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## Lupus et Agnus.

(Adapted from the French.)

**I**N summo bibit amne Lupus, bibit Agnus in imo.  
Hic horret malis increpitante Lupo.—  
“Cur potumque meum turbas rivi que decorem,  
Furcifer?” Immani bestia voce tonat.

“Jam tua quam primum meritas audacia poenas  
Accipiet.”—Mirans Agnus utrumque negat:

“Nec tibi, nec rivo nocui, quippe unda supinum  
Nescit iter, purum et flumen ubique nitet.”—

At Lupus ore furit tumido “Quid! Stulte, resistis?  
Nil prodest vana nunc ratione loqui.

Nam totum fluvii cursum turbare minaris.”—

“Non minor,” Agnus ait. Cui Lupus—“Imo facis!

Fecit idem tuus ante pater sex mentibus actis,  
Teque etiam novi dicere prava mihi.”

Agnus ad hæc “Tanto non vixi tempore: nondum  
Natus eram.”—“At frater, forte propinquus erat.”—

“Omnes composui vivoque ex omnibus unus.”—

“Vivis adhuc? Te jam vivere non liceat!

Meque juvat dignum patribus conjungere natum.”

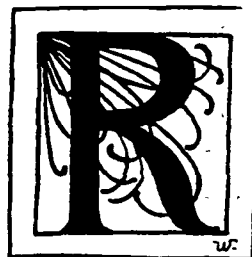
Quem Lupus hæc dicens irruit atque vorat.

Sic etiam perit innocuus, prædoque nocendi

Invenit et causas, “Jureque vis potior.”

S. F.

## The Aims and Advantages of Collegiate Education.\*



EVEREND Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I feel tonight that it would be more proper for me to be one of the audience, that I might listen to Bishop McQuaid, who is one of the greatest and most successful educators of our country. No man in the Church has done more to inspire right ideas and principles and by his own life to give them concrete form and charm than he. And now, almost eighty years old, his heart is

still fresh, his mind is still vigorous, and he is the source of light and courage to the students who, in ever-increasing numbers, gather around him in his fair city of Rochester.

Of course it is hardly to be expected of me that I should say anything new here at Notre Dame where for so many years I have been in the habit of speaking to you. But after all, the important thing is not to utter what is new but to make one feel what is true; to give to these eternal truths some new freshness, some attractiveness, some power to influence life. I shall, therefore, devote my attention to the consideration of the aims and advantages of college education.

The purpose of college training is, of course, to make us capable of complete living, to make us able to live in our whole being with ease, freedom, strength and power. Nearly all men, from the beginning until now, have lived a kind of life in death, a warped life, a crippled life, a blind life, an unthinking life. We can not understand why what a few have been, the millions should not be capable also of making themselves. As I understand it, this is the implication of democracy, of a government such as ours, based upon the idea that all men have equal rights and should have equal opportunities; and therefore, on the assumption that all men ought, under these favouring conditions after a lapse of time, to lift themselves to ever higher and higher planes of thought and action. And indeed, if America is to become what we all believe and hope it shall become, it will become so in virtue of increasing and elevating the life, not of chosen individuals but of the whole people.

Now, I imagine that already we have in a measure accomplished this. I suppose that here there is a higher average intelligence, a higher average self-consciousness, a more eager, generous and active kind of life than there is in Europe, which is the only other part of the world that we think of comparing

\* Lecture by the Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., Washington Hall, Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 10.

with our own. Yet we are conscious of the fact that we are but beginning. We see our failures in many respects to do what our fathers in founding this republic thought we should be able to accomplish. The multitude of men are still bent upon the pursuit of lower things, still fascinated by the ideals of material success, by the ideals of number and physical power. We are not yet, as a people, capable of appreciating thoroughly the ideal of intellectual activity and moral excellence. The sense of beauty also is defectively cultivated in us. Now the aim of a college education, I think, is to awaken in all those who have the high privilege of enjoying the opportunity of such education, faith in the excellence of a cultivated mind, faith in the excellence of an upright conscience, in the worth of a highly developed imagination. This is the purpose of college education,—to make us men in the higher sense of the word, to liberate us, to lift us out of the low world in which we naturally live if no effort is made to bring us up to higher things. For thousands of years the world has been content to dwell upon that low plane, and still nearly all men are content to live there. It is only the persistent efforts of a few, who so mould the laws, so form the constitution, so direct public opinion, so inspire the pupils of schools and colleges that they become discontented with that common life which procures merely the things which satisfy our physical needs, our sensual desires. The aim of college education, then, is to give us a deeper knowledge of the things of the mind, of the conscience, of the heart and of the imagination.

Now, it is plain that if we had the power to see things as they are, we should not hesitate for a moment to see the excellence of this kind of life; of life in the mind, in the conscience, in the heart, in the exalted imagination; it is this that is properly the human life. To taste, to see, to touch—these we have in common with the animals. It is only when we begin to think, to reason, to make ourselves acquainted with nature and with history, that we begin to come out of this animal sort of existence. Now, the trouble is that it is a difficult process. It is so much easier to lead the common life; it is so much easier to take delight in ostentation, in display, in delicious foods, in amusements. We require hardly any education at all for this. In fact, all these things are provided for us if we have money,—fine clothes and

equipages, and houses, and delicious foods and drinks. The common man gets these, and he enjoys them, no doubt, more than the cultivated and noble. The line of least resistance applies to human nature as to physical nature. We naturally take the line of least resistance, go in the broad, open way; and above all when we are young, when the ebullient blood makes us feel intensely that it is good to have these things ministered to our physical life which is predominant in our young years; and so our thoughts become warped. We become the victims of prejudice, and begin to imagine that the best of life is what money procures, is what we have in splendour, in magnificence, in enjoyment, in pleasures.

There are two kinds of men in the world, and always have been,—two ideals. For we all have ideals, however vaguely we may discern them, however feebly we may grasp them. Our subconscious life, even, is determined by ideals: a sort of instinct guiding us in the direction of what the light of reason makes appear desirable to us. There are two ideals in life, the ideal of pleasure and the ideal of virtue or power. Now, the ideal of pleasure is the natural ideal, the ideal of the multitude; not only of the multitude of the young, but of the multitude of the mature. To have an easy life, to have a good time, to have a delightful existence, to have all the things that most fascinate our senses, this is the ideal of pleasure. This is the ideal of those who are forever seeking distraction, who are lonely if left alone, who are willing to talk on anything, who are willing to play games, who are willing to do anything to get away from themselves, to get away from their thoughts. Jokes, singing, wonderful exhibitions, and travel in strange worlds, this is their ideal of pleasure.

Those who are controlled by this ideal necessarily are inferior, and must forever remain inferior. There is no source of strength, no source of elevation, no source of noble thoughts and deeds in the pleasure-loving disposition. On the contrary, pleasure satisfies us; it destroys that discontent, that upward yearning which is the inner impulse, the ceaseless effort for self-improvement. I am not talking of guilty pleasures, but of what are called harmless pleasures. After we have lived this easy life, self-denial, endurance, industry and persistent laboriousness seem to us to be impossible. Work is drudgery,

work is slavery. We work like hired servants; we do the task unwillingly, thinking only that it will procure us the means of relaxation, of rest, of repose. We look upon our leisure as an opportunity to enjoy ourselves; never to improve ourselves, which is the only meaning properly of the word leisure. After we have done the work whereby we live, then in the moments of rest to do the work which makes us able to live, which gives us higher and nobler things in life,—that is the true meaning of the word.

Now, the ideal of the educator is the ideal of worth, of power. Life has value not for the pleasure it yields, but for the power it gives us to think highly and to do nobly. Life has value chiefly inasmuch as it enables us to live more and more, to grow more and more capable every way, and thus to grow more like to God: this is the ideal of virtue or power. It appeals to few who have not through long effort schooled themselves to understand its worth. There are a few men born with genius, born to command, born to rule, to conquer, to overcome; genius to accomplish the highest things in poetry or in science or in art. Now, these men, by an inner impulse, are urged ever on, away from mere enjoyment and indulgence, and forever urged on to exert that divine power which is in them. That is the definition of genius, you know: the capacity to take infinite pains.

To take pains means to do things that it is painful to do, that it exhausts and fatigues one to do, that it wears one out to do. This is what genius does for its possessors; and so it urges a few men to those summits on which they remain forever as luminaries, to which all the race look up as having assumed a position which they can never hope to reach. But for the multitude of men this inner impulse is lacking: in youths and maidens, in mature men and women it is lacking. They have no eager craving for any higher thing, no great desire to make the most of themselves, to upbuild their being to the highest possible point; and if you bring them into school and keep them constantly occupied in class and in study and under discipline, they feel the restraint almost like servitude, and the moment you take away the restraint they fall back to the easy life—the life of pleasure. That is the reason that the multitude, even of college men, are not educated. They lead that life in death, that frivolous life, that childish life; they have not schooled them-

selves to ceaseless labor, to bear pain, fatigue and failure, to overcome all obstacles if only in the end they can hope to attain to the ideal of virtue or power, to have within them the stream of life flow more brightly and more deeply and with greater power.

This is what our Lord often insists upon, saying that the kingdom of heaven is here among us; and He compares the kingdom of heaven to a marriage feast, the great feast that the kind father prepares for his son, and he invites the guests and they make excuses. You know the excuses: they have a farm to look after; they have a wife to take care of; they have bought this or that and must go and see to it. This is the picture of the life of all human beings: they make excuses. They have no time for real being; they have no time not only for religion but even for the higher life of the intellect and the imagination. See how full of truth and beauty nature is; and yet there are millions who pass across the stage of life and know nothing of it all. There is God's feast spread before them in the stars, in the microscopic life with which the earth is filled, in the literature of the world, in the history of mankind; there is the boundless feast spread before us, and we, like the barbarian, like the savage, go through life eating and drinking and displaying our earthly advantages; and all that feast of reason, that world of beauty and truth and goodness and power and endurance is for us as though it were not at all. We miss the best of life.

Forever we devote our attention to gaining a livelihood. We envy those who have succeeded in amassing money, and we forget that the real secret of the higher kind of life does not lie in the things we possess. A few things are really enough. One of the great advantages that ought to result from a college education is the conviction that we can live contented with little, that a little suffices. A little in the end is all that any of us make use of; a little food, a little clothing, a small room; a few things. Now, if we learn to understand that it can be well with us, having a few things only and these things not expensive, then we will not feel the need of devoting all our ability, all our energies, all our lives, to accumulating money. We will say: "Having these things,—sufficient food, sufficient clothing, sufficient room, and a little library,—I will, instead of wearing myself out amassing money, learn how to live." There is nothing I would impress more upon our young college

people than the idea of economy, the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, the mother of Liberty. To have a little and to learn to live content with little, then to give ourselves to following the higher life, to literature, to art, to the cultivation of cheerfulness and politeness, to learn how to live in our higher self, in our true self—if a college can inspire us with some desire for this genuine life, then it truly does its whole office.

In the first place, college aims to accustom us to a laborious kind of life, to accustom us to live this painful, disagreeable, hard life; and it appeals to our faith and asks us to believe that if we wander in this desert for a number of years we shall then come out into the promised land. And as certain as God is in heaven we shall enter the promised land in this world if we are willing to suffer and labor and accustom ourselves to lead this laborious life while we are in college. The secret of doing what the college wishes you to do is to throw your whole heart into your work. We do nothing well unless we do it earnestly, seriously, with all our power. The college men who succeed are men who have thrown themselves heartily, with all their energy, into the life; men who have been willing to give up the ideal of pleasure, saying to themselves: "I know it is hard, I know it is painful, I know it is a kind of imprisonment, but I will bear it all that one day I may become really a free man." My dear friends, no one is free unless he liberates himself. Laws can not make you free, money can not make you free; the freedom must come from within. When you once have a luminous mind, a strong mind, an active mind, then you become morally free, mentally free, intellectually free; then you become able to think of all things, to judge of all things and to live with that infinite world of intelligent beings. Laws can not make animals free; they are the slaves of instinct; they are bound to those things to which instinct guides them. Laws can not make the ignorant man free; he is the prisoner of his own ignorance.

Our Lord says that truth makes us free. The world of truth is a world of infinite extent, of infinite resource, where what one possesses does not take away from another. These things have to be believed; they can not be understood, unless we have for years walked toward them, striven to attain them. All education is through faith. The individual must be made to believe that it is a divine

thing to have a cultivated mind. You understand the pleasures of eating and drinking; they come by nature; you can not understand the pleasures of the mind unless you have made yourselves capable of understanding them, and this is the work of years. You can understand what a pleasant thing it is to live with delightful people, people who are attractive. We all know people whom we love to see, to talk with, and whose very presence is encouraging; and people are drawn together by mutual interests, and in every house in our great land they meet because attracted by some kind of sympathy, because they love the same things, they talk of the same things, and so love to come together; and since you understand this, can you not understand that if you could make yourselves capable of appreciating the greatest minds that ever lived, it would be infinitely more delightful to talk with them, to live with them, to have their sympathies and their thoughts and their view of life rather than those of the common people with whom your daily life throws you into contact? Who would rest satisfied with the commonplace, the vulgar, the monotonous, the dull life the multitude of us are compelled to lead, if he might ascend into that higher world where the great men live? We are satisfied with these common, vulgar things, because we do not know the other, because we have not the courage to enter as pioneers into the wilderness through which we have to pass before we can come to the gods. It is possible to learn to think as Plato thought, as Shakspeare thought, as Milton thought; it is possible to learn to sympathize with all their emotions, to understand all their thoughts, and to become like them. And thus we raise ourselves into the higher world; we lift ourselves above the crowd; we have the good of life, and we have that inner satisfaction which is ever born of the development of our higher being. The consciousness of power is delightful, and the consciousness of having developed all the power that is implanted in us to its highest degree is bliss.

When we look back we do not look with any great satisfaction on our pleasures, on our games and pastimes; but we look with pleasure on whatever has made us stronger, wiser, freer, more at home in God's universe. It is the desire to implant this faith deeply in you that causes men to give their whole lives to the work of college, to the work of teaching. It is this desire that makes them

feel that they are doing divine work, God's own work. They feel that physical life exists for rational life, and that rational life exists for spiritual life. And if you could bring out all that there is in a man you would make him like unto God's angels, like unto God Himself; make him a free being, who, if he became numerous enough would transform the whole earth and make it a kingdom of God here amongst us. In the degree in which we shall be able to inspire multitudes of our young men with the worth of intellectual excellence, of character, of mental training, of discipline, in that degree we work for the good and honour of our country. There is no need really to encourage the things that make for material progress. All the world is working for what is useful; more and more we cultivate the soil with greater and greater success; more and more we develop resources; more and more wealth accumulates. In the end all men are working for those things which nourish our lower nature and not the things which create and rule the human kind of existence. This is what the college is aiming to do, above all the Catholic college.

My dear young men, it is not so much the intellectual life as it is the moral life that makes us human; it is the life of moral excellence; it is conscience which is good, which is virtue, which is holiness. This then is the aim of our college education, to implant deeply in the hearts of our pupils the conviction that moral failure is true failure. To make a young man feel, for instance, that a liar, a blasphemer, a thief, a lecher, is a vulgar man, a plebeian. An educated man should never be a plebeian. The idea of college education is that he who has received it really is a gentleman. His father may have been a slave, a pauper; he may have worked under as hard conditions as the poor miners in the anthracite regions; once you have given that boy a college education in the true sense of the word, you have made a gentleman of him, and the whole world will accept him as a gentleman. Knowledge makes the gentleman, the free mind, the intelligent mind, makes the gentleman. This I say, and yet I say that the liar, the blasphemer, the thief, is not a gentleman. He is a vulgar man, a plebeian. Now if this be so, unless we succeed in inspiring you with a living desire to cultivate your moral nature,—however much we may stimulate you in the things of the mind—we fail. It is infinitely better to have an intense yearning

for moral excellence than for intellectual eminence; there is no question of it. Nearly all our failures come from lack of morality, lack of virtue, lack of power. The highest kind of power is moral power. I know that intellectual power does miracles, but in the end, moral power is the supreme power.

Character is the radical element of the soul. It is by doing rather than by thinking that we upbuild our being, that we make ourselves free and Godlike. By doing in the spirit of education, in the free and noble and exalted spirit; doing right because it is right, abhorring evil because it is evil, without any regard whatever—as I am speaking now—to the future consequences of our action, but dwelling simply upon its actual effect whether it degrades us or whether it exalts us. Now I say that the aim of college education is to make moral men, men of principle, men of character, men of heart, men of courage, men of conviction, men of righteousness, men upon whom you can rely, men who trust themselves and who, therefore, can be trusted. This is undoubtedly the idea, and the more I associate with men of education in this country the more I see that the distinction lies not in intelligence but in character; in the strength of their convictions, in the righteousness of their purpose. Even common successes lie in the grasp of those who are bent upon doing right rather than in the grasp of those who have acute minds and look upon the right side of whatever problem is presented to them. There is probably no better place to cultivate this higher kind of moral strength than in a college like this. I know that the home is the first great educator; that those principles instilled by the lips of love sink deeper and affect us in a more binding way than any other, but after all, there is something weak about this home morality. It is the morality of home, of love, of respect. It is when you are thrown in the great college with students of other characters, of other opinions, and other ways of looking upon things that you acquire the power to walk in your own way, to walk in truth, in faith, to be true, to be honest, to be just, to be chaste, to be strong and noble, generous in all your impulse; to turn aside from whatever is mean or unworthy. That is the thing that you must learn to do; the thing that you are to learn with such success that when you go forth into the world it will become your constant occupation.

The ideal of power or virtue is the ideal of

perfection. Think less of any circumstances, of any good fortune that may happen to you, than of your own progress, your own onward movement. Self-respect is at the bottom of all our love of life. Lessen self-respect and man is willing to throw his life away in debauchery and the worst kind of dissolute living. Self-respect is the bond that holds all his powers together, that makes him able to act, to bear, to endure. Now nothing but ceaseless striving for conduct, for morality, for principle, can give you self-respect. Every man who deliberately does wrong and does not strive to put it beneath his foot as he would an assassin seeking to take his life, loses self-respect, and his power will pass away little by little. If you are going to do any effective work here at this University, you must strive above all to cultivate those qualities which make a man able to respect himself, make him worthy of the respect of his fellow-men. In speaking to your teachers speak God's truth always; in speaking to one another speak the truth. Avoid not only lies but all things base and unworthy. Do not seek the company of those who utter such things, who hold such principles. If here you do not seek the company of the better and the wiser you will not do it when you go out into the world. We should strive to be polite to all men, but we must turn away from those who lie, from those who blaspheme, from those who speak words that human lips ought not to utter. We must turn away from those who would undermine our faith in the higher life, in the good of education, and in the pleasure of association with those who live in noble mind and pure heart. What is it you all want? Happiness. Happiness is what education is intended to procure for you. And this happiness lies in being able to work with our free spiritual nature rather than with our hands. We call that servile work. It makes a bondsman of man. It cripples him, threatens his life and narrows all his existence, and therefore we say you have the privilege of working with that part of your being which is free, Godlike, strong. What worse can happen to you than to be the victims of those lower passions of our nature: of greed, anger, lust and jealousy? We must strive to put all these things beneath us, to overcome them. The process of education is a process of conquest, of overcoming. When you know a thing it is in your power; when you have learned to act rightly you

are in your own power. Let me tell you that education is habitual; it is a process of accustoming; it is a peculiar thing in human nature that we can accustom ourselves to everything.

The sailor accustoms himself to love the ocean, the Laplander the snow, the farmer the plow and toil, the student to love his cell. Every man little by little begins to love what he seeks to accustom himself to love. The whole question is: What can you accustom yourself to do? Once you accustom yourself to do it, it becomes pleasant, unless it is something degrading. If you accustom yourselves to toil with the mind, then little by little this toiling with the mind will become a delight and a source of inexhaustible joy and happiness to you, so that no loneliness, no weariness, nor aught else, can take from you the consciousness that it is a good thing to be alive: and in it all you feel that God is good to you, because inasmuch as you are accustomed to living in this superior nature, you feel that you have come to it through the help of God, that He has not allowed you to sink out of sight.

There is no question that you are here with the promised land before you. It is a privilege for you that your parents have been able to allow you to come to this training school of conscience, to this seat of learning, to this place where you are to cultivate not merely your physical powers and make yourselves bodily athletes, but moral and intellectual athletes, men who, wherever they go, can not be seduced by pleasure or evil associates; men who as they go on will become more and more centres of influence, who will found families that will be looked up to by hundreds of others, who will rise to distinction in whatever profession they take up; men to whom every man can look and know that nothing will offend his sight, every man can come nearer and know that nothing will offend his moral sense. One of the chief joys in life is to know men by whom you can swear, to know a man here and there over the world of whom you can say: "Wherever he is to-night, there he is helpful, truthful, sincere, wise, intelligent,—an educated gentleman; educated in every faculty of his being, in those things which go to make the body a thing of delight and beauty; educated in conscience, so that even as the eye seeks the light his conscience seeks the right; educated fully and completely."

My dear young gentlemen, if you will take

the trouble to dwell upon these things, to learn them by continual reading and meditation and by discussing them when engrossed in those serious conversations which young men love to hold with one another, when a congenial soul is drawn into companionship with a congenial soul, they will finally become to you as pure as the light of heaven, and you will see that there is in them no defect, no flaw; that there can be no other view of life that will satisfy our deepest yearnings and highest aspirations. It is a view wholly in accordance with the teachings of our Divine Lord and Saviour who tells us that all things are profitless if we suffer harm to the soul.

Here you have the opportunity not only to upbuild yourselves and to smooth the ways that will lead you into the great world where you will be useful and honourable and true, but you have also the power to add to the good that Notre Dame is doing. How do we judge an institution? Not by the buildings, not by outward display, but by the character of the men who compose its faculty and student body. We judge you by your character, and if we know you intimately and find you sound, we can say that wherever you go out into the world you can not be tempted by any bribe; wherever you go we can say: "There is a man; I know he will walk in God's ways; he will walk as a soldier of truth and honour. Wherever he is he will be God's man and Notre Dame's man; he will honour the mother that bore him, the country that nourished him and the institution that he calls his fair mother."

Rondeau.

THINK of you when evening's sky  
Turns ashen and the sunflames die;  
When over meadowland and hill,  
Through marsh and wood, down rambling rill,  
Shadows of coming darkness hie.

Then ghosts of memory rush by,  
Phantoms of buried days draw nigh,  
And in the gloom with pulse half still  
I think of you.

But you, drinking life's joy, descry  
No image of my face; yet I,  
Slave of a visionary will,  
Call every shade your name; aye, till  
The star-points millions multiply,  
I think of you.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

Varsity Verse.

JOYS IN SEASON.

(Horace, Carm. I., 9.)

WITH winter's snow Soracte gleams, behold!  
The shrouded pines beneath their burden bend;  
The rivers too, impeded by the cold,  
Mid icy cliffs their sluggish streams descend.

That logs be heaped upon the fire command;  
Of winter's blasts and sorrows think no more;  
O Thaliarchus, come, with lavish hand  
Draw off the wine of good old Sabine store!

For other things the gods will care, who sway  
With undisputed power the stormy sea;  
At whose decree the raging winds obey,  
The veteran ash and stately cypress tree.

Seek not to learn the hidden future, boy,  
Regard as gain what fortune gives each day;  
The pleasing songs and dances now enjoy,  
While yet thy youthful locks are free from gray.

Let martial games be thine and rambles wide  
Amid sequestered walks and lonely bowers;  
And whispers soft and low at eventide,  
So oft repeated at appointed hours.

Let now the self-betraying laughter charm,  
From deepest nook, where hides the damsel fair;  
Nor fear to snatch the prize from spotless arm,  
Since she with feigning coyness would forbear.

G. A. F.

GOOD-BYE.

With trembling lips he turned to me,  
The tears o'er-brimming in his eye,  
And tenderly he clasped my hand  
As soft he said the last good-bye.

I said good-bye and felt my heart  
Grow cold within and dull as lead;  
I could not speak my thought of grief—  
My very soul seemed chilled and dead.

And long I watched him as he went  
And passed forever from my sight  
Into the thickly-driven snow.  
And heavy darkness of the night.

While through the naked trees the wind  
Spoke sadly as a funeral-bell,  
And on my face and on my heart  
A winter storm of sorrow fell.

A. L. C.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

Whene'er the college bell I hear  
For study, prayer, or play,  
It seems to speak into my ear,  
"O come, O come away."

So too, a voice forever near,  
No matter where I stray,  
Whispers my soul in accents clear,  
"O come, O come away."

MACD.

## Maximilian of Mexico.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.

## (CONCLUSION.)

From Vera Cruz the emperor travelled by car to Cordova, and thence to Orizaba. While here the Alcalde of an Indian town made a short address to the emperor in the Aztec language. I will give the first sentence of his speech, as found in "Hall's Maximilian," as a curiosity for our linguistic scholars.

*No mahuistililoni tlactocatzinc, nican tiquimopielia mo icno masehual conetzihua, ca san ye ohualacque o mitzmotlacpalhuiliztinoto, ihuan ica tiquimomachtis ca huel senca techyolpaqui mo haulialitzin impampa itech tiqueba aco se cosamalotl quixikintihuitz inon mexicolis mixtl nesi ye omochautiheaipan to thaetocazotl.*

Their majesties were soon on the road to Mexico, which they entered June 13, 1864. Along their journey every town and city went wild with joy, and when Mexico was reached the reception was, we might well say, beyond comprehension. Eulogiums were everywhere pronounced, and the poor and the rich never seemed so happy. Yet we must remember that the route which Maximilian followed was the same one over which the French forces passed a short time before, and all of those along that route who were not imperialists were dead.

The emperor took up his residence in the national palace, about which a tradition exists that no ruler over Mexico can occupy it without coming to an unnatural and premature end. Now, more than ever, the cry was imperialism against republicanism, and indeed imperialism seemed an easy victor. The republicans were going northward more and more; they were not able to withstand the French forces; they had no funds; the European powers did not recognize them; still they had hope, for the United States, though in a civil war herself, recognized Juarez and his republic, and only awaited peace between themselves to succor their neighbors.

Maximilian tried to fix the laws and restore the country to a state of prosperity. He encouraged immigration, but unfortunately he was a foreigner himself, and the Mexicans looked upon this act as bestowing their country upon foreigners from whose yoke they had been delivered but a short time before. Education was given an unparalleled

impetus, and the empress was never tired of aiding the poor. On October 3, 1865, Maximilian issued that famous decree which ordered that all armed bands of republicans should when captured be regarded as bandits and shot. Much censure has been heaped upon him on account of this decree, and justly so. His friends would justify him by referring us to a similar, if not more barbarous, decree of Juarez issued January 25, 1862, and then ask, why should Maximilian be blamed? He should be blamed because he ought to be so far above Juarez in governmental ability as not to admit of comparison. If Spain once issued severe and unlawful decrees in the Philippines, does that justify or allow the American government to repeat similar acts now? So it is with Maximilian, such a decree coming from so noble a heart could not but be blameworthy.

As a proof of his ever-increasing loyalty to his people we refer to an address he delivered on September 16, 1866, the anniversary of Mexican independence. In this address he said: "The day on which our immortal Hidalgo assembled the heroes of a new era for Mexico, will always be for the children of our country a day of rejoicing as well as a day of duty.... No power in this world will be able to make me vacillate in my duty. Every drop of my blood is now Mexican and if God were to permit that new danger should threaten our dear country, you would see me in your ranks fighting for its independence and its integrity." He furthermore added that he was willing to die at the foot of their banner, for he could never abandon the confidence placed in him. Everything succeeded, and undoubtedly the imperial government would have been firmly established but for the United States. When the civil war ended, many northern volunteers and officers went to fight under the banner of Juarez. Fresh hope inspired the leader of the republicans, who all this time was defeated but not subdued.

But soon the cause of Maximilian had no other supporters than the men in his army. The political mistakes he committed had a doubly disastrous effect: they weakened his party and strengthened the republicans. Subsequently, Juarez marched south and in one of the most bloody battles fought in this continent defeated Maximilian's French army.

President Johnson, following the Monroe Doctrine, ordered the remaining French to

leave Mexico. The French complied, thus breaking their treaty with Maximilian and leaving him almost helpless; for as yet there was no strong national army formed. Before the French troops withdrew the Emperor's own people—the Church party were becoming more and more estranged from him. His views were too liberal for them, and instead of doing all he could to satisfy the party that gave him the crown, he spent most of his time in a fruitless attempt to bring the Conservatives and the Federals to an agreement. Another mistake of his, and one which he afterwards regretted, was an article in the treaty signed by himself and Napoleon III. before he left Europe. This article gave the French officers command of all the Imperial soldiers as long as the French troops remained in Mexico. This humiliated the native generals, and many of them left the Imperial standard rather than be subject to another leader. Perhaps his greatest fault was not of the heart but of the head; he was most unfortunate in his choice of officers and advisers, which was the immediate cause of his ruin. Many say that he was almost a fanatic in matters of religion. He certainly had his eccentricities, for only fools are devoid of them.

The end was approaching. In vain he implored Napoleon not to withdraw his troops, and he asked the American President to remain neutral, but both requests were ignored. His money supply was low, and it has been well said that, while Napoleon sat comfortably and securely in Paris and Maximilian on the weak throne of Mexico, the cord of friendship, formed ten years before, would have been greatly strengthened by threads of silver, which Maximilian so much needed and justly expected. However, ten years wrought many a change. When France would no longer listen to Maximilian's request, and he himself having refused to abdicate at the entreaty of Napoleon, Charlotte offered to go to Europe and implore aid of Napoleon, and on July 13, 1866, she sailed from Vera Cruz. In a letter which she wrote from Havana to one of her ladies of honour, she says: "It is only out of pure patriotism that one undertakes those things with a feeling of pleasure." Indeed it is said that if Mexico ever had a president with half the ambition, energy and honesty of Charlotte, it would be in a far more prosperous condition than it is or ever had been.

She found Napoleon obdurate and as cold as marble to her requests. This obduracy was too much for her; her spirits shrank, and she made her way to Rome but to learn that the Pope could do nothing for her unfortunate husband. She now lost all control of herself and became completely prostrate. Physicians could afford her no relief, and the vision of her murdered husband ever haunted her. After about three weeks, her brother, the duke of Flanders, took her to her palace of Miramar. A short time after, her oldest brother, Leopold II., king of Belgium, placed her in a private apartment in the palace of Tervueren. When Maximilian heard of Charlotte's prostration we should expect that he would leave Mexico at once to visit her. No, he would not desert his post; and although the vast majority of those who had enticed him to accept the crown, and had promised him faithful allegiance, had now deserted his standard and left him, he would not leave the brave few that remained true to him. Neither did he wish to act rashly or against the will of the people. He issued a proclamation to find out what the will of the Mexican people was. He told them that if they did not want his government, he had done his duty, and was willing to leave them; and if they wanted him he was willing to remain with them to the end. He wanted to convoke a national congress composed of all the political parties, and he said: "This congress shall decide whether the empire shall continue in the future." The congress never met.

The liberals, with the aid of American officers, volunteers and arms, grew stronger, and Maximilian and his army retired to the city of Queretaro. The city was besieged, and after several attacks, in which the imperialists were generally victorious, the liberals determined to starve the garrison. Their rations quickly decreased, and we find Maximilian an innocent victim in an unfortunate place. The few chances which still remained for his success were destroyed by the perfidy of two of his generals. Marquez, in whom he had placed unlimited power, disobeyed him and frustrated his plans. At midnight on May 15, 1867, Maximilian and his army were to leave Queretaro and go to Vera Cruz. But alas! he was surrounded by ill fate and treachery. He had next his bosom a vile Judas; doubly vile and perfidious from the high esteem in which he was held by the emperor. On the night of

(Continued on page 106.)

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—The weeks and months fly very quickly at Notre Dame. We have always something to do, and as our surroundings are congenial, and our wants well attended, we grow old almost unawares and seldom bother with the calendar. Thus some of us perhaps do not realize that the bi-monthly examination is so near. We shall begin this exercise on next Friday, and every student anxious to succeed, should turn the intervening days to good account. Let no one flatter himself with the thought that the first examination of the annual series is not so very important, and that later he will compensate for any low average he may now be awarded. A reflection of this kind is likely to prove a golden apple that will lose us the race at the end of the year.

—What a sad history is that of Jacinto Verdaguer, the Spanish poet who was buried in Barcelona a few months ago. Educated for the priesthood, he early showed poetic talent, and because of his love for the sea, sought a chaplaincy in the Spanish Transatlantic Company. Later he found a patron in the Marquis de Comillas with whom he went to live. Verdaguer has written works of great literary merit that have found their way into several languages. His first great poem, "The Atlante," published in Catalan, was soon translated into Castilian, French, English, Italian, German, and Russian; but despite his talent and popularity, he was destined to

end his days miserably. The story goes that he once took occasion to reprove the wife of his patron's son for a certain dress she wore, and forthwith began his downfall. He was no longer allowed to act as chaplain, his fame in Barcelona waned, and he became the object of a long and bitter persecution, "suffering for want of his very daily bread." Yet when he died last June, he was buried with national honors. Verdaguer's experience recalls the well-known distich applied to the blind singer that dwelt in craggy Chios. Ever since the living Homer begged his bread, the path of genius has been a hard one, and now as in the past, men sometimes honor the dust that was scorned in life.

—The annual recurrence of Founder's Day at Notre Dame is an occurrence of more than ordinary moment. From the Solemn High Mass, extra music and sermon, to the serenade of the various Halls by the band, everything is calculated to show respect for the old and thanksgiving for the new. When the kinks are smoothed out of the cable the pulleys run smoothly, and when hardships and denials have been undergone with Christian fortitude something lasting and gratifying remains.

Father Sorin first stood on the banks of Saint Mary's Lake in the snow of November in 1842. The band of zealous men that first aided the Father General in his work have passed to their reward, but they left their enthusiasm and religious spirit with those who volunteered to further the work they had begun. To-day Notre Dame is recognized as the largest Catholic University in this country; the building on the ground when Father Sorin came was a log cabin 24x40 feet.

The lesson of Christian fortitude and perseverance lies between the Notre Dame of 1842 and the Notre Dame of 1902. And so when the inter-hall athletic contests come off on this festival day, when the special church services and special music are afforded, this is not done in a mere mechanical way. It all means something. It means that the student to-day is reaping advantages resulting from the denial and sacrifice and life-labours of Christian men; it means that the spirit that prompted the Founder is the spirit that obtains at Notre Dame in the present officials; it means that the student of to-day has taken upon himself a responsibility to the student of yesterday and the student of to-morrow.

Address.\*

Fortunately for myself, I may be described somewhat as a talking machine; for I have been busy talking ever since I left my own diocese,—to old and to young, to boys and to girls, to reverend Sisters and learned priests—talking a few plain words that struck my mind at the moment, with a hope that some little particle of truth will find a lodging-place in mind and in heart. And if it should, why not in time bear fruit, as the tiniest seed placed in the ground under favorable circumstances comes forth and bears flower and fruit?

I thank the gentleman who spoke in your name. I have become hardened to the hearing of these beautiful compliments, and I frankly confess that I am weak enough to be gratified, because I think, though I do not deserve all that is being said to me in complimentary terms, nevertheless it is precisely what my heart longs to be,—an educator, a trainer of young men with a future. All my life has been spent with just such as you are; and in my old age I see the outcome of my quiet labors in the grand men, clerics and laymen, that are making their mark in the world; and they do me the honor, the very great honor, of sometimes quoting little phrases of mine that found lodgment in their souls and that never left them. All my life I have been dealing with just such as you: honest boys, truthful boys, pure boys, everyone having his ambition, a true and laudable one, one day to do something for himself and for his family, for society, for God's Church, for God Himself. And no man, no young man, can be upon the right track, looking to his future and hoping to attain to something that will be worthy of him, without this sublime idea of the great God above from whom we come and back to whom we must go.

I have come here to Notre Dame, I am afraid, under false pretenses. I do not think they were altogether honest with me. I was to come here and see this University, but they have kept me working hard. I thought I was to have a rest; they have kept me working from the first moment to the present,—and this present is not an unpleasant

one. I had seen pictures of Notre Dame, and, a college-builder myself, I had studied them. I formed, though, quite another conception of what Notre Dame was from what Notre Dame really and truly is. I, too, had one time had placed before me the duty of establishing a university in New Jersey, eleven miles from the Greater New York. I had at the time a very flourishing college. I gathered my pupils from all parts of America, from Chicago to New Orleans, from Boston to Savannah, East and West and everywhere, and I am not bold in saying that at the time I had the pick of the young men of this United States. But my friends gathered around me and sought to urge me, or force me almost, to spread out into a university. God gave me sufficient intelligence and—to use a more homely word—sufficient gumption not to try such a vast undertaking, and I positively declined, refused, would not entertain the thought; because if I were near New York a rival university might start up in New York and crush me and mine to the ground. So I left it to others to establish a university, and sought only to make a college; a college for ecclesiastical and scientific studies on a small scale; a college that had no reason to expect to live because of the poverty of its beginning and the lack of any pretension. The original building was not exactly a log cabin, but was a poor frame building, and in that building I undertook to give existence to Seton Hall College. And what did I do first of all? I charged more than any other Catholic college then existing in the United States. And after I did that, the other colleges took courage and began to charge the same price. And I withdrew from them; I would have nothing to do with them; I charged more. And when the others grew up to my new price I charged more again, and the result was that I had the pick of the country. Well, and how did I succeed? I was nobody, scarcely a name in the country. But I knew one of the defects of the colleges of these days, and a very serious defect it was. I mention it now because it does not exist in this institution, after my pretty close inspection through every part of it.

In those days there was not what might be called a clean, respectable college for the American Catholic gentleman's son, and I determined they should have such a college, with a table to which they could sit down, as you are all sitting here to-day. I determined

\* Delivered by the Bishop of Rochester in response to greetings from the students in the Brownson dining room, Notre Dame, October 10.

that the college, no matter how plain the walls, should be immaculately clean from top to bottom; and with the aid of the good women—before I was able to get Sisters—that I was able to gather around me, we gave the young gentlemen who came to us the comforts of home; and on these conditions I had no difficulty in making that college prosper. And then what else did I do? I do not wish to say that Father Morrissey imitated me, because I think all this was done before he came. Up to that time all the tuition in colleges was done by priests and by clerics, ecclesiastical students; and I came to the conviction that it was a very bad arrangement. I was running that college, and I had to answer to my patrons that their sons received the best education and the best training possible. If a seminarist did not come up to my requirements, I could not reprove him, I could not set him to one side; he would answer, "I did not come here to teach, I came to study;" and so I engaged the services of respectable laymen, to whom I paid handsome wages, but from whom I demanded the conduct and behavior and manners of gentlemen, and not only diligence in their class-work, but success in the result of their class-work. And with these two conditions I succeeded in giving Seton Hall College a reputation as broad as America. Now I come here, and I say that Father Morrissey did not strive to imitate me; but nearly all the same ideas are carried out here. I find a cleanliness and order, a system and method that is really remarkable. I find here members of the same ecclesiastical body, religious, every one of whom throws his soul right into the work, and most accomplished lay gentlemen; and between the two sets of professors you can get all that you want.

Colleges have sprung up in every direction. They are not to-day what they were fifty years ago. Then they began to put up magnificent buildings at Worcester, Fordham, Georgetown, and everywhere. And then the Sisters, as they got a little money—and they can make a little money go very far,—built convents and academies that rival our best colleges. There was only one thing that was thoroughly neglected, and that was the seminaries for the education of priests. I looked around, and wondered how it was possible that in this United States, where colleges and convents and orphan asylums and hospitals are being erected, that are palatial in character, the

ecclesiastical seminary that is to give us our priests and our bishops, to bring out the men that are to rule the whole Church in this mighty republic of America, are common in every way. No conveniences, no evidence of the students there being expected to be gentlemen when they go out upon their missions. I determined that we should have one ecclesiastical seminary that would be worthy of America. I have found by experience that if you give the people something worthy of the Church, something elevating, something that will show that the young students are to be cared for so that when they become priests they will be thoroughly educated ecclesiastics, thorough gentlemen from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, thorough in every respect, able to stand even with the highest and noblest in the land, even in their manners with the poor and the rich, afraid of no man—for they will be conscious of their requirements and of their ability to stand before the public,—the laity, the Catholic laity of this United States, will appreciate such a work and rally to support such a bishop and enable him to accomplish all that he has the ambition to accomplish.

And so St. Bernard's Seminary, only nine years old, takes its rank—I let others say where—and to-day is doing the work of sending out over the United States—and we have twenty-four dioceses represented here to-day, from the New England States to San Francisco and Los Angeles on the Pacific coast—priests that will have upon them the brand of St. Bernard's Seminary, everyone knowing that the priest that comes from that seminary will be an accomplished ecclesiastic, a perfect gentleman in every respect, even in his dealings with all, courteous with the poor and lowly... and able to hold up his head before the high and the rich in this land. This is what we are seeking to do, and, with God's help, this is what we are doing. The first cornerstone of that seminary was not made of brick or stone, but it was in the picking out from among the children of the laity in the diocese the brightest intellects that could be found, associated, of course, with nobility of character, and sending them abroad to Europe to study for seven, eight and nine years. That was the corner-stone upon which St. Bernard's Seminary was being built. For when I had the professors that were able to hold their own in any part of the world, I had the true beginning of the seminary. To-day the young

seminary of nine years stands in its corps of professors unrivalled in America and not many seminaries in the world can be compared with it.

This little personal history, young gentlemen, brings me to the point I now wish to make. You are living in happy times. The pioneers had the rough work to do; they had the labor, they had the study, they had to endure, they suffered almost unto starvation in the early days; by summer and by winter their bodies were tried; but with a patience of martyrs and true servants of God they went on until this miracle of wonder surrounding us here has grown up. And you are the gainers; you come into this college; you come in to find inspiration under the tuition of most accomplished men; you come into an institution that allows every latitude to right conduct, with discipline broad and yet strict, training its students in truthfulness and honor and manliness of character to enjoy such privileges. You come here into a house that has discipline the broadest and largest for the noble-hearted and the true of soul. You come here to work your way up until the day when you will go forth into the busy world to carve your way to your chosen goal, at least to earn a competence, to work your way along in honor, justice and truth, until the good Lord calls you to Himself and blesses you for what you have done, for what you intended to do, for what you struggled to be able to do; till the good Lord calls you to Himself and blesses you eternally.

I thank Father Morrissey for giving me the opportunity of meeting you all here to-day; although I accuse him of being very unfair. I think he held back things. He did not tell me all. And yet, if he had told me all things I might not have come—and then what a lot I would have missed. I have a new idea of Notre Dame University. I hope it will go on growing in merit, in renown, in usefulness, and showing America that at least it is possible to have a university that thoroughly deserves the name.

#### Opening of the Lecture Course.

The seasons's Lecture Course was formally opened last Friday night when Bishop Spalding gave the inspiring lecture found in the current number of the SCHOLASTIC. The depth and sincerity of Bishop Spalding's address can scarcely be felt by reading the

text of his discourse. However well his sentences may be arranged, to have full import they must be spoken. It is a rare privilege to feel the inspiration of his spoken words. When Bishop Spalding talks to young men on education, his enthusiasm is felt by the coldest hearer, and his oratory is that of a kindred spirit. The impression of his oratorical manners and his personality is lasting; yet each successive lecture seems to surpass the preceding one. This is, no doubt, owing to the enlarged receptive powers of the hearer and the corresponding strength of the last impression. A program consisting of two musical numbers and an address of welcome was combined with Bishop Spalding's address. Mr. Louis Carey played with the skill shown by him at previous performances in Washington Hall; and Mr. William Siewertsen responded with an encore to his vocal number. Mr. Francis F. Dukette then gave the following address of welcome in behalf of the students:

The pleasure and honour of last year is to be repeated to-night, in that we have you here again Right Reverend Bishop, to open our season's Lecture Course. We understand that demonstrations of a personal nature are not pleasing to a man of your experience and attainment; yet the students of Notre Dame can not deny themselves this opportunity of again giving word to their respect and admiration for the example your life affords: that of the priest, the man, and the educator.

We can not estimate how much your teaching has impressed the Catholic students in the seminaries and universities of our country. And we shall not try to do so. But we know that graduates have held to the words of guidance and encouragement given by you at numberless commencements. They have held to the principles enunciated for them—principles not abstract or impossible but those forming the basis of Christian character and Christian success. For you have said that the man who would accomplish something of worth need seek no following, but should be content to do the best in his power. We know how the under-graduates have set their standards higher when stimulated by your eloquent teaching. And with this knowledge, we should be ungrateful not to proclaim our obligation to you.

You realize that the multitude are matter-of-fact, and that their chief concern is to get more plentiful and better food and drink. Still you do not despair. Conscious that the taste for whatever is best must be acquired, you have spent your life in aiding men and women to acquire that taste. Your exertions have been directed from pulpit and lecture-room, through books and magazines, and you have lived to see tangible results from those exertions. Whenever and wherever men could be reached, there and then you have laboured to give out to them the best that a life of study and denial had taught you.

The growth of mental and moral power is slow in the young, and strong stimulants are needed. The

young man chiefly occupied with athletics is even a more dismal failure than the young man entirely lost in his studies. You have worked for the mean in which lies perfection. You have said that a man is worth what his leisure is worth; that a beautiful body is a sight pleasing to God and man, but that it is better to have a fair mind; and that the freedom and prosperity of a state depend less on wealth and physical strength than on the moral worth and intellectual culture of its citizens.

To-night, Right Reverend Bishop, we are again to hear your kindly voice in counsel and encouragement. You will find us, we trust, eager and appreciative hearers. As you look over this hall you will see many new faces, but no strangers—no student of Notre Dame can ever count himself as stranger to you. And now, in the name of all here present, old and new, it is my special honor to bid you welcome!"

*(Continued from page 101.)*

May 14, when all the troops were resting, when not a sound could be heard, Colonel Miguel Lopez went and sold his master for gold. Lopez was the officer for the day, and about one o'clock he left his quarters and sought Escobedo. Not long after he returned he removed the imperial officers from the posts and filled their places with liberals. When all was ready the church bells in the city began ringing. All was confusion. The imperialists knew not what had happened, and they could not easily discern the enemy as it was dark and their dress was similar. It did not, however, take long to make all known.

Maximilian with a few of his followers made their way to El Caro, a hill near by, and there he said to Prince Solm: "Oh, Solm, how much would I now give for a friendly shell!" All possibility of escape had vanished, and Maximilian, to avoid the useless spilling of blood, ordered a white flag to be hoisted. Himself and his officers were soon prisoners, but he was unwilling that anybody should suffer except himself, and he said to his captors: "If you should require anybody's life take mine, but do not harm my officers." Generals Miramon and Mejia were also made prisoners. Mejia was offered his freedom by Escobedo, whose life he once preserved, but the noble Indian refused the offer unless Maximilian and Miramon were also freed. He preferred to die with them than live without them.

Henceforth no respect was shown to Maximilian, who was treated as a traitor and a usurper. His trial was begun on June 13. It was a mere farce. His death was predetermined, and perhaps the strangest fact in his trial is

that he was compelled to swear away his own life. He was taken as guilty till proved innocent, and every charge to which he refused an answer was put down as true. The trial lasted for two days, and then the three prisoners, Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia were sentenced to be shot on the 16, which date was changed to the 19.

After Maximilian's capture, the foreign powers pleaded for mercy on his behalf. The Prussian Minister wrote to Juarez. In his letter he says: "I am sure that my sovereign, his majesty the king of Prussia, and all the monarchs of Europe, united by the ties of blood with the imprisoned prince, namely, his brother the emperor of Austria, his cousin the queen of the British Empire, his brother-in-law the king of Belgium, . . . will easily understand how to give his excellency, Señor D. Benito Juarez, all the requisite securities that none of the three persons will ever return to walk on Mexican territory." No! The answer came back that justice would not permit the release of the prisoners. Some are of opinion that if the United States wished she could have saved the prisoners. True, the American government sent a dispatch stating that under no circumstance should the life of the emperor be taken, but it is blamed for being slow and even careless, so that it is doubted if its dispatch ever reached Juarez.

On June 19, 1867, the three prisoners were led to the place of execution—the same place where the emperor surrendered. All was silence; everybody was in mourning; there were no exulting cries; no shouts of victory. The emperor placed Miramon in the centre saying: "Brave men are respected by sovereigns." Miramon's last words were: "I proclaim that I have never been a traitor to my country . . . my children will never be ashamed of their father. Long live Mexico!" Before giving the fatal signal, Maximilian said: "I did not come to Mexico from motives of ambition . . . Mexicans, I pray that my blood may be the last to be shed for our unhappy country. . . . Long live Mexico!" The emperor kept his face to the guns as "an act of grace to a brave man," while his generals turned their backs to them, "in abhorrence to their countrymen." In a few seconds all was over; a brave man was murdered and a monarchy overthrown. However, a republic was saved; and even more than that, arrogant Europe learned a lesson which taught her not to turn nations into playthings.

## Lake Forest Is Beaten.

Last Saturday's game was a vast improvement over the game of the Saturday before. There was vim and dash in the play, and each and every man worked hard from start to finish. The linemen, although light, put up a splendid defense, and on the offensive the charging of O'Malley and Desmond were features of the game. The backs and ends played their usual fast game. Lake Forest played a plucky game, but they were outclassed in every department.

The game was replete with sensational plays. Such dodging through a crowded field as done by Nyere last Saturday has seldom been witnessed on Cartier Field, while long end runs by Lonergan were made so often that it became monotonous. The backs, Salmon and Doar, were in every play. Salmon's terrific line bucking played havoc with the Lake Forest players, who were compelled to call for time after almost every play. His punting was also a feature, and averaged between fifty and sixty yards. Doar also established a reputation for himself as a line-bucker. It is through his splendid interference that many long runs were made by the end. All in all, the whole team played good football, and if they continue to improve we may still hope to retain the Indiana championship.

Lake Forest kicked off fifty yards to Captain Salmon who returned it twenty before being downed. From here our men worked it down to the thirty-yard line where it was lost on downs. After an exchange back and forth, Notre Dame secured the ball on Lake Forest's fifteen-yard line, and Salmon went over for the first touchdown. Two more touchdowns were scored in this half on long end runs by Nyere and Lonergan, and line bucks by Salmon, Doar and Fink. The half ended with the ball on Lake Forest's eighteen yard line. Score—N. D., 17; Lake Forest, 0.

In the second half O'Connor went in in Lonergan's place at end, as "Happy" was pretty badly shaken up when tackled by Herdman. In this half the Varsity rolled up eleven more points. The Varsity had no trouble in making gains when needed, but they did not exert themselves to the utmost. The chief feature of this half was a quarter-back kick by Shaughnessy on which Salmon got the ball and went twenty yards to a touchdown. The game ended with the score, N. D., 28; Lake Forest, 0.

## Athletic Notes.

This afternoon our disabled but plucky band of gridiron heroes are up at Toledo battling against the greatest aggregation of football players in the country. With a line composed almost entirely of light and inexperienced men and with a back field crippled by the loss of McGlew and Kirby, the Varsity enters the contest to-day, not with the expectation of winning, but firmly determined to compel the Wolverines to battle for every inch of ground. Michigan has had a taste of the "never-say-die" spirit of Notre Dame on several occasions, so that she will enter this afternoon's contest with her best eleven and with the avowed purpose of rolling up the largest score possible on us. But whatever the result or however large the score, do not forget, fellows, but give the gentlemen of the Varsity a rousing greeting upon their return. Let them know that we appreciate their efforts.

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The Inter-Hall team held a meeting last Wednesday to elect a permanent captain and also to elect a manager to succeed R. Clarke, resigned. The result was that Ben. Medley was elected captain, and O'Reilly, manager.

\* \* \*

Next Saturday afternoon the Varsity journeys down to Bloomington to play Indiana University the first game of the series for the State Championship. Last year we won the honoured title with comparative ease, but this year we shall have to fight hard to retain it.

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Lack of space this week on account of important addresses appearing in our columns obliges us to hold over until next week the accounts of the Inter-Hall Track meet and the Trojans game at Benton Harbor.

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Last Thursday, the Minims "Specials" by the decisive score of 17 to 0 defeated Captain Randle's "Stars," a picked team from Carroll Hall. The game was stubbornly contested, each side feeling that the honour of the Hall was at stake. The fast work of the Minims and their superior knowledge of football more than offset the weight of their older opponents. The playing of McDermont, Tillets and Quinlan for the Minims, and of Randle and Morrison for Carroll Hall is deserving of special mention.

## Personals.

—The Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan, pastor of St. Kevin's Church, Cheltenham, Ill., was recently a welcome visitor to the University.

—The Rev. J. H. Guendling of Peru, Ind., delighted his friends at Notre Dame during the past week with a call.

—The Rev. Father Mauritius, O. F. M., pastor of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, who, during the past week, conducted the Forty Hours' Devotion at St. Mary's Church, South Bend, was a welcome visitor of the University.

—Mr. MacDonough's sonnet on "The Boer Republic," which appeared in a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC, has been reprinted in the *Freeman's Journal*. The editor of the *Freeman* as our readers are aware, is the Reverend Dr. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll."

—In the South Bend *News* of October 16, we notice the following:

The selection by President Roosevelt of Bishop John L. Spalding, of Peoria, as one of the commissioners to adjust the differences between the coal miners and the operators is a most excellent one. He is admirably fitted for so important a task. The entire make-up of the commission appears to be eminently satisfactory.

—We quote this account of the lamented Father Corby, whom old students especially will remember so kindly, from the current issue of the *American Catholic Historical Researches*:

The Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., son of Daniel Corby, the pioneer Irish Catholic, first of Detroit and subsequently of the parish of the Assumption, was sent by his father to be educated in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, where he soon became, so to speak, the adopted son of the pious founder of this educational monument to the Mother of our Redeemer, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin. Under his tutelage, he became and was ordained a priest of the Order of the Holy Cross, and the intimate partaker of the joys and sorrows of the venerable founder of this great institution of learning.

When subsequently, in the order of Divine Providence, Father Sorin was fated to look upon the blackened walls of the University, which he had reared in the wilds of the State of Indiana, his life's work, he was prostrated with grief. The institution had been destroyed by fire. But his adopted son stood by his side, who, inspired by faith in the patronage of "Notre Dame du Lac," consoled his mentor with the promise that a new Notre Dame would succeed which would eclipse in grandeur that of its predecessor. Father Sorin submitted the control of affairs to Father Corby.

Under his directions the present University was built and completed. While it is unrivalled in magnitude, it is second to none in the United States as a Catholic centre of literature; while its financial solidity outranks all other institutions of its kind in this country. Father Sorin reached the highest honours in the Order of the Holy Cross; his adopted son, Father Corby, shared these honours, and was moreover distinguished by the special decoration of the Holy See.

We may observe that the writer of this sketch from which we quote is Mr. Richard R. Elliott, brother of Father Walter Elliott, both of whom were students at Notre Dame when Father Corby was in his prime.

T. D. L.

## Local Items.

—Those wishing to take typewriting should apply at once—Thursdays from 9 to 11.

—Brooks' Marine Band Orchestra will give a concert in Washington Hall on next Monday at one o'clock.

—A large corps of carpenters have been very busy for the last few weeks putting a new roof on the Natatorium.

—Last Sunday afternoon, the Trojans defeated the Spartans by a score of 28 to 0. Feature of the game was Usera's goal from the field.

—The SCHOLASTIC is indebted to Messrs. Brown and Featherstone for stenographic reports of the addresses delivered by Bishops Spalding and McQuaid.

—The St. Joe Specials defeated Brownson by a score of 17 to 0 in an exciting football game. Toner and O'Phelan for St. Joe, Sheekey and Sweeney for Brownson, furnished the spectacular plays.

—Anyone having any information of interest concerning old students or visitors to the University would confer a great favor by leaving such particulars with Thomas D. Lyons, Room 49, Sorin Hall.

—The St. Joseph's Hall Literary Society organized last Wednesday evening and elected the following officers: M. Griffin, President; E. Burns, Vice-President; W. T. Robinson, Secretary; P. O'Donnell, Moderator. Great things are expected of the society.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting Wednesday evening, Oct. 8. Recitations by McDermott, Fox, Ehrke, Weisse, and Bosworth were well rendered. The debate, "Resolved that lynching is never justifiable," was decided in favour of the affirmative, Pryor and Kennedy.

—A great change for the better has been made in the arrangements of the reading department of Lemonnier Library. Several new tables have been put in and the magazines and monthlies arranged in their proper places. Thus the Scientific magazines are all to be found on one table, the Literary on another, the Illustrated by themselves, and so on.

—Notre Dame boasts of one of the most beautiful lawns in the country. Two men are kept busy the whole season through keeping it in trim, and it involves a great deal of expense. But in spite of all this we notice that several young gentlemen from Corby and Sorin Halls persist in treading across it whenever they wish to go from their rooms to the campus. This is a practice that should be stopped. There are walks laid out especially for the accommodation of these young gentlemen, and the sooner they acquaint themselves with them the better.