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The Cloth of Life.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

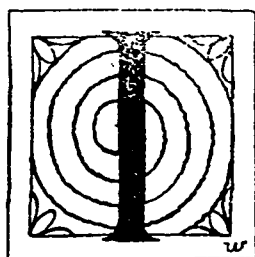
DIM was Heaven:
An angel wove
Upon her loom
In the even.

The cloth was gray	Nor color rife
As is the scarf	Lit up the threads:
The twilight moth	The angel wove
Sheds over day;	A sainted life.

And at its dim
Monotony,
She sighed, and wove
A red rose in.

Bayard Taylor.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.



IN the beautiful valley of the Brandywine which flows through Chester County, Pennsylvania, is situated the home of a famous American poet. Fifty years ago he enjoyed unbounded popularity; now very little of his work is known or read. The fact that he had started in the world a poor lad and by his own courage and abilities had distinguished himself at an early age as a man of letters makes Bayard Taylor an excellent example for the youthful literary aspirant.

Bayard Taylor, one of the greatest American poets of our century, was the son of Joseph Taylor, who was, at the time the future poet was born, a storekeeper in the little town in Western Pennsylvania which bears the name of Kennett Square. Joseph was a

Quaker and of English stock, his earliest American ancestor being a wealthy immigrant, who in 1681 accompanied William Penn on his voyage to the New World. In his house, which preceded the present corner grocery in Kennett Square, Bayard was born January 11, 1825. Soon after the birth of the child Joseph Taylor gave up the store and turned to agriculture. A little way from the village is the old farm of his parents on which Bayard spent his youthful days doing as little and dodging as much as possible of the duties which fall to the lot of the poor farmer boy. Across the road from the farm is the sixty acres of the estate of Cedarcroft which he had coveted as a boy and purchased when years had brought him fame and money. His education up to his seventeenth year was obtained in the schools and academies of the vicinity, and from that time on experience and the company of learned men developed in him that fulness and accuracy of knowledge of men and things so plainly evident in all his work.

At an early age Bayard Taylor left home and the rural beauty of Kennett Square for more congenial tasks than those of a farmer. Having no desire to remain a "humble tiller of the soil," as he soon evinced, his father, in 1842, apprenticed him to the editor of the *West Chester Village Record* for the purpose of learning the trade of printing. He had before this time begun to contribute to newspapers, his first printed poem appearing in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, when its author was scarcely sixteen. It was not long until young Taylor found out that learning a trade was more repugnant to his ardent soul yearning for travel and study, than was the idea of working on a farm all his life. The money obtained from the sale of his poems furnished the means by which Bayard bought his time, and he was at last free to carry out all the plans he had dreamed of. His first

important step in literature was the publication of a small volume of poems when he was eighteen years of age. This volume, as may be expected, was not a decided success, for in "Ximena," the chief poem, Taylor essays the difficult task of describing the early Spanish life about which he knew nothing except through the medium of books. Let us then not wonder at the cold reception accorded this first publication.

After years of longing his desire for travel was at length realized, and with only one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket—which was advanced to him by newspapers to which he was to write descriptions of scenes and incidents on his journey—he set out from Philadelphia, July 1, 1844, on a pedestrian tour of Europe. The journey lasted two years, during which he received only five hundred dollars, the fruits of his literary correspondence. On such a sum none but a born traveller could have supported himself for so long a time, because, unlike Goldsmith, he was no musician and could not with his flute beguile from some hospitable peasant a dinner or a night's lodging.

On his return from Europe in 1846 he published "Views Afoot," which immediately became so popular that in ten years it had reached its twentieth American edition. "We do not remember," says Rufus W. Griswold, in his "Poetry of America," "any book of travels in which an author appears altogether so amiable and interesting as he is in 'Views Afoot.'" The following year we find notice taken of his book by the *London Athenæum*, probably the most literary and certainly the most critical journal published. "We too are richer," says the writer, "by his travels, by the amount of an earnest, sensible and manly book." The book is, in the highest degree, worthy of the praises bestowed upon it.

On attaining his majority in December, 1846, he became for a year the editor of a country paper, and after that an editorial writer on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, in which paper much of his subsequent work appeared. And here in New York with Stedman, Stoddard, Fitzjames O'Brien, and their comrades, Bayard Taylor lived the Bohemian life of a literary struggler. But in the noisy clash of the press-room, with the smell of paste and of ink perpetually about him, his thoughts would roam back to the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, to the rural quietude of Kennett Square.

There are but few places in New York

with which the name of Bayard Taylor is not associated. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, loved to recount the story of the Saturday evenings when Taylor, Stedman, Willis, Fitzjames O'Brien and himself gathered in Taylor's lodgings in an old building on Murray Street, not far from Broadway, and talked literary chat. "He had a beautiful and pathetic voice," said Stoddard in speaking of Taylor, "and an enthusiasm for poetry that was pleasant to see. He loved to read, and there was scarcely a week that he did not have a new poem for us." It was from this little world in which he was imprisoned, in the beginning of his literary career, that the poet wrote to his Mary Agnew: "Would to heaven I could drop down in Kennett for an hour or two these delicious evenings. I am shut up in these brick walls, and, like Sterne's 'Starling,' 'I can't get out.'"

The fever of 1849 turned the attention of all towards California, and fortune hunters left their green fields, their smiling farms, and their families, and fought and suffered and starved in order to reach the land where the very dust was gold. Bayard Taylor in the same year visited California, but not in the search for the shining metal. He returned home by way of Mexico, and the stirring adventures which befell him on the entire journey he embodied in "Eldorado," which he published in 1850.

Now we come upon the saddest episode in his whole life, his love for Mary Agnew. At Kennett, Taylor had wooed his first love, a fair young Quakeress. To the old meeting house at Longwood, where he now lies buried, he went on Sunday morning in the days of his courtship with his young sweetheart on his arm. He had long been betrothed to Mary Agnew, and when after a lingering illness all hope of her recovery had fled, like the tender, true lover that he was, in order to be near her to the end he married her in October of the year 1850. Truly there never was a love story so natural or so tender as that of this poet of twenty-five. When after a few months she had passed out of his life, he returned and quietly resumed his work. May days such as he had loved with his Mary came again in all their glory when he was installed in Cedarcroft, but they only inspired him to write:

When buds have burst the silver sheath,
And shifting pink, and gray, and gold
Steal o'er the woods while fair beneath
The bloomy vales unfold;

Then from the jubilee I turn
 To other Mays that I have seen,
 Where more resplendent blossoms burn
 And statelier woods are green.

For she whose softly murmured name
 The music of the mouth expressed,
 Walked by my side in holy shame
 Of girlish love confessed.

In the year following the death of his wife ill health compelled Taylor to seek a change of climate and he again took up his nomadic life. He made a protracted tour of the East, ascended the Nile, and traversed large portions of Asia Minor, Syria and Europe. In the latter part of 1852 he set out anew from England, crossed Asia to Calcutta, thence to China, where at the port of Hong Kong, for newspaper purposes, he joined the expedition which Commodore Perry had organized to invade Japan. Taylor returned to New York in December of the year 1853 and published three books of travel in which he records his experiences in Central Africa, in the "Lands of the Saracen," and in the empire of the "heathen Chinees."

The "Poems of the Orient," which were published in 1854, and all of which were written by Taylor on his passage around the world, reflect the rich, sensuous and indolent oriental life. The sympathetic, impressionable soul of the poet accorded well with the thought and spirit of the East. What more apt, more beautiful, or more passionate description of that spirit could we find than in Taylor's sonnet of "Nubia."

A land of Dreams and Sleep—a poppied land,
 With skies of endless calm above her head,
 The drowsy warmth of summer noonday shed
 Upon her hills, and silence stern and grand
 Throughout her desert's temple-burying sand.
 Before her threshold, in their ancient place,
 With closed lips and fixed, majestic face,
 Noteless of time, her dumb colossi stand.

O pass them not with light, irreverent tread;
 Respect the dream that builds her fallen throne
 And soothes her to oblivion of her woes.
 Hush! for she does but sleep; she is not dead;
 Action and Toil have made the world their own,
 But she hath built an altar to Repose.

Many of his finest and noblest poems are to be found in this volume. But among this medley of poetic gems perhaps the one most deserving of our attention is that stirring lyric, "The Bedouin's Love Song," and this affords the best illustration of the strength and range of his genius and his varied rhythmic excellences.

BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.

From the desert I come to thee,
 On a stallion shod with fire;
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry;
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold.
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain!
 I lie on the sands below
 And I faint in thy disdain.
 Let the night winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to heed the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold
 And the stars are old,

And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!

For many years after the publication of this last volume of poems, Bayard Taylor was constantly active as a lecturer, an editor and a man of "all-work" for newspapers and magazines. His royalties on copyrights, lecture fees and dividends on *Tribune* "stock" netted him a comfortable income, so that in 1858 he found himself possessing enough money to begin the erection of his long-dreamed-of Cedarcroft. The spirit which had led him on his journeys through Europe, Asia and Africa, on his visit to the gold fields of California and to the frozen plains of the North, now brought him back to his birth-place, back to Kennett Square. He did not return as he had set out in the days of his youth, alone; he was accompanied by his second wife, Marie Hansen of Gotha, whom he had married in the fall of 1857 and with whom in the spring of the following year he had returned to build that home in which he had so long planned and hoped to find rest and a peaceful quiet in which to write his greatest and most lasting work.

The house, which was soon completed and into which Taylor moved in 1859, still stands and is in good condition. The great arched window of which he speaks was designed by the poet to enframe a lovely scene. At the base of the tower he personally placed with due ceremony the great corner-stone, and under it a copy of "Views Afoot," an original poem, which he wished "to be read four hundred years hence by some one who has never heard of me;" a copy of the *Tribune*, some coins, and a poem by R. H. Stoddard.

"I broke the neck of a bottle on the stone," writes Taylor, "poured a libation to all good Lares and Penates, and then gave the workmen cake and ale."

If we possessed no other record but the few poems of "The Poet's Journal," which were written in the old mansion, we could, from these few alone, gain an adequate conception of all that this beautiful valley and this comfortable home meant to the poet. Here far from that world of which he was once so much a factor and from which he could not even now wholly rend himself as he gazed from his library window upon the beautiful scene, every portion of which brought some youthful recollections, he might well have written:

The evening shadows lengthen on the lawn.
Westward our immemorial chestnuts stand,
A mount of shade; but o'er the cedars drawn,
Between the hedge row-tree, in many a band
Of brightening gold, the sunshine lingers on,
And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand;
And down the distant valley all is still,
And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill.

The love for this valley and the little village where he was born is something in the character of the poet for which we love and admire him the more. From Kennett he had departed, in his youthful days, fired by ambition, and to Kennett he returned when that youthful ardor had burned out, there to rest and die.

During his residence at Cedarcroft and in the last few years of his life, Taylor edited and translated many works, in which latter occupation he was ably assisted by his wife who translated many of his works into German, and to whom we are indebted for the many posthumous collections of his poems and miscellanies. In 1862 the poet was appointed to the legation at Saint Petersburg, and during the Civil War he was influential in obtaining for the North the sympathy of Russia. After a year, Taylor resigned his post and returned to the United States. From this period until his death he is notable only for the literary work he did and for the few volumes that he published.

Taylor's popularity was gradually ebbing away, and the years that had brought him experience and wealth had brought something of sorrow as well. How sad, even tragic, was the change in the poet's view of life from the day on which from the fulness of his heart, when in the printing office at Phoenixville in the year 1847 he wrote to his Mary

Agnew: "Sometimes I feel as if there were a Providence watching over me, and as if an unseen and uncontrollable hand guided my actions. I have often dim, vague forebodings that an eventful destiny is in store for me, that I have vast duties yet to accomplish and a wider sphere of action than that which I now occupy," and that in 1873, five years before his death, when, in answer to a friend who had congratulated him on the success which he had achieved in life, he replied in the saddest letter he ever wrote: "You exaggerate what you consider my successes. From 1854 to 1862, or thereabouts, I had a good deal of popularity of the cheap, ephemeral sort. It began to decline at the time when I began to see the better and truer work in store for me, and I let it go, feeling that I must begin anew and acquire a second reputation of a different kind. For the last five years I have been engaged in this struggle, which is not yet over. I am giving the best blood of my life to my labors, seeing them gradually recognized by the few and the best, it is true, but they are still unknown to the public; and my new claims are fiercely resisted by the majority of the newspaper writers in the United States. "Lars" is the first poem of mine ever published in England, and I hoped for some impartial recognition there. Well, the sale is just one hundred and eight copies! My translation of "Faust" is at last accepted in England, Germany, and America as much the best. It cost me years of the severest labor, and has not yet returned me \$500. The "Masque of the Gods" has not yet paid expenses. The sale of my former volumes of travel has fallen almost to nothing. For two years past I have had no income of any sort from property or copyright, and am living partly on my capital and partly on mechanical labor of the mind. I am weary indeed, completely fagged out, and to read what you say of my success sounds almost like irony."

President Hayes, in Feb. 1878, appointed Bayard Taylor, Minister to Germany, and on Dec. 19 of the same year the poet died. In March of the following year the body was shipped from Berlin, and on its arrival in New York was honored with a solemn reception by the German societies; and over it as it lay in state in the City Hall was delivered an oration by Algernon S. Sullivan. At the interment in Longwood Cemetery of Kennett

Square, four thousand people were present, and the poet Stedman spoke. Bayard Taylor had come back to Kennett, and at last found rest. A Doric altar, which bears a medallion of him and the words "He being dead yet speaketh," stands within the iron railing which surrounds the burial plot. His first wife, Mary Agnew, his parents and his brother Frederick lie at his side.

Taylor's excellence lies in the great body of powerful work which remains to him after all his inferior productions have been struck out. If in three or four pieces he were compared to Longfellow or Whittier or Bryant or Holmes perhaps his superiority would not be decisively shown; but taking into consideration the amplitude of his good work he stands far above them. Were we not able to justify the quantity of his books by their merit, we could at least quote the aphorism of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who said that if a tree only produced crab apples, the tree which produced many of them was better than the one which produced few. Therefore, whether I take his quantity or quality, his literary merit or his noble moral influence, I should not hesitate to place the author of "Kubleh" and the "Bedouin Song" in company of the best American poets.

We find in all of Taylor's writings, but especially in the "Poems of the Orient," a deep sympathy with nature and a true fidelity to his own character. His poetical creed is perhaps best expressed by himself in a poem addressed to R. H. Stoddard:

Blame me not that I
Find in the forms of earth a deeper joy
Than in the dreams which lured me as a boy,
And leave the heavens, where you are wandering still
With bright Apollo, to converse with Pan.
And now I turn to find a late content
In Nature, making mine her myriad shows;
Better contented with one living rose
Than all the gods' ambrosia; sternly bent
On wresting from her hand the cup, whence flow
The flavors of her ruddiest life—the change
Of climes and races—the unshackled range
Of all experience; that my songs may show
The warm red blood that beats in the hearts of men.

The greatest fault to be found with the poetry of Taylor is its diffuseness. In none of his work, not even in his most ambitious productions, has he succeeded in concentrating without overstraining the power of his warm, passionate, imaginative poetic mind. But, as a critical friend writes of him, "his nature was so ardent, so full-blooded, that slight and common sensations intoxicated him, and he

overestimated their effect and his power to transmit it to others beyond the true value." In the *Literati*, speaking of Taylor, Poe says: "He is unquestionably the most terse, glowing and vigorous of all our poets, young or old,—I mean in point of expression. His sonorous well-balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell."

It was then the rhythmic excellence, the qualities that appeal to eye and ear, that impressed itself upon the mind of Poe. But keen as he was in his criticisms, Poe did not see that which was behind that rhythm—the solemn and tender sadness which brooded over it; something which was human and good. Taylor's style, though sonorous and beautiful, is not always perfect; but it was, as Carlyle expressed it, "his skin and not his shirt."

We judge a man not so much by the abilities and actions of other men, but rather by the environments in which he is placed and by which, in a great measure, his character is determined. There have been greater poets than Taylor, there have been better men, but no one in all our history has been so picturesque and passionate a poet and at the same time so sincere and lovably human. And when at last America comes to a just recognition of the worth and genius of this universally loved and universally mourned poet, Bayard Taylor will stand forth as one of her literary luminaries, one of the greatest men of her history, and as one who has by his life and death been vastly efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier.

The Return Home.

JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04.

FILLED to the brim with saintly deeds, thy soul
Now helps to swell those everlasting streams
That circle round the Shepherd's throne which gleams
The brighter, for one more has reached her goal
To drink eternal bliss, ay, more, extol
Her God with praise, and seek that what now seems
A mist which hides her spirit fair in dreams
May rise when we have played our earthly role.
O happy soul! thy crown is won; and though
No more we see thy loving eyes, or hear
Thy gentle voice, and therefore drop a tear,
Remember human wounds to heal are slow.
May God's eternal light shine forth on thee,
And point the way for us to cross the sea.

A Mountain Echo.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

FROM peak to peak,
From crag to crag,
Increasing speed with every leap,
Adown the vale in tumbling heap
And through the pines
And o'er the height
The echo bounds its way along.
From faintest lisp to loudest song
The hills respond
With anxious haste;
To hunter's wind and Nature's call,
To forest's sigh and waterfall
The echo has
Its chords attuned.

The Great Conquest of the Orient.

EVARISTO R. BATLLE, '06.

(Adapted from the Spanish.)

The crown prince was leaving his country in search of glory, and took with him nothing but his heart, his horse and his sword. All the armies of the king, his father, came to wish him Godspeed; his brothers came too, and his teachers. A continuous noise of battle was over the plain; a blazing of swords and helmets challenging earth and heaven. Neither his mother nor sisters wept at his departure: they were of that proud race who never felt emotion but for the joys of victory. The brothers were looking at him with jealousy and envy, and touched their side-arms as if they felt themselves capable of conquering the whole world. The handsome warrior leaves the kingdom and crosses plains and mountains. The sun shows him the road during the day, and as soon as night comes the stars, with their pale, sweet light, tell him from heaven what he has to do in order to be honored and respected by his country.

Where does he go? To the Orient, where the brightest sun rises; to the land of gold, to the land where the trees give fruits unknown in the rest of the world, where the soil is filled with the most precious stones, and where the waves of the sea come to break on a beach of pearls. To win he must go alone; he must cross the deep river which surrounds the kingdom, assault the great wall by which it is enclosed, and rout

the best cavalier—the most brave, the most clever, the most prudent. There he goes crossing the boundaries of his country, fearless of danger; and it seems to him in the dream of his glory that the immensity of heaven is not great enough to contain his heart.

II.

They were wise and prudent, the old ministers at the kingdom of the Sun. They knew of the coming and the thoughts of the prince, and decided to oppose him neither with a brave knight nor with a whole army. A venerable man, who did not study in books, but who knew everything, said to the king: "In the eyes of women are written all the defeats of men. Send your fairest daughter to the river edge; there the prince will perish." And they dressed her with the most beautiful silks, covering her hair with diadems of pure gold. Her neck and arms were surrounded with pearls as clear and transparent as a virgin's tears, and the delicate bust was enveloped in a veil sown with silvered stars. How bright were her eyes and how red her lips! Her feet bore shoes so small and precious that it seemed she had to walk on silk and flowers. Fair as a dream she went to the river and waited for the handsome prince, the enemy of her country. She was looking constantly towards the road along which he would come; and she pressed in her little trembling hand the thin gold needle they gave her to pierce the tender heart of the young conqueror.

III.

When the prince crossed the dark and silent waters of the deep river he felt the first sorrow of his journey at seeing his faithful and noble horse drown without receiving a wound in battle. He turned his head several times, looking disconsolate towards the treacherous river; and he was approaching the forest when a distant cry, a voice of a soul in despair, was heard. Entering the woods, he stood astonished at a most delightful vision. In front of him and under a great tree sat a woman, a princess, as shown by her dress and an angel by her charming face. From her beautiful eyes came a flood of tears.

After recovering from his amazement, he approached and asked the cause of her sorrow. Could she not understand him? or was her affliction too deep? She did not answer. Again and again using the most

encouraging words he asked: "Why do you weep, fair maiden? Who is so cruel to offend you?" and he drew out his sword ready to avenge her. She found him so brave and handsome that at last she smiled, and that sweet, long smile on the rose of her lips filled the heart of the prince with an immense happiness. "Who are you?" he dared to add. "Why are you here?" he said, encouraged by the lovely eyes of the princess. "I am the daughter of a king," she answered, "and I am waiting for you...." She had forgotten all the wise counsels of the old ministers and the orders of her father;—she felt only her heart beating violently: she was afraid of the brave prince, but at the same time she had not courage enough to think of the thin gold needle. "So you waited for me, dear princess? and what for?" but she did not answer and began to weep so sadly that it seemed her soul was leaving her in her tears. She drew her arms toward the prince as if she asked for pardon. The poor princess was suffering as she had never suffered before. The young warrior bent his knee, and, as if he was the guilty one, brought to his lips the little hand of the fair princess. She ran away and showed him something which blazed for an instant in space; then she threw the thin gold needle into the dark and silent waters of the deep river. When she returned to his side, she looked at him with a smile which brought to her face a bright aureole of glory.

IV.

They waited for the young prince during a long, long time at the country of the conquerors, and they waited long, too, in the land of the Sun for the fair princess; but neither ever came back, for in the solitude of the forests they lived alone, happy in their love. "I am happy, very happy," he answered to those who came from his father, and he smiled while saying these words. And the messengers went back to the kingdom, not wishing to kill the handsome prince whose mind was evidently deranged.

But I must say that he was right, and perhaps he was the only one who had sense and heart at that time.

"Tell me," he whispered, "is it not better, much better, to conquer happiness than the whole world?"

"Yes, it is," the princess answered, with her red lips—the red lips of loved woman.

Varsity Verse.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

I LIKE at eve to tread again
Old haunts of college days,
As time draws near when life must take
Its path in other ways;
And in those scenes of old to place
The friends of three years past,
And linger there in retrospect
The evening of the last.

I wish once more to sit beneath
Those old familiar trees,
And hear the songs that used to float
In rhythm on the breeze.
Or with a friend at twilight's hour
To stroll along the lake,
And hear the echo of the chimes
Across the waters break.

But yet as fancy leads me on
A feeling like to pain
Instills the thought that times of old
Will never come again.
And thus it is I sadly muse
On haunts of college days
As time draws near when life must take
Its path in other ways.

G. T. S.

WHERE THE HEART IS.

There's a quiet place I know,
Where I dearly love to go,
In a verdant lowland valley far away.

The birds near sweetly sing,
And water from the spring
Flows to music of its own all night and day.

'Tis not grand or wondrous fair
But a welcome waits me there
From the fond ones that I left afar to roam;

Though lowly and quite small
'Tis the same in spring and fall,
The cherished little spot that I call "home."

F. H. P.

ANOTHER EDEN.

There is a place,
A lovely dale,
Beyond this life
Far past this vale,

Where goodness reigns
With rule sublime,
And none are e'er
Aware of time.

For God is kind
To creatures here,
To those who live
In Godly fear.

H. S.

The Last Age of Prosperity in Ancient Rome—314-476.

WILLIAM M. WINBERG, '04.

The last age of Ancient Rome we may say with many historians began A. D. 314 when Maxentius, ostensibly to avenge the death of his father, but in reality to take possession of Gaul, warred against Constantine the Great. The latter, spurred on by the supernatural guidance of the cross that he saw in a vision confirming a victory for his army, marched on toward Rome; and with the sign of faith alongside the Roman eagle he boldly and confidently met Maxentius with the superstitious emblems of the heathen gods. "This battle," says Chateaubriand, "became not a single fact in war but a veritable revolution. Two religions and two worlds met at the Malvian bridge; Maxentius came with the decrees of the most impious oracles and sacrifices, and Constantine was led on with a divine impulse and the greatness of his genius. The *Labarum* surmounted the eagles, and the earth of Saturn beheld the reign of Him who preached upon the mountain. Time and the human race had made a step in advance."

After Constantine conquered Maxentius he wielded the sceptre of the empire in such a commendable manner that the Romans themselves, accustomed to the barbarous treatment of their former ruler, could not realize the liberality and kindness of their new emperor. Soon Licinius in the East was overthrown and Constantine became sole emperor in 323. Christianity, in spite of nearly three hundred years of persistent assault by various Roman emperors, now flourished in the East as well as in the West. It had heretofore been an important factor in great political strifes; and now that it was recognized as the only remedy to preserve the disrupted colonies: it became the saviour of unity and of political strength. This was the long-sought link that was missing to place the Roman Empire upon an unshaken and lasting basis; and, now that it was found, Christianity served as a new impetus for the State to recover from its toppling condition.

"For the first time," says Darras in his "General History of the Church," "during three centuries an emperor dared openly to proclaim his sympathy for the faith of Jesus Christ, and for the first time this

act was received with unanimous consent."

When we say that Christianity flourished, we mean that, as is now universally accepted, everything intellectual and moral was distributed and exercised among the people at large. Though the tone of this morality or the pitch of this intellectuality was not at all times perhaps up to the highest modern standard, yet the success of the simple but effective efforts of those in authority are more to be commended than the peculiar and often grotesque achievements of workers in the same field in our day. Not only did Constantine devote his best efforts to the cultivation of religion, science and even art, but under the guidance of a true Catholic spirit he united the rebellious states into the compact Roman Empire, and he himself governed with admirable prudence and geniality. Some of his actions are undoubtedly to be severely censured, but others might withstand the criticism of many modern politicians or statesmen.

This universal prosperity lasted till a short time after Constantine's death. His three sons were followed by emperors, good and bad, till finally the laxity in resisting the German barbarians and moral corruption brought ruin to the Constantinian Empire. Rome was prosperous—if to be overrun with vice and luxury is to be prosperous. The internal conditions of the State at this period of decline may serve as a verification of the fact, that where moral corruption exists, life is threatened with decay and destruction. A remarkable truth is here evidenced, that whenever the Catholic Church was not tampered with, the prosperity of the empire was exceedingly encouraging, and that as soon as the Christian persecutions were once more taken up, the State started on a downward road. To be introduced to the real source from which these conditions sprang, let us look at the picture that Gibbon paints in his "Roman Empire": "The intemperance of the Gauls, the cunning and levity of the Greeks, the savage obstinacy of the Egyptians and the Jews, the servile temper of the Asiatics, the dissolute, effeminate prostitution of the Syrians, were mingled in the various multitude, which, under the proud and false denomination of Romans, presumed to despise their fellow-citizens, and even their sovereigns...." From this motley crowd nothing but dissensions and strifes could arise, till everyone was convinced of his neighbor's individual rights and all were brought under

the one and true yoke of Christ's Church. I harp so much upon Christianity because it was the only form of society that really prospered during this age. It contained everything characteristic of genuine prosperity, namely, universal education, true law and the equality of man, and this with its divine origin ultimately ensured victory.

Despotism and moral corruption were eating away the state. The noble class was indeed prosperous with its hordes of wealth from the East, but this did not profitably affect the general people. It is an historical fact that the income from the estates of a number of senators was four thousand pounds of gold, almost 800,000 dollars each. This was indeed individual prosperity that was utilized but in baths, games and spectacles. Slavery also was in such a state that the slave was morally as well as physically considered not as valuable as the ox. We might slight the mention of slavery and not consider it as an obstacle to advancement; nevertheless, when those who advocate this opinion examine the condition of slavery in this age of Rome, they will turn with horror from its corruption and its infecting influence upon the next generations.

This was the last age of Ancient Rome, which was prosperous in so far as it eventually wrought its own destruction. The Catholic faith, though its popularity was merely a memory, alone survived the ruins of Rome. Professor Fredet says beautifully: "Amidst so many disturbances and revolutions, religion alone fully maintained her influence and dignity. Even at this disastrous and turbulent period (476) she began to tame and civilize those fierce barbarians who before acknowledged no law but that of the sword. Divine Providence seemed to have permitted their irruptions into the Roman provinces with no other view than to destroy, through their means, the last remains of idolatry, and effect their own happy conversion to the laws of the Gospel." Thus was an evil converted into a most significant good. This fact of Christianizing the barbarians has ever since been effecting civilization, so much so that in these modern days of enlightenment we can trace phases of our present society to this historical fact as their true and ultimate cause. In one thing then was Rome in her last age of imperialism truly prosperous—namely, the ruin of herself and the survival of the eternal Church of Christ.

An Hour with Hunters.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

Bang! bang! bang! comes the reports from three heavy shot guns, and five dead ducks are lying on the water near the shore. In a minute there is another report; then silence.

After remaining quietly in one position for five minutes you rise and look about. You are on the shore of a large lake. Across the water you see a long belt of green that looks like a patch of bushes, but which you know to be a grove of trees nearly thirty feet high. The lake is of considerable width. You can see only about a mile of its length, but it is really much longer than that.

Extending parallel to the shore is a long patch of tall rushes. These weeds grow very thickly and as they are tall enough to conceal a man, they afford an excellent hiding-place for hunters. Between these rushes and the shore is a long narrow sheet of water, sheltered from the winds by the trees on the shore and by the rushes in the lake. Here it is quiet, and there is little wonder that the ducks prefer this smooth, tranquil surface to the rough water of the lake.

Toward the left a short distance, you see the shapeless black hat of your comrade, who is lying in the weeds waiting for the ducks that fly between him and the shore. To the right you see the head of your other companion just visible in the green surroundings. About a hundred yards to the rear is a thick belt of trees. The space between is covered with sand and weeds.

Your mind is suddenly aroused by two sharp reports. Hastily picking up your gun you prepare to shoot, but are too slow—the ducks have passed. You have no time for dreaming now, the report of the gun has started thousands of ducks to flying. You see a large flock coming toward you, flying low and close to the shore. Your companion fires and misses. You take a quick aim and fire. When the smoke clears away, two large mallards are floating on the water near the shore. Your second companion has three more from the same flock.

So the sport continues. The air seems alive with flying ducks. You are busy bringing down and gathering mallards, teal, canvasbacks and spoonbills, twenty in all. All go to the buggy, and the day's sport is over.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Yesterday Notre Dame had the pleasure of entertaining the Right Rev. Theophiel Meerschaert, Vicar-Apostolic of Indian Territory. The distinguished visitor was accompanied by the Rev. Charles L. Stuer of Mishawaka, where Bishop Meerschaert will lay the corner-stone of the new St. Bavo's Church to-morrow. The sermon for the occasion will be preached by the Very Rev. President Morrissey.

—The Inter-State Contest, participated in by eleven states—Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska and Colorado—was decided in Washington Hall last Wednesday night. The auditorium was filled with a representative audience and the orators were given flattering receptions. Walter Lewis Ferris, Beloit College, Wisconsin, won first place; George E. Newell, Park College, Mo., second; and William A. Schall, Creighton University, Nebraska, third. The hall was very appropriately decorated, and the local orchestra rendered several happy selections in the course of the programme. A detailed account of the convention and contest will appear in our next issue.

—Character is often well reflected by the manner in which a man narrates. Good storytellers generally exaggerate, though they do so without conveying that impression. Most children are given to exaggeration, and some parents think this a promise of great originality in literary and other pursuits. The tendency to exaggerate should be checked. Even the literary artist must carefully weigh his words, for if art is anything it is truthful. A modern philosopher says that the child trained in exaggeration generally graduates into an adult liar. A child's imagination is wonderful to observe; but facts are always just facts, and part of a child's training is to be impressed with the necessity and importance of being truthful. Perhaps the early training certain men have had accounts for the utter unreliableness of their statements. In early childhood their imagination may have grown to such proportion as to stunt all sense of the reality of things. It is at least more charitable to take this hypothesis.

—The appeal lately made in Chicago to erect a school as a memorial of Thomas Brenan shows a desire to give honor to whom honor is due. It also manifests an appreciation of true worth and of devotedness in the fulfillment of a public trust. We have as proof of his enthusiastic interest in his office the fact that for twenty-six years he has been a member of the Chicago school board. His disposition and attainments were admirably suited for such a charge. The honesty he exhibited in his dealings merited for him "Honest" Tom Brenan, the name by which he is known to his fellow-citizens. No less indicative of his character is the place he holds in the affection of the Chicago children. They, too, appreciate the interest and solicitude he exercised in their behalf, and have learned to respect and love him. He had the happy faculty of making friends and retaining them, and throughout his life he has been a powerful influence for good. The life of this man during the quarter of a century he served the public furnishes an example that is evident and instructive to all who have the will to follow. His zeal, uprightness and charity should prove inspiring for young men. We are proud of him for his Catholicity and useful citizenship, and we heartily endorse the proposed means of honoring him.

Athletic News.

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS THE CARDINALS.

The Varsity opened up the college baseball season last Saturday in a blaze of glory by defeating the strong Wisconsin team. The Cardinal wearers had already encountered several of the "crack" Western teams and defeated them, so an unusually hard contest was looked for. There was no disappointment. It was a hard game. It was just the sort of game that causes the rooter's heart to palpitate at a pretty lively pace throughout the entire struggle. Such a contest has seldom been witnessed on Cartier Field. The work of both teams was fast enough and clean enough to suit even the most fastidious. The locals outhit the visitors two to one, but were unfortunate in placing the hits.

The chief interest in the game outside the result itself, was in the duel between "Nig" Ruehlbach and the redoubtable "Cy" Young. "Cy" has the reputation of being one of the foremost box artists on the Western diamond, but Ruehlbach eclipsed him on this occasion. His shoots and benders totally bewildered the men from Wisconsin, eleven of them fanning, while but four safe drives were registered to their credit. The big fellow had a world of speed, excellent control, and besides played an exceptionally clever game. "Cy" Young did well, too, and at times had our batsmen guessing; but when runs were needed they found his delivery and planted out safe ones. Wisconsin was the first to score. In the second inning Perry drew a base on balls; Bush sacrificed, and Perry went to third on a passed ball. Lewis drew a pass, Leahy singled to left and Perry scored. Young ended the inning by fanning. The Cardinals drew two more in the fifth on an error, two singles, and a pass. This ended their scoring.

It was not until the seventh inning that our fellows succeeded in reaching home plate. Up to that time they had had two or three opportunities of scoring, but luck failed them. In the seventh Ruehlbach hit to centre; Salmon followed with another, and Kanaley attempted to sacrifice, but Ruehlbach was caught at third. O'Connor fanned, and Giggles smashed one out to left, scoring Salmon. Shag drew a base, but a moment later was caught at second on McNerny's grounder to short. Capt. Stephan opened up the eighth inning, going out from

third to first. Antoine, Ruehlbach, and Salmon drove out safe ones, and "Kan" attempted to bunt in the run, but Antoine was nabbed at the plate. The rooters were highly excited now as they realized that this inning would probably decide the game. O'Connor got hit, forcing in a run, and then for the first time during the contest "Cy" lost control and allowed "Giggles" free transportation to first, forcing in Salmon and tying the score. "Shag" followed with a long drive which scored Kanaley, and the inning ended with McNerny going out from pitcher to first.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Wisconsin	R	H	P	A	E
Shaugh'ssy, c.f.	0	2	1	0	1	Persons, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0
McNerny, 2d	0	0	2	1	0	Gates, c.f.	1	2	0	0	0
Stephan, 1st	0	1	10	0	0	Hoelz, s.s.	1	1	0	4	1
Antoine, c.	0	2	11	2	0	Perry, 2d	1	0	2	3	0
Ruehlbach, p.	1	2	2	4	0	Bush, 1st	0	0	6	0	0
Salmon, r.f.	2	2	0	0	0	Lewis, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Kanaley, l.f.	1	0	0	0	0	Brush, 3d	0	0	4	1	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	0	0	1	1	Leahy, c.	0	1	8	4	0
Geoghegan, s.s.	0	1	1	2	0	Young, p.	0	0	2	2	0

Total 4 10 27 10 2

Total 3 4 24 14 1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Wisconsin—	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	=	3	4
Notre Dame—	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	*	=	4	10

Stolen bases—Stephan, Shaughnessy. Sacrifice hit—Bush; 2 base hit, Stephan; 3 base hits, Antoine, Gates. Struck out—By Ruehlbach, 11; by Young, 5. Base on balls—Off Ruehlbach, 4; off Young, 3. Hit by pitched ball—O'Connor. Passed ball—Antoine. Umpire, Hughey Deehan.

NOTRE DAME AND ILLINOIS IN GREAT TEN-INNING BATTLE.

When Illinois appeared upon Cartier Field last Monday, everybody expected to see a battle royal between what is classed as the two best college teams in the West. Memories of last year's great contest between the two still remained with the rooters, and they knew well that the contest would be bitterly fought. Then, too, Ruehlbach was on the rubber, and although he had pitched a hard game the Saturday before, implicit confidence was placed in his ability to mow the men of the Illini, which he did. All his old-time speed and cunning were with him, and he used it with great effect. But—the unexpected happened, and Illinois won. Pfeffer was the magician that turned the trick. In the tenth inning with two out and a man on second, the big twirler of the visitors came to bat, and everybody settled back in the benches expecting Pfeffer to make an easy out. Twice he swung viciously and failed to

connect, and then in attempting to avoid a wild pitch, the ball struck the handle of his bat and landed over O'Connor's head in safe territory, Parker securing the winning run. Pfeffer was so dazed for a moment or so that he forgot to run, while a chorus of groans went up from the bleachers. It is undoubtedly the most novel manner in which a baseball contest has yet been decided, and Mr. Pfeffer is deserving of great credit for his originality. Had he lived in days of old, he would have been believed to enjoy the special favor of the gods.

Neither team deserved a score, as both Notre Dame's and Illinois' runs were made on errors. It was a pitchers' battle pure and simple, with honors about even. The elongated box man of the visitors was a complete mystery to our sluggers, Salmon being the only one to connect safely. One clean and three "horse shoes" were made off Ruehlbach.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Illinois	R	H	P	A	E
Shaugh'ssy, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Roberts, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
McNerny, 2d	0	0	2	4	2	Pitts, 3d	0	1	0	0	1
Stephan, 1st	0	0	10	0	1	Parker, 2d	1	0	3	2	1
Antoine, c.	0	0	13	1	0	Zangerle, c.	0	0	10	1	0
Ruehlbach, p.	0	0	1	3	0	Pfeffer, p.	0	1	1	5	0
Salmon, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Rothgeb, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Kanaley, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Cook, 1st	0	0	9	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	0	2	2	0	Ensign, r. f.	0	0	5	0	0
Geoghegan, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1	Taylor, s. s.	0	1	0	2	0

Totals 1 1 30 12 4 Totals 2 4 30 10 2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 R H E

Illinois—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 = 2 4 2

Notre Dame—0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 = 1 1 4

Stolen bases—O'Connor, Parker, Taylor. Base on balls—off Ruehlbach, 3; off Pfeffer, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Shaughnessy, Zangerle. Struck out—by Ruehlbach, 9; by Pfeffer, 8. Sacrifice hits—Shaughnessy, Geoghegan, Parker and Taylor. Passed ball—Antoine. Umpire—Clark.

As expected the State University scooped up most of the points in the Dual Meet last Saturday, but our men did far better than had been hoped for. Captain Draper, as usual, was the star; but Murphy, Keefe and Beacom also deserve praise. Keefe gave his opponent a hard tussle in the half, while Murphy defeated the crack long-distance runner, Hornaday, in the two mile, and forced him to his limit in the mile. "Pat" Beacom secured second in the hammer throw, at which event he has been practising but a short while. The showing was a good one considering the odds, as Notre Dame was represented by but seven men.

INDIANA BEATS NOTRE DAME.

[Special to the *Record-Herald*.]

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., April 30.—Coach Horne's fleet athletes were too speedy for the Notre team in the dual track and field meet with the Indiana University here this afternoon, the latter winning by the score of 76 to 30.

State records were almost equalled in several events, and for early season work good showings were made. Draper of Notre Dame was the star contestant, capturing nineteen points. For Indiana, Shideler, the freshman athlete, took eighteen points. Martin, the sprinter, did the fast work and made a big share of points. Summaries:

Pole vault—Sampse, Indiana, first; Duncan, Indiana, second. Height, 9 feet.

One hundred and twenty yards hurdle—Shideler, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:16 2-5.

One hundred yards dash—Martin, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:10 1-5.

Discus—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Banks, Indiana, second. Distance, 113 feet 7 inches.

One mile run—Hornaday, Indiana, first; Murphy, Notre Dame, second. Time, 4:43.

Eight hundred and eighty yard runs—Wallace, Ind., first; Keefe, Notre Dame, Second. Time, 2:09 3-5.

Running high jump—Shideler, Indiana, first; Scales, Notre Dame, second. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—Martin, Ind., first; Hickman, Indiana, second. Time, 0:22 1-5.

Shot-put—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Ray, Indiana, second. Distance, 38 feet 10½ inches.

Four hundred and forty yards run—Thompson, Ind., first; Wallace, Indiana, second. Time, 0:54 4-5.

Running broad jump—Martin, Indiana, first; Shideler, Indiana, second. Distance, 19 feet 6 inches.

Two hundred twenty yards low hurdles—Shideler, Indiana, first; Draper, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:27 3-5.

Hammer throw—Banks, Indiana, first; Beacom, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 121 feet 10 inches.

Two-mile run—Murphy, Notre Dame, first; Hornaday, Indiana, second. Time, 11:26 1-5.

NOTRE DAME BEATEN.

Some costly errors, two questionable decisions by Umpire Rapp at critical moments, and nine members of the Nebraska team defeated Notre Dame last Tuesday by a score of 5 to 4. No one seems able to account for it. Perhaps Mr. Magician Pfeffer gave his horse shoe to the "Corn-huskers." At any rate, they had one, while a vengeful sort of hoo-doo seemed relentlessly to pursue our fellows, and the "Corn-huskers"—for the first time in history—walked off with Notre Dame's scalp.

Our fellows played in very hard luck in the fielding department. In the hitting game

they were giants compared with the visitors. Thirteen safe bingles were secured, enough to win two or three such games, but, etc., etc. Five hits in rapid succession were scored in the fourth inning and one lone run. Mr. Rapp was largely instrumental in helping the visitors out of the hole in this inning, his decision being away off color.

"Hinky" Alderman, the southpaw, was on the slab for Notre Dame, and certainly covered himself with glory in his initial college game. He had plenty of steam, and kept his hits well scattered and deserved to win. In addition to his pitching he won a "Rep." for himself as a hitter, batting 1000% during the game, and earning the proud distinction of being the best left-handed hitter on the team. One redeeming feature of the play of our fellows was the work of Capt. Stephan. The Captain worked like a beaver throughout the game, going after everything in his territory. His phenomenal catch of Clark's attempted bunt in the fifth inning has never been duplicated on a ball field. Shaughnessy also played a star game; and his throw in from deep centre catching Townsend at the plate was one of the features.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Nebraska	R	H	P	A	E
Shaugh'ssy, c. f.	2	3	1	1	0	Bender, c.	0	1	7	2	0
McNerny, 2d	0	1	1	4	1	Cook, c. f.	0	0	3	0	1
Stephan, 1st	0	1	14	0	0	Steen, 3d	1	2	0	3	0
Antoine, c.	0	1	9	4	0	Town'sd, 1st	1	1	9	0	0
Salmon, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0	Miller, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Kanaley, l. f.	1	2	0	0	0	Hamm'l, 2d	0	0	4	2	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	1	1	2	2	Fenlon, r. f.	2	2	4	0	1
Geoghegan, s. s.	1	2	0	3	3	Will'ms, s. s.	1	0	0	3	0
Alderman, p.	0	2	0	1	1	Adams, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 4 14 27 16 7 Totals 5 6 27 11 2

Ruehlbach batted for O'Connor in ninth.

Farabaugh batted for Alderman in ninth.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Nebraska—	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	=5	6	2
Notre Dame—	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	=4	14	7

Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, Stephan, Alderman, Bender. Sacrifice hits—Shaughnessy. Struck out—by Alderman, 6; by Adams, 7. Base on balls—off Alderman, 1. Hit by pitched ball—by Alderman, 1. Umpire, Rapp.

Brownson defeated the Holy Cross men very easily last Sunday afternoon in their first league game. On Thursday Sorin won a close game from St. Joe. Hall; Carroll lost to Niles, 6-3; and Brownson walloped Goshen 6-2.

League Standing

	W	L	Per. cent
Brownson	1	0	1000
Sorin	1	0	1000
Corby	1	0	1000
St. Joe	1	1	500
Holy Cross	0	1	000
Carroll	0	2	000

The Notre Dame Club of the City of New York.

On Thursday evening, April 28, the New York students of the University of Notre Dame held a dinner at the Park Avenue Hotel. In spite of the inclement weather, the meeting was well attended.

The strength and sincerity of the initial interest and response were significant. At every point the enthusiasm displayed was such as to leave no doubt of the issue, and beneath all was a quiet determination to achieve and advance the aims and objects of the association. For many the evening was a memorable interlude in the estranging affairs of their lives. For a few magical hours, those who had drifted far apart on the tides were borne together on a flood of singular affection and remembrance to a port of common interest and desires.

The reminiscences—the magic chain to which each in turn added a link or two, strengthening while he lengthened its binding force—were begun by the temporary chairman who reviewed his day at the University. His recital, now and again, brought laughter to the lips of his listeners. He recalled that it was just twenty-five years ago that the University, as it then stood, was burned to the ground, and four days later, he and Dr. Berger of Brooklyn parted to meet again—in 1904! Yet, as the speaker expressed it, "the only coolness between them was the East River." He cited the instance as one of the many reasons for an active and permanent association of Notre Dame men; an association where there would be a unity of hearts as well as of minds.

Mr. Frank P. Dwyer was the next speaker. He congratulated those present on the auspicious beginning, and assured the members of his earnest and active support. His desire was for a permanent club whereby meetings could be held neither annually nor semi-annually but as frequently as possible. He discoursed the pronounced benefit of such a cause, and outlined his idea of a progressive and memorable association. He, too, gave an entertaining and instructive talk on his years at the University. "I have seen much of the world since then," he said, "but those years at Notre Dame were the happiest of all." And again: "The longer we live, the broader and deeper is our love for that

place where we were educated." He cited an instance pertinent to the need of an association. For thirty-seven years he had not met Mr. P. J. O'Connell of the New York *Tribune*, yet a scant five minutes' walk was the only physical barrier between them. With the proposed club as a medium, and under its compelling bond, such conditions would be impossible. There would be no more exile in neighborliness. Above the press and heat of business and the swift engagements of modern ways would hover the peace-compelling thought, the inspiring spirit of relaxation, in memorable and fraternal fellowship. He then spoke touchingly of the Rev. Fathers Lemonnier, Granger, Walsh and others, who, he said, were still active agents and counsellors in his life.

Dr. A. Berger browsed among the recollections of his day at Notre Dame, dwelling on the stirring scenes incident to the fire, and fashioned picture after picture of those distant and vivid years. He expressed an ardent hope that the proposed association would meet with a vigorous support from all present, and pledged himself to an active interest and loyalty. Under his guidance the listeners were taken back again into the past.

The next speaker, the Rev. P. E. Reardon, plunged at once into the business of the meeting. He pointed out clearly and convincingly its possibilities not only from a social view-point, but from an intellectual and moral regard. On his motion it was decided to make the association non-sectarian, and to call it "The Notre Dame Club of the City of New York."

Professor Carmody was then called upon, and he made a stirring, delightful speech on the need, uses and prospects of the new club. He was gratified and surprised at the number present, at the good will and interest evinced, and, under stress of such enthusiasm, saw a bright future for the cause. He showed the real need of such a club, particularly in a city where the solitude of the worker is poignant in the extreme. It was in the nature of a duty to secure not simply a bond of intellect but a lasting union of hearts as well. He declared that the obstacles to overcome were not a few; that the constancy of the cause demanded sacrifice and heroic effort, but that he was firmly convinced that the vigor and activity of the Notre Dame men made success not only possible but certain. His presence indicated his own intent. He would

give his active support to the club, and looked for an early confirmation of his belief in its success. His recollections of Notre Dame were pleasant and heart-stirring.

Professor Stanislaus prefaced his remarks with the "Story of Little Johnnie's Prayer." He then briefly sketched a more recent day at the University, and made a strong plea to all present for their united support of the club and its objects.

Mr. Timothy Crimmins reviewed the causes leading to the formation of the club, explained the difficulties of the initial work, and expressed, in behalf of the committee, gratification at the hearty and strenuous response to its call.

Messrs. McElligott, Gorman, and Walsh spoke from the view-point of the younger members, assuring those present of an active and intimate effort.

The following officers were then elected: President, Mr. Frank P. Dwyer, general eastern passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway; Vice-Presidents, Rev. P. E. Reardon, Professor F. X. Carmody and Mr. Timothy Crimmins; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. P. P. McElligott, No. 23 Park Row; Advisory and Reception Committee, Messrs. Reilly, Walsh, Naughton, Dwyer, and Murray.

Arrangements have been made for a meeting of the Advisory Board on Tuesday, May 10, when a constitution and a set of by-laws will be formulated and means devised to secure the active membership of all New York students.

Latin-American Students En Fête.

For many years past Notre Dame has been a favorite college for students from the Latin-American republics. The advantages it offers, the standard and variety of its courses, and the discipline that prevails, recommend it in particular to Catholic parents who send their sons to the United States to be educated. Hence year after year we have a comparatively large foreign-born element at Notre Dame. These students belong to some of the best families in their respective countries. Many of them have received a good education before coming here, and all possess that inherent culture and refinement of manner which seems to be an accompaniment of the better Spanish stock. Of such material is the Latin Club composed, an organization that gave a

very successful entertainment in honor of the Faculty a week ago.

The entertainment was given in the University parlor on Saturday evening. Besides the members, those who attended included the Very Reverend President Morrissey, the Rev. Vice-President, Father French, many of the other gentlemen of the Faculty and a few others specially honored. Mr. E. R. Batlle received the guests, presenting each with a very neatly prepared programme. When all had arrived, the first number, "Between two Centuries," was capably rendered by the club quartette, after which Mr. B. R. Enriquez, the president of the society, made the address of welcome. In very appropriate English he extended a cordial greeting to the guests and clearly outlined the aims of the organization. The applause he received expressed the support and pleasure of the audience.

The next item was Mr. Duque's interesting effort, "The Wonderful Discovery of Radium," which was followed by Mr. E. Batlle's aptly rendered and pretty little romance, entitled "The Great Conquest of the Orient." A programme that included such widely divergent and interesting topics as radium and love amply provided against sameness. In the interval that followed, Mr. Lomelin charmed those present with a fantasie on the piano, and then we heard Mr. J. J. Batlle's recitation in French, "La Palombe." It was a tragic little love story that lost nothing through Mr. Batlle's telling. The next in order was Mr. J. Pardo who well delivered the instructive appreciation, "Spain," after which the popular and versatile Senor E. O. Canedo ably made a patriotic address in English, wherein he told of the home of the Latin race, traced their affluence and seeming decay and predicted their glorious future. His words were deservedly well received as were also the finely-executed numbers with which Srs. Lomelin and Del Rio concluded the first part of the programme.

Mr. Enriquez then led the way downstairs to the Corby refectory where with true Spanish hospitality good cigars were distributed and choice refreshments served. The wealth and artistic display of the decorations were not unworthy of a salon in old Madrid. Electric bulbs shed their light on fronded palm and flowered carpet, and deftly arranged flags of the Latin-American republics and of Spain curtained the walls and ceiling. The Stars and Stripes and the Gold and Blue of Notre Dame were also in evidence, while in the background of the dais appeared embossed the arms of Mexico and the initials of the Latin Club. Altogether, the arrangements were in keeping with the artistic taste and high ideals of the members.

Toward the close of the material repast,

Very Rev. President Morrissey made an informal address which was full of kindly sentiment and highly complimentary to the officers and members of the Latin Club. He assured them of his continued co-operation in everything that tended to their welfare and advancement, and spoke in a touching manner of their parents and relatives whom he would often commend in his prayers and to whom he wished to be kindly remembered. He hoped the Latin Club would increase in members and usefulness. His remarks were received with enthusiastic applause. Realizing Father Fitte's ability to fill an intellectual void, the members called on him for the next speech. He responded in a very happy manner, and took occasion to offer some excellent advice as well as congratulations. The sincerity and fitness of his words was appreciated by all.

Professor Sherman Steele spoke on behalf of the lay members of the Faculty. He fully sustained his reputation as an impromptu speaker who can always say something pertinent and entertaining. After Patrick J. MacDonough responded for the students, Father O'Reilly, the honorary President of the Association, made the closing address. Having lived in Spain and Portugal he is conversant with the languages of these countries, and moreover, takes a very active interest in the Spanish-speaking students at Notre Dame, by whom he is much beloved. He assured them of the pleasure he felt at their success for which he would always strive, and urged them to remain loyal to their religion and Fatherland. Thus ended the Latin Club's festival—one which has not been excelled by any student social function yet held at Notre Dame.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

- Overture—"Between Two Centuries"—*A. M. Alvarado*
Club Quartette
Address.....Mr. B. R. Enriquez
"The Wonderful discovery of Radium"—Mr. A. Duque
(In Spanish.)
"The Great Conquest of the Orient"—Mr. E. R. Batlle
(Translated into English from the Spanish)
Piano Solo—"Fantasie".....I. F. Lomelin
"La Palombe".....Mr. J. J. Batlle
(In French.)
"Spain".....Mr. J. Pardo
(In Spanish.)
"The Latin Race".....Mr. E. O. Canedo
(Translated into English from the Spanish.)
Violin and Piano.....*Beriot*
Messrs. I. Lomelin and I. Del Rio

PART II.

SMOKER.

(Held in the Corby Hall D. Room.)

- Music.....Club Quartette
I. Del Rio, Director R. Trevino, 1st Mandolin
S. Guerra, Guitarist I. Canedo, 2d Mandolin

"LATIN CLUB."

- Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Protector
Rev. P. O'Reilly, C. S. C., Honorary President
Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Honorary Member
P. J. MacDonough, Honorary Member

OFFICERS.

B. R. Enriquez, President; S. F. Villanueva, Vice-President; E. R. Batlle, Secretary; R. A. Trevino, Treasurer; I. F. Lomelin, A. Duque, S. F. Guerra, E. O. Canedo, Advisers.

MEMBERS

Messrs. H. Alvarez, M. Arsuaga, J. J. Batlle, I. Canedo, I. Cano, J. L. Cruz, I. Del Rio, A. C. Fernandez, M. Fernandez Del Valle, H. Martinez, J. Muriel, F. Gza. Nieto, J. Pardo, P. Sanz, M. Sanz, R. Santa Cruz, F. Sarinana, F. Toba, L. Villanueva, A. Villanueva, C. Bringas.

Choice Roses.

In the green-house may be seen some very fine specimens of roses, which, thanks largely to Brother Frederick's care, are thus early in full bloom. The slender plants which were shipped some time ago from Mr. Otto Locke's nursery at New Braunfels, Texas, appear perfectly satisfied with their new home in the less genial North. Among the varieties represented is the beautiful "Kaiserin Augusta Victoria," which is truly an empress among roses. To be appreciated it must be seen. Mr. Locke deserves praise and liberal support for the skill he has shown as a flower-producer and flower-fancier. The products of his famous nursery will do much to adorn our gardens and parks. The students from Texas are not a little proud of Brother Frederick's exhibit, and indeed they well may be. No other state can surpass theirs in producing floral things of beauty.

Card of Sympathy.

Dr. John Antoine Gibbons died at Keokuk, Iowa, of inanition, Sunday. He was a nephew of Judge John Gibbons of Chicago. He attended college at Notre Dame, Ind., and received his degree in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Keokuk. Following his graduation he was demonstrator of anatomy for three years, and in 1895-96 was professor of anatomy. His father was Patrick Gibbons, former state representative and postmaster.—*Record-Herald*.

The deceased on whom Notre Dame conferred the degree of M. S. in '96, was an accomplished alumnus. He succeeded his father as postmaster in his native city, served on the board of Commissioners for the insane, and was one of the medical examiners for recruits during the Spanish-American war. Through life he was a practical Catholic. His loss is deplored at Notre Dame and his friends here sympathize with his sorrowing relatives.

Personals.

—A report of the recent reunion of Notre Dame students in New York was forwarded by Thomas B. Reilly '97.

—By an oversight which we greatly regret the photograph of Mr. Roche reproduced in the SCHOLASTIC last week was not credited to Pirie Macdonald. The reproduction was "by permission."

—We have received announcement of the marriage of William E. Nolan to Miss Anna Lutz which was solemnized at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Mendota, Ill., May 4. Mr. Nolan completed three years of study at Notre Dame a year ago and while here won the esteem of Faculty and students by his industry, geniality and other desirable student qualities. Both he and his bride share our congratulations and good wishes.

—The latest number of the *Chicago Banker*, a journal devoted to the financial and banking interests of the Middle West, contains on its first page a picture of Clement C. Mitchell, '02, who writes interestingly on finance matters. Mr. Mitchell is a striking example of what ability, integrity and enterprise can accomplish in a short time. He is now Vice-President of the Jennings Real Estate Loan Company, one of the foremost of the big banking houses in the West. May success be always yours, "Clem."

—Visitors' Registry:—William Roccliffe Adkinsy, London, England; Arthur Hugh Cair, Minnie R. Goldsmith, Marc S. Goldsmith, Isabelle Church, William C. Schneieler, Miss E. McClearney, J. A. Wagner, Chicago; Johann Eckert, Miss Berth, Berlin, Germany; Mrs. Mary Bruggner, Prague, Bohemia; Mrs. Lina Hanald, C. D. Miller, B. Miller, Miss Mary Berth, Mishawaka, Ind.; F. A. Davis, New York City; J. Bruoquez, Rome, Italy; Mrs. F. E. Saper, William F. Saper, Rockford, Ill.; J. W. Keneluth, Green Bay, Wis.; S. Wittman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. McGorry, Cleveland, Ohio; Placida McGorry, St. Mary's Academy; Mrs. E. P. Shankwiler, E. May Shankwiler, C. R. Circalskinski, Miss M. Martin, Miss M. Vanderhoof, Miss Byerly, South Bend; Annie Davies, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Franklin T. Lewis, Indianapolis; Manfred C. Wright, Greencastle, Ind.; Henry Roos, John Fitzgerald, Pekin, Ill.; Mrs. M. Theresa Piper, Stillwater, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Kenefick, Michigan City, Indiana.