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The French Drama.

II.

CORNEILLE AND "THE CID."

In old Europe, when a son is born to a king, the bells ring and the cannons boom to announce the great event to the nation. And in the distant past it very often happened on such an occasion that some astrologer discovered in the heavens—or in his imagination—a new star that had just risen to bring the good tidings and induce men to rejoice. But when a man of genius is born, no one save God knows it; for God it is who marked his brow with a divine seal, and determined his mission amongst men. It is only later on that historians, examining the circumstances of his birth, and investigating the particulars of his youth, persuade themselves that they have found extraordinary signs to account for the future glory of a great genius.

It must be confessed that, on the 6th of June, 1606, the day on which Peter Corneille was born in Rouen, no new star shone in the sky, nor was there any supernatural incident to signalize the coming of a great man. His father, an inspector of the waters and forests of the province, and his mother, a pious lady, felt the joy common to all well-ordered families of having a son to love and raise in the practice of the Christian virtues which they cherished themselves. Nothing told them that the name of their son would be one day reckoned among the most illustrious men that ever honored France in the domain of literature.

Brought up by the Jesuits, the young boy received that careful and exact training for which that celebrated Company has always been known, and he never forgot the virtues of his masters, nor the solid character of their lessons.

Acceding to the wishes, or rather the orders, of his parents, he reluctantly prepared himself to become a lawyer; but a career without a vocation could not be successful. One day a schoolmate of his took him into the house of a young girl with whom he had fallen in love, and Corneille, whom his friend had chosen as judge of his good taste, was so well convinced of it that he became a rival, and even succeeded in obtaining the preference in the heart of the damsel. This adventure seemed to him so amusing that, without knowing what a play was, or what were the rules of the Drama traced out by Aristotle and Lope de Vega, the young lawyer made a comedy out of it, with no other guide but his good common sense. In Paris, where he went, he did not dare to present his play to the famous comedians of "Hotel de Bourgogne," but modestly offered it to poor actors who then began to organize in companies. Though written by a poet of twenty, the work was received, and with the success of "Melite," began the fortune of the "Petit Bourbon" theatre.

Still, as the public, accustomed to the complicated plots imported from Spain, found the subject of Melite too simple, Corneille soon produced "Clitander," "without fearing to weary and oppress the brain of the spectators by too many intrigues and meetings." Yet the style is stronger, but "this is the only quality to be praised in it," we may say after the author himself. It is needless to speak of "The Widow, or the Betrayed Traitor," except that the preface contains this remarkable sentence: "Comedy is but a portrait of our actions and discourses, and as the perfection of portraits consists in likeness, so do I try to place on the lips of my actors what should naturally be said by those whom they represent, and make them speak as real, living people rather than as authors." Thus

Corneille perceived what should be done, although not as yet doing it; so powerful an influence does bad example exercise even over the best minds.

All the defects of the time, such as puns, far-fetched comparisons and allegories, which Hardy had brought into favor, were still to be noticed in the subsequent plays, but with a far more elevating character. At last, wearied of too cheap and unsatisfactory success, and perhaps feeling the tragic genius awakening within himself at the sight of "Sophonisbe" by Mairet, Corneille fancied to have found in "Medea" by Seneca, a glorious triumph for the French stage. He labored under a delusion: a wicked woman taking revenge upon a wicked man by slaying her own children, may give rise to bombastic declamations such as those of the Latin poet; but a mother who kills her sons is revolting rather than touching, and her magic art, proving powerless, destroys the only interest which may arise from her despair were it not too declamatory. Therefore, out of the whole tragedy, one single word remains—but a sublime one; and though Seneca conceived the idea of it, the energy of the expression pertains to Corneille alone. Nerina says to Medea:

"Your country hates you; your husband is faithless. Amid so many disasters what is left to you?" "I," answers Medea; and this single word resembles the first flash of lightning that pierces through the clouds, and announces the thundering genius of Corneille.

Medea, represented in 1635, was certainly by far superior to the plays written by Boisrobert and others who were then in favor on the stage. Yet it achieved a feeble success, and afforded to its author no other advantage than to draw to him the attention of Richelieu who ruled supreme, not only over France, but also over poetry. The Cardinal who used to form the plans and watch over the production of the plays composed by his poetical hirelings, was not displeased in case of success, to be regarded as their author. Corneille, poor and unknown, for a short time yielded to ministerial vanity, but took great care to preserve for himself the treasures of his genius. For the last time he sacrificed to the bad taste of his epoch in the comedy entitled "The Comical Illusion," but the moment had arrived when the man of genius felt his eminent superiority, and, throwing off the fetters which impeded his march, advanced with a firm and confident step towards a glorious goal.

In his first productions, Corneille in imitation of the Spanish drama, endeavored to conform to classic rules, but he soon perceived that an

alliance between two opposite modes of thought and expression could not bring forth good fruit. He saw clearly that he had to choose between subjecting himself to the rule of a triple unity, or freeing himself from the yoke of slavish rules, as was done by Lope de Vega in Spain and Shakspeare in England. The latter at the time was almost unknown in France, whilst public opinion was in favor of Spanish literature which seemed to counteract the influence of Grecian and Roman writers.

One day Corneille, to whom the presentation of a play had been entrusted, made a slight change in one of the acts, and for this "crime" was dismissed by Richelieu who was surprised that one man could be found bold enough not to admire or approve what he had done. The poet went to Rouen to console himself in the bosom of his family; it is a misfortune to be wiser than one's master, and a mistake to show it. While at home he had almost determined to give up a career in which he was so unlucky, but happily he met a former secretary of Queen Mary of Medicis, called Châlons, who induced him to study more attentively than before the Spanish theatre, pointing out to him the subject of "The Cid," which had been several times treated in national romances, and especially in two tragedies, one by Don Juan Diamante, and the other by Guilhem de Castro. Corneille read the two plays, and from the oddities of composition and the improprieties of style, divined an action eminently dramatic with touching situations, brilliant thoughts and noble feelings. It was as it were pure gold found suddenly in common ore by the hand of genius.

Let us consider more particularly Corneille's work of "The Cid" or "Lord," the plot of which depicts a struggle between love and duty. The drama opens with the scene in which Elvira informs Chimene that Count Gormas, the father of the latter, will receive favorably the demand which Don Diego is about to make of her hand for his son, Rodrigo, whom she loves and by whom she is loved. While Chimene expresses her love for Rodrigo in beautiful strains, somewhat embittered by sad presentiment, the dignity of governor of the royal prince, solicited by Don Gormas, is conferred on Don Diego. This preferment, shown by the king of Castile, suffices to arouse the jealousy of the former who, deeply wounded in his ambition, not only refuses the hand of his daughter, promised to the son of his happy rival, but, taunting the choice of an old man for such a high office, insults him and gives him a blow on the face. Don Diego draws his sword, but is soon disarmed by his adversary

who leaves his victim after casting on him a last scornful outrage.

Evidently, then, no marriage is possible between Rodrigo and Chimene. What is to become of their love? And as to the old man who mourns over his disgrace and weakness, what hand shall wield the sword too heavy for his arm? Who shall avenge his honor? Behold! Rodrigo comes running to his father, full of hope and joy, to learn the answer given by the Count, and the first words he hears are these: "Rodrigo, hast thou any heart?" "To anyone else than my father would I show it instantly," cries out the youth amazed and ashamed. Then he hears of the insult offered to his old father: what a joy if he can avenge him, and punish the insolent aggressor! "Kill, or die!" the father exclaims. How impatient is he to obey! But whom shall he kill? More than a brave soldier—more than a great captain; it is—who?—Chimene's father! For "he who can live with infamy is unworthy of life."

Honor, then, demands that Rodrigo should kill the father of her whom he loves, for Castilian honor suffers neither compromise nor hesitation. And yet he cannot help hesitating, and the struggle raging within his heart is eloquently expressed in stanzas which always end by the same sweetest name—Chimene's father! At last honor prevails; he must die fighting or die of despair—it matters not; he will devote himself to vengeance whatever may be the cost. We do not know of any first act of a play, either in ancient or in modern times, where the action is more naturally, more vividly, more dramatically sustained. How many events have already taken place since we saw Chimene so happy of the union hoped for by her love, and how much do we grieve at the thought of her misfortune of which she is still ignorant! Either her lover or her father must be sacrificed by the hand of each other—horrible alternative which she can not escape! And what about Rodrigo? He is now wholly absorbed in the demands of filial duty; wholly devoted to the honor of his family. But how great is the cost of such a triumph? Soon we find him in the presence of Don Gormas, and, in an admirable dialogue where we are at a loss which to praise the more, the energy of sentiment, or the sublimity of expression, our souls, deeply moved, anticipate the imminent duel, and we seem to hear in advance the two swords resound and foreboding the bloody issue, when these frightful words strike our terrified ears, "Art thou weary of life? Fearest thou to die?" It is needless to say Gormas is slain.

Now the misfortune which befell Chimene is

without consolation: she has lost at once her father and her lover, and by the death of the former she is doomed to ask for the head of the latter. This cruel duty she knows, and to fulfil it throws herself at the feet of the king, crying for justice. For her Rodrigo has ceased to be Rodrigo: he is but an audacious murderer, whose insolence must be punished. "He has killed my father!" "He has avenged his own!" and a struggle of eloquence between the daughter of the victim and the father of the murderer, a wonderful struggle, full of deep feeling, forcible imagery and magnificent poetry, leaves the king uncertain as to the decision of the strange case. Yet what is right must be done, and Rodrigo is summoned. But Chimene overwhelmed with grief has returned home, and there Don Sancho, Rodrigo's rival, repairs himself, offering to serve her vengeance without waiting for the royal justice. Chimene refuses, and when alone with Elvira, she blushing confesses that love, love alone has taken possession of her heart: Rodrigo's image is still her idol; she asks for his death, fearing to obtain it, and if she pursues him with fury, it is to die herself after him. At that very moment Rodrigo presents himself before her, as he had heard of her resolution, and he is willing to shed his blood himself to spare her the trouble of pursuing her vengeance any longer. But who could believe it? This scene in which Rodrigo, while accusing himself and giving himself up to Chimene's anger, so nobly justifies himself; this scene in which Chimene, conquered by her love, declares that her lover is bound to defend his own life; this scene which can be summed up in this admirable line: "Go, I do not hate thee." "Thou shalt." "I cannot;" this scene, the most beautiful perhaps which the genius of Corneille ever conceived; this scene which one cannot even read without profound emotion and tears of pitiful admiration, which should be treasured up in the memory as a most precious treasure; this very scene has been severely criticised as contrary, not only to the laws of propriety, but to the rules of art as well. To the critics who blame the coming of Rodrigo into Chimene's house, as well as to those who are shocked at the violation of the unity of place, it might be answered, not as Voltaire did, that it is the fault of the Spanish poet, but this only: Read, read again this admirable scene; happy, if you at length understand its sublime beauty, for such inspirations are never renewed in the whole life of a poet.

Yes, Chimene will continue pursuing Rodrigo, though "her only wish is to end in a failure." But an unexpected incident had just occurred

which will render impossible the vengeance intended. The Moors have landed, and Seville would be a thing of the past, had not a youthful warrior, with a few friends of his, attacked their camp and repelled them victoriously into the sea which had brought their legions with the tide. Who was that victor? It was Rodrigo, whom his enemies have surnamed "The Cid," while slaughtered by his formidable sword. The heroic deed is related to the king by Rodrigo himself in a style worthy of the "Iliad." Every detail of this remarkable narration is true, simple, natural and picturesque; never was a painting more strikingly spirited, or a description more brilliant and lively.

Rodrigo, after his victory, can no longer be punished by the king whose crown he had just saved. Still, this triumph does not disarm the indomitable Chimene, who insists upon having her wrong redressed. The king, wishing to make her reveal the secret of her heart, pretends that the young hero has fallen a victim of his bravery, and when Chimene grows pale and begins to cry hastens to comfort her. This trick—if it be a trick—which has been regarded as unworthy of a tragedy, prepares us so well for the *denouement*, that we should rather be thankful to the poet for having resorted to it.

Chimene, far from being pleased with showing forth the true feelings of her soul, still less satisfied with the means employed by the king, appeals the more earnestly to justice, and the king, after trying in vain to dissuade her, finally decides that the duel between Don Sancho and Rodrigo must take place, but on the condition that the inexorable woman shall wed the victor. Meanwhile "The Cid," uncertain yet if Chimene has forgiven him, goes to meet her a last time, and openly declares that, determined to die on the spot rather than live without her love, he will not attempt to defend his life against the champion of her choice. Such a threat arouses her indignant love, and she finds in the very remembrance of her father most powerful reasons to convince her lover and change his mind. "Go then," she says, "and if thou hast still any tender feeling, conquer thou in a fight the prize of which shall be Chimene." A sublime outburst of unquenchable passion, which breathes the flame burning in her heart, and foretells the victory of "The Cid."

No wonder, then, to hear Rodrigo exclaim in an ecstatic transport of love and confidence: "Can there be now an enemy whom I could not conquer? Will not all their efforts be vain against a hope so sweet?" He fights like a lion; Don Sancho is defeated; but Chimene is still

waiting in suspense between fear and hope for the final issue which a wrathful duty forbids her heart to anticipate.

We might stop here, for there are too many beauties to be considered in one single work. Should we dare, after these dazzling pages, to remark that some of the last scenes should have been shortened, and that Chimene ought sooner to have discovered the truth, when, beholding Sancho with a bloody sword, she reproaches him with the murder of Rodrigo and does not ask for an explanation? Should we mention that some of the discourses appear too long, and interfere with the rapidity of the action, or even that the character of the young princess in love with Rodrigo has nothing to do with the plot itself? What does it matter to point out a few trifling spots in the sparkling globe of the sun?

"The Cid" is, perhaps, the French tragedy which abounds more in beauties of the highest order, and yet, it is that masterpiece that the all-powerful Richelieu, blinded by his vanity as a miserable poet, was not ashamed to deliver over to the censure of the Academy as he would have devoted to the scaffold a criminal of state. Had a fortunate captain added a province to the kingdom of France, he would have loaded him with favors, titles and pensions. Corneille gave to the French literature an imperishable triumph, and Richelieu rewards him with persecutions! It must be said, however, that the French Academy, well guarded against the petty jealousy of a minister and the stupidity of his accomplice, Scudery, made a cautious report in which an unjust criticism is often tempered by well-deserved praises. At any rate, Corneille, to console himself for the envy excited by his triumph, enjoyed the acclamation of the French people. The expression, it is beautiful as "The Cid," became proverbial throughout the kingdom, and soon after Boileau, in the name of good taste and outraged justice, wrote these lines:

En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimène a des yeux de Rodrigue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

(From the "Chicago Tribune.")

Art in a Cottage Home.

THE COSY ABODE OF MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

On the north side of Huron street, a few doors removed from the corner of State, stands an unpretentious dwelling of unique character. There is nothing unusual in its plain exterior, save, perhaps, its quiet modesty in the midst of larger and more showy places; but it is so characteristic of its owner, so full of pleasant associations, so home-like yet so simple, and so utterly unlike the smart newness of the West that it may truly be called one of the most interesting houses in the city.

It was built about eleven years ago by its present occupant, Miss Starr, a lady well known among us as a teacher of art and a parlor lecturer on the same subject. She is an old resident of the North Side, who lost one home in the great fire of '71. That also was called St. Joseph's Cottage, the name of this patron saint being simply transferred to the new abode. It is a small house containing only one story and a basement, but the few rooms of the upper floor are full of interest, for they combine the character of a little museum with an art studio, around which are thrown the comforts and delights of a home.

The first step beyond the threshold brings one to a stained glass door that was made for Miss Starr and presented to her by Mr. William Wells. The idea for the design was taken from a cross and motto now tacked on the inner side of the front door, but it has been greatly amplified and adorned. In the centre is a cross of twigs, about which an ivy vine is gracefully entwined. The beautiful border is also adorned with leaves and the Latin inscription which means: "There is no safety in a house unless it is fortified by the cross over the threshold." Passing through this door, one is greeted by a medium-sized statue of St. Joseph on a pedestal beyond which extend a row of fine, large busts, including Bishops Foley and Wilmarth, all the work of Mr. William Starr, a nephew of our conducting hostess. There is a narrow, old-fashioned table near the door and several chairs in intervening spaces, which, with numerous pictures on the darkly-tinted walls, complete the furnishing. The hardwood floor is uncovered, as are those of the adjoining rooms, except by a few bright-hued rugs.

The little parlor is certainly pretty, and looks

cheerful with the sunshine flowing into its two south windows and a great bunch of wild sunflowers glowing between them. The light table on which they are placed was once the property of Miss Starr's mother, as were also the bright brass andirons before the fireplace, with accompanying tongs and shovel. A friend sent the dark hearthstone from Massachusetts. On the mantel are curiosities of many times and places, family heirlooms, and articles of sacred character, for though a Puritan by birth and a Unitarian by education, the lady is a devoted member of the Catholic Church. She has travelled through Europe several times, also, and brought home many of these interesting objects. There is a lava lamp from the catacombs, which yielded, too, a piece of polished slab. A fragment of bright stone came from the pillars of Orvieto. The walls are nearly covered with pictures, for which saints and churches seem to furnish the favorite subjects, although there are few landscapes and a bright mass of flower coloring. Scattered about are large portfolios filled to overflowing with the choice pictures collected by Miss Starr in the art centres of Europe.

Two beautiful carved chairs are found in this room, both of Chicago workmanship, for the artist says "You can have anything done in Chicago if you only know what you want." One is square, with an angled back, on which is perched the figure of a lion. It also bears with other decorations the crest of the Starr family, and an Italian inscription prettily lettered. The other has a low seat whose cover was embroidered long ago by the grandmother, and a high back not less beautiful because it is a modern reproduction of old style. There are several small tables that boast age or history; one is an heirloom from the grandmother, another a souvenir of an old church in Deerfield, Mass. One of the larger spaces contains a dark-colored wooden settee in whose corner stands a bunch of peacock feathers, their rich hues finely displayed on the dull brown color of the wall; but, excepting a few soft cushions, it has no covering whatever. Indeed, there is little upholstered furniture in Miss Starr's house, and not a trace of the merely decorative in art. Reality is the keynote of the place, each object wearing plainly its own true color and character.

But the wonder is how much beauty and merit can be so gathered together in a small place without destroying the air of simplicity that is the chief charm. A casual glance does not reveal half its belongings. When we think all has been seen, a new cabinet is discovered, or a little table filled with interesting views and

hoarded treasures. Still there is room for a few peices of graceful bent wood furniture, and some low, comfortable rocking-chairs. It is impossible to get or give a full impression in a transient visit, for suggestions come pouring in upon the mind so thickly that to tell them all would be like reading the books on a library shelf as we pass along. There are no half lights to hide the truth of what is seen, or seek to add some unreal glamour, but impressions of art, of life, and of religion are so interwoven with the whole that it would take much time to follow the separate threads.

Not less interesting is Miss Starr's bedroom, which lies just behind the parlor, though connected with it by folding doors. It seems half a studio with its pictures, cabinets and various works of art; yet it is also a shrine where prayers seem ever to be whispered, and the cross is kept constantly in sight. At the foot of the bed is a sofa, large, deep and old-fashioned, on whose high arms have rested figures now departed. The low bureau before it is a relic of revolutionary days, a part of the marriage outfit of the grandmother, whose then youthful bridegroom was a soldier in our victorious army. He saw the surrender of Cornwallis, after which, like a faithful lover, he hastened home to wed his waiting sweetheart. But little is left now of their romance, save in the memory of those who still treasure the things left from that early home. Over the top of this bureau is spread a white linen covering, and its adornments are like those of an altar. Before a picture of the Virgin and Child is a small lamp filled with olive oil whose light is never extinguished. There are candles and images of various saints, among which that of St. Peter is conspicuously raised upon a pedestal, while tiny vases of fresh flowers scattered among them give brighter beauty to this domestic altar.

In the wall immediately above is set a cast representing the death of St. Joseph. It was the work of a Spanish artist in Chicago, who has since sold many copies of this original. Hanging near are also some choice and rare pictures, copies of mosaics found in an old Italian church, besides an adoration by Luca Della Robbia. On the opposite wall is a large cross overhung by a crown of thorns, and forming an arch above them are long palm leaves brought from Jerusalem. Below stands a plain desk on which another pretty lamp burns continually before a smaller crucifix. There are other crosses of various workmanship, rosaries, candles in old-fashioned candlesticks, images, prayer-books, and rare articles from foreign shores. Among

these is a section of an olive tree beautifully polished and carved. It bears various sacred symbols, and was brought from Jerusalem, having lain in the tomb of Jesus.

Miss Starr's own dressing-case is as simple as her tastes, evidently not a rival shrine. Its few useful articles are at hand, but a tender motto over the glass proves that even at her toilet her thoughts are on another world. A small chair beside the window invites to study of a bird settlement, their little houses just outside being filled with sparrows that flutter to and fro intent upon the duties of bird house-keeping. But if one would read there are books on a shelf near by, while a sewing-basket on the floor suggests more domestic employment. There is little else in this room to attract attention besides the many pictures and a few small bas-reliefs, so we pass on, entering the studio by a door from the farther side.

The studio is of medium size, and is finely lighted by two large windows on the north. The same brown color lies upon the walls, but these are, if possible, still more profusely covered than the others. Several beautiful crayon heads by Miss Starr are hanging here with sketches and pictures of endless variety. Pagan art is here permitted to intrude, casts of all kinds being scattered around in profusion. On a large bracket between the windows is a splendid bust of Diana, and the Venus di Milo, without which a studio would, of course, be imperfect, stands in antique beauty on a low cabinet.

Apart of the furnishing this room is an old-fashioned sideboard that is laden with pretty bits of china-cups, saucers, vases, pitchers, tea urns, etc.—intended as models for the art students. For Miss Starr gives all her lessons in this room, and a prettier, more inspiring studio it would be hard to find. But it is also a library, for the books are here on long, low shelves that one can reach without rising. Most of the volumes are works on art, though there are many on religious themes, secular literature finding small representation. Two large tables are devoted to the students, who during class hours may be seen here drawing and painting from natural objects or some of the abundant models already mentioned. Miss Starr softly glides about, the gliding spirit of the place, just the woman from whom one might expect so sweet and quaint a home creation. She is a part of it, or, rather, it is an outgrowth of her character and life work, from which it gathers individuality. And so, as we turn away, it is with a pleasant impression of general harmony that lingers like music in the mind.

Minims' Address to Very Rev. Father General.

"The Students' Day"—by excellence—behold!
Comes this October, robed in "Cloth of Gold."
It is Saint Edward's Feast—its Jubilee;
A day that shall through time remembered be;
For, of the Forty-Seven celebrations
Not *one* has given such cause for exultations,
Since cycles but revolve to bring new glory
To Notre Dame, and her majestic story.
The mustard seed of eighteen forty-two
Has spread its growth, o'er the Old World and New

The songs of August fifteenth sweetly still,
In loving hearts, with holy memories thrill.
The calmest minds pronounce it no presumption,
To look with pride upon the last Assumption,
Honored the day that you became a priest;
When *savants*, highest prelates west and east,
When grand Archbishops, when our Cardinal Prince,
Came here, deep veneration to evince,
For the broad, world-embracing heart, whose sway
Has centred here, the wonders of to-day.

The Propaganda, and the Holy Pope,
Have made complete the homage and the scope
Of universal, unfeigned admiration
Of you, dear Father—of your Congregation;
For all concede it, a foregone conclusion
Your members share your honors. Their profusion
Is but the mirror of what you impart
To priests, to brothers, from your loving heart;
Through them your influence spreads far, far abroad
In holy works, wrought for the love of God.

Like your life homage, which can never vary
This praise reverts to God, to holy Mary;
It beams about her like the electric lights,
And to a corresponding love invites.
It sounds with sweet, reverberating notes,
Just as the grand bell's chiming softly floats
And penetrates far over hill and plain,
Reminding souls of Mary's gentle reign.
It chastens thought. It wakens dormant love
Of faith divine, and of the life above.

Your labors—beautiful from every view,
Shine brightest, since to Mary you were true—
Shine as a proof of her benign protection
O'er humble souls who trust to her affection;
And who are bound to her by predilection.
The grandeurs of your Golden Jubilee
Show what a tender Mother she can be,—
For Mary was promoter of it all,
At her pure feet, the beams of glory fall.
She proves that Heaven and earth are best united,
Where faithful love to her is best requited.

Her anniversary became your own:
Your published merits made her merits known;
Forever intertwined, your works, her name,
Are consecrated in new Notre Dame!
Basilica and grand University,
The monuments, well worthy of the day—
Where true religion and true science, blended,
Combined to make an offering pure and splendid.
Were e'er exploits of Catholic devotion
Like yours before achieved, this side the ocean?

A noble College in the Texan land,
Has laid its corner-stone; a token grand
In memory of St. Edward. It will be
A steadfast record of your Jubilee:
Yet, more auspicious even,—best of all,
You have obeyed of Rome the urgent call,
And sent five priests to pagan, dark Bengal.
The deep, rejuvenating power of joy,
Now leaves this year of gold without alloy,
And your life's sacred course, augmented still
Has stronger grown, a fresh career to fill.

May great Saint Edward ever, ever true,
Watch o'er "Our Lady's Kingdom,"—watch over you:
His prayers, for you, continued health obtain,
Renew success throughout your broad domain;
So, when a quarter century hence shall speed
You still, dear Father, shall be strong to lead;
Still at the head of Holy Cross advancing
Her usefulness; her merits still enhancing!
A Happy feast, dear Father, with the thanks
Of all your Princes in St. Edward's ranks.

Your affectionate

PRINCES OF ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

2

Ireland's (Oldest) College.

The history of Carlow College which recently celebrated its centenary is too well known to need any detailed notices. In the year 1788, a period when the Catholic religion in Ireland was hampered with many restrictions, and education was barely connived at by an alien and a hostile Government, the idea suggested itself to the venerable Dean Staunten, of happy memory, to found a college for the education of respectable secular youths of the country. In connection with the Lay College it was resolved to erect a wing for the reception of ecclesiastical students who were at that time forced to repair to the Continent for their education. In the face of numerous difficulties the noble building sprang up, and since that time it has gone on, most happily realizing the anticipations of its founder. The long roll of its illustrious presidents and professors, including the immortal J. K. L. and the world-famed Dr. Cahill, as well as a host of other brilliant luminaries, is a matter of history. There is not a quarter of the globe in which is not to be found to-day some zealous missionary who, under God, is not indebted to Carlow College and its training for his apostolic spirit, whilst, at the same time, the learned professions of Ireland continue to be adorned by many distinguished gentlemen educated in the same institution. That the second century of the existence of this venerable old college may be as prolific in its results as its first, is the sincere and heartfelt wish of its countless friends and admirers.—*Ex.*

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—A handsome Maltese gold cross has been awarded to Richard H. Clarke, LL. D., of New York, by the Directors of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind., in recognition of the services the Doctor has rendered Catholic History in writing and publishing the "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the United States." The cross is beautifully chased, with enamelled mitre in the centre, and other decorations.

St. Edward's Day.

The month of October, with its frosty mornings, bright, cloudless days, brilliant but not too torrid sun, its calm and delightful evenings and most delicious twilights, takes the palm from all the other months of the year. This is the case, at any rate, in this region of country, and we care not how it may be elsewhere. In this delightfulest of all months comes the pleasantest of the holidays of the scholastic year—the

patronal feast of the Founder of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Father Sorin.

It always seemed fit that his festival should fall in this month—in the finest month of the most beautiful of the four seasons of the year; and it now seems still more appropriate.

Even thirty-five years ago and more, when the "boys" made the welkin ring with joyous acclamations over Father Sorin, then a young man, the recurrence of St. Edward's Day in October brought to mind the mature judgment, the sound sense and mellow good humor that guided his enterprising spirit, moderated his zeal, that otherwise might have led him into inextricable difficulties, and drew to him the hearts of all who were first associated with him, and so closely united them to him that the community of Notre Dame as it increased by the accession of new comers, seemed, as it really was, one large family, of which Father Sorin was truly the father and guide. And now, as his head is whitened by the labor of so many years, and he appears among us hale and hearty with the accumulation of the experience and virtues that now fill up his grand heart, we see him in the autumn of his life, in the finest part of it—the real October tide—when the maturity, typified by October, is realized not only in his character, as it was years ago, but also in the rich fruits of his labors: in the flourishing religious societies which he established, in the grand old College he founded, and the schools and academies which, directly or indirectly, owe their origin to him, it seems even more fit and just that his patronal festival should fall in the month of October. And this year it has an additional trait of joyousness by reason of the Golden Jubilee of the venerable Founder—the celebration of which is so well known to the public.

We Americans have a great affection for our parents; and we do not admit that the children of any country have more love for their father and mother than well-bred children in America have for theirs. Yet we must admit that among those whose intellect has been educated to the exclusion of the affections—who have had their head well trained while their hearts were left without culture, there are some who deem it too childish to show affection for parents in kind words and acts, and who excuse their coldness and outward indifference by saying to themselves that "their parents know very well they (the sons and daughters) love them, and it's no use making any fuss over it;" while there are many others who to outward coldness add the indifference of a misguided heart and head; that

makes them wish to escape as soon as possible from parental control which they consider rather as a tyrannical and arbitrary rule, than the blessed and loving bond it is, uniting the hearts of affectionate, grateful children to those who gave them life, and cared for them when they could not care for themselves, and anxiously watched over their career as they advanced in years to manhood.

This outward coldness, even when there is love in the heart, and still more this unrest under paternal authority, are two great causes of much of the unhappiness in the domestic circle. We do not lay all the blame on the children. But if parents are to blame now as parents, it is because they were to blame years ago, as children,—*they* were most likely cold and indifferent, or disobedient, and in a hurry to get from under the control of their parents.

And thus the evil will go on, unless the rising generation be better taught; unless they learn that it is their duty not only to love and venerate their parents in their hearts, but also to manifest that love in affectionate words and kindly acts.

And this never can be done, unless by educating the heart as well as the head; by giving as much prominence and importance to the Decalogue as to the multiplication-table; by explaining as thoroughly the duties of children to their parents, as the theorems of geometry; and making them understand their obligations as well as the differential calculus.

Nor can this be accomplished merely by didactic and moral discourses;—not even by writing editorials. The love of parents must be a part and parcel of the everyday thoughts of the child, the youth, the young man. Discourses, explanations, are necessary,—but example and daily practice must be added,—and it is on this account that in all Catholic colleges and schools so much stress is laid upon the subject. If prompt attendance to duty is required, if polite and agreeable demeanor to professors and prefects is considered a matter of course, it is because the professors and prefects represent the parents of the students, and to them the students give the outward respect which when at home should be changed into manifestations of affection in word and act, to their parents. To this end also are such reunions as the patronal feast of the Founder of Notre Dame. It is not only to show our veneration for him, but to give an example to all as to the manner they should celebrate the feast of their parents. Hence the joyful celebrations of yesterday and to-day, of which due notice will be given next week.

We all express our joy at having Father General with us this St. Edward's Day, in the year 1888, and hope to have him blessed with the health and activity which still characterize his grand life, every St. Edward's Day for many years hereafter. B.

Diocesan School Board Report.

We give herewith an extract from the Official Report of the School Board of the Diocese of Ft. Wayne for 1887-'88:

"RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP:—The Diocesan School Board held its customary annual meeting on the 28th of August, at the University of Notre Dame. We cheerfully submit to you the result of our deliberations.

"In accord with a resolution of last year's meeting, the committee on new books recommended that no new series be added this year to the list published in last year's report.

"The blank for 'Examiner's Report' was submitted by the committee appointed last year. We refer the plan to you, Right Rev. Bishop, and suggest that 2000 copies be printed and distributed to the several school examiners.

"The Board would again call attention to the necessity of an effort toward graded schools in those localities where this has not been accomplished. There has been a steady advance in this respect; yet there are still some few schools that are not graded. The teacher's work and that of the examiners is greatly facilitated, and the advantage to the pupils cannot be underestimated when the system incident to graded schools is fairly introduced.

"We desire to state, likewise, that in some parts the attendance at school is not as regular as it should be. People are too ready to take their children from school for a little work at certain periods of the year, to the injury, not only of the individual pupil, but of the entire school. We refer particularly to country districts.

"It may be repeated here, that boys are taken from school and put to work whilst they should be left to their books, at any rate, to the age of fifteen or sixteen years. If this were done we would not be continually told that too much is done for the higher education of the girls, and that of the boys is overlooked.

"There is an excellent effort, which in some places has been successful, to make the schools free.

"At Tipton the secular teachers have been superseded by Sisters of St. Joseph.

"At Garrett a commodious schoolhouse has been built this year. The Sisters of the Most Precious Blood will take charge of the school.

"We offer you the examiner's reports for all

the schools of the Diocese. You will readily observe, Right Rev. Bishop, that the qualification of teachers is very creditable, indeed, highly satisfactory. The schools, too, have advanced toward perfection over last year.

"We take occasion to express our thanks to pastors and teachers for the ready and cheerful spirit that greeted us in every school of your jurisdiction.

"Very respectfully,

"THE DIOCESAN SCHOOL BOARD.

"FORT WAYNE, Sept. 12, 1888.

In reply, the Rt. Rev. Bishop said:

"VERY REV. AND REV. GENTLEMEN OF THE DIOCESAN SCHOOL BOARD:—I hope you will not consider it a mere annual compliment when I say that I thank you most heartily for the labor you have performed in the cause of Catholic education. The expense, the frequently severe labor in visiting and examining the schools, in addition to your regular duties, is fully appreciated by me and, I may add, by the priests of the diocese.

"The 'Examiner's Report' blank prepared by your committee has my full approval, and I have ordered 2000 to be printed.

"It seems almost superfluous for me to say that I fully approve of what you say in regard to the proper grading of the schools in the few places where this has not been done. Without order and proper grading no school can succeed. I hope and desire that in each case you will insist upon this with the full authority as the Bishop's representatives in this matter. It is also but too true that, especially in country places, parents will keep their boys from school upon the least pretext. They seem to be perfectly blind to the fact that these young and weak children cannot work much; they seem perfectly blind to the wrong they do their children in breaking the regular order and succession of their schooling, as well as the wrong they do to the whole school. It is but too true our boys are taken away from school too soon; they are wronged and neglected when yet too weak to do much work; later they have neither the opportunity nor the taste, nor the desire, to repair what has been neglected in their childhood. As a consequence, our boys remain too often rather ignorant and uncouth. The over-educated girl too often prefers to marry a slick, polished non-Catholic, rather than a poorly-educated Catholic young man. I hope the priests of the diocese will not omit to call the attention of their people to this subject in their sermons.

"Not only do the reports of the examiners show a steady improvement in the schools of the diocese, but, also, besides the new school you mention at Garrett City, a grand and commodious school was built at St. Hedwige's, South Bend. Arrangements have already been made for further improvements next scholastic year.

"I have appointed Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, and

member of our Diocesan School Board, to be present at the examination of the Brothers and also of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and to sign the certificates of the new teachers as ordered by the Prov. Con. Cin. IV.; and the Plen. Con. Balt. III.

"Yours most respectfully,

"✠ JOSEPH DWENGER,
"Bishop of Fort Wayne."

The Catholic University.

ITS RECTOR POINTEDLY ANSWERS A CRITIC.

To the Editor of the "New York Independent":

My attention has been called to two articles on the Catholic University, appearing in the *Independent* of August 16th and 30th, and purporting to be from the pen of "a Catholic layman." Since the *Independent* has taken such an interest in the subject as to have published his articles, I trust it will not be unwilling to hear a word on the other side; and I make bold to offer it because my name has been so freely used by your correspondent.

He has, evidently, written under great excitement growing as he goes; he assails first the Catholic University, then the Catholic episcopate, then Catholic education, then the Catholic Church in general. Naturally, like most excited men, he flounders as he runs; his facts are but half caught or missed entirely, and his arguments fly wide of the mark. Really, I felt sorry for him as I read. His ire is particularly excited by the financial aspect of the question, though why it should be so I cannot imagine, as there is not the least likelihood that the University has cost him a penny, or that it ever will cost him anything. Nor does it appear that the Catholics who, by their generous contributions toward the establishment of the proposed University, have been glad to emulate what has been so nobly done by their fellow-citizens for innumerable seats of learning throughout the land, are reaching out their arms for his sympathy or protection.

It could hardly be expected that I should try to follow up our good friend in all his floundering; but I will, with your kind permission, briefly state the facts of the case and let them speak for themselves.

The growth of the Catholic Church in the United States has been marked by a constant, steady multiplication of Catholic schools, academies and colleges, whose excellency can, perhaps, be most fittingly attested by the large number of non-Catholics whose children attend them. Catholics have thus plainly enough shown that they believe in Christian education, and are determined to have it for their children.

In this great work, the Bishops have naturally been the leaders, as the chief pastors are in

every great work of every religious organization; and their legislation in the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore, in which all the Bishops of the United States took part, has been the chief cause of the success achieved. To crown the system of Catholic education in our country by the establishment of a Catholic University, is the desire which they have long entertained, but which the circumstances of our Catholic people have only of late made practicable. To provide Christian education for youth of the highest talent, for those who are to exercise the greatest influence among their fellows, is not less, but more, a duty, than to provide it for humbler minds that are to move in less important walks. The dangers of error are not less but more numerous and pernicious in the higher than in the lower ways of intellectual advance. Not even the loftiest minds can do without the light of God's truth. That the Catholic University should come was in the logic of things, and the Catholics of the country rejoice with their pastors that its time is at hand.

The right location of the University was an important, but not a difficult problem. Even to the least reflective mind, the National Capital presents educational advantages not to be found elsewhere in the country. These it is not necessary for me to enumerate, since the honored ex-President of Cornell has recently stated them so clearly and forcibly. By the way, is it not singular that our good critic should object to his testimony being taken, on the ground of his being a Protestant?

It has been decided to begin the University by the establishment of the Faculty of Divinity. The sciences which treat of God, of His Divine Revelation, of His relationships with His creatures, are naturally placed as the centre around which all the other sciences will be grouped, as God Himself is the centre and source of all things. The studies of theology, of biblical science in all its numerous branches, of the stores of learning and eloquence contained in the writings of the Christian Fathers of all ages, of history in its countless bearings on the religious life of the world, or philosophy in its investigations of the loftiest and the deepest truths—these are what make up the Faculty of Divinity, together with the studies of literature and of eloquence which fit the ministers of religion for their great work of worthily presenting these sublime truths to mankind. Of course, our kind critic was jesting when he said that in all this there would be no scope for teaching, that the University would be a "non-teaching institution." And he is needlessly apprehensive when he fears that no students will be found to avail themselves of such intellectual advantages.

To place these advantages within the reach of the largest possible number, the funds now being collected are carefully invested for the perpetual endowment of the professional chairs, so as to relieve the students of tuition fees. And the free scholarships, whose endowment

is hoped for, will exempt the students possessing them from the expenses of board and lodging. Our good friend seems haunted with the fear that the students "must pay all the same." But he may dismiss the dread as quite groundless. Now that so many of the chairs are already endowed, he has only to secure his appointment to one of the free scholarships, shortly to be founded, and he can make, with no small profit to himself, a course of Catholic Dogma or Church History, without its costing him a penny; nay, rather, if there is any surplus from the revenue of his scholarship above his expenses, he shall have it for his clothes and books.

To accomplish all this will necessarily cost money; for Catholics have no more than their neighbors found the secret of endowing a university, or any other sort of an institution for the public welfare, without money. But Catholics know full well, when they are asked to contribute to such a work, that they are just as free to give, or to refuse, as are their friends of other denominations when asked to contribute to Yale or Brown or any similar institution.

No time will be lost in adding to the Faculty of Divinity the faculties of the sciences and professions. There are already very many Christian parents—and we trust their numbers will grow constantly—who desire for their children an educational system embracing the fullest and highest intellectual advantages, with religion as their heart and soul. To supply that for Catholics, and for all others who may desire to share in it, is the aim of the Catholic University. It is the outgrowth of the deep and unalterable conviction that those men will naturally be the greatest blessing to their country, whose lives are enlightened with the fullest knowledge of Christian truth and guided by the noblest promptings of Christian principles. This conviction is one in which we feel sure that the great bulk of our Christian fellow-citizens will eventually sympathize with us; and to an undertaking prompted by it they cannot but wish well, our kind critic to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the accomplishment of our task we have before us both the successes and failures of others for our instruction. But we can assure our good friend that the partial unsuccess of the Catholic University of Dublin, and some of those in France, has been entirely owing to easily ascertainable local causes, and that our undertaking is no more jeopardized thereby than the stability of Harvard, or Princeton, is endangered by the recent failure of the Queen's University at Glasgow.

Please to accept my thanks for your courtesy, and believe me

Sincerely yours,

✠ JOHN J. KEANE, .

Rector of the Catholic University.

NOTRE DAME, IND., Sept. 3, '88.

Local Items.

- Founder's Day.
- Field sports this afternoon.
- "Dod" Tarrant has returned.
- Our vocalists are coming to the front.
- Mr. D. Dwyer, '87, of St. Paul, Minn., has returned to study law.
- The steam heating apparatus is being put in the new collegiate building.
- New Jersey suits were ordered for the four-oared gig crews early this week.
- What's the matter with Johnny and the Yankee boys? They're all right.
- A full report of the celebration of St. Edward's Day will appear next week.
- The Senior special nine defeated the West Ends of South Bend, October 7, by a score of 8 to 5.
- It was found necessary this week to provide another dormitory for the accommodation of the Seniors.
- Arrangements have been made to secure a new dynamo and increase the number of incandescent lights.
- The interior of the Dome will soon be adorned with rich frescoes and paintings. A scaffold has been erected for the convenience of the decorators.
- The Juniors are under obligations to Master Adelsperger for the unique lamp which burns day and night in front of the beautiful statue adorning their hall.
- The special football eleven met the evening of the 7th and elected E. Prudhomme captain. The team was chosen by Messrs. Sawkins and Melady, captains of the two Senior teams.
- The library now resembles a vast carpenter shop filled with lumber and busy workmen, making needed improvements to accommodate the ever increasing number of books, manuscripts and pamphlets which kind friends are constantly presenting.
- Last Sunday, the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, the St. Cecilians visited the grave of their late President, Professor Lyons, and recited the beads for the repose of his soul. Vice-President W. McPhee led in prayer and the other members of the association responded with feeling and reverence.
- A meeting of the Junior branch of the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was held in the Junior reading-room Thursday, October 11, when the following officers were elected: Honorary Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Director, Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C.; President, John J. McGrath; Vice-President, F. J. Chute; Secretary, Joseph E. Berry; Treasurer, E. R. Adelsperger. After a few remarks by Rev. T. E. Walsh the meeting adjourned.
- On Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, the Notre

Dame Total Abstinence Union held a special meeting in honor of Father Matthew, the *hero* of Temperance. A very eloquent and appropriate address was delivered by Prof. Maurice F. Egan, who spoke of the work of Father Matthew, and also of the terrible consequence of intemperance. A very able address was also delivered by Mr. Chacon. Rev. Father Walsh spoke for a few minutes. Five new members were admitted and took the pledge.

—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society held its 3d regular meeting Saturday evening, Oct. 6. The subject, "Resolved that the pulpit furnishes a better field for eloquence than the Bar," was discussed on the affirmative by Messrs. E. Larkin, H. Brelsford, A. Larkin, A. Finckh, V. Morrison; on the negative by Messrs. M. Dore, W. Larkin, D. Barrett, A. Adams, T. Goebel. The debaters were not very conversant with the subject; yet considering the fact that the speaking was extemporaneous, the debate was, on the whole, very creditable. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

—Yesterday (Friday) afternoon, the eve of St. Edward's Day, the following programme was rendered by the inmates of St. Aloysius' Seminary in honor of Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross:

"Welcome"—Chorus.....Seminary Choir
 Address from the Theologians, Rev. Mr. Warken, C.S.C.
 Students' Address.....J. Cavanagh
 A Retrospect—"Poetry".....H. A. Holden
 "We Shall Meet Again"—Quartett—T. Crumley,
Jos. Hyland, G. Meyerhoeffer, J. Cavanagh

The closing remarks were made by Father General who complimented the young men upon their efforts, and gave them words of encouragement to study hard and lay a solid foundation of learning and piety. Very Rev. Provincial Corby also made a few remarks. Rev. Father Granger, C. S. C., who for many years was the esteemed Superior of the Seminary, was also present, and congratulated the students upon their success. Prof. Liscombe had charge of the music.

—Professor Maurice Francis Egan did the Minims the honor of lecturing to them in St. Edward's Hall on Wednesday, the 3d inst. Nothing could better assure the distinguished gentleman of the interest taken in the lecture than the breathless attention with which it was attended from beginning to end. In alluding to their elegant and happy surroundings, Prof. Egan said: "The Father General calls you princes, and the truth is you are treated like princes. Your beautiful grounds and your elegant buildings, enriched as they are with all that can make them attractive together with the tender care that is taken of you, would make you the envy of the real little princes in Europe. I know of no boys who should be better or happier than the Minims of Notre Dame."

—The Society of the Sacred Heart was established Friday, Oct. 5th, by Very Rev. Father

General Sorin, C. S. C. The object of the society is the propagation of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and to induce all over whom the members have any influence to affiliate themselves to the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart whose members now number fifteen millions. The officers of the newly-formed association are: Director, Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C.; Spiritual Director, Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.; President, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Promoter, Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C.; 1st Vice-President, V. Kehoe; Recording Secretary, C. Connor; Corresponding Secretary, F. Toolen; Librarian, H. Mooney; 1st Monitor, J. Seerey; 2d Monitor, C. Franche; 1st Censor, J. Dempsey; 2d Censor, J. Kane; Marshall, J. Cudahy; Standard-Bearer, F. Dunn; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. Connolly; *Charge d' Affaires*, G. Franche.

—At the entertainment yesterday (Friday), complimentary to Very Rev. Father General, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Welcome!"—*Catlin*, University Orchestra
 Grand Chorus—"O Hail Us, Ye Free!"... Choral Union
 Greeting from the Seniors..... P. J. Burke
 Quartette—"There is Music in the Air".... F. L. Jewett
 W. Roberts, R. F. Sullivan, W. A. Lahey.
 Greeting from the Juniors..... Willie McPhee
 Duet—"The Pilot Brave"—Messrs. H. Greenman,

..... H. L. Smith
 Greeting from the Minims, B. Bates, J. O'Neill, C. Franche
 Daclamation, "The Angels of Buena Vista," J. McIntosh
 Overture—"The Crown of Gold"—*Herman*, Orchestra

SENATE SCENE FROM "DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

Dionysius..... P. V.D. Brownson
 Damon..... R. E. Newton
 Philistius..... R. Pollock
 Damocles..... P. J. Burke
 Procles..... A. Leonard
 Senators, Soldiers, etc.

The exercises to-day (Saturday) are as follows:

Solemn High Mass..... 8 a. m.
 Dress Parade Company "A"..... 9 a. m.
 Boat Race..... 11 a. m.
 Dinner..... 12 m.
 Field Sports..... 2 p. m.

—As noticed last week, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, shortly before his departure, delivered a very instructive address before the students of the classes of history. The following random notes, will we think, be found of interest and value:

"There are three kinds of study: the study of God, the study of man and the study of nature. The study of God is the object of theology; the study of man is history and physiology; and the study of nature is in the study of science. Man is called a microcosm—a little universe in himself—extending midway between God and nature. I suppose you have heard the definition that 'man is a being made up of body, soul and the Holy Ghost.' When you are studying man, you are learning wisdom.

"What is history? It is the study of the law of men of all ages. Next to the study of theology, I know nothing that is more interesting,

more charming, more beautiful, than the study of history. Through history you become acquainted with the ways, the customs and peculiar habits of men. The ways of men are formed by the will of God. The true historian is he who is thoroughly acquainted with the ways of men, and in them reads the way of God. That is what we call the philosophy of history: to take, as it were, a comprehensive view of history, seeing it in its plan, and in it recognizing the hand, the wisdom of God.

"If you go into a large weaving factory, and enter one of those rooms where they are working at those beautiful tapestry figures—at first you see nothing but threads, which, as far as you know, show no design. But as the men go on in their work, you see a beautiful design wrought out in all its embellishments and colors. When you begin the study of history, and study it, page by page, in all its details of names and of dates and of the events of the different ages, it is like looking at the individual woofs that are in the weaving of that texture; you can see no design in them, but afterwards if you only manage to get a connected whole of these details you will have a comprehensive view of what you have been getting in detail of the history of one country with another, between one century and another.

"There is no study more elevating, more profitable; it gives us practical wisdom; it shows us into what human plans will develop. There is nothing new in the ways of men, 'history is constantly repeating itself.' The man who knows what such and such energies and combinations wrought out and what effects they produced in the past, that man will know just what results may be expected now of like undertakings.

"No man can be a great statesman unless he be a good historian. When a man is forming a movement or plan, whether it be in local or natural politics, he must look back and see if such a plan was undertaken before, and how it worked out. If he understands these things, he will know how to work so that good results may be worked out.

"It is a great thing, my young friends, to know how to profit by other people's experience. When I was at college I made it a rule of my life to watch the mistakes others made, and if I heard anyone corrected, then, I said to myself: 'Look out, old fellow, that you do not make that mistake!' What is the use of you making a mistake when you hear somebody else corrected for it? It is a part of the wisdom of your college life to improve by the mistakes of your companions. Now it is the same way with history: we look back and see what people have done—what they have done right and what they have done wrong—and then say: there is a practical lesson for me. Even if you should not be a practical politician, you can, from your own house, from your own room, study the issues of the day, and, by comparing them with like combinations

of the past, you can be able to tell the people what results are going to be obtained. . . .

"You know it must be just like the study of music, or anything else. See what a difficult thing it is when the scholar begins to learn the notes, running the scales, going through the exercises; it is all such a detailed piece of business. If he only has courage to overcome the first difficulties, afterwards he will have the sweet enjoyment that the musician only can possess. So it is with the study of history: we have to go through the dry details. But have courage; go through those details bravely, and afterwards, by reading and reflection, you will obtain a philosophical view of history. Then you will derive all the advantages. . . . Study well; omit nothing, and you will see how you will rejoice when you grow up to be men.

"I bless this class and the study of history. Study so as to rise when you grow to be men. Profit by the lives of others, and make men of yourselves."

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albrichs, Amador, Alvarez, Brelsford, Bronson, Bombeck, Bretz, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brewer, Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Akin, Brown, Crabb, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, W. Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cartier, Cavanagh, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, Chute, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Finckh, Fehr, Freeman, Foster, Fisk, J. Fleming, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, Greenman, F. Galen, J. Galen, Henderson, Hayes, Hermann, M. Howard, E. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, J. Kelly, Karasynski, Knight, Larpenter, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkn, G. Long, Murphy, Maloney, McAllister, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Madden, McKeon, J. McCarthy, McGinnty, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Andrew Nicholl, Nester, O'Donnell, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, Papin, Paquette, Prichard, Robinson, Reynolds, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Scholfield, D. Sullivan, Stephenson, Toner, Twohig, Woods, Wise, Wade, Wagoner, Witlock, Watson, Webb, Youngermann, Younker, Zeitler, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baily, Bradley, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Brown, Bryan, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, F. Connors, Ciarcoschi, Case, Covert, J. Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, L. Davis, Dempsey, Daniels, Darcy, Duffield, Dunning, Dinkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Foley, Flannigan, T. Falvey, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Fitzgerald, Garrabrant, Green, Girsch, P. Healy, Heller, Hess, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Heinzen, Heard, Hoffman, Hennessy, Ibold, Irwin, Johnson, Jackson, Jewett, Johns, Krembs, King, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kearns, Lamon, Lenhoff, Louisell, Moncada, Mahon, Maurus, Maher, Monarch, Meinzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, McNulty, Merz, McDonnell, W. McPhee, McCarthy, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McMahan, McGrath, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, P. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Populorum,

Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Riedinger, Rowsey, Reinhard, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, Sullivan, Sutter, Shear, Spalding, C. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, Smith, Silver, Savage, Talbot, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Wile, Wood, Williamson, Willien, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, Bearinger, E. Bryan, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crane, Crandall, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, G. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, R. Hinds, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Jonquet, Kroolman, R. Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, H. Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, Neenan, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Richsecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE:

J. Kinsella, R. McNally, I. Bunker, B. Freeman, A. Karasynski, J. Bombeck, H. Draper, E. Stewart, H. Murphy, H. Crabb, A. O'Flaherty, J. Crooker, E. Morton, J. Foster, H. Robinson, W. Healy, J. Burns, M. Louisell, L. Paquette, E. Blessington, H. Woods, F. Gungermann, F. Lane, J. Lozana, J. Lesner, J. Schmitz, M. Göke, W. Fisk, E. Stanfield, J. Fleming, R. Zeller, L. Hermann, C. Amador, H. Younker, P. Hempler, F. Kelly, W. Cullen, J. McWilliams, R. Bronson, S. Whitlock, I. Waixel, J. Dougherty, P. Coady, C. Schillo, J. Cunningham, C. Bombeck, M. Quinlan, A. Lamon, S. Cleary, T. Cleary, J. Healy, A. Neef, F. Sheehan, B. Hesse, E. Schultze, J. Walsh, W. Bates, J. Howard, G. Weitzel, H. Des Garennes, A. Roth, W. Stanton, J. King, A. Welch, C. Sullivan, J. Connors, J. Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, P. Populorum, J. Ayer, O. Ibold, F. Wile, R. Boyd, J. McMahon, T. Falvey, J. O'Mara, J. Peck, A. Mayer, C. Heard, N. D'Arcy, R. McCarthy, W. Williamson, L. Dempsey, S. Collins, R. Irwin, R. Healy, G. Frei, W. Rowsey, W. McDonnell, C. Fitzgerald, R. Palmer, T. Foley, R. Clendenin, P. Bryan.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—J. Bombeck, P. Houlihan, J. Brady, F. Wile, L. Scherier, S. Hummer; *Greek*—J. O'Shea; *Algebra*—I. Rose, J. O'Shea; *Arithmetic*—F. Heinzen, H. Des Garennes, B. Freeman, J. Crooker, F. Kellner; *Grammar*—S. Fleming, J. Connors, H. Crabb, J. Crooker, J. O'Mara, J. Cunningham, W. Covert, N. D'Arcy; *Reading*—H. Crabb, H. Robinson, C. Irwin, B. Hesse, O. Hinkley; *Orthography*—B. Hesse, A. Lamon, H. Robinson; *Geography*—J. Dunn, H. Des Garennes, A. Betnick, W. Covert, M. Lauth, F. Sheehan, C. Sullivan, H. Woods, A. Albrichs; *History*—J. Allen, C. Hinkley, J. Dunn, J. Lenhoff, H. Woods; *Catechism*—A. Devine, J. Healy, J. Howard, E. Adams, J. Dunn, H. Des Garennes, F. Falvey, J. Girsch, A. Heller, F. Mainzer, J. O'Mara, E. Savage, C. Sullivan, F. Toolen, A. Welch.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Saulnier enrolled several young ladies in the scapulars on Sunday last.

—Miss Emma Norton was the only one who received one hundred in lessons for the week ending Oct. 7th.

—The class in Chemistry is more than interested in its work. Recreations, soft white hands and clean aprons are sacrificed to science.

—A competition in Arithmetic was held by the 3d Seniors on Friday last. Captains, Misses Daube and Crane. Both sides worked so well that it is hard to say which party was victorious.

—On Rosary Sunday, the day of the monthly exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the Society of the Holy Rosary was reorganized. The officers for the year are as follows: President, Miss C. Moran; Vice-President, Miss E. Coll; Secretary, Miss H. Guise; Treasurer, Miss M. Clifford; Promoters, Misses Gavan, M. Smith, Rend, Meehan, and M. Horner.

—The first number of *Rosa Mystica* was read at the Sunday reunion by Misses Gavan and Van Horn. It was well edited by the graduates. The principal articles were: "Charge of the Two Hundred," "A visit to St. Mary's," "Ode to a Bronze Slipper," "Class of '89," "Loreto," "Mary's Roses," "Rules for Composition Class," "Improvements" and "Art." Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Zahm complimented the young ladies on their very successful effort.

Vacation.

Perhaps the anticipation of no other earthly joy brings so much sweet consolation to the student than does vacation—that time when, after a long period of uninterrupted labors, rest is afforded to the wearied mind and exhausted body. The very word itself awakens within us thoughts of the most pleasing nature. Moved by its influence, our present duties are performed with renewed energy; that which before lay like a heavy weight upon our shoulders now grows light and becomes a pleasing task; and when the evening of that "sweet do-nothing" period arrives, we look back with amazement upon the rapid flight of time. But vacation is not confined to the school-girl; for the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic; and also, though less frequently, the physician, each endeavors to obtain this much-needed rest. Now the courtroom misses a familiar presence, for the man of law, having retired to the quiet country, puts aside for the present all thought of his clients, and no more is he seen puzzling over the per-

plexing questions of his profession; but, on the contrary, we find him indulging with a free and light heart in all the pleasures of a school-boy's sports. The merchant, or mechanic, has, with difficulty, consigned the cares of his business to another, and, adding greatly to the happiness of his family, joins them in an excursion to mountain, lake or seashore.

The physician leaves the dark and gloomy sick room; dismisses from his mind thoughts of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and seeks to heal himself. His vacation, though short, proves of great benefit to him; it refreshes and strengthens him for the duties he must soon resume. To these and many more does vacation bring peace, rest and happiness; but to none is the word so musical as to her whom the love of knowledge has for a time exiled from home. It speaks volumes to her in the shape of happy meetings; and when imagination has become reality, and she is restored to the home-circle, what words can paint her joy! Smiles, made brighter by long separation, beam upon her; the very inanimate objects that help to make home dearer now than ever before, seem to join in the spirit of welcome that pervades the atmosphere, since loving hands have arranged them in a manner which does not fail to call forth sweet memories of the past to one long absent. The little forget-me-not, holding a most conspicuous place on the centre table, gives a nod of welcome as a current of air finds its way through the open door, in fact, everything wears a holiday aspect to greet the newly arrived. Vacation, so pleasantly begun, flies swiftly by, having brought to the young heart rural delights in the guise of picnics, excursions and social gatherings, where every face beams with happiness.

But its days are numbered, and the happy school-girl is forced to turn her thoughts into another channel, for she must now resume the rugged ascent of the hill of knowledge. To the student, the scholastic year presents one long, unbroken period of hard study accompanied by a trial which is no light burden to one whose heart is in possession of that beautiful devotion—filial love. It was no slight pang of regret that found entrance to that heart, as the sunbeams, dancing through her room, awoke her on that morning which closed the little drama of vacation. Every moment of that day is sacred to her memory. Every loving word of praise and advice received from parental lips are cherished in her heart to serve as a future admonition or encouragement in the time of temptation.

But farewells to home and its loved inmates are

finally said, and the curtain drops, hiding from view that bright scene of happiness. Yet the very love we have for the parental roof should enkindle within us a strong desire to reap an abundant harvest at the close of the new scholastic year that, returning to those who now miss us from the home-circle, we may go laden with the sheaves of knowledge. To the question, do we desire that our next vacation be a happy one? there can be but one reply. It is, then almost unnecessary to say that we should not waste the golden minutes of youth repining for the pleasures that are past, for "he who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause." Our duty lies before us; a day wasted is nothing less than a broken thread, and if we would have our school work flawless, with what earnestness should we resume our studies, allowing thoughts of vacation to be but an incentive to further efforts towards success.

Though the days of the scholastic year seem now to stretch away into an interminable vista, with cheerfulness and hard study as our companions, the long avenue will be traversed ere we are aware, and the radiant sun of commencement day will dispel from the sombre countenance all shades of gloom.

MARY HORNER,
First Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Andree, E. Balch, Bub, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, Coll, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Donnelly, Ducey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, English, Flannery, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Gavan, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hughes, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Irwin, Johnson, Jungblut, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koeplinger, Koopman, Lawrence, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, Mercer, McCarthy, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Penburthy, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Rend, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, B. Smith, Taylor, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Churchill, A. Cooper, Daly, M. Davis, Dexter, Dreyer, Dempsey, Dolan, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Johns, Klöth, Lauth, McHugh, Miller, McPhee, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Scherrer,

Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burns, Crandell, Davis, Kelley, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss H. Guise.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Misses M. Rend, L. Van Horn.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss A. Reidinger.

2D CLASS—Misses J. Dority, E. Flannery, O. O'Brien.

2D DIV.—Misses Barry, K. Gavan, M. Horner.

3D CLASS—Misses H. Coll, Ducey, L. Hillas.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, A. Donnelly, M. Hughes, C. Moran, M. Smith.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ansbach, J. Currier, J. Daube, L. Dolan, J. English, C. Hurley, N. Morse, M. Piper.

2D DIV.—Misses I. Bub, M. Clifford, L. Fravel, M. Gibson, E. Healy, M. Yungblut, N. Linneen, E. Quealey, E. Wright, I. Stapleton.

5TH CLASS—Misses Bates, E. Balch, M. Beck, J. Bloom, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, N. Gibson, F. Hertzog, M. Hull, M. McPhee, L. Meehan, A. Regan, G. Wehr.

2D DIV.—Misses Anson, T. Balch, M. Caren, M. Churchill, H. Cohn, A. Koopman, E. Lewis, F. Marley, L. Nelson, H. Nester, E. Nester, M. Papin, C. Prudhomme, M. Rinehart, J. Robinson, M. Schoellkopf, R. Slesinger, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, R. Van Mourick, W. Wurzburg.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Andree, M. Burton, M. Campbell, Margaret Clifford, M. Coll, D. Davis, M. Flitner, J. Fox, A. Grace, A. Hammond, F. Kahn, C. Keeney, K. Johnson, M. McCune, M. McHugh, C. Miner, M. Northam, A. Penburthy, H. Pugsley, L. Reeves, G. Roberts, I. Schoellkopf, Mary Smith, K. Sweeney, L. Taylor, B. Wagner, Waixel, B. Webb.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Beck, M. Burns, E. Burns, U. Bush, I. Cooke, C. Daily, E. Davis, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, I. Hamilton, M. Geer, P. Harmes, A. Keeney, L. Koeplinger, L. Marks, K. McCarthy, A. O'Mara, L. Mercer, E. Norton, M. Patier, G. Rentfrow, A. Thirds, I. Zahm.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Ash, S. Brewer, J. Cleaveland, J. Connell, C. Dorsey, S. Göke, M. Hagus, M. Haight, B. Hepburn, M. Huber, M. Kelso, B. Kingsbury, J. Ledwith, M. Miller, C. Quealey, D. Spurgeon, B. Smith.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Burdick, A. Cooper, L. Johns, E. Kaspar, C. Kloth, G. Papin, J. Patrick.

8TH CLASS—Misses K. Barry, M. Davis, M. Dexter, L. McHugh, F. Palmer, E. Regan, A. Rowley, M. Rose, J. Smith, N. Smith.

9TH CLASS—Misses E. Cooper, B. Davis, V. Kelly, M. McHugh, M. Scherrer.

10TH CLASS—Misses E. Burns, P. Griffith, K. Moore.

HARP.

4TH CLASS—Miss L. Hillas.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Nester, L. Waterbury.

GUITAR.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss M. Burton.

5TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses L. Griffith, B. Voechting,

6TH CLASS—Misses F. Marley, C. Miner.

VIOLIN.

Misses M. Furzman, H. Studebaker.

CORNET.

Miss J. Dority.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, H. Guise.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Moran.

2D DIV. 2D CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, M. Barry.

3D CLASS—Misses B. Hellmann, L. Meehan.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Balch, I. Bub, J. Dority, F. Marley.

4TH CLASS—Misses F. Hertzog, L. Dolan, T. Balch, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Hamilton, O. O'Brien, G. Rentfrow, U. Bush, M. Piper, M. Horner, I. Horner, M. Linneen.

5TH CLASS—Misses L. Hillas, A. Grace, I. Webb, C. Prudhomme, J. English, C. Beck, E. Healy, K. Johnson, G. Wehr, M. Anson, H. Nester, L. Nester, A. Caren.