February's Gift.

The slender line that lifts the broad, gray dawn
The silver glitter of the stars withdrawn.
Announced the morn when Love, and Death, and Life
Were ranged about me in uncertain strife.
Death laid his hand upon me, and my eyes,
Looking in his, beheld the offered prize
Of infinite repose—to me most dear
After night's weary hours. But Life drew near.
And Love was at her side, with gesture fond
Pointing to all the sunlit space beyond.
Sweet with the hue of flowers and the balm
Of storm-swept heights that hear the pine-trees psalm.
Then Death's dark angel turned away his head,
Love came, and took the place wherefrom he fled,
And, with a quick cry of relief and joy,
Life brought thee to me, O my blue-eyed boy!

God grant the poet's thought be true, indeed,
Which saith that February's child at need
May pass through tumult, passion, sin and wrong.
Untouched at heart, calm, innocent and strong.

Marion Muir Richardson.

Henry III of England and Simon de Montfort.

The reign of Henry III of England was one of those in which the feebleness of the sovereign gave unlimited scope to civil disorders. The bishops who possessed baronetcies were at the same time dependent both on the king and the Pope; the lords, nearly all of whom were possessed of estates both in England and on the Continent, were undecided as to whom it were better to pay their allegiance—his majesty of France or of England. Everything was in confusion: spiritual and temporal affairs, privileges and obligations were all confounded; there was no positive rule to be guided by, and everyone was for himself. If the king assembled prelates or nobles, it was only to solicit assistance from them; always alleging a thousand new excuses for the act. Not satisfied with the imposts thus levied, his officers, with his consent, pursued a system of extortion on strangers, and forcibly deprived merchants of their goods in order to sustain the court. Masters of merchantmen, say the annals of this epoch, avoided English ports as being but so many nests of pirates under the royal protection. They stripped merchants of their cargoes with such rapacity that the commerce, formerly so flourishing between that island and the Continent, soon became totally destroyed. Fishermen even dared no risk carrying the product of their nets to the market, but were obliged to cross the channel and brave the perils of the ocean in order to escape the rapine of the regal purveyors.

"Your acts of piety," continue these annals addressing the king, "which should edify your subjects, are to them but shameful scandal and sacrilege when they learn that the numberless tapers and silken vestments which illuminate your altars and decorate your priests in processions have been violently torn from their rightful owners."

These reproaches, addressed by the lords and bishops, drew no other reply from the king than counter-charges on their own part. In fine, violence and injustice reigned paramount.

Among the king's favorites was the son of Simon de Montfort, who in the crusade against the Albigenses had acquired so sad a record. This son possessed in the right of his mother, Amice, the earldom of Leicester, and came to establish himself in England, where in a short time he married Eleanor, sister of the king and widow of the Earl of Pembroke.

Although his title of stranger and the favors of Henry had at first rendered him odious to the nobles, he soon discovered a method to ingratiate himself
into their good graces, and he became their chief against the king and his undertakings. Henry had appointed him steward of Guienne, where he exercised his authority with such rigor as to raise up against him many enemies and accusations. The king endeavored in vain to have him condemned, and insulted him in open court with the name of traitor. “Traitor!” repeated Leicester; “ah, sire, how truly sacred is the name of king to-day, otherwise thy word had cost thee thy life!” He then retired, deeply exasperated, and only burned the more to avenge the blow aimed at Magna Charta.

The king, having convoked, in 1258, a great council at Westminster, in order to procure subsidies for the conquest of Sicily, which had been conferred on his son by the Pope, Leicester assembled at his house, the day before the council was held, all persons of nobility, both among the clergy and laity, to incite them to resistance. On the morrow all presented themselves in the council chamber, armed cap-a-pie. Among them were Roger Bigod, count-marshall of England; Humphrey Bohun, grand constable; and the powerful Counts of Warwick and Gloucester.

As soon as the king appeared, they unsheathed their swords, demanded new assurances, on oath, that the articles of Magna Charta would be put into execution, with the further addition that twelve lords of the court be appointed to see that the necessary re formations be made. On accepting these conditions was the king to receive the asked for subsidy.

Henry accepted them, and summoned a new Parliament to meet at Oxford, June 11, 1258. The king there swore again not to infringe Magna Charta, and made important concessions, known as the Statutes or Provisions of Oxford. This Parliament was called by the royalists “the mad Parliament.” In fact, the king was really the prisoner of the bishops and lords. These latter formed themselves into a committee which immediately dismissed twenty of the king’s royal castle governors, nearly all the sheriffs, the treasurer, the judiciary and the chancellorship. Important changes were made.

In the first place, it was decided that Parliament should assemble three times a year: in the months of February, June, and October.

That the free-holders should elect a new sheriff every year.

That the sheriffs, the chief-justice, general treasurer and chancellor should render an account of their administration annually.

That barons who refused to attend the judicial sittings of sheriffs should not be subject to fine.

That foreigners should not be appointed tutors nor guardians of castles.

That no one should for the future plant new forests, or farm out the revenues of earldoms.

In a word, the Parliament, i.e., the body of earls, barons and land-holders of the crown, appointed twelve of their number to assist at the regular meetings, so as to spare the rest the trouble and cost of going to them.

Henry III was desirous to profit by the excesses of the new Parliament, and of the jealousies that had arisen between Leicester and Gloucester, once more to regain his ancient power. The result was a civil war, in which Leicester, aided by the prince of Gallia, forced Henry to sign a shameful treaty (June 18, 1263). Hostilities recommenced shortly after, and were terminated by the king’s being taken prisoner at the battle of Lewes, in Sussex.

Leicester, henceforward absolute master, enriched himself by all sorts of exactments, and only laughed at the Pope, who had excommunicated himself and the other rebellious barons. The nobility soon began to desert him, and he sought support in the lower classes by modifying the constitutive elements of Parliament. Besides the barons of his party and a few ecclesiastics, non-dependants of the crown, he introduced into it two chevaliers from each county and some representatives for the boroughs. Thus to him in reality is owing the origin of the constitution that rules England to-day.

The admission of the commons into Parliament was, however, not legalized till the time of Edward I, in 1295. This was accomplished by a writ of the prince declaring that “what was to the interest of all ought to be approved of by all, and that the dangers which were common to all, ought to be repelled by a united all.”

Nevertheless, Prince Edward, whom Leicester retained as a hostage for the fulfilment of the king’s promises, succeeded in escaping, and put on foot an army which came unawares upon the rebels, whom they exceeded in numbers, and had the advantage in position. Leicester saw at once that he was lost, and, gazing upon the beautiful appearance of the enemy’s battalions, “By the arm of St. James!” said he, “they have profited by our lessons. May God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are theirs!”

In effect, he was vanquished and killed in the battle. His head was sent to the wife of Roger Mortimer, his most implacable enemy. Leicester’s rapacity and ambition were the scourge of England while he lived; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that his attempts at reformation proved highly beneficial.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
at a later date to the united kingdom, by enlarging its constitution and introducing therein the germs of all national liberties.

Some Irish Poets.

I.—THOMAS MOORE.

The warblings of the muse of Moore ushered in, it might be said, the commencement of this century. His "Melodies" were the first, with a few slender exceptions, that spoke the Irish feelings in the language of their oppressor. But his best claim to the love of his people is the fact that he has wedded Irish music to poetry which is as sweet and as captivating as the music itself. Moore was a musician of great taste; the very metre of his poetry is proof-positive of that fact—it is so smooth and sweet. Being gifted with such a talent, he set himself to translate into words the music of his country; to tell to others the beautiful things that the warbling of these airs spoke inwardly to himself.

In Moore's "Melodies" we have three chief things to admire: first, the catching up the expression of the tune or air; second, the selection of a suitable subject for that air, and third, the extreme beauty of that air was, "The Little Red Dog" (that is, Fox). The expression is stately and majestic, tinged with the least shade of melancholy. Whatever were the words of the original song, it is evident that there could be nothing in them or in the subject which would fittingly bespeak the inner soul of the music. Moore, like a master, takes up his harp, and, hark! the very first chord he strikes gives us an immediate insight into the whole piece—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." The old name of that air was, "The Little Red Dog" (that is, Fox). The expression is stately and majestic, tinged with the least shade of melancholy. Whatever were the words of the original song, it is evident that there could be nothing in them or in the subject which would fittingly bespeak the inner soul of the music. Moore, like a master, takes up his harp, and, hark! the very first chord he strikes gives us an immediate insight into the whole piece—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." What more noble or more stirring theme than the ancient glories of Erin! but, alas! while the glow of pride lights up the cheek and fires the heart, the tear of sorrow steals to the eye, for we cannot separate the glory from the decay; so that pride and sorrow are mingled together—the very same as it is with the music. With regard to this piece, it is said that Robert Emmet (who had been a schoolfellow and an intimate friend of the poet) stood behind his chair as Moore sat playing that air, one day, on the piano, and that Emmet, overcome with the proud expression of the piece, cried out: "Would to God I were leading an Irish brigade, and the band playing that before us!"

The words of that piece are particularly choice and beautiful, and we doubt if Moore himself excelled them in any other. We look upon the simile of the concluding stanza as the most perfect and the most poetic, perhaps, in the language—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays
In the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.
Thus doth memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!"

There is one thing most remarkable about Moore's poetry, and which, we are sure, will strike every reader of the "Melodies," that his similes are the very acme of perfection. There is scarcely a single poem but is rich with them. For instance—

"I saw from the beach when the morn was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone."

In the next verse he reads his metaphor—

"And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbes from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone."

Again, in that pathetic song, "When Through Life Unblest we Rove"—

"Like the gale that sighs a song
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the graceful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on.
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

What can be more touching than the whole of that tender piece blent together, half literal and half figurative!—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Doth Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

Again, how beautiful the simile in the last verse of that charming song, "Bendemeer's Stream!—

"No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone.
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul as 'twas once to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer?

Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer?

Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer?"
But, though Moore be undoubtedly the first of our Irish poets, and in every sense first, still he is far from being the most popular. "Patrick's Day" was known to be the national air. To that he should have written a national anthem. Instead he wrote a flunkie piece to that air, which, whether it be beautiful or not, was at least the national air (some don't think so highly of it as a piece of music), and that song, we believe, ten of the peasantry could not recite to-day. It strikes us now that we should have made "Patrick's Day" an exception, where we said above that Moore was remarkable for choosing a subject that would bespeak the expression of the music. Two more, we believe, might be added—the song he wrote to the air of "The Exile of Erin," and the one to the air of "Garryowen." "The Exile of Erin" may well rest contented with poor Campbell's "There came to the Beach a poor Exile of Erin;" but "Garryowen" is still a waif and a stray.

Wherever singing is heard in any choice society, there Moore will be heard, and heard to advantage; and it really is a pleasure to hear Moore in such society, where every justice is done to the music, to the words and to the prevailing expression of the song. Though Moore did not give in his songs a voice to the advanced sentiments of the present day, yet his "Melodies" were not without a political effect. The words of the music stole into the hearts of many, and a love was generated for Ireland, which, though it was little more than superficial and romantic, yet, for the time being, did service quite as much as if it were real and everlasting.

II.—GERALD GRIFFIN.

In point of time and in point of sweetness, Gerald Griffin comes next to Moore. There was no man among all the Irish poets so full of sweet, tender poetry as Gerald Griffin. His whole life was a poem. He had not transcendent powers like Moore; but more tears will be brought to the eye and more pity to the heart, and more wise counsel thronbs with the fervor of religion, or believes that religion does not continue—

"Wake! linnet of the osier grove,
Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove,
Let Moran see thine eyes."

By everything that is gentle, endearing, and pure, he calls her. What an idea of modesty, which, thank God, is to be met with in thousands and thousands of homes throughout poor Ireland, that second line gives us!—"Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove."

The man that believes that the poet's heart never throbs with the fervor of religion, or believes that while he weaves his moral lay, religion does not stand approvingly by, knows little, and very little, of the poet's inner life.

If we wished to illustrate, have we not an instance at hand? poor Gerald Griffin—turning from the ways of the world, leaving name and fame and ambition behind; for awhile looking to the priestly state as the one most calculated to bring honor to God, and comfort and sympathy to human souls; and then, thinking that ambition was in the thought, sacrificing all, except the idea of doing good, and dying in the humble but holy garb of a Christian Brother.

The song of Gerald Griffin's that will come oftest to the lips of many of us is, perhaps, his—

"Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Beneath the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross within my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land.
Old times! old times!

How truly he describes the fondness we have
for the past, and the pain we feel that we never
more can be as we were then, in this verse!—

"If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'd never come again—
Old times! old times!"

In his
"Gilla na chree, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!"

he returns to the same attempt—that of writing
peasant songs. He has, however, succeeded bet­
ter in one that is not so well known—

"The mi-na-meala now is past,
Oh, wirra strhue! oh, wirra strhue!
And I must leave my home at last,
Oh, wirra strhue! oh, wirra strhue!"

The poor girl is newly married; the mi-na-meala
(or honeymoon) is past, and she is going home
with her husband. A presentiment of dread seems
to take possession of her mind; she remembers
what a happy, quiet life she had beneath her pa­
rents' roof. Still, there is no thought of refusing
to go; but her pleading adds to the beauty of her
lonesome leave-taking, and the fear of impending
sacrifice to duty, that is almost beyond refusal.

"Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me,
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee;
Oh, wirra strhue! oh, wirra strhue!"

This song is introduced with great pathos in his
Suil Dhu, the "Coiner," where the neglected
wife sings it as she rocks her first-born babe to sleep.

Gerald Griffin seldom attempted anything in an
artistic light. There was about the man a candor
and simplicity that made anything artistic look like
affectation. Hence, in all his lyrics and songs
there is nothing like art; all is simplicity, joined
with the sweetest melody, the tenderest thought,
and the truest poetry.

III.—THOMAS DAVIS.

Thomas Davis is the really national poet of Ire­
land. He seemed in his poetry to give a living
voice to the genius and history of his country. No
man worked so hard for her, few loved her better;
and, certainly, while the Irish nation exists, the
writings of no other poet will have such an effect,
whether we speak of the people that were his con­
temporaries, or of those who are to succeed him.
The one great object for which the national party
struggled at that time was not attained, but their
struggling was not without effect. The hopes then
awakened and the dreams then indulged in were not
realized; but they were not all in vain. The heart
and soul of the nation was wound up to a tension
far beyond its ordinary mood; and in those throes
of dazzling hope, in those paroxysms of proud
ambition, the ancient clarsach was struck by bards
that might fitly have mingled with the chiefs and
minstrels of ages past—a literature was awakened,
proud, brilliant, and courageous. The noblest soul
in that gathering of noble men was Thomas Davis.
There was no flashiness about him—no false gliter
and tinsel. Yet, with all that majesty and power
which belonged to him, as to every man of tran­
scentent talent and genius, his soul was guileless and
innocent. The collector and editor of his poems has
done a kind turn in classifying them so particularly,
and thus showing us how the poet identified him­
self with every phase of Ireland's history.

In the history of the Brigades alone there is a
splendid field for patriotic poetry. That field Davis
entered, and if the events took place beneath our
eyes we could scarcely see them more vividly than
the gifted bard has pictured them.

"The mess-tent is full and the glasses are set.
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The veteran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying, "Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James! and they bent as they quaffed;
Here's to George the Elector! and fiercely they laughed;
Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
Where Shannon and Barrow and Blackwater flow;
God prosper Old Ireland! you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"But surely that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise— are they all getting drunk in the camp?
Hurrah, boys! the morning of battle is come,
And the general's beating on many a drum;
So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more.
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

How gentlemen of the alliteration school, with
long, lingering look, would admire "far foreign
fields from," besides the sweet, soft sound it gives
the line! What a beautiful line, in every sense, is
the third last—

"But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more."
Then the sweetness of the metre, and the correct Saxonic words all through, so short and telling. We have but space to refer to another very popular song of his, namely, "Clare's Dragoons:"

"When on Ramilies' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray:
Look lone in Ypres' choir they say;
We'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

"There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear,
Though first in charge and last in rear
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
But see, we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

"Oh! comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines;
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

This last verse has always appeared to us, in its way, one of the very best war-songs we have ever read. The words of Burns' song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," will at once recur to the reader. Davis's song seems to have more pathos, though, to shame our boasts or prove them true, for hither comes the English crew to sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

"Oh! comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines;
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

And then, when he has pointed out to them the eyes of unhappy Ireland as strained upon themselves, how noble is the outburst!

"Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

A View of Ancient Roman Civilization.

At the period when Rome made and maintained her conquests, she was in point of civilization foremost among nations. Among all contemporary states she alone gave evidence of intellectual life and moral vigor. Shackled by ignorance, the East and the West, the North and the South were en-chained by savagery, or were held in the thraldom of an intellectual stupor; the barbarians of the North were reveling in their rude practices; the provinces of the East were slumbering in lethargy and indolence. Greece had fallen from her high estate, and mourned only because the year did not afford days sufficient for her feasts.

To waken the East from her sensual dreams; to reclaim from barbarism the uncouth Franks and Gauls; to revive Spartan bravery and Athenian learning in Greece, required an agent of mighty power. It pleased Providence to make Rome that factor. Hers was a progressive civilization, and, while she conquered, she civilized. It is true she devastated and laid waste, but such were the necessities of war. It is true she was cruel and severe, but cruelties were sanctioned by the spirit of the age.

In the world's history there is no instance of a great mental or moral awakening without attendant evil. Bereft of the interference of Rome, the provinces would undoubtedly have sunk into lower depths of ignorance and degeneracy, and as the only available power, it remained for Rome to effect a reformation. Nor was she less the reformer, though she conquered without philanthropy, and civilized without good intent.

History is eloquent with proof of the benefits of Roman dominion. Under Roman rulers Greece renewed almost her former glory. The Roman emperor Antoninus established for her a system of state endowments, and in this territory the emperor Hadrian erected gymnasia, libraries and pan-theons. In Asia the Roman consul Ducullus instituted much-needed legislative reforms, and corrected the abuses of the native monarchs. He reduced the taxes on the people, and by just and equitable laws made the inhabitants more than tolerant of their change of rulers, and more than willing disciples of Roman learning and civilization. In Gaul and in Britain the Romans built roads and established systems of coinage and codes of law. They civilized these rude peoples by the introduction of Roman culture and refinement. The Roman emperor Probus introduced the vine into Germany, and taught the restless and warlike Franks to labor in the vineyard and field. When competent, the provinces were given seats in the senate, and the prize of Roman citizenship was offered to all who, by education and worth, merited the distinction. This healthful emulation was a powerful factor in the civilization of the provinces.

To afford employment to the poor, and to skill the people in mechanical arts, public works were projected. In short, Rome must civilize her provinces in order to make them useful to her. Briefly, we maintain that it was the mission of Rome to
wrest the adjoining states from the clutches of barbarism and degeneracy. It matters not whether her motives were good or bad; it matters not that Rome was ignorant of the ultimate benefits to result from her conquests; that fact remains, that the provinces were benefited by their relations with Rome.

We are not so bigoted as to deny the severities of Roman rule. They were natural in an age which sanctioned harsh measures. Rome's very existence demanded the downfall of all her rivals, and even in the more refined cruelty of modern times such measures have been paralleled. It is true, Rome burned and pillaged and destroyed; but was there ever a conquest that was not severe? Was there ever a war without devastation and ruin?

In closing, we again assert that Rome, by her conquests, planted in her provinces the seeds of a higher civilization, which, nurtured by time, developed ultimate good. Centuries may have elapsed and Rome herself have fallen before these benefits became evident, but it was Rome that in an unprogressive era gave an impetus to progress.

Homer P. Brelsford, '91.

Books and Periodicals.

—Scribner's Magazine for May is one of the most picturesque and varied in its contents of the issues of that periodical. It contains several whole, some, out-door articles full of action, adventure, and exhilarating exercise. The illustrations of these are spirited and realistic. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope is appropriately recognized with a charming prose essay by Austin Dobson who, with his rare knowledge and appreciation of the writers of Queen Ann's reign, has sympathetically described Pope's works and friendships. He appends a fine critical estimate in verse, written, in the manner of Pope, in the rhymed pentameters which he brought to such perfection. The wit, dexterity, and polish displayed in this poem will attract the praise of critics and lovers of good literature everywhere. A number of rare portraits have been reproduced from contemporary prints collected by the author. Professor William P. P. Longfellow (whose article on the form of the Greek vase, in the April Scribner's, will be recalled) writes with equal skill and interest of "The Decoration of Vases." The subject gives occasion for illustrations even more elaborate and graceful than those in the previous article. Another of those popular articles on scientific and technical subjects in which Scribner's Magazine has been especially fortunate, is entitled "Modern Explosives." The author is Charles E. Munroe, Chemist of the U. S. Torpedo Corps, who explains clearly the composition and action of the various explosive agents now used in war and peace. The illustrations show the results of many elaborate tests which have been made, and include a number of fine engravings of the Flood Rock explosion.

—The May number of The Popular Science Monthly is a promising opening of its thirty-third volume. It contains Hon. David A. Wells's closing paper on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," which is a masterly review of the whole situation. The outlook is regarded as hopeful; wages have increased, a better style of living is demanded and obtained by the wage-earners, and the end of necessary poverty is nearer than ever before. In the "Editor's Table" the leading features of Mr. Wells's series of articles are pointed out, and special attention is called to the evidence which they present as to the futile character of government interference with trade and production. There is a bright article by Dr. Felix L. Oswald on "The Moral Influence of Climate," and another, appropriate to the season, on "The American Robin and his Congeners," by Dr. Spencer Trotter, with illustrations. Mr. Appleton Morgan gives an answer to the timely question, "Is Combination Crime?" maintaining that combinations of capital and labor are outgrowths of modern conditions of trade, which are legitimate, and, on the whole, beneficial. The subject of "Sound-Signals at Sea," which has lately been forced upon public attention by several serious collisions, is treated by Mr. Arnold Burges Johnson, of the Lighthouse Board Office, who describes a number of ingenious devices for communicating the course of vessels in fog and darkness, and for detecting the position of other objects. Dr. Thomas J. Mays discusses "The Future of the American Indian," as affected by his power of resisting pulmonary consumption. The subject of the usual sketch and portrait is the late Prof. Kirchhoff, one of the leading men of science of this century. New type is used for this number, having a slightly larger face than the old, which gives the page a fresher and clearer appearance.

—Received:—"Stories for First Communicants," a collection of entertaining and instructive stories specially adapted to the young, who will find in them much to impress in their minds the pious thoughts with which they were filled as they prepared to approach the Holy Table for the first time. Published in good, tasteful style by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Words of the Saints; St. Vincent de Paul." This little book, issued in elegant style by the same publishers, contains "thoughts" for each day in the year which have been carefully collated from the sayings and writings of that great apostle of charity—St. Vincent de Paul.

"A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land," by the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks, published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, New York. It is a very interesting and instructive narrative of places visited and impressions made by a tour through Europe and the Holy Land. The descriptions of those spots made sacred by the touch of the World's Redeemer will be found to possess a particular and reverent interest.
—Last Monday, the 23d inst., was the ninth anniversary of the great fire which visited Notre Dame in 1879, and destroyed the large main building, the infirmary, the music hall, St. Francis' Home for old men, and the Minims' hall.

Upon the site of the ruins of nine years ago, there now stands a college edifice surpassed by none in America, around which are clustered a beautiful church, a science hall complete with scientific apparatus, an infirmary, a handsome music and exhibition hall, and an elaborate structure devoted exclusively to the Minims, to say nothing of the printing office, steam house, etc. In that fire also were lost a library, which has been replaced as far as possible by a collection of nearly 30,000 volumes, a museum and a rich collection of natural curiosities, which are gradually being restored. In view of these things we are then, perhaps, pardonoably proud of Notre Dame and her work. But let us not forget those friends of the University and those members of the Community to whose interest in the institution and its success we are so indebted, and to whom, indeed, we are so grateful.

—A recent number of the Paris Le Monde, handed to us by a friend, contains a report of the grand banquet given to the members of the International Scientific Congress at Paris on the close of their deliberations. The banquet was held in the Hotel Saint James, and more than a hundred and twenty representatives were present. After the address by the president, Mgr. d'Hulst, the honor of responding to the toasts was given to representatives from abroad. Among those who spoke was the Rev. President Walsh, of whom Le Monde says: "Rev. Father Walsh then replied to the toast to 'America,' in an address delivered in French, marked by perfect correctness in language and masterly eloquence. Father Walsh spoke of the promising career of the young American nation that would show by its own experience how the ancient and indefeasible authority of the Church may be exercised in harmony with the most extended liberty in the broadest and truest acception of the word." He spoke, too, of the gratitude and admiration entertained by the New World towards the mother-country, Europe, to which it owed its blood, its faith, its civilization. To Belgium, to Ireland, to Spain this homage was especially due, and still more to France, which had so bravely and generously assisted the people of the United States in their grand struggle for liberty."

Mgr. Montes de Oca, well known to all here, also spoke. We are glad to say that in all probability he will return with President Walsh, and pay us a visit at Notre Dame.

—Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, so well and favorably known at Notre Dame as the architect of the Main Building, of the Music Hall, and of Science Hall, is at work on plans for the new building for the collegiate and law students. The brick for the building have already been contracted for, and Very Rev. Father General has given the architect instructions to have his plans ready at the earliest possible date, so that the work can be commenced and pushed forward without delay. The new building will be of about the same dimensions as Science Hall. The style of architecture, however, will be different, but of a kind to harmonize with the other buildings, and at the same time, afford a pleasing contrast. The completion of this building will give Notre Dame the finest group of educational buildings in the United States, and will perfect the plan that her Very Rev. Founder has so long wished to see realized. We hope to see the corner-stone laid on Trinity Sunday, the fiftieth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's ordination, and trust that it will be ready for occupancy by the 15th of August, the day set for the celebration of the Very Rev. Father's Golden Jubilee and for the solemn dedication of all the buildings at Notre Dame to the glorious Queen of Heaven—Mary Immaculate. No more fitting day could be selected for completing the work of a half century than that of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin; and we know that all the friends and former students of Notre Dame will rejoice with us in the proximate consummation of our beautifully planned group of college buildings—a group that has been the admiration of every visitor to our Alma Mater.

Silhouettes of Travel.

IX.

In summer, daily excursions take place to the Great Salt Lake by the Utah & Nevada, and the Denver & Rio Grande railways. An analysis of the waters shows from 20 to 23 per cent. salt. So great is their specific gravity that it is impossible to sink in them, though it is easy to lose one's balance and reverse the position ascribed to man by Sallust. A gentleman who was drowned while bathing in the lake, was found four years later encased in a shining suit of chloride of sodium. His body was in a far better state of preservation than that of Nelson after the old tars had drank the rum out of the cask into which the hero's body had been put for safe keeping after the battle of Trafalgar.

Bathing in the lake, on account of the danger of
strangulation from inadvertently swallowing the water, is not without some danger for "big heads." A plunge into it might prove of advantage to the great Messrs. Döllinger, McGlynn, George and Co., and to such reformers of Church and State as have not their equilibrium well assured. It is said, salt enough for the consumption of the United States can be produced at Salt Lake. The salt saved there at present is used for local purposes, or shipped away as a lixivator for the mines. On the banks of the Rio Virgin, in the southern part of the Territory, huge cliffs of this necessary article can be found. Scenes of great beauty and grandeur in the grand canons of the Wasatch Range are within easy reach of the tourist. The city is supplied with water on the gravity system by means of reservoirs built in the beds of City Creek and Emigration canons. The old dilapidated museum building contains many Indian and territorial relics and mineral specimens, as well as unique curiosities gathered by Mormon missionaries in foreign lands. Mr. Schofield, the gentlemanly curator and janitor, will show you a stuffed gull—one of a mighty flock of sea fowl which came from the Gulf of California and saved Mormons from famine, in 1848, by ravenously devouring the swarms of crickets which suddenly pounced down upon the growing crops in June of that year. The Mormons look upon the event as a great miracle, though the incredulous Gentiles cannot be stuffed or gulled. But there is the proof of the miraculous interposition of Divine Providence—a stuffed gull! Wasn't it a sailor that brought home to his old mother a star on the azure field of Freedom's Banner. I could not refuse the invitation of Rev. Thos. Galligan, to visit the largest mining camp in Utah—

**PARK CITY**

—although on account of its elevation of over 5000 feet above sea-level, and its rigorous winter climate, physicians do not regard it as a sanatorium for pleuro-pneumonia convalescents. Curiosity will take risks ever since Mother Eve visited the apple tree, or Epimetheus opened Pandora's box. This town lies to the north-east of Salt Lake City, and is reached by stage through the Wasatch canons in almost a direct line of twenty eight miles, or by the Wasatch canons and a branch of the Union Pacific railways starting from Echo canon, a distance of 108 miles. It is situated among the peaks of the Wasatch Range—the Switzerland of America. One must not imagine that mining camp is a mere collection of rude huts, or temporary shanties. Park City has many fine stores and several good dwelling houses. Its population is 850.

Here also I was most agreeably surprised to find a large day-school conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross, and frequented by 300 to 400 children. In Sister Elise, the directress, I met an old friend. She is assisted by six members of the same community. The children are well trained, not only in the three Rs, but a very large proportion of them also in the ornamental branches of education. We had a chorus of the vocalists, and their loud, clear voices rang in harmony with the mountain echoes. So great, indeed, is the interest which the miners and other citizens of the place take in the education of their boys and girls by the good Sisters, that they are frequently seen carrying their children on their backs up the steep declivities to school during the blinding snow-storms in which the place is subject. I enjoyed for a week the warm hospitality and genial companionship of the Rev. Pastor, who, though young in years, is old in missionary labors throughout Southern Utah and Nevada. Father Galligan has often travelled a thousand miles or more in one of his missionary circuits by stage, buckboard, broncho, or on horseback. I was most highly edified by the large attendance at church, and the pious demeanor of a class of men that the world at large regards as the godless and reckless worshippers of Bacchus, Venus, and Mammon. Many of them are, in fact, frequent communicants and total abstainers.

During my stay I formed the acquaintance of John Shields, Mayor of the city—a nephew of the dashing, skilful and heroic General of that name. Mr. Shields and his brother Charles are among the wealthiest store keepers and prominent men of the town. These gentlemen are noted for their love of the Green Isle, and they have established a branch of the Land League here, which is in a very flourishing condition. Mr. Tewksbury, father of Master David Tewksbury at Notre Dame, is one of the most solid, intelligent and respected citizens of the place.

The town is built upon the steep slopes of the mountain peaks which tower around it on every side, and offer magnificent toboggan slides to the boys and girls. These little snow-birds take as naturally to the snow as a duck to water; they will slide down the hill sides on their snow shoes, pole in hand, with the velocity of darts shot from a catapult. The wonder is how they preserve their equilibrium. If Talmage were here, he could much more effectually represent the rapid descent of the sinner into vice and crime and sheol than by sliding down his pulpit balustrade in the Tabernacle. The town appears small, but it is densely packed; many of the houses appear perched in mid-air. In some places one could almost step on the roof of his neighbor's castle. If grass grew on the house-tops, there would be no need of ropes and tackle, as in the German legend, to pasture kine on them. The small boy, instead of throwing his snow-balls upward at the chimney tops, aims downward at an angle of 60°, and sometimes makes a bullseye in his target of a schoolmate. The Sisters say that there is nothing more charming than the parterres and...
beds of wild flowers of the brightest and most variegated hues with which Flora lavishly crowns these wild mountain crests in the spring and summer seasons.

Of course, I paid

**A VISIT TO THE MINES.**

Father Galligan and myself took a cutter to the Daly Silver Mine, about two miles up a canyon. There was a young blizzard out for a holiday at the time; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Gerrity, proprietor of the livery stable and an excellent driver, could keep his horses to the road. On the way, Father Galligan pointed to the place where a snow-slide, or avalanche, had last January overwhelmed a boarding house, containing sixteen men. The house was smashed into smithereens. Nine of the men were buried in the snow for two hours before being rescued. Fortunately, only one of them met with a serious accident—a broken arm. Six miles further south, another snow-slide occurred about the same time, at a place called Horse Shoe Bend, on the way to Snake Creek, by which a man of the name of James Barter lost his life. Seeing no chance of escape from the avalanche which crashed down the mountain side, he waved his hand and bid good bye to a companion of his who had waded through the snow some distance ahead. The body was not recovered until after two weeks.

On reaching the mine office, we were kindly welcomed by John Judge, Esq., foreman, who immediately invited us to a miner's dinner. The viands laid before us were excellent and well cooked. Mr. Judge, during dinner, informed us that a snow-slide from the mountain on the other side of the canyon had recently knocked in the side of the dining room to the consternation of the Chinese drivers, cou’d keep his hordes to the road. On the effect produced on one during a first visit to those dark or dimly lighted subterraneous passages is exceedingly weird and awe-inspiring. At one time there is the stillness of death; as we advance we hear the trickling of water or the blows of a miner’s pick, or the battering of an Ingersoll drill; then the cavernous passages echo and reverberate with blasts of Hercules’ giant powder.

The Daly Mine is 8800 feet above tide-level, and the mountain peak rises 500 or 900 feet still higher. From this mine we passed into the Ontario through the water tunnel which is common to both at a depth of 800 feet. The Empire Canyon road was so blocked up with snow drifts that it became impossible to return to the city by team. In the latter mine we descended to a level 1100 feet deep. One of the chief objects of interest in this mine are its splendid pumping works—one set, driven by a Corliss automatic cut-off, discharges over 3000 gallons of water a minute by means of a large Cornish pump; the other set, which resembles the Holly system, has two powerful pumps in reserve. There is another large mine to the east of the Daly, called the Anchor, which is running a tunnel 6000 feet long to connect with the tunnel of the former. Mr. Richard Grant, one of the most skilful miners and mill foremen of the town, has struck some fissure stopes, and the picking and blasting of the ore over and along them is called stoping. There are about 15 stopes built between two levels, and several stopes are worked at the same time, one following another horizontally but a story higher up. The ore is dropped down by chutes from the stopes into the dump cars, the workless rock or debris is filled into the excavations. Ladders run from stope to stope and level to level.

The dip of the vein is from South to North. Tramways are run along the drifts to bring the ore to the shaft in small, iron wagons, or carts, which are hoisted in the cage to the top and then dumped into the ore-sheds. There are 8 levels in this mine, making a depth of 800 feet. Preparations are now being made for sinking the main shaft 200 feet further. People ordinarily imagine that the miners always work downwards in extracting the ore from the lode. They are, however, mistaken.

After a shaft is sunk and a cross-cut made if necessary to strike the vein, a drift is run along the vein and the ore removed from the ledge between the bed-rock and superincumbent layer. Heavy timbers are then framed at a slightly obtuse angle and placed at short intervals to prevent the detachment of masses of rock or ore from the roof or vault of the tunnel and support a platform or staging from which the men can work in extracting the ore overhead. These horizontal beds are called stopes, and the picking and blasting of the ore over and along them is called stoping. There are about 15 stopes built between two levels, and several stopes are worked at the same time, one following another horizontally but a story higher up. The ore is dropped down by chutes from the stopes into the dump cars, the workless rock or debris is filled into the excavations. Ladders run from stope to stope and level to level.
in places where the tunnel was very low, or the
jagged quartz rocks projected from above; and on
our exit from darkness into day, I found a stylish
silk hat so badly dented, soiled, scratched and dilapi-
dated that I gladly exchanged it for the more com-
fortable but less aristocratic felt. Proudy tower-
ing tiles, like big-feeling bipeds must occasionally
pay the penalty of style and elevation.

Next day we paid a visit to the Stamping Mill of
Lake City. It is doubtful if Ulysses, Æneas, or Dante ever heard such a din in Hades. Eight
batteries, each of 5 stamps, and each stamp weigh-
ing 700 pounds, were battering away at the ore in
iron mortars—brawling, crushing, crushing, grind-
ing, pounding, resounding, roaring, thundering,
with incessant racket and stunning sound. The first process in handling the ore is the
reduction of the larger lumps or rocks by rock-
crushers or quartz-mills. The ore and the salt used
in the elimination of the baser metals are next dried
by two large rotating cylinders. They are then
reduced to a fine powder in the mortars. There-
fore they are carried by spiral screws and buckets on
endless belts to two large stetefeldt furnaces for
roasting or chlorination. From 10 to 20 per cent.
of salt is used in this process for the elimination of
lead, copper, antimony, sulphur, chloride, zinc or
arsenic. The ore, on being taken from the furnaces,
is wet with a hose, and after 24 hours is carried to
the amalgamation room and dumped into 12 large
circular pans. About 400 pounds of mercury are
thrown in with every charge of 2800 pounds, and
the whole, called the "wet crush," rapidly agitated
by revolving fans within the pans for about 8 hours
until the mercury gathers up the silver. The
amalgam is then run into tubs, called settlers, con-
taining cold water to cause the mercury to sink,
hot water having been used in the pans. The
specific gravity of the amalgam causes it to flow
from an aperture near the bottom of the settler
into a small tank. From this it flows into a pouch or receptacle of coarse cloth through which
the greater portion of the mercury escapes to be
carried by an endless chain of small buckets to
the next story of the building for further use.
The amalgam is now brought into the retort room
and placed in cylinders 5 feet long which are her-
metically sealed and exposed to an intense heat.
The quicksilver goes off in vapor and is condensed
by revolving fans within the pans for about 8 hours
until the mercury gathers up the silver. The
amalgam is then run into tubs, called settlers, con-
taining cold water to cause the mercury to sink,
hot water having been used in the pans. The
specific gravity of the amalgam causes it to flow
from an aperture near the bottom of the settler
into a small tank. From this it flows into a pouch or receptacle of coarse cloth through which
the greater portion of the mercury escapes to be
carried by an endless chain of small buckets to
the next story of the building for further use.
The amalgam is now brought into the retort room
and placed in cylinders 5 feet long which are her-
metically sealed and exposed to an intense heat.
The quicksilver goes off in vapor and is condensed
by revolving fans within the pans for about 8 hours
until the mercury gathers up the silver. The
amalgam is then run into tubs, called settlers, con-
taining cold water to cause the mercury to sink,
hot water having been used in the pans. The
specific gravity of the amalgam causes it to flow
from an aperture near the bottom of the settler
into a small tank. From this it flows into a pouch or receptacle of coarse cloth through which
the greater portion of the mercury escapes to be

S-
Local Items

—"We scored."
—Good boy, Hall!
—No more football.
—"Rah! Rah! Rah!"
—"Don't address my men."
—"Sag" covered second in good style.
—The lawn tennis set came Thursday.
—Four to one is a good bet, even if you lose.
—The football craze has even affected our local dude.
—Swei was like a lighthouse grounded upon a rock.
—Who knows how many days until Commencement?
—Three cheers and a tiger for the new boat house!
—The Senior "bleaching boards" have been repaired.
—Brick for the new boat house was unloaded Monday.
—The star-gazing expedition has been postponed until winter.
—Mose and Freddie are aspirants for positions as coxswains.
—Springer gives promise of developing into a twirler by and by.
—Rat hunting is growing to be a favorite pastime in this vicinity.
—Mr. John Nester, of Detroit, Mich., was a welcome visitor this week.
—Those who wagered that Notre Dame wouldn't score are mourning now.
—Poor De Haven almost had his arm talked off whilst "waiting for the train."
—It seems strange that the plans for the new hotel should not be carried out.
—The Freshmen and Sophs, object to being alluded to as the "lower classes."
—Mr. A. A. Gordon, of Elkhart, Ind., came down to see the football game.
—The Minims' buildings are fast approaching the eastern limits of the grounds.
—The military companies are taking advantage of the weather for rural parades.
—We understand that ground will be broken for Collegiate Hall during the coming week.
—The Band seeks the seclusion afforded by the walks in the woods around St. Joseph's Lake.
—Bro. Leopold reports a large increase in sales of cake, but denies that it is the result of conspiracy.
—The Minims manifest great enthusiasm over the national game. They have any number of nines.
—Larry thought the prodding scene was one of those rare and rich treats that make life worth living.

—It is generally considered a breach of politeness to pry into the object of your neighbor's attention.
—When the score reaches 41 to 18, it is not an indication of very good playing on the part of some one.
—Ed. Prudhomme's kicking and Jewett's running during last Saturday's football game were much admired.
—Better time would have been made in the 100 yards dash in South Bend had the ground been in better condition.
—The Hoyne's Light Guards had a dress parade on the 23rd inst. There will be another parade at 8 a. m. to-morrow.
—A prolonged football craze is all that is needed to rank the manufacture of arnica amongst the great national industries.
—Rev. Vice-President Zahm has the thanks of the Juniors for two beautiful pictures lately added to their reception rooms.
—The new belts recently ordered for the Sorin Cadets were shipped by G. F. Foster, Son & Co., of Chicago, last Wednesday.
—Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., will preach the series of sermons in connection with the devotions of the month of May.
—The leaders in the ranks of the different departments are comfortably seated in the study-halls before the last leave the yard.
—The Temperance Society acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to attend the Annual State Temperance Convention in June.
—The baseball season has been a little backward in this vicinity, owing to the long retention by the soil of a vast amount of hydrogen oxide.
—A wonderfully apt piece of advice for the man of good intentions is, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, "mind your own business."
—The astronomy class now go star-gazing, the surveying class go surveying, the botany class go botanizing, and the boat club go delving for gophers. Spring is here.
—The "Green Stocking" baseball club of South Bend are desirous of a game with the Senior special nine. They will doubtless be accommodated in the near future.
—The most phlegmatic looker-on was raised to a state of intense excitement during last Saturday's game when "Swei" made that brilliant run for Michigan's goal.
—Won't one of our debating societies please decide whether the most annoyance is given us by our evil wishing enemies or our friends with good intentions but poor judgment.
—A book, entitled "A Visit to the Holy Land," has disappeared from our sanctum. We have been put to great inconvenience by its removal, and would be obliged by its prompt return.
—Some "funny man" has been throwing our bricks into the lake, and we want him to stop it.
It took too long to get those bricks, and we hope to use them some day in our new boat house.

—The fire department turned out Thursday, not to battle with the destructive element, but to be inspected by the powers that be. The engine and hose were tested and found to be in good condition.

—Bicyclists are requested to give the right of way to the shade trees around the lake. Chute will be used for damages by the boat club if he attempts to demolish any more of the venerable oaks.

—The medal won by Mr. James Duffy in the foot race is a handsome gold one. It bears an appropriate inscription, with Notre Dame University in monogram, making a nice souvenir of a visit to Notre Dame.

—Some were surprised by the incandescent lights going out suddenly Tuesday evening. It was caused by a part of the electric machine becoming overheated. Everything was soon again in working order.

—A large coon has been displaying himself in the lake for the past week. Several of our crack shots have tried to gather him in, but he is a good deal like the Hibernian's flee—you shoot at him, and he ain't there.

—Mr. Mulkern entertained a small party of friends last Saturday night by an inimitable rendition of his own original production entitled "The Man of Nerve, or the Nervous Man." In its line, the rendition was unsurpassed.

—Father Provincial Corby was present at the morning exercises of the Law Class on Tuesday. He complimented the young men upon the excellent work they are doing, and the practical direction given to their studies.

—The many friends of Mr. Stafford Campbell are pleased to note his rapid and steady improvement after a long and serious illness. We join in the wish that he may soon entirely recover his former robust health.

—The smoking room militia, captained by Mose Rosenthal, was called out by B. Hilariou on Tuesday last for the extermination of the "gophers." Numbers of them were slain, and the balance, it is believed, have concluded to seek a soil more congenial than the Seniors' campus.

—Cartier's nine played a practice game with the Junior special Thursday afternoon. The Seniors had a walk-away. In the ninth inning, however, Butch White threw nothing but "dew drops," and as a result, the Juniors scored half a dozen runs. Score, 13 to 10 in favor of the Seniors.

—At the last session of the University Moot-court the chancery case of Farrell vs. Decker was concluded. Messrs. T. F. Griffin and P. J. Nelson appeared as counsel for the complainant, and Messrs. M. M. White and W. J. Rochford for the respondent. A decree was rendered in favor of the latter.

—Work on the Novitiate is advancing slowly but surely. Joists have now been laid for the third story of the new building. Delays thus far experienced have been provided against, and the work will henceforth be rapidly pushed forward, so that everything may be in readiness for the grand opening on the 15th of August.

—A game of baseball, nothing short of thrilling, was played last Thursday afternoon between the "Fats," captained by P. Nelson, and the "Leans," under the command of M. White. The features of the game were Chester Smith's catching—until his shins gave out,—and the coaching of P. F. Maloney, '79. Score 12 to 11 in favor of "Leans."

—There is in the near vicinity a garden which, on account of its surroundings, is known to be very fertile, and to contain fruits of various kinds, some of which, it is rumored, have already reached maturity. For some time past the Staff has been contemplating a visit, but have been deterred by the peculiarity of its location and the heterogeneity of its surroundings.

—The principal features of the game in the Juniors, on the 32d inst., were Leonard's batting and Lahey's fielding. The following is the

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Score by innings:</th>
<th>2 3 4 5 6 7 8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Reds:</td>
<td>6 0 6 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blues:</td>
<td>1 1 0 1 3 2 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The game was called at the end of the 7th inning on account of darkness.

—Master Fred. J. Wile, Laporte, of the Junior department of the University, has been the recipient of a handsome cabinet presented by the agent of the Calligraph Company, Indianapolis. It is a substantial compliment to the skill and proficiency in type-writing acquired by Master Wile, and from the specimens we have seen of his work we can say that it is well deserved.

—Last week, on the occasion of Mr. Stafford Campbell's birthday anniversary, his many friends among the students sent him a beautiful basket of the choicest flowers as a graceful acknowledgment of their kind interest in the convalescent. This little act of thoughtfulness was one that could not fail to be appreciated by the patient, and for days the flowers lent an appearance of brightness and cheerfulness to the sick room. The basket was photographed by Messrs. Bonney and Wallace of South Bend.

—Last Wednesday night the members of the Law class gave the second of their public debates in Washington Hall. They displayed good judgment by ignoring the long list of stereotyped subjects that usually catch the average debating society, and grappled with one of the questions of the day. The subject of debate was "Protection vs. Free Trade." Messrs. Griffin and Chacon championed the cause of the free traders. As the arguments of the leading speakers on each side will, at least substantially, be presented to the readers of the Scholastic, a resumé of their remarks is here omitted. The speeches showed a careful preparation and excellent ability on the part of the debaters to grasp the points most favorable to their respective sides and least open to attack. Messrs. Burke and Chacon ably seconded the efforts of
J. H. Duffie, G. A. Wood, G. Briggs, R. S. Babcock, referee. The players were: University of Michigan—W. W. Harless (centre), G. W. De Haven, J. H. Duffie, G. A. Wood, G. Briggs, R. S. Babcock, E. Rhodes, Rushers; W. D. Ball, Quarter Back; E. MacFadden, J. L. Duffy, Half Backs; J. H. Duffy (captain), Goal. University of Notre Dame—F. Fehr (centre), E. Sawkins, P. J. Nelson, G. A. Houck, E. Milady, J. Hepburn, F. Springer, Rushers; J. E. Cusack, Quarter Back; H. Luhn (captain), H. Jewett, Half Back; E. Prudhomme, Goal. From the time the ball was first kicked, until the end of the second inning, the game was exciting. The first inning was interrupted by a number of wranglings over the rules, but the second went through smoothly. Ann Arbor scored first on a touch-down by James Duffy at 3:28. Then Ball made four more by another touch-down, and John Duffy added two to this by kicking the ball over the goal. Duffie made another touch-down. Then James Duffy raised the score by four points, and a goal kick by John Duffy increased Ann Arbor's lead two points. That was all the scoring done in the first inning, the Notre Dame eleven failing to do any effective work. In the second inning the score of the Michigan boys received an increase of six on a touch-down by Ball, and a goal kick by John Duffy. This made a total of 26, and Ann Arbor made no more during the game. For Notre Dame Springer got the ball and touched it down beating his opponent's goal, and the spectators manifested their delight by enthusiastic applause. But the referee claimed that Springer had interfered with an Ann Arbor player before getting the ball from him, and the ball was brought back into the field, much to the disgust of the audience. After a few minutes' play, however, Jewett secured the ball, and by a magnificent run made a touch-down in Ann Arbor ground, and Prudhomme raised the ball over the goal for two more points, making a total of six for Notre Dame. Jewett's play was an elegant one, and it caught the fancy of the crowd who were evidently pleased to see the Michigan team's record broken. Little fine playing was shown after that, and when time was called the score was still 26 to 6. About four hundred people witnessed the game. The Ann Arbor boys came out from South Bend to the University Saturday morning. After an inspection of Notre Dame and her surroundings, and after partaking of dinner in the Senior refectory and a short ride on the lake, they got ready for their second game and appeared on the grounds with their opponents at 2 o'clock. Just after taking their positions, Bonney of South Bend photographed the two teams and the field. There were some changes in the Ann Arbor team rendered necessary by the departure of Mr. James Duffy who was called home Friday evening. E. M. Sprague was put in the eleven, and R. S. Babcock, who had become too lame to play, having been injured in the previous game, was selected to referee the contest. The game was played with ten men on a side. The home team had the kick off, and forced the ball steadily towards the Michigan goal where 2 was soon scored on a safety touch-down by Harless. Another safety touch by Duffy made the score 4. Ann Arbor could do nothing until the last two minutes of the first inning when Sprague took the ball, while the other players were settling some dispute, and made a touch-down for his side, and a goal kick by Duffy gave them two more points. Notre Dame claimed the touch-down was illegal, asserting that Sprague neglected to put the ball in play, and furthermore went out of bounds to the goal. The referee, however, could not see it in this light. In the second inning Harless, by a touch-down, raised the score to 10 points, and the game closed with a score of 10 to 4 in favor of Ann Arbor. Jewett's touch-down was not allowed, although it was apparently legal. By many it is believed that in all justice Notre Dame won the game, but the referee's decision made it otherwise. However, the record of Ann Arbor was
badly broken, and they have not had as hard a tussle for some time as they experienced last week.

After a lunch the visitors departed on the 5 o'clock train for Niles, where they made connections for home. They made a favorable impression by their manly bearing and courteous conduct, and we hope that next year may bring with it another friendly contest for football honors.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.

prosaically arranged next appeared, and, lastly, that messenger of good and evil, the newspaper. Papers were not issued daily until the eighteenth century and at first consisted of one page of two columns. The news contained in these sheets was confined to politics and court proceedings; while now the topics treated of in newspapers are without number. Information concerning all classes of society may be obtained in a review of the daily papers. As a medium of learning news and for the manufacture and retail of gossip, the newspaper has taken the place of the fountain and market place of olden times. The readers of these daily sheets are numerous: men immersed in business seem obliged, owing to time-consuming occupations, to confine themselves to this style of literature; the poor laborer finds after his day's work a rest in his evening paper, and often the professional man allows the newspaper to take the place of other reading, thus placing upon editors the necessity of providing a varied style and catering to the tastes of all.

There are, of course, papers which treat more exclusively of one subject than another, so while the business man reads the money articles in one paper, the farmer peruses his agricultural journal, the politician the paper which upholds his party, and the woman of fashion reads the pages devoted to society and the movements of the social world. To meet the wants of those whose intellectual powers are weak, but whose moral sense is scrupulous, newspapers of a very light pabulum are furnished with sensational stories, exalted essays, and accounts of wonderful adventures. It is not to be inferred, however, that all papers are of this description, yet, the news contained in these daily papers, unless read by persons of strong convictions and sound opinions, is apt to bias the judgment of the reader who confines himself wholly to this style of literature. The reasons are obvious; first of all, he acquires the habit of accepting second-hand opinions and is liable, in spite of himself, to receive inadequate and one-sided impressions; therefore it is not advisable to allow newspapers to be one's sole reading. Newspapers are very instructive when the reader has only a few leisure moments, for he may obtain from a review of the daily papers information concerning, not only our own country, but news of transactions taking place in all parts of the world. The editor is to-day the most influential of men. A man's success in politics rests almost wholly in his hands. The actor's fame, or, in fact, that of any public character, depends upon the criticism the newspaper men may see fit to give him on his first appearance before the public.

Within the last forty years journalism has made great strides, and to-day may be found, in a first-class paper, articles showing deep research and learning, theories regarding the arts and sciences, the analysis of political principles, and theological discussions and opinions of the leading minds of the times. The freedom of the country has done much to raise this style of literature to the rank that many papers enjoy. The restless craving for the new as exhibited in Americans acts as a stimulus to editors in their efforts to procure wherewith to satisfy this longing; and, as a consequence, there is little regard paid to the means taken whereby information may be obtained; the privacy of home is invaded, and he who places himself once before the public as a solicitor for patronage must, for the brief period the public is interested in him, consider himself the property of the people.

While it cannot be denied that the newspaper is a prolific source of evils, we cannot but recognize the fact that it is also a promoter of good; it may lead to the election of dishonest officers, but it also exposes many fraudulent pretensions; it disseminates errors broadcast; yet it sends far and wide seeds of Christianity. The writers for daily papers may not hope for the fame accorded those who have put their thoughts in book form, but, considering the world as it is now, the newspaper is surely one of the greatest powers of our times.

M. A. REND,
First Senior Class.

Tablet of Honor.

S t e n o g r a p h e r s .


S e n i o r D e p a r t m e n t .


J u n i o r D e p a r t m e n t .


M i n i m D e p a r t m e n t .