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MOST REV. PATRICK WILLIAM RIORDAN, D. D.
Archbishop of San Francisco.

Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan's Address.*

VERY REVEREND FATHERS, PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:

I can assure you that I deeply appreciate this cordial welcome coming from an institution which always must be very dear to me; for it is forty-three years ago last month since I came here for the first time—a young student. I look upon it as my *Alma Mater*. My thoughts in my far-distant home on the coast frequently bring me back to the happy days when I was a student in this college; and memory brings to mind very frequently the dear lessons of wisdom that were taught me by the professors now passed away.

Notre Dame has been to me a kind and indulgent mother, and all that there is in me that is of any good, I trace back to the germs of knowledge and Christian piety implanted in my mind and heart while a student here.

The venerable men that founded this institution, and with whom I was acquainted and whom I loved, have passed away. The college has grown beyond the narrow walls which were then sufficient to accommodate the few students; the grounds have been enlarged and beautified, and when I compare the past with the present, this seems a fairy tale compared with the poor beginnings of this great college. The spirit, however, has always been the same, and the men that have passed away have handed down their spirit to those, who, in your day, take their places and fulfil their obligations. For all these reasons, my dear young men, this place is very dear to me, and though I am not yet inclined to look upon myself as an old man, I do rank with the pioneers of Notre Dame. I am not going to get old so long as I can help it. There is work in youth, but there is no work in old age. It is a sad day for a man when he feels his work is over; and therefore we must retain the spirit of our youth.

Now if I had the time, and if you were in a mood to listen—two things requisite for a speech—I would be willing to say a few things to you, for my heart is always ready to talk to young men. We read in the Gospel describing the attitude of our Lord toward a young man, that He said: "Looking at him, I loved him." Something of the same feeling goes through my heart always when I stand in the presence

of a body of young men standing on the threshold of active life, about to begin the great work of life. Looking at them I love them for the youth that I once had, which I feel I am losing, and for the youth which they still have in their possessions.

My dear young men, the greatest of all gifts which God can give to anyone is the gift of youth, because it is filled with possibilities. It is the only gift which comes to man but once, while other gifts may be given to man repeatedly. It is so great, so magnificent, so worthy of our appreciation, that Almighty God gives it to us but once, and when it passes, it is gone forever. It is the spring-time of a man's life, when he may plant the seeds for his future harvest; and when we do reap that harvest it is after all only the planting of that which was done in the spring months of our lives.

Therefore, use well these days of your youth. Put them to good use. It is the time of discipline, in which you should be careful of yourselves, and store your minds with knowledge that in after-years you will be able to give out to great advantage.

I tell you, my young men, the great question of today is not the question of imperialism or our expansion to foreign lands; it is not the question of opening up new lines of railroads and harbors of communication with distant lands. The great question now is: "What kind of men are we going to have?" And that question is to be solved by our schools and colleges! The work that is being done here is of the most important character. Happy are the men and the professors who understand their obligations—the God-given vocation of a teacher! And I am glad to know that the men gathered about me at this table are fully sensible of their responsibilities, and are doing their work in a manner creditable to themselves and to those who leave this college. Happy the boys who understand that here they are laying the foundation of their future life!—learning to be patient, disciplined, studious, and above all, religious.

Let me tell you—not speaking as an archbishop or as a religious, but as a man—let me tell you that under all our works must lie the foundation of a religious life,—a moral character. Upon this foundation all things must rest if they would remain. For after all, though knowledge is a power, yet it is powerless with things within ourselves. Knowledge has no power over the mind. Morality is the only power which guides the will, purifies the heart,

* After-dinner speech to students in Brownson Hall dining room.

spiritualizes the intellect. Therefore, in trying to gather knowledge, plant in your souls the principles of Christian morality.

I said to your Reverend President today when I came up the old familiar road known to me over forty years ago,—I said to him that I could recall the lessons in the Christian Doctrine class which were given to me and to others three and forty years ago by the founder of this institution. Not only the fact that he gave them, but the very form of his words, and some of the very sentences, were so indelibly impressed upon my memory by the magic voice of him who is gone,—the greatest man that Notre Dame has ever known!

With these few words of thanks for your hearty welcome, with these wishes which come from my heart for your future success, I bid you good-bye. Impossible it is for me—living as I do in the far-distant West—to come here frequently; but I bear a grateful heart toward this College which sheltered me in my youth, and laid for me, I trust, the foundation for the things that are good in this life, and needful and good in the life that is to be.

John Marshall.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

Much of the excellence in the workings of the Supreme Court of the United States was effected by John Marshall. For many years he was Chief Justice of the United States, and he worked out many reforms. He was born in 1755, in a small Virginia village called Germantown. When a boy, Marshall was very fond of sports, and was never burdened with a longing for study. He was of a humorous disposition, and this, with his skill in many of the popular games, caused him to be looked up to by the other boys of the community as a leader.

His first instructor was a clergyman named Campbell, and among his classmates was James Monroe. He spent a year under this instructor, and after that his father undertook to act in that capacity, teaching him among other things mathematics, astronomy and literature. At eighteen he began the study of the law, but before he was admitted to the bar he joined the army, and was in active service for about four years. On quitting the army he again took up the study of law at William and Mary College. In 1780 he was admitted to practice, and soon gained a reputation as one

of the most successful lawyers in his state.

Together with Madison he gained a notable victory over Patrick Henry and Mason by winning over the state of Virginia to adopt the Federal Constitution. On that occasion Henry remarked, that "he had the highest respect and veneration for the honorable gentleman, and that he had experienced his candor upon all occasions." Soon afterward Marshall was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, but he declined the office to accept a special mission to France, where he distinguished himself by gaining several victories, in diplomacy over the celebrated Talleyrand.

Upon his return he was sent to Congress. Much was expected of him in his new position, but he surpassed even the greatest expectations. His speeches were noted for their great argumentative qualities. This was especially true of him in that famous debate on the Edward Livingston resolutions, condemning the actions of President Adams concerning the ex-tradition of Thomas Nash. "This speech," said Judge Story, "settled then and forever, the points of international law upon which the controversy hinged." He was next appointed Secretary of State; but before the expiration of this latter office he was chosen Chief Justice of the United States, and received his commission on the 31st of January, 1801. While serving in this office he prevented Congress from overriding the Constitution, and taught its members to recognize the power and independence of the Supreme Court. His labors in this behalf called for the efforts of an able man and afforded the Chief Justice an opportunity to prove his ability.

In speaking of Marshall, Mr. Binney once said: "The providence of God is shown most beneficently to the world in raising up from time to time and in crowning with length of days men of pre-eminent goodness and wisdom." His presidency as Chief Justice lasted during thirty-four years of the most trying period in the existence of the court. No doubt, the most important opinion delivered by Marshall as Chief Justice was that given in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*. This case settled the right of the Supreme Court to declare null and void any act of Congress that was contrary to the provisions of the Constitution. No case perhaps has had the effect upon the American Government that this one had. It not only became an underlying principle of constitutional law and gave the judicial branch of the government a certain

amount of independence which hitherto it did not possess, but it had an historical significance inasmuch as it amounted to a victory by Marshall over his old and bitter enemy, Thomas Jefferson.

Marshall and Jefferson came into power about the same time with widely divergent views on the subject of governmental powers. The former believed in enlarging them, while the latter advocated their restriction. A second time the Chief Justice triumphed over Jefferson when in the case of *Little vs. Barreme et. al.* in which a naval commander, while acting under President Jefferson's orders, injured a private person. The court held that "Instructions not warranted by law can not legalize a trespass." This, together with the fact that Jefferson was the cause of having the sessions of the Supreme Court suspended for over a year, kept their enmity aglow, and in a letter to Thomas Ritchie in 1820, Jefferson in speaking of the national tribunal said:

"Having found from experience that impeachment is an impracticable thing, a mere scare-crow, they consider themselves secure for life; they skulk from responsibility. . . . An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy and timid associates, by a crafty chief judge who sophisticates the law to this mind by the turn of his own reasoning."

This criticism was undeserved. Marshall was a man of great power, but his associates were also powerful men—men that did their own thinking. One of them, Judge Story, did more to raise the standard of the Supreme Court than any other man with the exception of Marshall. He was perhaps the greatest authority on common law that the country has ever known. Among the rest of his associates were Johnson, Livingston, Todd and Duvall, all men of exceptional ability. And to say that these men were blindly influenced and controlled by Marshall is nothing short of slander.

As a constitutional judge the Chief Justice never had an equal. During the thirty-four years that he held this office only once was he obliged to write a dissenting opinion on a question of constitutionality. As stated by Hampton L. Carson, in his *History of the Supreme Court*, "The judgments of Marshall carried the Constitution through the experimental period and settled the question of its supremacy. They have remained unchanged, unquestioned and unchallenged."

In order to understand how great was Marshall's work in reforming the workings of the Supreme Court one must understand in what condition it was at the time. Contrary to the wishes of the framers of the Constitution the judicial department of the government was not considered so important and essential as the legislative and executive branches. Politicians deemed it a stepping-stone to higher offices in the other departments. And oftentimes the Chief Justice would simultaneously hold other offices such as secretary of state, or accept missions to foreign countries. At one time they were unable to hold court owing to the fact that there was not a quorum present. At best, the court was in a very demoralized condition. John Jay shortly after his resignation said: "I left the bench perfectly convinced that under a system so defective it would not obtain the energy, weight and dignity which was essential to its affording due support to the national government, nor acquire the public confidence and respect which, as a last resort of the justice of the nation, it should possess." From this we may infer that Mr. Jay expected to see the legislative branch of our national government dwindle down until it should be totally enveloped by the other branches and become a mere tool and weapon of defense in their hands. He evidently looked forward to the men that were to take his place in office as persons that would be contented to have other officials override them.

His convictions, however, were not well founded, for his successor, John Marshall, succeeded in establishing the court upon a firmer basis and in bringing about its separation from the other governmental branches—a thing absolutely necessary to the proper administration of justice.

Numerous obstacles confronted him in the performance of this task, but he surmounted them all, and with invincible perseverance struggled on until he had the pleasure of seeing the Supreme Court looked up to as the guardian of the people's rights.

During the last few years of his life Marshall was by no means satisfied with the workings of the court. He was surrounded by a different class of men—men with views radically different from those held by himself. Story and the rest of his old associates were gone and Marshall was alone. However, he had the consolation of knowing that the Constitution was above danger and that the Supreme Court had the power to guard it.

"The King of the Black Forests."

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

(Translated from the Gaelic.)

When O'Connor was King of Ireland he lived in Rath Cruachan, Connaught. He had only one son who from his youth grew up wild and disobedient. One morning he went forth,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,
On a beautiful black steed mounted,

and he went his way singing his favorite song until he came to a big hawthorn bush on the side of a glen. There an old grey man was sitting, who said:

"Prince, if you can play as well as you sing I should like to have a game with you."

The young prince dismounted, threw the bridle over a branch, and sat down. The old man produced a pack of cards and asked the prince if he could play. The answer was "Yes," and a bargain was struck that the loser should do whatever the winner would demand. The prince won, but not wishing to impose on the old man he said he would not make any request.

"Never fear," said the old man; "you must ask something. I never yet lost but I could pay."

"All right, then," said the prince. "Take the head off my step-mother, and in its stead put that of a goat for a week."

"It shall be done," said the old man.

Then the prince mounted,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,

and continued his hunt, never thinking of the old man till he came home. There he found all in mourning and agitation. He was told by the servants that a wizard had entered the queen's apartment and had put a goat's head on her instead of her own.

"By the hole of my coat, this is strange," said the prince. "If I were here I would surely take *his* head off."

The king was sorrowful, and the only consolation and information he could get from his learned advisers was that it was all a work of witchcraft. The prince never let on about his knowledge of the affair, and next morning he went forth again,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,
On a beautiful black steed mounted,

and he never drew rein until he was at the haw-tree. The old man was there, and he asked the prince if he would have a game today. The prince answered yes, threw the reins over a branch and sat down. The cards were produced, and the old man asked if he got what he had won the day before.

"That's all right," said the prince.

"We will play on the same conditions today," said the old man.

"Very good," was the answer.

They played and the prince won. Asked his wish, he bethought himself awhile to select something difficult, and then told the old man to have the seven-acre field near his father's castle full next morning of cattle of different age, color, and size.

"It shall be done," said the old man.

Then the prince mounted,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced homeward. The king was still sorrowful, and there was not a doctor from Fair Head to Cape Clear but was there, all to no avail.

Next morning the chief steward went out early and saw the wonder in the park. Terror-stricken he ran to the castle to tell what he saw. He was ordered to get assistance to drive away the cattle. This he did; but no sooner were they out on one side but they were in on the other. Thus it was found that they were enchanted.

When the prince saw the cattle he said to himself: "I'll have another game with the old man today," and he went forth,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,
On his beautiful black steed mounted,

and soon he was at the haw-tree. The old man was there, and asked him if he would have another game today.

"Of course," said the prince, "but you know I can beat you at playing cards."

"Well, let us play some other game," said the old man. "Did you ever play cricket?"

"I did, indeed," said the prince, "but I think you are too old for that, and besides there is no place here to play it."

"If you are willing I'll get a place," said the old man.

The prince agreed, and the old man took him through the glen to a green hill. There he produced his enchantment-rod and pronounced some words not understood by the prince, and in a moment the hill opened and

they entered. They passed through several magnificent halls until they came to a garden in which everything was exceedingly beautiful, and at an end of this garden there was a cricket ground. A coin was tossed up, and the old man got the in-hand. Then they began, and soon the game was lost by the prince. He was in jeopardy. What was the old man's wish?

"I am the King of the Black Forests," was the answer, "and you must find me out within a day and twelvemonth, or if you do not, I'll find you out and you shall lose your head."

They came out the same way. The hill closed after them, and the old man went out of sight. The prince mounted his horse,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,

and a sorrowful man he was. That evening the king noticing how sad and downcast he appeared, concluded that some misfortune had befallen him. This opinion was corroborated by the moaning and raving of the prince in his sleep. It was bad enough that the queen had a goat's head, but his sadness was increased seven-fold when the prince told him his calamity. The royal counsellor was resorted to, who told the king that he knew nothing whatever of the King of the Black Forest's abode, but that he was sure the wizard would insist on his bargain. There was great sorrow in the castle that day—the queen with a goat's head and the prince going in search of the wizard uncertain of return.

After a week the queen's head was restored, of course, and when she heard how the goat's head had been put on her her hatred for the prince was bitter, and she prayed that he might never return dead or alive.

On Monday morning the young prince bade farewell to his father and friends, and with his travelling bag on his back he went away,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,
On his beautiful black steed mounted.

He travelled that day till the sun was sinking behind the hills and night was coming on, not knowing where he should get lodging. Seeing a wood in the distance he made for it with the intention of spending the night under a tree. He sat down at the foot of a large tree, opened his bag, and had just begun to eat when he looked up and saw a large eagle flying toward him.

"Do not fear me, prince," said the eagle, "I know you; you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you give me

your horse to feed my young I will bring you farther than he would, and maybe I shall lead you in the direction of him you are seeking."

"You may have him and welcome," said the prince, "though sorrowful am I at parting with him."

"All right! I'll be here tomorrow at sunrise," said the eagle. Then she grasped the horse with her great talons and took flight. The prince ate his fill, put the bag under his head and soon was fast asleep. The eagle was early a-wing as she had promised and awoke him, telling him it was time to be starting, for that there was a long journey ahead.

"Alas! that I have to part with my hound and hawk," said he.

"Never fear," said the eagle, "they'll be here when you come back."

"Then he got on the eagle's back, and off she went over hills and valleys, over raging seas and black forests until the prince thought he was at the world's end. At sunset she alighted, told him to follow the path to his right hand side and it would take him to the house of a friend, adding that she had to return to her young. The prince did so, and ere long he was at the house, which he entered. An old grey man that was sitting in the corner arose to greet him with "a hundred thousand welcomes, son of O'Connor, King of Ireland!"

"I do not know you," said the prince.

"Oh! I knew your grandfather," said the old man. "But sit down; it's likely you are hungry."

"A little," said the prince.

Then the old man called his servants, and soon a plentiful table was set before the prince, and the old man told him to eat and drink his fill, for that maybe it would be long till he would get the same chance again. This the prince did, and gave thanks for it, after which the old man informed him that he was aware of his purpose, "and," said he, "go now to bed, and I will go through my books to see if I can find out where the King of the Black Forests lives." Next morning he came to the prince, told him get up that there was a long journey ahead, that he had to make five hundred miles before noon.

"That's not in my power," said the prince.

"Oh! if you are a good rider I'll give you a little horse that will bring you so far."

After breakfast the old man had the horse ready, told the prince to mount and give him loose rein; "and when he stops look up to the sky and you will see coming toward you

three swans as white as the snow. These are the three daughters of the King of the Black Forests. One of them, the youngest, will have a green napkin in her mouth, and there is none on earth who would take you to her father's house but she. The horse will stop near a lake, on whose border the swans will alight and make three young ladies of themselves and then go in to bathe. This will give you an opportunity of getting the napkin. Then hide yourself, and when the ladies come out two of them will again turn into swans and take wing; but the youngest, who can not go without her napkin, will promise to do anything whatever for the one who recovers it. Come forward then and give it to her, and tell her that you are the son of a mighty king and that you want her to bring you to her father's house.

The prince did everything as directed; and when he told his wish the young lady seemed displeased. She agreed, however, to take him in sight of her father's house, and at his acceptance, told him for his life not to tell her father that it was she brought him so far, promising at the same time future aid. Moreover, "pretend," she said, "that you have an almighty power of enchantment."

The prince promised, and then she turned into a swan, and told him to get on her back. She took him over hills and through glens, over raging seas and bleak forests, never alighting till sundown, when she arrived at a little hill opposite her father's castle. Then she bade him good-bye, promised that whenever he would be in trouble she would be near, and went away. The prince made for the castle, went in, and who was the first to greet him but the old grey man who had played the cards with him.

"I see you have found me out before the end of the day and twelvemonth," he said. "How long since you left home?"

"This morning. When I was getting up, I saw a rainbow; jumped on it and slid down here," was the answer.

"By my hand, you are a wonderful athlete," said the king.

"Oh! that's very little of what I can do," said the prince.

"I have three jobs for you to do," said the old king, "and if you succeed in doing them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife; but if you do not succeed you shall lose your head, as many young men before you have. We don't eat but once a week

here," he continued, "and we had that meal this morning." "I care not," said the prince; "I can fast for a month."

"Likely you can go without sleep also," said the king.

"Of course," said the prince.

"You will have a hard bed tonight, then; come and see." The old king took him to a large hawthorn, told him to get up and sleep among the branches, and to be ready for work at the first peep of dawn. The prince climbed up to his place of rest, but hardly had he dropped into slumber when the young princess came, took him to the castle, supplied him with a room and supper, and when her father was about to rise in the morning brought him back. At sunrise the king came and told him to come down that he might show him his day's work. He took him to an old castle on the edge of a lake.

"Now," said he, "throw every stone of that castle into this lake, and have it done before sundown this evening."

Then he went away. In those days all mortar was made of lime and sand moistened with bullock's blood and sour buttermilk, and on that account the stones of the castle so tightly adhered that they could not be torn asunder by an evicting landlord's battering ram. After awhile of little success the young prince sat down thinking what to do, when the young lady came up asking why he looked so sad. He told her what he had to do, but she only smiled, and told him not to fear for that she would soon make it all right. She gave him bread and wine, and then produced her wand, struck the castle with it, and in the twinkling of an eye every stone was in the bottom of the lake.

"Now," she said, "on your life do not tell my father that it was I did this."

At the appointed time the king came, and expressed astonishment at the work completed.

"Sure, man!" said the prince, "I can do anything."

Thus was the king becoming more and more inclined to believe that the prince had great power. He told him that the morrow's work would be to lift the stones again and set the castle afoot as he had found it in the morning. He then went home, and the prince was told to go to sleep where he was the night before. The young princess, of course, was still his friend, and moreover she came to his aid the following day, struck the water of the lake with her wand, and at once the castle was up.

"So," said the king, when he came down that evening, "I see you have your day's work done."

"Indeed that was not much."

Then the king believed that the prince had more power than himself, and he said:

"You have but one more work to do." Then he told him to go to his rest; and Finguala—that was the name of the young princess—came as usual, took him into the castle, gave him an elegant room and everything necessary, and brought him back in the morning. At the usual time the king came to him, and took him to a valley where there was a large well.

"Now," he said, "my grandmother lost a ring in that well, and you must get it for me before sundown."

This well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet in circumference; it was full to the brim, and there was an army from hell protecting the ring.

When the king was gone Finguala came asking what he had to do. On hearing it she said:

"It is, indeed, hard; but I will do my best to save your life. Then she supplied the prince with the accustomed fare. She made a curlew of herself and dived into the well. Fire and smoke and sounds like thunder soon came bursting out of it, so that one would think all Hades was in battle there. After awhile the smoke cleared, the fire went out, the thunder ceased, and Finguala came up with the ring.

"I won the battle," she said, "but behold the little finger of my right hand is broken. Maybe, however, this is for the best. When my father comes do not give him the ring at once, but be bold and steadfast. He will bring you then to select your choice, which will be in this way: My two sisters and I will be in a room with our hands stretched out near a hole in the door. Through this hole you will put your hand to get your wife, which will be the one whose hand you keep a hold of till my father opens the door. You will know me by my broken finger."

"That I will, my heart's delight, Finguala," said he.

That afternoon the king came asking if he had got the ring.

"Sure, I have," said the prince. "It had a body-guard from hell, but I overcame them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know, I'm a Connaught man?"

"Give me the ring," said the king.

"Indeed I will not," said the prince. "I

fought hard for it. But you give me my wife; it's time I was going home." The king then took him to the castle, where everything was ready just as the princess had foretold. The prince put his hand through the hole, got a hold of the hand with the broken finger—and you may be sure a firm hold too,—and held it till the king had opened the door.

"This is my wife," said he; "where now is her dowry?"

"She has none to get but a little bay horse to take you both home, and may you never come back dead or alive!"

The prince and Finguala then mounted, and soon they found themselves where he had left his hound and hawk. They were there before him and the horse too. The king's little bay was turned back. The prince helped Finguala to his own, and then he himself got on,

His hound at his heels,
His hawk on his hand,

and he did not stop till he arrived in Rath Cruachan. There was a warm welcome there, and soon he and Finguala were married.

"A Tale of Two Cities."

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

The majority of readers would probably say that the popularity of the novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," is due to the vivid picture it gives of the incidents of the French Revolution. Perhaps they would be correct in their opinion as to the cause, *i. e.*, the apparent cause of the eagerness with which the story is always read. Yet, there is certainly something about the story which lends a special charm; for although the bare description of scenes so heart-rending as are found in this book might have a certain fascination for morbid minds, a book with no higher recommendation than this could never deserve wide popularity. In "A Tale of Two Cities," however, the reader finds something more than the perfect characterization which is a distinguishing mark of all Dickens' stories. Perhaps it is a trifle difficult to describe this quality; but it is something which softens and mellows what otherwise would be harsh and displeasing. Moreover, the impression is given that the author must have been a decided optimist,—possibly a surprising quality to find in the writings of a man who gave as much of his life as did Dickens to studying the condition of the very lowest classes of society. The

following words are, indeed, gloomy enough: "Crush humanity out of shape once more under the same hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms." Yet, nowhere does the author intimate that he fears similar conditions to those he describes are likely to exist in the future; and surely the man was no pessimist who could do justice to a description of the terrible excesses which made the French Revolution the most frightful of its kind in modern history; and who could at the same time keep his eyes fixed on the Good, the True, the Beautiful in life sufficiently to bring out characters so noble as some of those that adorn the story.

The author while graphically depicting the horrible atrocities committed in the name of liberty during the Reign of Terror, does so in such a way that instead of feeling like condemning the merciless attitude of the New Republic toward the aristocracy, the reader is, on the contrary, moved by an overwhelming sense of compassion for the sufferings which the lower classes had so long endured. On the other hand, the reader is not led to believe that all who belonged to the upper class were without sympathy for their less fortunate fellow-beings. Nor does the author attempt to defend the base and revengeful spirit of cruelty of certain leaders of the Revolution, such as the Defarges, the Vengeance, or the unprincipled spy, Barsad.

Apart from the great lesson which the story teaches by showing the danger of allowing a government to become too far removed from the common people, there are beautiful morals touching the softer side of human nature.

While the pen-picture of the miserable inhabitants of St. Antoine lapping up the spilled wine from the uneven pavement is appalling, yet any shock which the reader's keener sensibilities may have sustained should be at once dispelled by the prevalence of good-natured fellowship among those poor unfortunates. Again, in describing the fall of the Bastille, and the wholesale slaughter of the prisoners of La Force, the author is compelled to be so realistic that the effect is almost blood-curdling. But even here some relief is afforded by the portrayal of the tender sympathy shown by the frenzied people toward some of their own number who had become the victims of reckless mistakes.

Another instance which seems to indicate that there is no such state in human nature as total depravity, is to be found in the manner

in which even the desperate fiends at the courtyard grindstone received Dr. Manette. In the midst of their fearful carnage they have sympathy for his past sufferings, and are eager to assist him in his mission of mercy to his unfortunate son-in-law, Darnay, who is imprisoned at La Force. Likewise, even Jerry Cruncher, the "honest tradesman," who had become so depraved that he believed his laudable enterprise of supplying members of the medical profession with the grewsome results of his ghoulish "fishing excursions" was being hampered by his wife's religious tendencies, finally has a change of heart, and resolves to lead a better life. Above all, there is the example of Mr. Lorry, who, although during his whole life occupying the place of a machine and executing the will of others, he nevertheless retains all his noble traits of character, and proves of inestimable value to his friends in time of need.

In the characters, Dr. Manette and his daughter Lucie, it would be exceedingly difficult to decide which is worthy of greater admiration. The admirable fortitude and splendid courage displayed by the unfortunate physician in battling for the return of his reason, which he had lost through his long and unjust imprisonment in the Tower, is deserving of infinite praise. Equally sublime is the almost divine filial love which Lucie manifests toward her father. Words are inadequate to describe this fervent devotion, and it is comforting to know that the future held in store for both such a measure of unalloyed happiness as to cause them to forget their past sufferings.

Any reference to this great story would be incomplete, and this essay should fail in its purpose to bring out the optimistic strain in the story, without a tribute to the memory of the noble, heroic, self-sacrificing, but unfortunate Sydney Carton. One can not help feeling sorry that so much of this man's life had been wasted. It is, however, consoling to feel that this brave heart, in so faithfully following the example of Him "who died to save" by giving his life for the sake of those he loved, more than compensated for all the wasted opportunities of his unhappy life.

It is sometimes said that the French Revolution had a great civilizing influence over all Europe. While this may be true, still, anyone who reads "A Tale of two Cities" will instinctively pray deliverance from such distorted conditions of social government as would invite the appearance of another such civilizer.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Last Monday the University was highly honored by a visit from the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. He was accompanied by Rev. John Guendling, Administrator of the diocese of Ft. Wayne, Rev. M. Donovan of New York and Rev. T. Sullivan of Chicago. His Grace is an alumnus of Notre Dame, and a royal welcome awaited him here. After dinner in the Brownson dining hall, Mr. Raymond G. O'Malley, in the name of the students, delivered the following words of welcome to the Archbishop:

"We, the students of this University tender you, its honored alumnus the greeting which Notre Dame men extend only to one another. Though nothing of sincerity can be added to this welcome, we must thank you for the kind favor of your visit. We know you as a distinguished Church-man, and so we derive not only pleasure but benefit from your presence here. Such occasions as this are important educational factors, supplementing the work of the Faculty; for we learn not alone by the study of moral and intellectual principles but by inspiration drawn from the living embodiment of these. We can not hope on account of the distance of your home from us to see you as often as we should wish; but we hope your convenience will give us the pleasure again soon. For your kindness in affording us this opportunity

of instruction, we assure you of our deep gratitude."

During the course of the dinner the University Orchestra played many selections. After dinner the band turned out in front of the main building to serenade the Archbishop and his followers. The distinguished prelate and Father Sullivan were members of the band in 1856. Father Sullivan was called upon to address the band. Though he would draw no comparison between our musicians and those of 1856, he told many amusing incidents of his career with the University band. His talk was generously appreciated and applauded. After the band's serenade, the Archbishop visited with the Faculty, and later in the day went to St. Mary's Academy.

—We have measured our skill and brawn against Chicago, and lost. For the third time the Gold and Blue have gone down on the gridiron before the Maroons, and Stagg's well-trained athletes have wrested a much-coveted victory from our football players. The score tells the story of the victory, but not the story of the game, for in all but one point, the playing was in our favor. The men that left here last Wednesday morning were the best football material that Notre Dame has ever known. They were all men of experience and of good average weight. In line-bucking and in general defensive work they were an even match for their opponents. The game was fairly won by Chicago, because she outclassed us in speed, which is an all-important point in a football contest. The criticism of the Englewood game that was published in these columns was that our play is too slow. In accounting for our defeat last Wednesday we have only the same criticism to offer. Two place kicks, both of which might have won points for Notre Dame, were not put into play in time to prevent their being blocked, and one of them netted six points for Chicago. Hamill's long runs are another evidence that Chicago's men were too fast for our players. In straight football they were not a match for our men, as they were forced repeatedly to give the ball over on downs. Failure to get our kicks away in time and failure to catch the fleet-footed Hamill, these are the story of Chicago's victory and of our defeat. The experience has taught our men to play faster football in future, and in the meantime the rooters will quietly take their medicine in the old familiar way.

Silver Jubilee of Rev. D. A. Tighe.

Last Sunday the Reverend Denis A. Tighe, pastor of Holy Angels' Church at Chicago, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the sacred priesthood. The occasion was marked with brilliancy and celebrations of a more than ordinary nature. His parishioners, among whom he has spent his quarter of a century of ministerial labors, and

who are devoted to him as much for his sterling qualities as a man as for his unsullied career as a clergyman, were unanimous in showing their loyalty to him personally and their appreciation of his noble work in their behalf. Not alone in his parish, however, was the occasion one of rejoicing. From various parts of the country came letters and telegrams from Father Tighe's host of friends assuring him of their heartiest



congratulations and best wishes. Notre Dame, that claims the Reverend gentleman as an honored alumnus, and one of whom she is proud, extended to him her most cordial greetings; and among those that went from here to attend his jubilee were Very Rev. Provincial Zahm and Very Rev. President Morrissey. Many distinguished Churchmen from various points were present, among whom were the Most Rev. Archbishops Feehan of Chicago and Riordan of San Francisco, Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke of Saint Joseph, Missouri, and Right

Reverend Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Texas.

An important ceremony in connection with Father Tighe's jubilee was the consecration of five new marble altars, all donated to the Holy Angels' Church. After this ceremony, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in presence of Archbishop Feehan. Father Tighe acted as celebrant, Very Rev. Dr. Zahm as deacon, Rev. Gerald Coghlan of Philadelphia as subdeacon and Rev. P. Hannin of Toledo, Ohio, assistant priest. Very Reverend President Morrissey

preached the sermon. He prefaced his remarks with a glowing eulogy of the Rev. Father and of the holy priesthood in general, and closed with the following peroration:

"To the spiritual and temporal wants of his people he has never been indifferent. Silently and unostentatiously he has done a work which the world at large may not always have noticed or applauded, but the record of which is written in indelible characters on the

hearts of those among whom he has ministered. He has instructed others unto justice by word and example, and the hundreds who have grown from youth into manhood and womanhood under his ministrations, and whose exemplary Christian lives bear testimony to the excellence of his teaching, speak his praise more eloquently than any words of mine. His presence, and the fact that the house of God is not the place to eulogize any living man, are sufficient reasons for not saying more; but if it be true that the prayers inspired by affection

and gratitude ascend like a pleasing incense to the throne of the Most High, his name is one that will often flutter between earth and heaven on the wings of grateful supplication.

"That God may spare him yet many long years to continue the good work in which he has spent himself and been spent during the past quarter of a century; that his ministry may be blessed in the future as it has been in the past—such are the prayers which are offered up for him on all sides today. And when, after having completed his allotted course, after having fought the good fight to the end, full of years and merits he lays down his life's burden and cares, may those sweet and consoling words for which during his whole priestly life his soul has yearned come to fill his whole being with that joy which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of the Lord.'"

Father Tighe was graduated from Notre Dame with highest honors in the Class of '69. After making his course in theology and being ordained priest he has spent the rest of his time at Holy Angels' parish either as assistant or pastor. He has erected a beautiful large church that is said to be an ornament to the city, and his schools are well known for their excellence. In honor of his jubilee the school-children presented on Monday evening, a play written especially for the occasion.

Notre Dame Scores against Chicago.

The general feeling at Chicago was that the Maroons would not allow the men from the University of Notre Dame to score. This little calculation, however, was set at naught before fifteen minutes of the first half were over. Beside making a touchdown and kicking goal, our men played the hardest game against Chicago that has been seen there this year. When time was called at the end of the second half the men representing the windy city were barely able to walk to their training quarters on account of the quick and many mass-plays sent against their line. Eggeman, our big centre, out-played Speed at every point in the game, and early in the second half the Chicago man was compelled to retire in favor of Webb.

Eighteen men were used during the game by the home team, four replacing one another at right end, around which position Farley,

with splendid interference, was enabled to make good gains. Captain Mullen kept his men under control and carried the ball well when called to do so. Hayes's strong point seems to be hurdling the line, while the other backs, Wagner, Duncan and Lins, went straight through for gains varying from one to eight yards, with very few, if any, losses.

For Chicago, Kennedy, Wellington, Henry and Hamill did brilliant work. Hamill's long runs of 105 and 100 yards, respectively, were the features of the day. Kennedy kicked-off forty yards to McDonald, who by a clever bit of dodging, succeeded in passing the Maroon men one after another, covering 35 yards before he was tackled. For the first down Hayes was sent through the line for two yards, but failed when tried again. McDonald punted 35 yards to Hamill who returned five. McNulty received the ball on a fumble, and the halves were sent through each side of the line for gains amounting to four yards. It looked at as though we would be the first scorers, for the ball was then on Chicago's 20-yard line, and McDonald signalled for a place kick. Kennedy broke through the formation and blocked the play. Notre Dame again recovered the ball with a loss of three yards, and Farley was sent around the right end without a gain. McDonald signalled for a place kick, and again Kennedy got through the line and blocked the play. This time Hamill fell on the ball, and by successive line-bucking intermingled with end runs, the oval was brought to Notre Dame's five-yard line. Slaker bucked the line, and on the second line-up carried the ball over for a touchdown. Kennedy kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 0; U. of C., 6.

McDonald kicked fifty yards to Slaker who ran twenty yards before being tackled. Hamill fumbled the ball on the first down, and it went to Wagner. Farley gained a yard around right end. Wagner went through the centre for a like gain, and Hayes hurdled the line for three yards, then two. The next play brought him through the line for three yards. Wagner went through the left guard for two yards. By clever work Kennedy prevented Hayes from coming over the line, and the ball went over. Slaker carried the ball through our line for two yards, then on the next line-up the ball was fumbled. Farley picked it up and carried it fifteen yards for a touchdown. McDonald kicked goal. Score, N. D., 6; U. of C., 6.

For a time after the kick-off, line-bucking and an exchange of punts on both sides were

the plays resorted to. When the ball was on Notre Dame's twenty-yard line McDonald was tackled before he had an opportunity to punt, and the ball went over. Kennedy played the ball steadily down the field without a loss, and Chicago made her second touchdown. Kennedy kicked goal. Score, N. D., 6; U. of C., 12.

McDonald kicked over Chicago's goal from the centre of the field, and the ball was brought out to the twenty-five yard line when Chicago kicked twenty yards to Mullen who returned it five before being tackled. McDonald again punted, and this time the ball fell to Hamill who ran the whole length of the field for a touchdown. Kennedy kicked goal. Score, N. D., 6; U. of C., 18. This ended the scoring in the first half, and after ten minutes' intermission, play was resumed. McDonald, Hayes and Daly were replaced by Lins, Duncan and Fleming, respectively.

Captain Mullen worked the backs and ends hard in this half, and it told greatly on the Chicago team, for no fewer than four of her men had to be carried off the field. Several times Notre Dame brought the ball to Chicago's fifteen and twenty yard line, but on each occasion found it impossible to make the required gain. Chicago thought it advisable not to take any chances, and would immediately punt the oval into safe territory, from which point it would be worked back only to be punted again by Chicago.

Captain Mullen signalled for a place kick once during this half, when he was on the Maroon's fifteen-yard line. It was a difficult kick to make as the ball was very near the side line. Fleming failed, and the ball sailed to Hamill, who was playing out from the formation, and he carried it over Notre Dame's line for a touchdown. Kennedy failed to kick goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Chicago, 23. The teams lined up as follows:

U. OF C.	LINE-UP	NOTRE DAME
Cassells	R. E.	Mullen
Webb	R. T.	Hanley
Ahlswede	R. G.	McNulty
Speed, C. Webb	C.	Eggeman
Feil, Cooke	L. G.	O'Malley
Wellington	L. T.	Fortin
Sheldon, Rich, Lewis, Place	L. E.	Farley
Hamill	R. H.	McDonald, Lins
Horton, Henry	L. H.	Wagner
Slaker	F. B.	Hayes, Duncan
Kennedy, Henry	Q. B.	Daly, Fleming

Touchdowns—Slaker (2), Farley, Hamill (2). Goals from touchdowns—McDonald, Kennedy (3). Referee—Hayner. Umpire—Ralph Hoagland, Princeton. Time of halves, 30 minutes.

Notre Dame vs. Michigan Agricultural College.

The Varsity defeated the Michigan Agricultural College team last Saturday by a score of 40 to 0. Very little fumbling was done on either side, and the play was fast from start to finish. Our men showed a decided improvement over the Englewood game.

In the absence of Captain Mullen, McDonald took charge of the men, and his running of the team was very acceptable. Hayes was put in at quarter-back, but soon retired in favor of Daly. In the position of full-back, however, Hayes seemed quite at home, making good gains through the line and leaping at times over the struggling mass of men for gains varying from five to eight yards. Monahan played right end with all his old-time dash. He carried the ball well, and on defense smashed the interference, and brought down his man every time.

The offensive work of Farley, Hanley, Wagner and Duncan, won frequent applause from the students on the side-lines. Winters, Eggeman, Fortin, O'Malley and McNulty showed up well on the defense. McDonald and Daly did accurate work in catching punts, and by good interference were enabled to return the ball many yards.

At only one time during the game did the visitor's chances for scoring look bright. They succeeded in bringing the ball to Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line by the use of a compact revolving wedge in which the guards carried the ball. Here it was lost on downs, and McDonald speedily punted it into safe territory.

Twice, the men from Michigan tried a place kick from our twenty-five yard line, but on both occasions our men quickly blocked the play and recovered the ball. In tackling Farley, Curtis, M. A.'s. left tackle, was so badly hurt that he had to be carried off the field. Travis took his place. The line-up was as follows:

NOTRE	LINE-UP	MICHIGAN A. C.
Monahan	R. E.	Rork
Hanley	R. T.	Parks
McNulty, Winters	R. G.	Skinner
Eggeman	C.	McLouth
O'Malley	L. G.	Case
Fortin	L. T.	Curtis, Travis
Farley	L. E.	Baker
Hayes, Daly	Q. B.	Ranney
McDonald	R. H. B.	Crosby
Wagner	L. H. B.	Russell
Duncan, Hayes	F. B.	Lundy

Touchdowns—Duncan, McDonald, Wagner, Farley, Hayes (2), Monahan. Goals from touchdowns—McDonald, 5. Umpire, Studebaker. Referee, Professor Bemis. Two twenty-five minute halves. Attendance, 350.

Exchanges.

In reviewing the college magazines and journals this week we find none more interesting than the *Chimes*. "Expression is a necessity of the soul: a primary and useful impulse"—a quotation beginning the well-written article "Technique in Literature"—could find no better illustration of the truth of its meaning than in the material furnished by the *Chimes*. The analysis of the character of "Coriolanus" is exceptionally worthy of mention. We agree with the writer that it is useless to spend time trying to discover the source that drew Shakspeare to this historical character. We prefer, as the writer has done, to read Coriolanus as a dramatic work of art, and not to while away our time in seeking discoveries whose utility, when known, would be practically valueless. "From across the Sea"—extracts from the letters of a member of the Class of '97 is very entertaining. We regret that we have not space to review the exceptionally high standard of the verse furnished by the *Chimes*.

* *

The *U. of M. Daily* gives the names of the distinguished men who will entertain the students in a series of lectures provided by the students' Lecture Association. The *Daily* gives a short sketch of the life and work of the different lecturers; and with such men as F. Hopkinson Smith, Brigadier-General Charles King, and John Temple Graves, the lecture course at the University of Michigan is assured of a very successful year.

* *

The first number of the *Albion College Pleiad*, and also of *The Oberlin Review* and *The Round Table* from Beloit, reached us this week. These three college magazines rank well, and hence we are assured of some very interesting articles in each of them this year. *The Daily Cardinal*, from the University of Wisconsin, and *The Bulletin*, from the University of Michigan, are here again; and they are in every respect up to the high standard attained by them in former years.

* *

The *Bee* from St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont., is a well-edited magazine. The article on Franz Liszt is one of the best reviewed by us this year. The article is to be continued, however, and in consequence, we anxiously await the next number of the *Bee*.

Personals.

—Mrs. George F. Stich of Chicago was the guest of her son George of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Lillie Flynn of Monterey, Mexico, visited her brothers in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. J. E. Wagner of Chicago spent last Sunday at the University, the guest of her son Louis of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Eva McGinnis of Ridgeway, Penn., spent a few days at Notre Dame, the guest of James McGinnis of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Thomas Lilly of Chicago visited his brother John of Sorin Hall. Thomas is to take a place in the People's Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. He did not stay long, but promised to visit us soon again.

—Mr. John Flynn of Monterey, Mexico, a student of '97, while on his way to New York took time to run out and spend a few hours among his many friends at Notre Dame. We hope that John will pay us a visit in the near future when he will be able to stay a few days.

—A letter from the father of Mr. Christopher Fitzgerald, C. E. '92, states that "Chris" is now holding an important position with a street railway company in Havana. He went to Cuba as a member of the army engineering corps. His friends at Notre Dame will be pleased to know of any success that may attend his course in future.

—Very Rev. Monsignor Z. Racicot, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Montreal and Rector of Laval University, Montreal, recently paid a flying visit to Notre Dame. Very Rev. President Morrissey tried to prevail on the distinguished prelate to spend some days at Notre Dame, but important business required the Monsignor's presence in Canada. He expressed great surprise at the magnitude of Notre Dame and the work being accomplished here. We all hope the Monsignor will return at an early date to examine our institution in detail.

—The SCHOLASTIC has watched with pleasure the successful career of Mr. C. A. Paquette, C. E. '91. And now it announces to his many friends that he is again promoted,—this time to an important and responsible position. A year after his graduation, Mr. Paquette entered the employ of the Peoria and Eastern Railway Company, and his services gave entire satisfaction. Remaining with them ever since, he has been promoted repeatedly until last Monday when he was appointed superintendent of the road. Considering the short time that he has been away from Notre Dame, Mr. Paquette's elevation to this important position is a reflection on the efficiency of our school of engineering.

Local Items.

—"Col. Jim" Herbert of Illinois, Chicago, is with us again.

—The track team has received a valuable addition to its ranks in the person of Fred Connors, a brother of our famous miler.

—Donahoe:—"Don't you think it would be more fair to the students to have street-cars running from South Bend to the University, than the old bus line?"

O'Shag:—"No, I think it would be less fare."

—Yesterday being the first Friday of the month all the Catholic students received Holy Communion. It is gratifying to see that the new students as well as the old ones, were found kneeling at the railing, and that the custom of receiving the Sacraments on the first Friday, which is a beautiful devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart, will ever be kept up by the sons of Notre Dame.

—From the South Bend *Tribune* we clip the following tribute to our journal:

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC has reappeared with the opening of the new collegiate year at the University of Notre Dame, and is as bright and fresh as ever. Edited by the students, it is a reflector of their life at the great University and of the thoughts with which they are absorbed during the busy school terms. The SCHOLASTIC has come to be a fixture, and its omission would be missed by more people than its projectors are aware.

—Runt's Golden Jubilee as a student was celebrated Thursday afternoon with much pomp and lemonade. The carefully numbered guests were received at the door by Runt himself. The afternoon was spent in playing "Drop the Handkerchief," and singing coon songs. All present reported an elegant time. Among the best presents were a gold coffee cooler, gold tobacco box and a beautiful necktie case. Beside these there were many other presents which deserve mention, but owing to the late hour they can not be described in full before this issue goes to press.

—Two games of football, consisting of one half each, were played on Carroll campus last Sunday. In the first, a picked team, headed by Farabaugh, defeated a team headed by Best by a score of 5-0. The tackling of Mr. Friedman, who played end for Best, was excellent. In the second half, the Anti-Specials were defeated by a team composed mostly of Specials. Though the latter were by far the heavier, their plucky little opponents allowed them to get but five points. The Anti-Specials might have been able to score on several long end runs had not the spectators gathered too closely around the teams.

—It should not be necessary to call the attention of upper classmen to the fact that the walks at Notre Dame were put there for the purpose of being used, and that we should not be required to have signs posted up to

keep trespassers off the lawn. Students of Sorin and Corby Halls have heretofore been credited with thoughtfulness enough to enable them to observe such rules as customs as ordinary sense would imply. However, though they see that great work and expense is put on the lawns to keep them in good condition, they heedlessly run across them, and leave the park looking like a football field. Students from Corby Hall have been tramping across from the church to Washington Hall until they have the grass nearly worn off. Sorin Hallers are equally to blame for the path which they have cut across to the post office. In either case there is no excuse, as it requires only a few steps more to reach the desired points. The authorities have omitted the signs of "keep off the grass" because they were of the opinion that vandalism had been driven away forever from Notre Dame, and that the students in the higher halls had sufficient good taste to make them interested in keeping the university grounds in good condition. The SCHOLASTIC gives notice to all trespassers that gentlemen will not and others must not destroy the lawns.

—The following letter from an old student shows that the loyalty of Notre Dame's sons does not flag when they are away from her.

HELENA, MONTANA, September 27, 1899.

EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed herewith please find my cheque for \$1.50 covering my subscription for your paper for one year. Although it is now a long time since I was numbered among the student body of Notre Dame University, I still have the same old longing to get the SCHOLASTIC as when I stood on the campus Saturday evenings awaiting its delivery. It is the only tie which can keep an old student in touch with the University. I think most of the old students are as much interested in the College doings, especially athletics, as when they were in attendance. Although physically away from you, our friendly feelings and college loyalty remain. I would suggest as a method of keeping old students interested in college athletics and benefiting the athletic exchequer, that you make them eligible as members of the athletic association. Let them join the association and receive a ticket of membership the same as any student now in attendance may do; and for the purpose of enabling them to keep in touch with your doings, let them subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC. Such a course, I believe, would meet with the favor of a great many of the old students, and would be of great benefit to your association. If you will inform me of the amount of your athletic dues, I, for one, am ready to join the Athletic Association if considered eligible by you.

With kind regards to any of the old students who may yet be there, I remain,

Yours very sincerely.—ALBERT J. GALEN.

—Mr. Louis Nash is having a more difficult time this fall than his distinguished namesake, who is conducting a governor's campaign over in Ohio. Mr. Nash lives in a room whose dimensions measure eight feet in width, twelve in length and sixteen in height. In this modest apartment Louis keeps himself, his bed, a number ten heating range, a folding desk, a table, a chiffonier of more than average size, a trunk, a wardrobe, a washstand and bath tub, four chairs, full set of tools including cork

screw, a radiator, a small library, a coal-scuttle, several large paintings, a milk-pail, a rather suspicious-looking jug and a picture of his girl. In addition to this he sometimes keeps Funk, D. Myers, Fox, Kegler and several other people in there. The result is that Nash is always in great trouble. When he is in the room he has to figure for an hour or so before he can see how to get out; and when he is outside it requires the same effort before he can get in. It not unfrequently happens that he spends whole half days standing on his door-knob looking through the transom, and making a survey of the situation before he tries to enter. When he does get through it is only by using the flying wedge and bucking the door real hard. The strain is hard on Mr. Nash's nerves, and he will have to move either himself or some other piece of furniture out of the room before long.

—The following letter will be of vast interest to many of our readers.

RENNES, FRANCE, September 20, 1899.

EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

MY DEAR SIR:—Now that I am free again I hasten to show my unbounded gratitude for your labors in my behalf. I feel sure that were it not for the widespread influence of your journal I should still be back in my cage on Devil's Island. It was just after I had been sentenced the second time that Maître Labori rushed in with the latest copy of the SCHOLASTIC, and read it to the excited members of the court martial. There was a very noticeable change of sentiment immediately. Col. Picquart, Col. Paty du Clam and General Mercier, began talking pardon. President Loubet happened along that way and saw the picture of last year's ball team. Labori told him that Mulcare had started a boycott on the Paris Exhibition, and that Martin Herbert had decided not to visit France at all. It seemed to affect the President very much, and he called for an immediate meeting of his cabinet, with the result, as you see, that I am free. I can never thank you too much. Give my best regards to my old comrade in arms, Captain Murphy, and also remember me to Teddy Gilbert. Assuring you of a lifelong subscription to your paper, I am
Yours in freedom,

ALFRED DREYFUS.

P. S.—Send cablegram of Chicago football game.

THE UNIVERSITY COURTS.

There is probably no law school in the country that surpasses our own in the attention given to practical work. In consequence many of the students graduated here find but little difficulty in getting into business for themselves soon after passing their examination for admission to the Bar. Thus those of them that are capable, industrious and persevering in their law work escape, if they choose, the drudgery of an indefinite period

of probation in some other lawyer's office. It may be stated as a general proposition that one of the surest means of acquiring proficiency in practical work is afforded by the University Courts. These have constantly been an important factor in the law course at Notre Dame. Interest in them has grown year by year in the ratio of the broadening recognition of their utility. Last week they were organized for the current scholastic year. A list of them is here given, together with the names of their respective officers:

MOOT COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; James F. Murphy, Clerk; Phillip O'Neill, Deputy Clerk; R. G. O'Malley, Prosecuting Attorney; Harry P. Barry, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Wm. P. Monahan, Coroner; George W. Kuppler, Deputy Coroner; William A. Guilfoyle, Sheriff; Albert C. Fortin, Deputy Sheriff; William D. Dalton and George A. McGee, Jury Commissioners; P. J. Corcoran and Eugene Campbell, Referees; Thomas A. Medley, Notary Public; James P. Fogarty, Recorder; John P. Curry and George J. Hanhouser, Reporters.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Alfred Duperier, Clerk; George H. Bohner, Deputy Clerk; Edward J. Walsh, Master in Chancery; John J. Cooney, Deputy Sheriff; Frank E. Hering, Reporter.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Thomas M. Hoban, Justice of the Peace; J. Clyde Locke, Clerk; S. B. Palmer, Constable.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Honorable Lucius Hubbard, Judge; Frank O'Shaughnessy, Clerk; Sedgwick Highstone, Deputy Clerk; John W. Eggeman, United States District Attorney; William E. Baldwin, Assistant United States Attorney; Norbert J. Savay, United States Marshall; W. A. McInerney, Reporter.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Paul J. Ragan, United States Commissioner; W. W. O'Brien, Clerk; José Hernandez, Assistant United States Marshall.

GRAND JURORS.

E. D. Collins, William F. Dinnen, John C. Lavell, Peter B. Lennon, Charles A. Vurpillat, Peter J. Wynne.

PETIT JURORS.

Clinton J. Aherns, W. Leslie Brand, William Cameron, Leo Cleary, Thomas Corless, Timothy Crimmins, Matthew J. Donahoe, Lawrence A. Douglas, Edward J. Eder, Bertrand A. Houser, George H. Kelly, Joseph C. Kinney, Guy S. Manatt, Francis J. Maurin, John J. Moloney, Patrick McDonough, Peter McElligott, C. J. McFadden, Joseph McNerny, Raymond J. McPhee, James McWeeny, Fred M. Meyers, C. Edwin Pick, George F. Zeigler.