies established at Notre Dame, there is none that yields more of pleasure and utility to its members and to the institution, than that of the Continental Cadets. Although this Company has been in existence for several years, yet its active organization may be said to have commenced but little more than a year ago on the arrival of the present thorough and energetic captain, Mr. W. F. Lynch. Its career since that time has been one of uninterrupted and brilliant success, until, by the skill and vigilance of its officers, and the discipline and good conduct of its members, exhibited in a series of splendid public parades, its claim has been established to a place among the first military companies of the State. The advantages of such a Company in a retired educational institution, can hardly be overrated; and we wish, in this last issue of the *Progress*, to urge on our fellow students, and on those who are to join us at the beginning of the coming year, the importance of uniting with the Cadets for their own and the general interest. It is quite commonly admitted that the great defect of American schools and colleges is the neglect of physical education. The mind, and to some extent the heart, is carefully developed, but the training of the body is almost totally overlooked; the natural result is that American scholars, though surpassed by none in mental activity, are physically weak and soon wear out the tortured body by the constant action of a restless mind. The evident remedy for this is physical exercise. But unless accompanied by pleasure and excitement, constant physical exercise is disagreeable to the young and ardent mind of the student. The novelty of gymnastic amusements soon becomes old, and, sick of exercising, his books or a chat in the shade become his only refuge from ennui. Noticing these things, many of our best educators have long advocated the establishment of military companies among students, as a means of healthy and exciting physical exercise. The mathematical precision of the drill, the spirited step to the fife and drum and the beautiful evolutions on the parade before the citizens of a neighboring town, give a life and buoyancy to the spirit of the young Cadet, which the same exercise of the yard could never inspire. Add to this the moral culture of the soldier—the promptness in action and respect for order, the pride of honor and love of country, with the consciousness that he is preparing himself to defend those sacred rights handed down from his fathers—and you will find nowhere a means of pleasant exercise uniting so much of manly life and honor to the spirit and excellent training to the body as the military Company. Our young Company, during the past year, has had several public parades; and we have reason to feel proud of the admiration elicited on these occasions from the citizens and press of the different cities which we visited: the uniform of '76, must always call forth the love of a true American for it is the representative of the heroic age of America,—and while the Cadets march beneath the stars and stripes we may never fear that this uniform will be dishonored. The Company numbers at present about fifty members and we have every reason to hope that by next September it will be augmented by a large body of true soldiers who will add to the fame and participate in the honors and benefits of the Notre Dame Continental Cadets.

THE PROGRESS.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It is said, and perhaps rightly, that a well conducted Literary Society in a College, as regards the acquirement of useful knowledge, is, for an assiduous member, even better than two regular classes. Certain it is, that the advantages, which may be derived from such an association by the earnest student, are many and pre-eminent. An active part in the debate often requires much application and research, in which many historical facts are acquired, and many good authors have to be consulted; splendid opportunities are presented for gaining useful information of various kinds; an acquaintance with the leading topics of the day is formed by discussions on such subjects; a fixed style of composition, and a fluency and variety of expression is obtained, and that diffidence which is always found in a young speaker is gradually worn off by constant practice, and a confidence and self-possession is arrived at, which will remain firm and unchanged through life. But besides these positive advantages, there are many others, which, although looked to, in most instances, as secondary considerations, are in fact, equally as important. Literary Societies afford a relief and recreation to the mind, wearied by hard and abstract studies, not attainable by any other means. Without absolutely breaking the connection of study, they refresh and amuse more than boisterous play or mere idleness. They also tend to form a social fellowship among the Students, and join in closer bonds of friendship their members, each to each, a thing not a little to be desired in a College composed of so many boys as we have here. Our Literary Societies, i. e. the societies of Notre Dame, offer more than the usual opportunities and benefits. Possessing, through the kindness of Very Rev. Father Superior, the finest room in the house, of large dimensions and well ventilated; each having a small but choice library of its own, selected by competent judges; the members of both being allowed the use of the large and fine collection of books belonging to the College. Both societies being daily in receipt of large and well known Journals from all parts of the country—an abundance of reading matter is presented to members, suited to the most different tastes and from which amusement not less than instruction may be easily derived. To all these and many other advantages, a great part of our Students have been blind—some too, who were really aware of them, have perhaps been deterred from becoming members through motives of bashfulness, acting upon that ancient and very wise maxim, "Never go near the water till you learn how to swim." The "Academy," a society which has for its motto "Liberty and Eloquence," and for its principle object the discussion of literary and historical questions, and the promotion of oratory among the students, is an association of long standing in the College, being first established in the year 1850. Its history, for the present year, has been an eventful one, to which, however, we do not wish to refer. Yet, not withstanding its many vicissitudes, it has made not a little progress; many highly

interesting debates have taken place during its sessions; and I am confident that no active and industrious member is dissatisfied. The "Philo-Historic Association," is of more recent date, being organized only in the beginning of this year, and therefore could not be expected to effect much good as yet. Its object, however, is a good one, it has now a sound foundation and with proper support and encouragement, will in two or three years rival the "Academy." The Students, if they consult their own interest, will pay more attention hereafter to these associations, and next year, we shall expect to see the societies composed of a much larger number of our talented young men.

UNIVERSITY

OF

St. Mary's of the Lake,

Superior St. Bet. Wolcott and Cass,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Day School—Classical Course per Session of 5 months	\$15 00
Commercial	10 00
French and German each,	6 00
Music per quarter,	12 00

In the reception of Pupils, no distinction of Creed is made. Catholic Students are obliged to attend all the religious exercises prescribed by the rules of the Institution. Protestant Students are not obliged to attend any of the religious exercises, except the Prayer at the opening and closing of classes, at which, they will attend with decorum. It is expected that all, while attending at the College and going to and returning from the same, will act as becomes gentlemen. The use of tobacco on the premises is absolutely forbidden.

N. B. During this vacation arrangements will be made sufficient to accommodate a limited number of Boarders.

REV. P. DILLON, S. S. C. PRESIDENT.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

CHARTERED IN 1855.

St. Mary's Academy is beautifully situated on the St. Joseph River, 60 miles from Chicago, two miles from St. Bend, on the Southern Michigan Railroad, and seven miles from Viles, on the Michigan Central Railroad. A stage, connecting these two Railroads, passes the Academy twice a day. The grounds are very extensive and beautifully adorned. Bathing, riding on horseback, and thorough Calisthenics constitute some of the means used to promote the health of the pupils. The literary advantages are of the highest order; the Institution possessing a fine Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus, choice and extensive Herbariums of foreign and native plants, and a large and carefully selected Library. The French and German Languages are spoken in the Institution as fluently as the English, several of the community being educated Ladies from France and Germany. Great attention is paid to music; independent of the private lessons received weekly by the pupils, regular instructions are given, in classes three times a week, in all the principles of vocal and instrumental music.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Entrance Fee	\$5 00
Board, Washing and Tuition in ordinary English	50 00
Board, Washing and Tuition, including Rhetoric, Astronomy, Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry, and Chemistry	60 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus	5 00
French, German and Italian	6 00
Latin	12 00
Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	5 00
Harp, and use of Instrument	30 00
Guitar	15 00
Painting in Oil	15 00
Painting in Water Colors	6 00
Dancing and Calisthenics	6 00
Board in Vacation	15 00

The first Session commences on the first Monday of September, and the Second on the first Monday in February. Plain and every variety of fancy and ornamental needlework taught without additional charge. Payments required semi-annually in advance.

REGULATIONS FOR THE WARDROBE.

Every pupil should be furnished with six towels, six table napkins, six pairs cotton hose, and the same number of woolen hose, six chemises, six pairs of drawers, six night-wrappers, six night-caps, one dressing gown, two pairs of gloves, three pairs of shoes, one pair of rubbers, two knives and forks, one dessert and one tea-spoon.

The uniform for winter consists of dress and cape of mazarine blue merino, and bonnet trimmed with blue. The summer uniform of azure blue delaine or lawn, and bonnet trimmed with white. No particular dress required for school days.

A SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES has also been opened at St. Mary's.

AD letters to both institutions must be addressed to St. Mary's, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

TRUE PRESS:
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

ITS OBJECT: RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

It would not be easy to find a parallel to the rapidly increasing population of this city. It would be more difficult, by a vain scrutiny into the future, to determine the limit to which it may approach. But should a judgment be formed from the past, one may reasonably expect that henceforward it is destined to advance in an accelerated ratio.

The concourse hither is not from Europe alone. From all quarters, multitude are pouring in to those western regions to form settlements, and found towns. This done, a press is established, to be the type of their sentiments—the representative of their interests. By means of the press, religious opinions and political combinations are diffused from city to town, from town to hamlet. The press is important—nay, indispensable, to every social circle. It is the efficient representative of every interest—it gives vigor and unity to all. If this be, and it is so, for union it strength, why should not the Catholic community be equally sensible, as any other, that their chief interests are intimately connected with a Catholic journal? Undoubtedly, the time is come, when a numerous class having similar opinions, should have several rallying points—a centre from which a Catholic spirit may radiate—a point to which its wants, hopes and interests may converge.

After having carefully reflected on these thoughts, and then having duly submitted our conclusions to wiser and more revered counsellors, we, encouraged by their coincident views, have determined to commence the publication of the TRUE PRESS, on or about the 15th of July, from Chicago, a city, the focus of so many railway connections, where telegraphic intelligence is received almost instantaneously with the occurrence of events, gives a journalist great facility for the transmission of foreign news, and many other more important facts. This city also, in consequence of its business and commercial relations, is continually furnishing items of news most important to be accurately and speedily made known to the agricultural population of its own neighborhood, as well as to the other inhabitants of the great valley of the Mississippi. To accomplish such an end, it shall be a special care of this Journal to procure and transmit the earliest and most reliable accounts of the actual state and tendencies of the grain market, prices current, &c. &c. Such information may serve, as a faithful guide, to those having business relations at home or elsewhere.

Although there are many Catholic Churches here, still more are needed for constantly multiplying numbers. The same fact may be substantiated as regards many other cities and districts of adjoining States. Here, and elsewhere, are many religious and benevolent societies, orphan asylums, charitable institutions, &c. &c. The greater usefulness of these may be promoted by having at hand an accessible medium, ready and willing to circulate their proceedings and statistics. LITERATURE—calculated to instruct and entertain—will be selected for the perusal of the family circle. It is unnecessary to place prominently before a discriminating public the great influence of a journalist to promote, by judicious gleanings, the mental culture of its readers—a result confidently expected from the compilation of the TRUE PRESS.

Nor while mainly intent on benefiting and pleasing a more mature class, shall youthful readers be disregarded. Narratives of a moral tendency, specially culled for their contemplation, will be invested with attractive excitement, in order to allure the growing family to religious and intellectual elevation, the most desirable of all attainments.

And when avoiding all politics tending to imbitter party feelings, it will earnestly direct the attention of newly arrived emigrants to withdraw their minds from retrospective glances of regret at the homes of their childhood—the associations of native land. Because, in this happy country of equal privileges, equal protection, and rightful government, their duty should be to center their affections on the fostering soil. Here, where there is neither aristocracy nor oligarchy banded together to maintain the assumptions of a particular class—here, where there are no unjust nor oppressive taxes, no tenants at will nor grinding landlords, no subverting act nor tithes, no church-rates nor compulsory contributions, in short, nothing savoring of the effete systems of older countries.

Such being the case, the province of a well meaning journalist is to point out how attainable is the object which emigrants had in view when resigning all the associations, all the ties, which bind mankind to the land of their birth; and such shall be the aim of this Journal, while inculcating order harmony and the imperative duty of new settlers to become thoroughly acquainted with the laws, habits and institutions of their adopted country—to love them, to preserve them, and to promote them. Moreover, to make them sensible, that there is enough of comfort for all, who wish, to be moral and industrious. Here is a virgin soil, here are fertile lands welcoming the emigrant, here will be a manifold and quick return for little toil.

"Ireland is no longer for the Irish," no more than Po and the Poles. This is their country, this their hope, this their mainstay, this the great continent inviting—longing to receive population, and here there is no longer the old struggle of Teuton and Celt, for they, and all others, who come in the vast tide of emigration, receive a common welcome in the bosom of the land of exiles, the country of emigrants, and the home of the friendless.

Here, and here alone, they are to work out their own destiny, their own greatness, and their own glory. To such results the strenuous efforts of this Journal shall be directed.

Such, very briefly, are some of the designs looming for us in the distant perspective. To the future

we shall leave the working out of our plan, being sensible that promises, if too profusely given, tend to lessen confidence; on that account then, we for the present, are content with resting hope of support on the impartial judgment of our readers, while we trust that they, and others may wish a prosperous career to the mission of the TRUE PRESS.

The TRUE PRESS will be published every Saturday, and served by Carrier at \$2.00 a year in advance.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the usual city rates.

E. D. DOWNING, L. L. D. DOWNING & FLAVENS,
PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS,
Office, No. 40 S. Clark St.

UNIVERSITY

OF

NOTRE DAME

St. Joseph's Co., Ind.

THIS Institution is situated near South Bend on the Michigan Southern Rail Road, within a few hours travel of all our principle cities.

TERMS.

Board, Washing and Tuition in the English Course	\$ 125 00 per annum.
Latin and Greek extra	20 00 "
Spanish, Italian, French, and German, each	12 00 "
Instrumental Music	20 00 "
Bed, etc.	5 00 "
Entrance Fee	5 00 "
Doctor's Fees and Medicines	5 00 "

Payments to be made half-yearly, in advance. Class Books, Stationary, etc., furnished at the usual price.

Cloths, Linen, etc., are also furnished by the College, at current prices, but an equivalent sum must be deposited in the hands of the Treasurer. No student will be received for a shorter period than five months.

Each pupil must be provided with six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six pocket handkerchiefs, six towels, a knife and fork, teaspoon, and table spoon; a hat and cap, two suits of cloths, an overcoat, a pair of shoes and a pair of boots for winter; two suits of cloths, and two pair of shoes for summer.

Pocket-money is not allowed except when placed in the hands of the Treasurer, and subject to his discretionary application.

When parents wish to have their children sent home, they must give timely notice, settle all accounts, and supply means to defray all travelling expenses. No deduction is made on accounts, unless in case of sickness or dismissal.

At the termination of the Winter Term, an Examination is held, in presence of all the Faculty. The principal and public Examination, and Annual Commencement, take place in the last week of June. The first Session commences on the first Tuesday in September.

N. B. There is an additional charge of \$20 for board and washing during the vacation.

V. REV. E. SORIN, S. S. C.,
PRESIDENT.

ST. MARY'S SELECT SCHOOL,

Cass St. Bet. Superior and Chicago Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Opens on the First Monday of September

The Course of Instruction embraces the ELEMENTARY STUDIES as well as the HIGHER BRANCHES of the most refined and liberal education.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES are spoken in the Institution as fluently as the English, several of the community being educated Ladies from France and Germany.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC is very thorough. Independent of the Private lessons received by the Pupils, regular instruction is given in Classes three times a week, in thorough Bass, Harmony, and the Principles of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

DANCING AND CALISTHENICS, taught by a competent Professor.

Great attention paid to the Polite and Lady-like Deportment of Pupils.

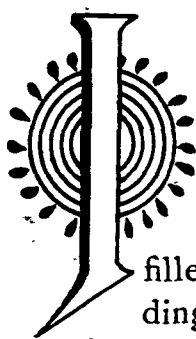
TERMS Per Quarter, of Ten Weeks:

Juvenile Class	\$ 3.00
Preparatory	5.00
Highest English Class, including French	12.00
German	6.00
Music on Piano	12.00
Drawing and Painting	5.00
Guitar	10.00
Harp	13.00
Use Philosophical Apparatus, per annum	5.00
Dancing and Calisthenics at the Professor's Charge	
Plain and every Variety of Fancy Needlework Taught, without additional Charge	

For further particulars inquire at the Institution.

Bound Friends.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.



I HAD rather possess books than lands or gold. If I have but choice volumes I do not covet your eagle-stamped metal. My bookshelves can not out-run my wish; I would not have my purse over-filled. Neither do I love a library dingy with tomes and secreted from the world, quiet with but the sleeping past shelved about me. The home of books is a noiseless place despite the many old voices that speak to you, if you but turn back the cover that hides them. Some of these same fellows have talked to earlier generations, and will live to speak to your children's followers; yet in the end their voices are not hoarse; their manners are pleasing, just as they were when first given place in the group. You may fashion a prison with books for walls. Give me the volumes of my choice and a room that looks out at the world, where I may learn the past, view the present, and out of these fashion the future. Let there be an opening, too, through which I may go out into the strife, and which I have but to bar and am alone again with the past; but this I ask, and you may turn the course of the golden stream as you will.

Should I meet one of the ancients today my first care would be to give him a volume—not of my own—even though he could not read it, he would understand. It is no small part of my thought to conjecture what would our ancestors think of us, if, by changing the course of time, we should confront them. We are a different people from the Greeks or Romans. We are more intense and more hopeful than they. The difference between us is so great that I fear they would be startled on first looking at us. I have no doubt they would despise us greatly for much of the machinery that helps us to live. Not so with our books. I think they would add the printer to their list of gods.

We have so lately learned to make books that I fear we pity our elders too greatly on account of their lack of them. There was one advantage at least in the old time—not everything was preserved in writing. The way from the earliest scrawl of man to the present exquisite volume is to me,—and much I fear to the world as well—unknown. They began with quaint characters quaintly fashioned; they

learned their use, modified, perfected them, put them on wood, stone or bark instead of on sand—man's earliest slate,—and finally they reached perfection by using the waxen tablet and the stylus. So the men in ancient times wrote, and so they left some words that have not been surpassed.

Later many a life was spent in copying on parchment, and so they worked until printing came into use. Since then the trade has developed and become an art. Now the beauty of the book sometimes surpasses that of the words in it; which, I take it, is the reason for making books. Now, too, we have books that are but blank sheets and others that are the work of the wisest men. Not a few useless; many priceless.

It was a problem at one time how to preserve what was written; now we try to be rid of much that we have. It is an objection to the printing-press that it will put on paper whatever is given to it; would it print but the best, what an invention it were!—that it does not is a proof that it is a mere machine. On seeing much that is given us in books I am inclined to fear they that rule the press have been harmed by association. They refuse nothing that comes to them—so it seems when you read, not so when you write. Man is after all human, whether he be a publisher or a dweller in the "garden of pleasure."

In reading as in other matters it is reasonable to remember that man is the author of books. If you come to the delight in another mind your pleasure is not the reason. In childhood we would, if the power were ours, do away with our cruel elders that write for our greater torment and punishment; most of us live to bless our one-time persecutors. There is a room with a great slate on one side and filled with many desks that I remember as the scene of my trials with large letters and small words, figures and crosses, all the terrors at the very outset of a long, hard way. I am not sorry for those days spent in such troubles. They were, perhaps, not too hard. I somehow remember that I lost more than a few minutes from my task in watching the birds, insects, shadows, people and whatever came within range of my eyes. Very early I found a pleasure to repay me for the small labor I had in the beginning. I soon discovered that all books are not uncompanionable, if one be kindly disposed.

The sun now shining, that makes the place below me bright with many greens, looks in on my few volumes. They are not so many as

I would have them; yet there are some I would not part with. I am ready to confess the most of them are text-books;—so we call those that engage our attention here,—yet there are a few that cannot be classed with these. Briefly, Shakspeare with many lesser ones is here. There are perhaps some that would not be in the collection were it not that they are useful in the present. Some could be more complete; all are a joy for what they were to me or what they may be. I shall forget some of them, I fear, when they have been dropped; yet have they been of no less use to me than others I shall remember. Many shall always be in my memory,

"Ay . . . while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe."

There is more joy to be had in the possession of one leather-bound friend than you may find in a long journey. It is a truth that you must possess pleasure that you may find it by searching. Very many of our greatest pleasures are discovered to us by a single sentence in a favorite author. You find no such friends in the world as there are in many a volume. Heroes of all time compare poorly with those of your acquaintance in the book-world. Greatest of all pleasures, they are not lessened by a single enjoyment; not as the bright flower that withers on being plucked, not as the songster that ceases to sing on being brought indoors; they are constant, ever ready to please the heart, becoming more dear with age. My precious volumes, you are a comfort.

Night and the Goblin.

FRANK R. WARD, '99.

For some reason I was unable to sleep the other night, so I got up and sat by the open window to quiet my nerves. It was a beautiful night: the moon was almost full, and the blue sky was not tinged by the smallest cloud. The sky was not really blue; it would be hard to describe its real color, a shade of blue lighter than slate. Only the larger stars were visible in the bright moonlight. Jupiter glittered brilliantly in the west. Beneath it, and apparently of the same size, was the red switch-light on the railway. Once or twice a falling star shot into sight for an instant and disappeared.

It appeared like a different world than that of the sunlight. Nothing moved, but the air

was filled with the noises of the night. The fronts of the buildings shone out from their frame of pines, whitened and purified by the moonlight. The willows beyond the lake, because of their brighter foliage, were easily distinguished from the other trees. The lake was of that sullen slate color suggestive of suicide, though it probably appeared more pleasant at a closer view. Engine smoke hung over the lightless town, and now and then I heard a querulous whistle.

It was just the night and the time for the fairies, but I looked in vain over the black grass below for signs of their magic rings; but then the only people that ever were allowed to see the fairies were drunken fiddlers going home over lonely moors after playing at some country dance, and who were obliged by the fairies to furnish music for the rest of the night. And then of course there are those super-humanly good children who are almost as unfamiliar to us as the fairies that adopt them. As I belonged to neither of these classes I could not hope to watch the revels of the "good people," but I was sure, nevertheless, that they were all around me.

A dog somewhere barked dejectedly with long mellow "woofs." Some night elf must have bothered him, and then the sprite came up to the stable, for soon a horse began to kick frantically. I heard boards crack, and presently a man came out and swore vigorously. Something near the lake was uttering lonely cries like those of the plover, and I was sure that I had located my elf, and that these were his exultant cries. I wondered if the fairies, angry at his outrage of their play time, would pick the profane man up and carry him to their home under the lake, or wherever their home may be, and condemn him to be kicked and sworn at by tireless phantom horses. But I guess civilization has destroyed their romantic cruelty, or they did not think him worth the trouble.

A few late going frogs kept up an indistinct croaking, it may have been a good-night song, on their return from some hard-drinking club down among the marl-stained rushes. I pitied them, for it was almost certain that the fun-loving goblin would incite their scolding spouses to prepare a warm reception for the delinquents. Over in the "Professed House" that same mischievous elf now began to worry the chickens, the guardian cock crowed loudly and defiantly, and the sleepy hens cackled a stammering remonstrance.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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LOUIS C. M. REED,	} Reporters.
FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY,	

—On Tuesday the University had the pleasure of giving welcome to Right Rev. Joseph Rademacher, the bishop of our diocese, whose visits have become of late all too seldom. The occasion of his presence was the administering of the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class composed of younger students from St. Edward's and Carroll Halls. In this was it a memorable day for our younger friends, for it marks their elevation to the dignity and honor of a soldier of Christ. The Rt. Reverend Bishop explained in a few well-chosen words what the duties were that they took upon themselves, and never did words carry greater thoughts to the minds of the young hearers. The solemnity of the occasion made the ceremony most impressive. It was hoped that the bishop would remain at the University for a moment of pleasure, but the press of future engagements made necessary a hasty departure. It is to be hoped, however, that the bishop soon will confer on us the favor of another visit.

The Statue of the Sacred Heart.

One of the last acts of Father Walsh's beautiful life was the erection of the statue of the Sacred Heart that graces our college campus. He wished it placed just where it is in order that Notre Dame's sons in going to and from their daily tasks might often see this figure of Our Lord, and, heeding the Divine

invitation, might come with their many little trials, ambitions and sorrows and lay them at the Master's feet. Such was the beautiful idea that prompted the erection of this statue; and thus associated with the memory of one whose life was given in labor for Notre Dame, this image of the Saviour should be very dear to us all, and the *Venite ad Me omnes* should have for us a deep and special meaning.

The statue stands upon a summit at the very centre of the college park, the sombre bronze figure, serene and beautiful with arms extended, bidding all to come for solace, encouragement and grace. It is, indeed, a fitting spot; for this is Our Lady's College, and here there has ever been a general and earnest devotion to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son.

This image of the Master should aid to awaken in our breasts an appreciation of His great love and care, and should lead us to carry through life this devotion to His Sacred Heart. And when the troubles of maturer years replace youth's little sorrows, may we remember the lesson that this statue was intended to teach, may we remember and heed Christ's tender words—*Venite ad Me omnes*.

—Our track team won not only State championship honors but also a host of friends at the meet in Indianapolis on the 21st ult. The following letter is so cordial and sincere that we gladly give it space:

THE INDIANAPOLIS *News* (Editorial Rooms.)
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 28th.

CHARLES M. NIEZER,
Manager Notre Dame Track Team:

DEAR SIR:—

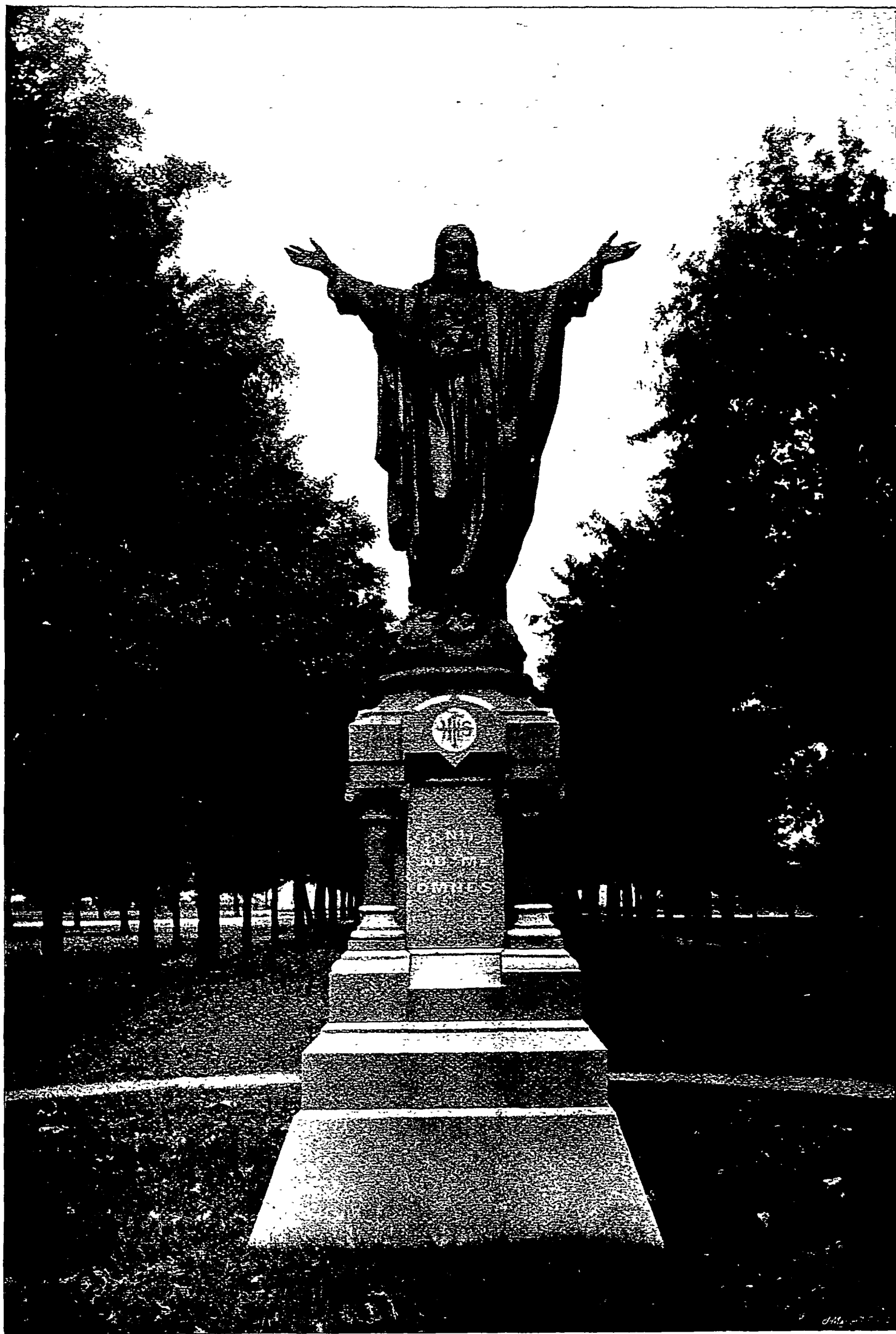
The correction asked for in your letter of the 26th has been made and a copy of the *News* containing it forwarded; also a copy of Monday's *News* containing the final report of the field day. I did not cover the bicycle races Saturday morning, but left them to Whallon of Hanover, a member of the executive committee of the Association. It was his report that appeared in the *News*, added on to the story of the Friday events.

While writing you I desire to congratulate the Notre Dame team, not only on its success but also on the gentlemanly bearing and courtesy of your men. Such men interested in college athletics can not help but raise the standard of the sport.

Respectfully,

HAL W. REED, *Sporting Editor*.

The error referred to was the alleged fouling of Boyd of Purdue by our Foley in the half-mile bicycle race. It was Boyd that fouled Foley, and when the attention of the Indianapolis papers was called to the mistake they gladly corrected it.



Memorial Day.

For the first time since the organization of the Notre Dame Grand Army Post, Memorial Day was celebrated with all possible ceremony at the University. The little body of veterans took it upon themselves to mark their comrades' graves in the cemetery by the lake with wreaths of myrtle and the many-colored blossoms of the springtime. To their aid came the Auten Post of South Bend, the Auten Relief Corps and the Ladies' Aid Society; and every one at Notre Dame willingly took part in rendering this service of duty to the dead.

In the morning at eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was offered up for the souls of the departed soldiers. Then the procession formed outside the church in the following order:

Notre Dame University Band.
U. S. Volunteer Reserves.
Students of the University.
Students of the Manual Labor School.
Students of Holy Cross Hall.
Novitiates.
Brothers, House of Studies.
Professed Brothers.
Auten Post, No. 8, G. A. R., South Bend.
Auten Relief Corps, No. 14, South Bend.
Ladies' Aid Society, No. 45, South Bend.
Notre Dame Post, No. 569, G. A. R.
Reverend Clergy.

In this order, to the step of a march by the Band, veterans, volunteers and all, marched down the tree-lined avenues that lead to the cemetery. There the drums were muffled, the pace slackened, while the space about the little, plain crosses was filled with the givers of tribute to the memory of the dead. The national melodies were played by the Band and sung in chorus; the roll of honor was read; the graves were covered with myrtle and flowers by the Grand Army veterans. Col. Jasper E. Lewis was the orator of the day. He spoke of the bearing of memorial exercises upon the patriotism of the present generation, and grew eloquent in his eulogy on those that died in our great war. Rev. P. P. Cooney, chaplain of the Notre Dame Post, offered up a prayer for speedy victory in our present war, and for the cessation of hostilities. The Notre Dame reserves then fired three volleys over the graves, and the procession filed out of the cemetery back to the college campus in martial step, where the lines of reserves and of veterans filed by the main balcony, drew up and broke, putting an end to Notre Dame's fairest Memorial Day.

Notre Dame's First Paper.

The history of Notre Dame's journalism, or attempt at it in early days, is very interesting. The SCHOLASTIC will soon have finished its thirty-first year—ripe age may we call it; but before it came out under the burdensome name, *The Scholastic Year*, there was another paper called the *Progress*. The following letter will explain how we came by the first copy of it:

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—

Enclosed please find a copy of the only number of the *Progress* ever printed. I did not know that a copy of the venerable pioneer of Notre Dame journalism was in existence, until I came across this the other day when looking through some old papers. I think it will please the SCHOLASTIC to see its venerable predecessor in print; even if the copy is yellow with age.

Very truly yours,

T. E. HOWARD.

The envelope that held this letter contained also the modest four pages of the *Progress*, the first printed number of the college paper. To the SCHOLASTIC it *was* a delight due to the kindness of Mr. Howard. It is a quaint relic to lovers of print, for whom this history of publications at the University is given.

"The earliest formal publication containing selections from the writings of students was the *Progress*, a manuscript paper. Its origin was due to John Collins, Francis C. Bigelow, Ben. B. Barron and John H. Fleming, and it was at first circulated amongst the more appreciative literary denizens of the University. An earlier manuscript paper called the *Notre Dame Literary Gazette*, through a prefect's misunderstanding, had been summarily destroyed; and through this reason chiefly John Collins was inspired to bring out the paper permanently, and hence the bold name of *Progress*. So well was the *Progress* received, however, that the faculty appointed an evening every two weeks when the little paper was read in public in the senior study-hall. . . . One copy only was printed, that was for the Commencement of 1860, when it was read by James B. Runnion, one of its chief contributors, and who himself became afterwards noted as an editor and dramatic author."

The *Progress*, however, fell into obscurity and died. *The Olympic Gazette*, the *Weekly Bee* and other publications took its place; until in 1867 when a modest eight pages, attached to the *Ave Maria*, and called the *Scholastic Year*, took the lead and grew into our own SCHOLASTIC. The first number of this, dated September 7,

printed on wretched paper, contains a greeting to the incoming students of the year, a list of students' names, a few stray "Locals" and a column on an accident that befell Marcus Foote, who was fishing from a railway bridge so intently he failed to notice an approaching train. The rest of the SCHOLASTIC's history is a matter of growth. The "*St. Mary's Notices*" filled a column until the *Chimes* came into existence.

The verse of this first number of the *Progress* that is here printed was written by Hon. T. E. Howard, then a modest student. Prof. Stace, also a student at that time, was accountable for the "Visit to Thompkinsville University,"—rare humor in these ages of philistinism. The rest of the prose was done by T. B. Runnion and Prof. Stace, for the most part. Strange it is to see the note on the military company, whose captain, W. F. Lynch, afterward organized a company for the War of the Rebellion at South Bend and Notre Dame. Prof. Howard himself afterward came to the dignity of commander of the Notre Dame company. Who will look back to this SCHOLASTIC four decades from now and tell of one that fought in the war that is now upon us?

You of the present student body that are thinking of the end that is fast coming look to the verse, "The Student Returning." Very little do we change, after all, even though the art of printing is developed and journals grow flimsy and coarse looking to those that come years after they were first read. This little semi-monthly tells of a host of things which have happened in the long interval since its birth.

Notre Dame, 8; St. Viateur, 6.

Manager O'Shaughnessy took his band of reconcentrados to Kankakee, Illinois, on Decoration Day for a preliminary warm-up. The team was splendidly entertained and returned the compliment by putting up an interesting game of ball. St. Viateur's College had won the great majority of its games until the Varsity broke its winning streak, and before the contest, her supporters declared that Notre Dame would fall by the wayside when Conners and Sammon began to mix them up. As a matter of fact, Captain Sammon, who has a local reputation as a catcher, started to mix them up at the start. He gave a scientific exhibition of how baseball should not be played, and his record of three passed balls out of

three balls pitched can hardly be equalled. The rest of the team, Kearney, Conners and Walsh, especially, played earnest, gentlemanly baseball.

Notre Dame had the game won all the way. McNichols and his captain led in the fielding department, and while the hitting was not strong it was timely. Mr. Conners kindly supplemented all deficiencies in this line by presenting the visitors with seven bases on balls when such articles could be used to advantage.

THE GAME.

Sammon popped a weak fly to McDonald who smothered it. Daly tore through the prairie grass in centre and secured Walsh's difficult line-hit. Martin was easy for Herrmann and McDonald.

Then came the most complete case of balloon-ascensions that Notre Dame ever had the good luck to drop on. How the home team lived through it is one of the seven wonders of Kankakee. Not one of the four balls thrown by Follen came within shooting distance of the rubber. One of Conners' wild shoots connected with Fleming's ribs, and on a passed ball Follen landed on third with Fleming one base behind. Powers walked, and on Sammon's grand-stand error Follen and Fleming scored. Daly got free transportation and McNichols singled. Callahan was hit by pitcher and McDonald fared the same fate. Donahoe got the fourth base on balls of the inning, and Walsh's error gave Herrmann a life. Then the head of the batting list came up again, and Follen waited successfully. After the smoke drifted from the scene of the slaughter and the Varsity had secured seven runs, Daly and Fleming went out.

It was soon apparent that St. Viateur's could never overtake that lead, and the visitors played leisurely, but nailed on another run in the seventh to clinch the thing. St. Viateur's squeezed six runs on the card after terrific efforts on their part and almost placid indifference on the side of Notre Dame.

THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Follen, r. f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Fleming, 3 b.	3	1	1	1	2	0
Powers (Capt.), c.	2	1	0	11	2	0
Daly, c. f.	3	1	1	2	0	0
McNichols, 2 b.	3	1	1	4	3	0
Callahan, l. f.	3	1	2	0	0	1
McDonald, 1 b.	3	1	0	8	0	1
Donahoe, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	2
Herrmann, p.	3	1	0	0	2	0
Gibson, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	26	8	6	27	12	4

ST. VIATEUR'S	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Sammon (Cap't), c.	5	0	1	6	0	5			
Walsh, 2 b.	3	1	1	4	2	1			
Martin, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0			
Conners, p.	4	1	1	0	4	0			
Whearity, s.s.	4	1	0	1	2	0			
Quille, l. f.	1	1	1	1	0	0			
Kearney, l. b.	3	1	0	8	0	0			
Rooney, 3 b.	4	1	1	2	1	0			
Patterson, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1			
Totals	32	6	6	24	9	7			
SCORE BY INNINGS—1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.
NOTRE DAME—7	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	*	=8
St. VIATEUR'S—0	0	1	4	0	0	1	0	0	=6

Innings pitched by Herrmann, 7; by Gibson 2; by Conners, 9. Bases on balls—off Herrmann, 4; off Gibson, 1; off Conners, 8. Hit by Pitcher by Herrmann, Walsh, Quille; by Conners, Fleming, Callahan, McDonald. Struck out—By Herrmann, 4; by Gibson, 4; by Conners, 4. Two base hit—Walsh. Sacrifice hit—Patterson. Umpires, Legree and Roy.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

The Festival of the Music Makers.

On Thursday the members of the University Band were given a rest after the hey-day of marches, mazurkas and overtures. The instruments were silent for one Thursday at least, while their masters marched off to the rustic grove, where the sunshine, flowers and buzzing insects creep around the oak trunks, and gave themselves up to the pleasures of idleness when some fierce, ill-played game of primitive baseball was not in progress. The festival was full of unconventional merry-making. Some, filled with the hilarity of freedom, galloped down the dusty roads, through the meadow and forest, for sheer hilarity's sake. Others, in the same spirit, tried to play a game that might be called baseball and might be called whatever you please. Others lay in the shadow of the leaves and let time go by without serious thought.

When the dinner hour came—which the custom of man has fixed at twelve by the clock—some looked for the supply wagon, and there was much joy when it came lumbering down the hill. A forest fire cooked what needed to be cooked; the rough-hewn table was filled with those evidences of civilization, dishes and linen and eating-implements, and two score hungry rangers ate with a zest that boded ill for the cooks whose meal was yet to be eaten. When it was over the afternoon was given to the god of idleness, and the day went happily by to its sunset. Then supper was dealt out. The supply wagon rattled home empty, and forty dusty, happy, music makers came straggling in as evening grew into night.

The Oratorical Contest.

On last Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock the Oratorical Contest took place in Washington Hall. The judges were the Hon. T. E. Howard, chief justice of the supreme court of Indiana, the Rev. P. J. Muldoon and the Rev. T. E. Judge of Chicago. There were eight contestants for the medal. Mr. E. J. Mingey spoke on "The Social Influence of the Novel," pointing out that if rightly directed, the novel can wield a great influence for the betterment of man. Mr. F. X. McCollum's subject was "The Catholic Element in Public Life," and he strongly appealed to Catholic young men to take a lively interest in national affairs and make themselves felt in public life. "The Consecration of Liberty" was Mr. F. E. Hering's oration, and he showed that great men and great principles are evolved through centuries, and he made an application of this theory by pointing out that it required centuries of oppression to bring about that ennobling scene on the battlefield of Gettysburg when the Irish Brigade under shot and shell received absolution from their chaplain Father Corby. Mr. L. M. Reed found an inspiring subject in "American Patriotism," and demonstrated that from the Colonists' rally at Lexington down to the present time, patriotism has been the mainspring of all great deeds done for land and liberty. Mr. F. H. Wurzer dwelt on "The Destiny of America" and set a high ideal in statesmanship and culture for our great republic. The noble life of Père Marquette called forth the best efforts of Mr. J. J. Crowley, and he fittingly eulogized the great missionary of the northwest. The deeds and achievements of Edward Sorin gave a subject to Mr. A. J. Duperier who likened our great Founder to St. Benedict, and paid his memory a worthy tribute. Mr. P. J. Ragan closed the program with an oration on "Our Chances." Mr. Ragan believes that the future has in store abundant opportunities for the young American, and he supported his belief with many pertinent arguments. The contest was a very creditable one and showed that Notre Dame has many very good orators, and to whomsoever the medal may go every one of the contestants may feel that he made a good fight; that his effort was appreciated, and that it was by no means labor lost. Professor Preston and his musicians added materially to the pleasure of the afternoon's entertainment.

Notre Dame, 12; University of Chicago, 9.

Somewhere in the boundless extent of the world's literature there is a proverb of which the spirit, if not the letter, is, "that all things come to him who waits." As an amendment, the Varsity wishes to suggest that sometimes things "come" so fiercely, so remorselessly and so exuberantly, that the course of events is changed and new idols are set up in the public places. All of which throws a side-light on the simple narrative that follows.

Hitherto, in speaking of baseball, athletic Notre Dame has said under its breath that the Varsity could beat anything except Chicago. This feeling that the Maroon was nailed at the mast-head forever, so far as the Gold and Blue was concerned, was founded on Chicago's victory over us last year and her good record with other teams this. She was regarded as an all-powerful Juggernaut, and the Varsity was told that unless Notre Dame got out of the high-way Chicago would ride over Powers and his men. Well, the croakers received an object-lesson last Tuesday, which it is hoped they will learn backward and forward.

The Varsity stayed on the high-way, and the team that took to the woods wore Chicago across their breasts. With their bats the representatives of Notre Dame demolished Chicago's reputation as a sure winner, and put Stagg's team in the same list with Northwestern, De-Pauw, Indiana and Michigan, whom we have defeated this year. Wisconsin has beaten us, but neither Michigan nor Chicago recognize Wisconsin; while Illinois, who cancelled her game with us, has lost two games to Chicago. Out of this tangle comes Notre Dame with no uncertain claim to first place barring only Wisconsin. And the prestige we have was obtained by good ball playing and gentlemanly conduct in every particular. For men that believe in the Kneipp cure as applied to baseball, and to whom a wet blanket is a fetich, the victory at Chicago means little, but to men with good red blood in their veins and with a love of old Notre Dame in their hearts, the Varsity of '98 will live long as a team of hard-working players that achieved a victory over sturdy foemen, and with whom there was no such word as inglorious defeat.

To manager Frank O'Shaughnessy, whose arrangements were skilfully made and perfectly carried out; to Coach Hering, who put heart and soul into the work which brought forth

such splendid fruit, and to the gallant men that wore the uniform of *Alma Mater*, all Notre Dame is grateful. Then to Father Morrissey, whose generous co-operation in all that relates to athletics is famous, the team returns its thanks. After the game, the victors marched in triumphant procession from the train to its hotel, followed by the loyal alumni of Chicago shouting till they were hoarse. In the lobby of the hotel the crowd swung into a circle, and remembering the men at home, cheered heartily for grand old Notre Dame and her President. There was not a flaw on the trip, either on the diamond or off, and beside making many new friends, the team strengthened the admiration with which the University is held in the hearts of her sons.

THE GOLD AND BLUE ABOVE THE MAROON.

There never was a better day for baseball than last Tuesday in Chicago, and both teams were in condition for a vital struggle. Coach Stagg, who is wise in his generation, chose the field, and when Umpire Jevne called time, Follen went to bat and struck out as did Fleming. A short roller to Vernon settled Powers. While Chicago's enthusiastic rooters were beginning their work, Daly caught Merrifield's fly. Herschberger's big bunch of football hair dangled in his eyes as he tapped an easy out from Gibson to McDonald. McNichols and McDonald extinguished Gardner.

In the rapidity with which the first inning was played, the spectators saw indications of a fast, close game, and were confirmed in their view when the second inning ended with the score nothing up.

Notre Dame went out Indian file in the third, but Chicago cracked the ice on what later proved to be a whole tub of base-hits, errors, sensational plays and excitement flung together indiscriminately. Kennedy began his private cannonade right here with a hit to left. Smith's out put him on second, and he scored after Vernon hit safely and had been retired at third. With Merrifield and Herschberger poised on the bases, Gardner failed to locate Gibson's curves.—One run.

Notre Dame's opening of the fourth was fruitless, but Clarke went to first on Callahan's error, and in season crossed the plate. Three base hits in succession, in blinding, heart wringing succession, scored Kennedy. Smith and Vernon were waiting when Callahan's catch of Merrifield's aerial-explorer closed the inning. Two runs.

In the fifth Callahan saw that the score stood 3-0 the wrong way, and redeemed his error by driving a three-bagger into left. "Silent" McDonald came up, took a lingering glance at the Vigorol sign on the far left-field fence, and smashed the ball over it square as a die, chasing Callahan in before him. Notre Dame's delegation in the grand stand yelled till the earth shook, and even after Donahoe, Gibson and Follen died in order, the Varsity saw there was a good chance.—Two runs.

Implacable Kennedy slammed a two-bagger to the bicycle track in centre, and Smith singled to left. Callahan retired Vernon, and Follen's error on Merrifield's easy one scored Kennedy and put Smith on second. Fleming put Smith in dreamland; but Herschberger and Gardner advanced Merrifield until he was compelled to score. Two men were on base when Gibson and McDonald put Clarke out.—Two runs.

In the first half of the sixth Fleming had scored on Callahan's single, and McNichols had hit safely; so that when the visitors fondled their bats in the seventh the score stood six and three, and Notre Dame had the three.

Then it was that the Varsity rushed gloriously into the lead to the spirited accompaniment of cloud-scattering shouts of exultation. Then it was that the Gold and Blue for the first time in two years had more runs to its credit than the Maroon, and her lieutenants resolved that the lead should be kept. Donahoe led off with a base on balls. Gibson's fly to left was held, but Follen's hit was too fast for Vernon and Donahoe was on second. Another pass by Clarke put Fleming on first and filled the bases. Captain Powers smashed the leather on the nose, driving it high and clean over the left-field fence for a magnificent home-run, clearing the bases and making the score seven to six and Notre Dame had the seven. In the pandemonium which broke loose, the stands became a mass of hysterically-waved Gold and Blue, and Powers was forced to remove his cap to the storm of congratulations. Daly and McNichols landed on the ball, but the saddened Chicago fielders accepted chances.

Sawyer kept up the excitement by getting a base on wide ones, and quit when Southard's grounder from Fleming to McNichols killed him and put Southard on first. Kennedy, who is in the same category with Powers as a timely hitter, brought Southard home with a three-bagger to centre. Smith and Vernon didn't get the sphere out of the infield, and again the keys were tightened with the score seven up.

The Varsity were still hitting, and started in to recover the lost run. They did better, and again got into the lead, when Callahan got a beautiful two-bagger and went to third on McDonald's single to left, scoring on a passed ball. McDonald put the team ahead when Gardner, in attempting to catch him at third, hurled the ball into left field. Merrifield's hit in the eighth produced a run; McNichol's error put Herschberger off at first-street, and Clarke's hit scored him. Sawyer fanned, and Donahoe erred on Southard's easy grounder. With both on base, Gibson caught Kennedy's fly.—Two runs.

So the score was again a tie 9-9 when Notre Dame opened the ninth with the prettiest, seasonable batting of the year. Fleming cut a single into right. Again Powers was equal to the emergency, and his two base-hit placed Fleming on third. Smith's error on Daly's hard-hit ball sent Fleming and Powers across the bar with those useful runs. McNichols went out from Vernon to Kennedy, but Daly was safe at home on the play. Callahan's line fell in the same waters, and McDonald's two-base hit to left closed the batting. Donahoe's pop-up was easy for Merrifield.—Three runs.

Again the tension was on deck. Chicago might win out in the last half. The crowd breathed easier when Donahoe caught Smith's fly. Vernon was given a chance on four balls. Follen pulled Merrifield's fly into his glove, and Callahan's out of Herschberger's fly was the signal for a general rush to carry the winning captain and his men off the field.

THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Follen, r. f.	5	1	2	1	0	1			
Fleming, 3 b.	3	3	1	2	2	1			
Powers, (Capt.), c.	5	2	2	4	0	0			
Daly, c. f.	4	1	0	2	0	0			
McNichols, 2 b.	5	0	1	1	4	1			
Callahan, l. f.	5	2	3	3	0	1			
McDonald, i b.	5	2	3	12	0	0			
Donahoe, s.s.	3	1	0	1	4	1			
Gibson, p.	4	0	0	1	3	0			
Totals	39	12	12	27	13	5			
CHICAGO	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Merrifield, 3 b.	5	2	1	3	0	0			
Herschberger, c. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0			
Gardner, c.	4	1	1	7	0	1			
Clarke, p.	5	1	2	0	2	0			
Sawyer (Capt.), r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0			
Southard, l. f.	5	1	1	2	0	2			
Kennedy, i b.	5	3	4	7	1	0			
Smith, 2 b.	5	0	2	2	3	1			
Vernon, s.s.	4	0	2	2	2	0			
Totals	41	9	13	27	8	4			
SCORE BY INNINGS—I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
NOTRE DAME—	0	0	0	2	1	4	2	3	12
CHICAGO—	0	0	1	2	1	2	1	2	0

Two-base hits—Powers, Callahan, MacDonald, Kennedy. Three base hits, Kennedy, Callahan. Home runs—Powers, McDonald. Bases on balls—off Gibson, 3; off Clarke, 5. Struck out—by Gibson, 3; by Clarke, 7. Sacrifice hits—Donahoe, Sawyer. Umpire—Jevne.

The End of May.

Every student has recognized, doubtless, his good fortune in being able to attend the May devotions. In the business of life in the noisy world these evenings will be a matter of memory, for then it will be almost impossible to attend the simple evening ceremonies. The short sermons of instruction have done a vast amount of good.

As a fitting close to the month of May a procession was made for a short pilgrimage to our little Grotto of Lourdes that lies back of the church, a monument of the kindness of the late Rev. Father Carroll. With the band playing a slow march at the head, the students, the acolytes, with soft-gleaming candles, and the celebrant and assistant priests in their golden vestments, the procession was very pretty. In the green and red light, under the shelter of the May foliage, the picture was most beautiful. Here voices rose and fell in the singing of a hymn to the Virgin; after which prayers were said for the repose of the soul of Father Carroll. Thence the procession led into the church, where Benediction closed the devotions of May. At Benediction Very Rev. John A. Zahm officiated. The altar was ablaze with candlelights; the air was soft as it is of a May evening, and everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of devotion. the singing was done by the congregation, and after the Benediction every voice rose in a grand Te Deum that could be heard swelling and diminishing far away. In this way the devotions ended; and they will be long remembered by those that have attended them for the last time.

Our Soldier Boys in Camp.

The Hoosier farmers were reclining beneath their apple trees and thoughtfully stroking their beards; mild-eyed horses and cattle were grazing peacefully, and all nature was in its calmest mood; when suddenly a golf-stockinged, sweated aggregation of young men with long, wicked-looking rifles appeared on the scene—and the pigs on the neighboring farms have been squealing ever since. Cy Prime jumped up in terror and saw a number of "gol dern critters" running across his best wheat field, yelling and firing, and as Jamie Giggles dropped on one knee and fired point-

blank at him he fled in terror. The U. S. Vol. Reserves, Brigadier-General Green commanding, were simply going through a skirmish drill on their way to the woods, but when Cy saw Giggles he thought he was being attacked by the Irish Brigade, so he fled to his wife for protection. When the "soldiers" reached a pleasant wood about two miles from the University they shelled it thoroughly, and then entered and went into camp.

The first thing of importance after the guard was posted was the court-martial of Jamie. The latter was pacing up and down on guard duty—chin in, *chest out* and every inch a soldier—when Lieut. Col. Atherton approached him and asked him for the countersign. Now Jamie was raw, and he told the Lieutenant-Colonel that the countersign was Dewey, which was unwise. So he was taken before Judge Advocate Austin O'Malley who was present and kindly consented to preside at the court-martial. The court was thirsty, so the prisoner was sentenced to bring a pail of water from a farmhouse a mile away. The sun was hot, too. The morning was passed in arresting farmers and their families that tried to get through the guard and in correcting faults by court-martial; and at noon every one, except the poor sentries, sat down to an excellent dinner—beg pardon, *mess*—which was cooked in camp. The Commissary-General Silver and Quartermaster Benson have the thanks of all for the excellent rations served.

The afternoon was given up to a search for a detachment of the "enemy"—Col. Walsh and a few men—by a scouting party. When they were found the signal corps climbed a hill and "wig-wagged" the news with their red and white flags to General Green. The latter brought his troops through the woods at a double quick; the enemy's stronghold, Fort Wieniewurst, was surrounded, and the battle was fierce until the last round was fired. There were few mishaps. Sergeant Murphy lost his temper; Corporal Haley had the part in his hair blown from the middle to the left side; Private Giggles had the padding of his golf stockings blown away, and Private O'Malley had the new wart blown off his nose. Private Giggles is the only one whose case is serious. The Reserves returned to the University at sunset, very tired and in a very weary state, but all agree that Thursday was one of the most enjoyable days they ever spent. For all of which and many other favors besides they sincerely thank Professor Green.

Local Items.

—Band concerts are now being clamored for with much energy. It is time.

—So Ensign has proved that he is a ball player! This is a queer world.

—PROFESSOR: "Beware of 'isms,' they lead the wrong way."

STUDENT: "How about Catechism?"

—It has been noticed that many students are coming up from the shops with their boxes for early packing. In two days Sorin Hall will be desolate.

—The Carrolls take up the cry "Swimming" every "rec" night. Bill Shea has his hands full instructing the beginners, and rescuing those who go too far.

—The members of the Boat Club wish to express their sincere gratitude to the Notre Dame fire brigade for saving the lake from the ravages of Thursday's fire.

—The following non-commissioned officers were appointed last week after a competitive drill by the Notre Dame Company of Volunteer Reserves: C. H. Atherton, 1st Serg't; R. G. O'Malley, 2d Serg't; W. S. Murphy, 3d Serg't; St. John O'Sullivan, 4th Serg't; S. J. Brucker, 5th Sergeant.

—The Reds, the crack team of Brownson Hall, bowed to the Carrollites Thursday in a well-contested game. The Reds put forth their best efforts to win, but the heavy batting of Captain Tom Murray's men in the ninth inning won the game. The Carrollites have much cause to rejoice over their victory, as the Reds had been coached for several days before the game. Score, 18-15.

The Carroll Hall Specials have won four games, and lost one in the inter-hall league. The standing of the teams is as follows:

	Lost	Won
Carrolls	4	1
Reds	2	2
Whites	1	2
Greys	0	3

The Carroll Hall reserves defeated a team from South Bend last Monday by the score 3-2. Leffingwell's pitching was the feature of the game.

—The following students were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher on June 1st:

Brownson Hall.—Samuel L. Hunter, Henry A. Sherman, William J. Adams, Asher M. Jennings, Charles J. Baab, Gregor N. Burg, Bradley B. Metcalf.

Carroll Hall.—Fred G. Schoonover, William R. Hickey, Christopher E. McSheehy, William Von Albade, James E. McNaughton, Laurence H. Luken, John C. Hanner, Michael J. Crowley, Joseph A. Clyne.

Minim Department.—Jeremiah Hart, Grant C. Dyer, Paul H. McBride, Milton Flynn, Ed-

ward L. Manion, Charles J. Nix, Alexander W. McFarland, Edgar J. Sinnott, John C. Bernero, George P. Phillips, Clement G. Cresey, Laurence A. Hart, George H. Ebbert, Herbert P. Schaus, William J. Butler, Shirley Fleming.—Saint Joseph's Hall, J. Burke. Besides these there were several others belonging to the parish adjoining the University.

—PRIZE STORY NO. 3—"The Duke."—Once upon a time in a little unbalanced cottage by the sea, there lived a beautiful young maiding named Sylvia. She had dainty, well-rounded fingers, five on each hand, and her hair fell in delicate, laughing ringlets matched only by the golden-tipped clouds in the far west. All the neighbors admired her, and they used to come and borrow a cup of sugar and a nutmeg from her now and then. Even the uncouth, tangle-haired woodmen loved to hear her sweet pleading, Salvation Army voice, as it rang out over the fluffy tops of the mighty oaks in the forest.

One day as Sylvia was plugging in the kitchen a fit of melancholy seized her. She began to think that life ought to hold out to her more than a dish-pan and a wet rag. Then with fretted brow and drooping ears she began to sing quivverlingly;

Oh, would that I had ne'er been born
To work away my life!
Oh, would that some one, e'en forlorn
Would take me as his wife!

A young forester that had been cussing the resistible oaks, hearing the fragrant, informal solicitation, dropped his ax on the toes of a fellow worker, and with bulging eyeballs and abbreviated breath, started in the direction of the pigmy cottage. The voice seemed to grow sweeter and sweeter as he neared the house nearer and nearer, and when at last he stood beneath the kitchen window-sill he trembled so violently from emotion that he was obliged to sit down on an adjoining tomato can. Thus with clasped finger-nails and bowed head he listened while Sylvia washed the figured chinaware and repeated the alluring melody.

When the last soup-plate had been withdrawn from the dish-pan, Sylvia up and dumps the dish-water out of the elevated kitchen window, unconsciously drenching the enraptured, ill-starred woodman; but wisely he knew that he could not win the fair goddess by swearing, so with outstretched elbows and twisted neck he sang the following air to the melody of the unfiltered goo-goo as it slowly dripped from his greasy coat sleeves into his wrinkled boots:

Oh, here I be, oh, here I be,
A little damp my fairest sweet;
But come my love, and marry me,
Be mine, be mine, I still repeat!

But Sylvia, looking at the dripping wretch, simply said, "I'll pass." . . . And then with dilating nostrils and shaking eyebrows the young forester lighted a cigarette and turned back again to the forest.