

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

VOL. XXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

No. 18.

## Minims' Address to Rev. President Walsh.

Star of the East,—resplendent thou in glory,—  
Shine on our way through the fast-ending year,—  
Shine on our way while we go o'er the story  
Of all the blessings God has given us here.

Thy rays are brightening, for the Day is coming,—  
The Day of days which all the world awaits;—  
Before it comes, let us God's favors summing,  
Stand, grateful, loving at dawn's silver gates.

O Christ-Child great, O Christ-Child sweet and tender!  
O Little Brother in the manger laid,  
O Baby, like all babies, yet with splendor clothed,  
Being God,—we near You, undismayed.

And thus we whisper: "Dearest Child, O love us,  
And make us love Thee more as days go by.  
O make us like the children that above us  
In Thy grand Heaven, far beyond the sky—

Praise Thee eternal in one choir of gladness!"  
This is our prelude,—prelude to our song  
In Advent days when through our heartfelt sadness  
A joyous thread will break, as swift along

A row of white-caps lights the gloom of ocean,—  
Or sunshine darts when summer storms appall:  
For Christmas comes; with joy, yet sad devotion,  
We listen to the bells of Advent's call.

Another feast, like crest of ocean breaking  
Through sad, sea-moaning of the Advent days!  
The joy-bells in our heart it is awaking!  
O happy prelude to the Christmas lays.

Feast of St. Thomas! Feast, too, of our Master  
Who bears the name of Thomas nobly, well,—  
We keep it doubly, and each year, as faster,  
The years o'er-pass us, it will wear a spell

Of grace and gratitude, for your great kindness,  
Your love of us, your tender care of us—  
Your constant thought to dissipate the blindness  
Of evil ignorance,—your work most generous!

Of loving words that mask a deeper feeling  
Than we express: "dear, Father Walsh, we pray,  
That you'll translate what words fail in revealing  
And take our love and thanks on this *your Day!*"

## The Yellowstone Park.

BY A. F. Z.

### III.

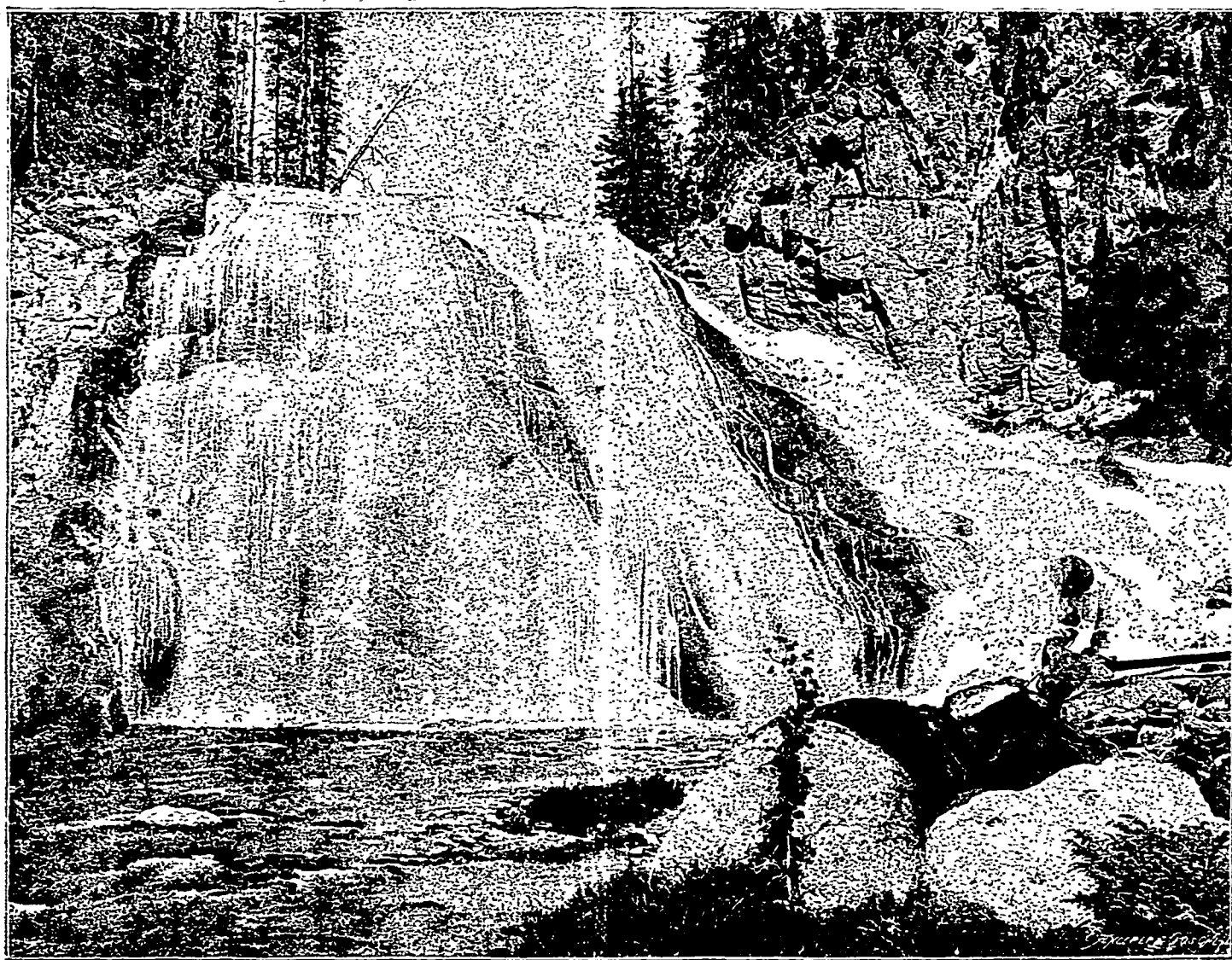
There are many times more springs than geysers. In some places indeed their twisting columns resemble the smoke of camp fires on a closely pavillioned field. There are no means of distinguishing a thermal spring from a geyser, though at first sight the latter name is usually given to those having cones or mounds. But some of the most powerful geysers have no such elevated orifices. The Giantess, Grand, Splendid, and Excelsior are examples. In truth the geysers of this region seem to ignore the rules laid down for the Iceland geysers by Bunsen, Tyndall and the whole synod of European connoisseurs. These geysers, born in the wild West and land of strange marvels, have the most reckless manners. Some are out of all style and proportion in their dress; some keep the most irregular hours; some have no tube to speak of, others no mouth; some disregard all the rules of etiquette and fashion, and yet display the most extraordinary power. I may add too that they far surpass in power, beauty and even geyser perfection those of Iceland, New Zealand and all other parts of the world.

We must now bid adieu to this land of fiery fountains and seething rivers; this forest of white streaming pillars like waterspouts that touch the sky. It has been a revelation to us and a delight whose memory shall live forever.

Leaving the Firehole Valley, we drive in one forenoon to the Norris Geyser Basin. The scenery along our route, though not extraordinary, is very grand with its rugged mountains, its silence and primeval forests. Some vigorous hot

springs are seen here and there, and at one place a sign-board pointing the way to Gibbon Falls. This we visited on our return when we were not so hungry, and the horses were very tired. Leaving them to rest at the middle of a long ascent, we followed a narrow footpath leading through the dense forest obliquely down to the bottomless ravine. But after descending less than half the distance we stopped and viewed the falls from afar, not caring to approach a scene so tame and insignificant compared to the falls of the Yellowstone; and now after an interval of five months the picture still clings to the mind with a regret that so grand a spectacle was thus dis-

not go down there. That fall is not up to much, and it's such deuced hard climbing we shan't be able to get back, you know." It was the honorable Sir C. M. Knatchbull H—— said this, and surely he ought to know. A man that had been clean around the world; that had crossed the high seas of every zone; that had spent a five-month alone with the rude Mongolians; a man that had journeyed up the Ganges and among the great Hymalayas, he ought to know. But, O my gentle Knatchbull, doth it not repent thee to have thus contemned the glories of this sublime spectacle; to have thus so lightly profaned nature's fair sanctuary where none should enter



GIBBON FALLS.

regarded. From our position on the hill-side, where we stood holding to sapplings, the river appeared to run over a slanting precipice down which it dashed with unusual whiteness and noise into a deeper and darker ravine below. Dense cedars overshadowing it ran up steeply in gigantic ranges to the clouds, and under the lofty multitude of the forest luxurious ferns and flowers grew in rich masses. Everything was magnificent, imposing, inviting; and we felt it a natural duty to examine all closely; but a fellow-traveller protested impatiently, saying: "Let us

but with uncovered heads? And yet it is not profanity in the cripple to say "Let us go no farther." Indeed we were pained to see that our noble young lord, having walked the four corners of the earth, was at length weary and sore of foot. It was sad to see how as he trudged along the relentless seam kept filing at his lordship's heel and making him limp. We were grieved exceedingly to witness so great and good a personage annoyed by such a mean trifling thing as a shoe. But we did all in our power to relieve him; we said nice, cheering things to

him; we carried his valises and grips and carpet bags with all their store; we saw him all the way to Pocatello, our final sad parting place. Should his eyes perchance meet these lines, he may know that away in the wilds of America there are some who still remember his benignant lordship with the homage and devotion of faithful servants.

The Norris Geyser Basin resembles a lake of some ten acres crusted over with a snowy deposit, and very busy with springs and geysers like so many factories in competition. But as none are of more than the third or fourth magnitude, they had little interest for us. We halted for a moment, however, to see the Mud Geyser by the road-side. It plays every fifteen minutes, boiling and tossing up its black muddy waters three or four feet. Around the orifice is a curious, solidified formation resembling black hoar frost, and near by a crop out of obsidian or volcanic glass.

This substance is met very frequently in the park and sometimes in immense quantities. Glass mounds, glass hills and valleys, glass roads, etc., are quite common here. So also with sulphur. In some places it comes up in strong fumes that permeate all the atmosphere; in some places it is deposited in masses of beautiful clear yellow crystals, and at one locality there is an immense hill of pure sulphur known as the "Sulphur Mountain." It is also found as an acid in some of the streams. Then there are alum springs, iron springs and soda springs of every variety. Vichy and Appolinaris going to waste here by the barrel, what a pity, isn't it?

And steam, too, going to waste, steam enough to heat forty universities, or to supply a great manufacturing city like South Bend. A furlong farther to the north along our road was the "Steam Valve" a vent in the bare crust whence issues steam constantly with a harsh noise like the exhaust of a boiler under moderate pressure. We threw pebbles and small debris over the vent, and thus estimated the pressure to be nearly ten pounds per square inch, though at narrow parts of the conduit it may be much more. This might be called a dry geyser which, by the addition of a little liquid, would become a brilliant fountain. Geysers too require an occasional drink. After observing this we sped away to the hotel for dinner.

#### IV.—NORRIS TO YELLOWSTONE.

Whiskey and tobacco make the mare go. After pulling out from the Norris hotel, on our way eastward for the Yellowstone River, one of

the party discovered in the pocket of his ulster, which for awhile had been left with the clerk, a large plug of tobacco. As it seemed wrong to throw it away, having such excellent flavor, he ventured to offer it to the driver, who was evidently craving just that article and accepted it with a broader grin than silver can produce. It seemed to work on his fancy too, rendering him very communicative. My friend, observing this, winked mischievously, and drawing forth his alkali antidote, presented it, saying: "Here, Captain, have some of the good old oil of Kentucky, you will find it an excellent brand." The driver obeyed with an exulting chuckle and a flash of new light in his eye. Down went the oil penetrating all the machinery, and the man stretched himself up with renewed strength and life.

"Hem, hem," he began, "that's purty fine scenery, isn't it?"

"Splendid, indeed; but why is it called the Norris Basin?"

"Hem, well, you see them geysers back there, they was first discovered by old Col. Norris. Fine man the old Col. was, darn fine man. Brave man, too; kill more bears in a day than any six men you ever see. And the way he'd slash it to 'em, why an old grizzly was nowhere in his hands. Let me tell you what he did one day. Now mind, these is facts; he told me so himself: One day, when nobody happened to be with him, he left camp and went up on the hill to fetch some more wood. Pretty soon he came back and found two deers missing. Then he picked up his Winchester and swore, be George, he'd get 'em back if he had to track 'em clean across the mountain. The trail they was dragged off on led him half a mile up the gulch to some fallen timber where he see an old brush nest and two big grizzlies gnawing at his deers and fighting. Now, any other man would give up the chase, wouldn't he, and get back home faster'n he come? If it was me, you bet you'd see me run like a horse clean out 'o sight. But old Colonel went at it just like a rancher a butcher'n hogs. First he shot the near one and made him set up and grunt and scratch his stomach with his hands, hopping mad; then he pepered him another, and the big grizzly come at him a' snorting and growling, then he give him a dynamite shell that blowed up inside his belly, and made him fall flat and growl terrible; and the other come running; then he peppered him another time and run out o'shells, but the bears kept coming on, one hobbling and growling with all his might, the other snarling and running at him like lightning with his mouth open. Then the Col. scratched

his head a second, and said he guessed he'd have to go home and load up. So he skipped back to the tent with the two bears after him, one hobbling along all bloody, the other right at his heels ready to gulp him in. He hadn't time to load up till the front one pounced on him and knocked the gun out o' his hands. But the Col. dodged to one side and picked up his axe, and when the bear plunged at him again, he let drive with the axe and knocked the bugger's eye out. Then the bear got so rattled he jumped all over and howled terrible, and the Col. had it all his own way. After he had knocked out the other eye, it took fourteen licks more to kill the bear. Every time he knocked him down he'd get up again and make a lunge in the dark till he couldn't stand no more. While the Col. was making a fire to roast the grease out o' its blubber, in come the other one limping and staggering along, growling out o' breath. Then the Col. picked up his axe again, and said: 'Hello! old girl, come in; you must be purty tired. There lie down and rest awhile.' And you bet he did lay down. And one blubber give eighteen gallons o' grease, t'other twenty. After that, he never carried a bear to camp no more; he just shot 'em once or twice and let 'em chase him to camp, and when they got in too much hurry he'd pepper 'em a little more to make him slow up. Now, mind, these is facts I'm telling you, the Col. told me so himself. Why, they tell me after awhile he got the business down so fine, he used to tie up the old she grizzlies to a stump and milk 'em, and blame if I don't believe it. Old Col. was just the man could do it, be George! That's what he was."

As we listened with open mouth to this story, the man considered us perfectly credulous; indefinitely gullible, no doubt, and proceeded with more extravagant histories, after the manner of drivers, balancing his yarns with our extreme credulity, careful to avoid too much exaggeration, and glancing around occasionally to make sure we were not scandalized. But presently his fancy appeared to move with less ease, with something of difficulty, of halting and irregular speed, as if the internal machinery were working with labor. One could almost hear the squeaking of hot boxes and cutting journals, all of which appealed mightily to the kind-hearted railroader. Forthwith he produced the oil again. "Fine story, Captain, tip top story; have another drink?"

Instantaneously down went the oil again, searching every journal and joint, doubling the speed and momentum all round. But now the movement grew boisterous and troubled; the

long lies came forth rapidly, it is true, but confused and incoherent, with a rich seasoning of "hics" and profane expletives. The last story, with euphemisms omitted, would run something as follows: "Gentlemen, I'd like to drive you to the Hoodoo region and the peterfied forests. Darndest curio-ities there ever you see. Everything, all, turned to stone—stone trees, stone flowers; stone birds singing, stone everything. Nothing to drink but stone. Water all puterfied: puterfied springs, puterfied creeks, puterfied everything. Never so darn dry in all my life. Everything all turned to stone—stone trees, stone flowers, stone birds singing, stone everything, be George! Nothing to drink but stone. Now, mind, these is facts I'm tellin ye. See 'em myself. You don't believe it, eh? Say, you don't, believe it, do you? Well, say, you know what you can do. Say, say, ('ic) you know what you can do if you don't believe it. Whole darn country stone, be George! Stone trees, stone flowers, stone birds, stone everything! Nothing to drink but stone." This is the farthest he could follow the yarn, as drink always brought him back to the starting point. Fortunately, however, the story he was trying to tell, and which everybody in the park does tell, can be found in the guide-book. Being a famous bit of history, I will present it on its merits as told by Col. Reynolds in his geological report for 1859-60. One was to this effect:

"In many parts of the country petrifications and fossils are very numerous, and as a consequence it was claimed that in some locality (I was not able to fix it definitely) a large tract of sage is perfectly petrified with all the leaves and branches in perfect condition, the general appearance of the plain being like that of the rest of the country; but all is stone; while the rabbits, sage hens and other animals usually found in such localities, are still there perfectly petrified and as natural as when they were living; and, more wonderful still, the petrified bushes bear the most wonderful fruit: diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc., as large as black walnuts are found in abundance.

"This story," says Gaunett, 'absurd as it sounds, has a large basis in fact. The narrator, however, had mixed up distinct phenomena, and over all had spread lavishly the coloring of his imagination.' There are fields of sage as well as bits of forest, which, lying in immediate proximity to groups of springs, have petrified while standing. The hot silicious water from the springs is drawn up through the pores of the wood, and between the wood and the bark—by capillary attraction,—and, depositing silica, wherever it goes, the tree or bush is rapidly transformed into rock.

"The story of the remarkable fruit borne by these stone trees is not far from correct, the main difference between the story and the fact being that the fruit is borne on the outside and inside of the trunks of the trees, instead of on the ends of the branches. The mineral species are not as given in the story either, but that is of no vital importance. In the process of silification of wood, the

last result of all is the production of quartz crystals. The tree trunk is converted totally into crystalline quartz radiating from within outwards, the crystals being all crowded out of shape. The inside and outside of the hollow cylinder of quartz which represents the former tree are covered with the characteristic quartz pyramids. Such products of silification are very abundant in the park, particularly on Amethyst Ridge, and are undoubtedly the 'stone fruit' of the petrified trees and bushes. The trees are colorless, amethystine or yellow, and according to the color are known to the mountain man as diamond, amethyst, topaz, etc. It is unnecessary to say that the part of the story relating to animal life was manufactured from whole cloth."

Before two o'clock my friend had succumbed to the sultry air, and fallen asleep. The driver too, with head tucked down between his shoulders, was dreaming away with the music of the just man. They had been badly fed at noon. The Iowa Press, preceding them with Iowa stomachs, had devoured all but the fish, soup and onions, the most soporific diet for a warm day. Beneath the oppressive weight of these circumstances, the scenery became distasteful and fatiguing. How dull and monotonous these sombre sighing pines with their never-changing garments, wailing summer and winter with Puritanic solemnity!

And these boisterous streams, too; they make too much noise when all else pleads *siesta*. Oh! give us a change for once, and a rest. Give us for a while the quiet timberlands of Indiana where the tranquil old oak, the sycamore and everlasting walnut at noon-time cast their silent leaves silently on the quiet water; where the piping frog plays and pipes his silly song as he pleases, or sprawls from the bank with no ceremony; where the lazy turtle sits and thinks, sits on a chip all day alone pondering in peace "o'er thoughts that wander through eternity," and disturbs not his neighbor's chip. Oh, for one hour on those dreamy banks, lulled by their drowsy murmurs, their buzzing flies and hornets, their crickets and balmy airs fanning the temples, that soothe but wake not!

It is a long, long journey on a warm day from Norris to Yellowstone; but not to us long now wrapped in the sweet oblivion of slumber. For two blessed hours we jogged along through this cañon of eternal pines, nodding to the sway of our rolling cradle and the music of creaking harness. Everything here sleeps at noon, save the patient horses, the ambitious water, and the old Puritan pines standing straight and solemn as Arabs. The birds were asleep, the winds asleep, and the quiet dust rolling up from the wheels slept on the sultry air.

At last the winds awoke and blew off the oppression from every pulse, and, behold! the

slanting sun had ranged the long shadows due east. Life came again, and the bright activities of life in air and grove. We were now among new hills and valleys that know not oppression. On every hand flowers and ferns and beautiful shrubs of vivid green hail us with lovely expression. Birds are here, too, with their various melodies and busy chirpings, and numerous playful squirrels, hopping along the endless log piles, racing with us. How pretty they look leaping from trunk to trunk with their long, bushy tails streaming after them! And so they outrun us for fifty yards, and scampering up a tree sit barking at us and making faces. A woodchuck occasionally pokes out his head from a brush-heap, or cluster of bushes, fearless because for years he has seen Uncle Sam's protecting sign on the trees. As we near the Yellowstone River, the beauty of the woods increases until it surpasses any artificial park for the freshness of grass, of foliage, and flowers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### The Death of Little Nell.

[Thoughts after Reading a Chapter in "The Old Curiosity Shop."]

Little Nell is dead. Her bright eyes are darkened, her sweet voice is hushed, her soft lips are closed and silent forever. 'Alone she is walking the lampless and frozen ways of death.' Jeffrey, who said of Wordsworth's poetry "this will never do," wept over the death of Little Nell. The tears we shed over the bier of Little Nell are the sweet effusions of tender sympathy for the innocence of childhood. She was cut down before she had passed through the golden gates of childhood out on to the ever winding highways of the world, where she would carry the heavier cross ere she wore the crown. "Death lies on her like an untimely frost on the sweetest flower of all the field."

George Eliot draws us away from the death-bed of Dempster shocked and horrified at the agonies of so horrible a death. Hugo brings from us bitter tears on the death of Jean Valjean to whom death came as a ministering angel.

It is with sadness and reluctance that Dickens penned the last lines of the tale of Little Nell: "I tremble to approach the place a great deal more than Kit. Nobody will miss her as I shall." Fondly does he linger over each loving remembrance, each cherished possession of the child showing us his command over pathos, his deep knowledge of character, and his mastery over the intricate workings of the heart.

But he keeps us too long at the trysting place of the dead; we grieve for the old man who has lost his only comfort and the last stay of his life—on the grave of Little Nell we lay a garland of flowers. She was too sweet and tender a child for this busy world,—she must die ere time dim the glory on her brow, and the freshness of her soul fade away on the dawn of womanhood. The sleep of her childhood was as sweet and soft as the moonlight on the placid lake,—death but prolonged it.

To the dying Nells we whisper a wistful and tender adieu; to the dying warrior, who has triumphed in the long and fierce battle of life, we say Bravo! and add: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

JOHN B. MEAGHER, '89.

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#### The Modern Novel.

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Not many years ago the predominating characteristic of the novel was the description of what is called passion. The author told in the most touching words he had at his disposal how some beautiful heroine fell in love with the hero, their courtship and the succeeding gorgeous marriage ceremonies.

This style has changed to a certain extent, and has been replaced by novels that do not depend entirely on love affairs. They are full of thrilling and startling adventures—descriptions of hairbreadth escapes, deeds of valor, and great engineering schemes, or they are psychological studies. A good example of the later kind of episodes may be found in any of Haggard's works.

In "Allan Quatermain," for instance, in which Quatermain and his companions pass through an underground passage in a boat, and meet with a flame of fire that nearly burns them to death—and again, where the old Zulu stands with his battle-axe on the steps of a palace and defends it against a mob. One of the most popular psychological stories of the day is Stevenson's, "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Stevenson here gives us a very graphic description of a man changing his individuality by taking some compound which he accidentally discovers. The style of Stevenson's novels is considered by many critics to be admirable, his novels are all interesting and show great power of imagination. On the other hand, while Haggard's works may be ingenious, they are far from being written in the best of English.

The novel readers of the day demand a work full of impossibilities, and things that are unnat-

ural, they do not care for style as they well know it cannot be found in the average work of fiction. This is to be regretted, as the preservation of the purity of a language depends on the style of its authors.

Another author of an earlier period than those just spoken of is George Eliot. She writes good, if too elaborate English. She did much to elevate the standard of the modern novel. In 1860 appeared one of George Eliot's greatest novels, "The Mill on the Floss." This novel won for itself great popularity by its charming characters. "Romola" contains magnificent description of Florentine scenes. George Eliot's principal characters are true to nature. She is one of the greatest novelists of the English language. The effect of her novels makes us sad,—we hardly know why. It is perhaps because her characters seemed influenced by the Pagan fate rather than by the Christian God. There is a great gulf between George Eliot and Rider Haggard. In spite of George Eliot's philosophy,—which Professor Maurice Egan tells us is pessimistic and unwholesome,—it seems to me that her novels will last as long as the English language.

F. L. JEWETT, '90.

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#### College Gossip.

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—Courtney will coach Cornell's crew for the support of which the students raised \$1000.

—A general college organ is to be started at Wakefield, Mass. It will be known as the *Collegian*.

—The Boating Committee of Yale College has sent a cablegram declining to row a race with the Cambridge University Crew in England in 1889.

—Prof. (dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, Slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore (waking up)—"It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it."—*Ex.*

—The University team which defeated Ann Arbor on Thanksgiving Day was not composed of Chicago players entirely. It was supposed to have been taken from college graduates residing west of the Alleghanies.

—A student at the University of Illinois, who was President of the University S. M. C. A. and of the Society of Christian Endeavor of a local Presbyterian Church, secured about \$3000 on forged checks and left the town owing his board bill and numerous small accounts about town.

—There was the usual gathering of eastern college students in New York city Thanksgiving Eve, and the police force in the theatre district was doubled. These are the occasions when, as the *Spectator* says:

"The often-seen elephant waggeth his tail  
And it curls like the foam on the Buckingham ale."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, December 22, 1888.

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.

—We extend to all our readers our best wishes for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

—A PRAISEWORTHY ACT.—An Indian lady in this neighborhood, old and poor, recently lost her home and all her winter provisions by fire. The students of the University accidentally learned of her misfortune, and in a truly Christian spirit organized committees to collect among themselves, and then contributed handsomely from their limited resources towards the relief of the sufferer. This is a pure act of charity, not prompted by any human consideration; the students never saw the poor woman, nor are they likely ever to see her, or to receive a word of thanks from her lips; but the deed is recorded in the Book of Life, and we ourselves cannot call it anything else but a praiseworthy action.

—Christmas is with us, and another scholastic session draws nearer to a close. Old '88 is almost gone, and when the students return from the holiday vacation '89 will be with us. The past year has been a pleasant one, and one fraught with prosperity to the University and benefit to its inmates. Notre Dame has been steadily progressing, and under the present administration, which enjoys the confidence of all connected with the University, we shall expect to see the present collegiate year close as one of the most prosperous and memorable in its history. Let this be our aim and purpose, and let each contribute to this end.

We take this occasion to thank those of our exchanges who have alluded to the SCHOLASTIC in complimentary terms. We are glad to note that the collegiate press in general, and that of the West in particular, have shown signs of improvement this fall. We congratulate our contemporaries upon their past success, and trust that 1889 will see them better and more prosperous than ever. We tender them, one and all, the best wishes of the season.

## France's Testimonial to Very Rev. Father General.

We take pleasure in publishing the following translation of an editorial which appeared last week in the *Courrier de l'Illinois* of Chicago. It is a kind notice of the recent action of the French Government in connection with the Golden Jubilee of our venerable Father Founder, and will be found to possess additional interest by reason of the description given of the decorations received during the week. The *Courrier* says:

"Our readers, who always take a just pride in the success of their fellow-countrymen will learn with pleasure that the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Founder of the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, has, in recognition of his Jubilee, been named Officer of Public Instruction by the Government of the French Republic.

"Among all the French citizens, settled in the United States during the past fifty years, there is not one who has accomplished a work so magnificent as that which forms the pride of the State of Indiana. By his energy, perseverance and faith, Father Sorin has proved that a Frenchman, in a foreign land, may and can succeed and preserve the esteem and respect of all. France, who never forgets her children even when far away from her, has hastened to recognize a long life of honor and devotedness. On the motion of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Lock-

roy, has conferred on Father Sorin the high distinction decreed.

"The insignia of an Officer of Public Instruction consist in a crown of golden laurels or, rather, two golden palms crossed, worn on the left breast—the ribbon is violet with a rosette at the top. These insignia are very rarely given, and only to men distinguished in literature or science. They have been awarded to the distinguished scientist, M. Pasteur. Two French prelates have received this decoration—His Eminence Mgr. Place, Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of France."

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#### The St. Cecilians.

The annual exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, were witnessed by a large audience in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. The entertainment was opened with an overture—"Chevalier Breton,"—by the University orchestra, rendered in a pleasing manner. This was followed by a chorus from Rossini, sung by the members of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. R. C. Newton, '89, read the address from the Senior department. It was as follows:

REV. DEAR FATHER:

On me has devolved, this evening, the pleasing duty of addressing you in the name of the Senior department of the University, and of extending to you their heartiest congratulations on this the happy recurrence of your festal day.

Gratitude, Reverend Father, is a noble sentiment. It neither courts the favor of the great, nor does it despise the merits of the lowly. It ennobles our own actions and enhances the actions of our friends. It can see in the smile of benevolence, it can feel in the language of sympathy, qualities that deserve a responsive emotion, virtues that require a kindred soul to appreciate their worth. This feeling we wish this evening to express in the language of filial reverence, not in the meaningless parlance of adulation.

It is not our purpose, Reverend Father, to enter into an encomium of your career at Notre Dame. Suffice it to say, success has met you on all sides. May the future bring still greater laurels to you!

Learning in literature, science and art, without religion, is a dangerous thing. But when we have them all united, what is more noble, what is more elevating, what is more pleasing in the eyes of the Almighty? And is there a higher vocation than to be a dispenser of education and religious blessings, especially in this great and dear land of ours, America? This, Reverend Father, has been your calling. And may you, with the aid of St. Thomas, continue in the same road of success which you have hitherto travelled.

The older students of the University wish to take advantage of this opportunity to express their gratitude for the special interest you have taken in them. You have taught us, during our school days, by words and example,

always to act the part of men, true to ourselves, true to our neighbor, and true to our God. And in after-life when we shall have bid our dear old *Alma Mater* farewell, and are pursuing our pathways in life, we will always cherish the good counsel you have given us, and in the sweet tinkling music-box of memory you will always be remembered with a pleasant strain.

You may be called to fulfil higher positions in the Holy Church; but never will you be more dear to any than you are to the students of Notre Dame. And our earnest prayer, this the eve of your feast-day, is that you may long be kept among us leading us in the paths of virtue and righteousness. May your festal day be for you a happy time, crowned with triumphs from the past, gilded with promise of golden days to come! These Reverend Father, are the wishes of the Senior department. And in the name of the Seniors and the Class of '89, allow me to wish you a joyous festal day, and also A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

The 'Varsity Quartette, composed of Messrs. F. Jewett, W. Roberts, R. Sullivan, and W. Lahey, sang "The Two Roses" with good effect. W. McPhee, '90, in behalf of the Juniors, addressed Father Walsh as follows:

REV. DEAR FATHER:

The St. Cecilians respectfully ask permission to give in your honor the little entertainment which they have prepared for this afternoon. They ask you to accept it as a token of the sincere respect and warm regard they cherish for you personally. They beg you to view it as a mark of the deep appreciation and abiding gratitude they desire to acknowledge as your due on account of the undeviating devotion to duty, the breadth and wisdom of plan, the prudence and promptitude of action, the effective and unflagging interest in their welfare—in the welfare of all the students—that have so constantly characterized your administration as President of the University.

The year is drawing to a close. It is a year in many respects memorable. When in June we turned our faces homeward we little thought that we had said "Farewell" for the last time to one who had endeared himself to all St. Cecilians. But so it was. His fondly remembered face we shall see no more. Never again shall we hear his cheerful voice. Toward the close of the Summer he passed away. In God's acre in yonder grove he rests in the peace of the just. Under his direction this association steadily prospered and maintained for thirty years an uninterrupted existence. It is consequently the oldest society at Notre Dame. However, while old in years it is always young in membership, being composed exclusively of Juniors.

Intimately associated with the history of Notre Dame, as our society is, we can point with pride a record bright and honorable. We need never apologize for the associations we cherish, or the pride we feel in being members of it. Though its self-sacrificing leader for so many years is no more, yet it will, with the favor and encouragement it is so constantly receiving from you, continue to grow and prosper. From the past we draw inspiration for the future. We face the New Year—we face the future—with hope and confidence.

"We front the sun, and on the purple ridges  
The future lifts her veil of snow;  
Look backward, and an arch of splendor bridges  
The gulf of long ago!"

An occasion of this kind—the last of this memorable year—awakens memories of the past and suggests



thoughts of the future. In a few days many of us will be at home for a brief season among the loved ones to whom we owe so much. For what they have done for us during all the years since early childhood we have only one adequate means of repaying them and showing our gratitude, and that is by making them feel proud of and honored by us. This we can do only by working faithfully in the course they desired us to pursue when they entered us as students in this great and favored Institution. We can all readily see that success in our work here depends upon fidelity to duty, perseverance in study, and obedience to those in authority over us—those who in a secondary way stand toward us for the time in the place of parents. Thus we can achieve the success which those specially near and dear to us wish and expect. Thus we can make them feel honored by and proud of us. We all know that it is only by merit in the walk of life in which we may be that we can deserve or reasonably hope to go up higher.

And as we face the New Year in the light of these considerations we cannot but be assured that the promise of future success and the hopes of those most dear to us will rest upon the merit of our work and the tenor of our lives in the present sphere of usefulness. Knowing, too, that it is for this you labor—labor that we may be worthy of and an honor to those who place us under your care and guidance—we are convinced that we can best show our appreciation and gratitude by faithfully doing all that you direct and expect us to do and attaining as nearly as we can to the standard of usefulness and manhood proposed by your instruction and example. In this spirit the St. Cecilians and Juniors intend to return and engage in the work of the New Year.

Wishing you a pleasant holiday season, a happy New Year, and many returns of your approaching festival—a festival commemorative of the services to God and humanity of the Angelic Doctor the great St. Thomas—we ask you again to accept these exercises as a token of the good-will, appreciation and thankfulness of

Your faithful St. Cecilians and Students of

THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

After a duet by L. Monarch and T. Mahon, Master J. Cudahy, in company with H. Mooney and C. Connor, presented to Father Walsh the congratulations of the Minims in a rich poetical address, delivered with graceful gesture and clear, distinct articulation.

There was another duet by C. Sullivan and L. Sutter, and James McIntosh gave the prologue of "The Recognition," a drama in four acts, given in honor of the Rev. President's approaching feast-day. The parts were well taken and the play was well mounted. Messrs. Berry, Reinhard, McPhee and McGrath rather excelled in the conception of their parts and in their acting. The quartette sang the "Miserere" at the beginning of the fourth act, and it was probably the best vocal performance of the evening. At the conclusion of the play the participants came forward and were addressed a few words by Father Walsh who complimented them upon the success of their entertainment, and thanked all present for their kindly remembrance of his feast-day.

#### MASS.

At 10 o'clock, Sunday morning, Solemn High Mass was sung in the University church by Father Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Morrissey, as deacon and subdeacon. Father Kirsch preached an eloquent sermon, while the choir, under the leadership of Prof. Liscombe, rendered excellent music.

#### DINNER.

At 12 o'clock, noon, the dinner consequent upon such festivities was served in the Senior and Junior dining-rooms, and was partaken of by a number of visitors in addition to the students and members of the Faculty.

#### DRILL.

At 1.30 p. m., Company "A," Hoynes' Light Guards, gave an exhibition drill in the lower corridor of the main building. It was the intention to give a battalion drill on the campus, but a drizzling rain prevented it. In the Junior gymnasium Companies "B" and "C," H. L. G., drilled at five o'clock in the afternoon.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S BAND.

The St. Joseph Band of Mishawaka was present during the day, and discoursed sacred and patriotic airs in the main building.

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#### The Passing Year.

In a few days the year 1888 will be numbered among the past. It seems but a fortnight since we welcomed its birth. How many changes have taken place! Lips that on its birth wished us "A happy New Year" have since been sealed in death: hearts that beat warmly with high hopes for the future are now as cold as the marble that marks their resting-place. How many good resolutions has it seen broken, brilliant anticipations clouded, and plighted vows discarded! How many hearts has it beheld crushed, bleeding, as the grave closed from their sight their nearest and dearest friends! How often has it witnessed the death of the young, the pure and the beautiful! Its brief career is covered with man's actions, laden with acts of charity and cruelty,—deeds that make the angels weep and rejoice. It is now swiftly and sadly departing to the realms of Eternity, with deeds that it were better for the name of man had never been committed. Nor can wealth, power or influence stay its onward course or erase one line from its fearful record.

Its first-born, Spring, made its appearance—its smile disclosing the beauties of nature, re-

leasing with its warm breath the streams from their icy manacles, welcoming the feathered warblers of the forest, opening the tender petals of the lily and rose, wafting their sweet fragrance on the air—its genial smiles softening the rudeness of the earth, and even creeping into the heart of man, compelling him to bless his Creator—its softening rays reminding man that the time had arrived to cultivate the soil in order to reap its fruits. But at length Spring, the beautifier of nature, the delight of childhood, the staff of old age, the loveliest of the seasons, took her departure amidst the murmur of the fountains. She was succeeded by her queen-sister, Summer, who came clothed in robes of green. At her approach all nature arose, chanting the praises of the great Creator.

She perfected the work her sister had begun: the trees of the forest were covered with leaves, offering us shelter from the mid-day sun; she presented us with a profusion of the most luscious fruits, inviting us to partake of their sweetness; she strewed the earth with innumerable flowers whose beauty pleased the eye and whose fragrant odor was borne on every breeze to delight the senses; she invited us to wander through wood and forest, to feast our eyes on the wondrous works of her Creator. At night she spangled the heavens with millions of golden stars, inviting us to raise our thoughts and hearts on high.

After bringing the fruits and flowers of earth to maturity she introduced her brother Autumn, and departed. He lingered for a few days, admiring the work of his sister; but he is unable to impart her smiles. The leaves of the trees assume the most varied and beautiful colors—but, alas! the hand of death is already upon them. The ear is no longer delighted with the songs of the birds; the days become shorter and the evenings cooler; the leaves drop one by one on the damp earth; the naked trees look on in despair at the decay of nature, and even man partakes of the melancholy that hangs over the world. Whatever disappointments or sorrows he suffers, he resigns himself in pensive meditation over them. The leaves, the withered roses, remind him of cherished hopes long since crushed to the earth; the fallen leaves, the dead flowers, the short days and the dirge of the wind through the naked trees, are all a solemn warning that he too is mortal, and that he should be ripe in good works when the reaper, Death, comes to gather him into the harvest.

The face of nature changed, Autumn takes his leave to make way for dread Winter. He makes his appearance attended by hail, wind and snow.

All nature bows at his approach. The shrubs and trees surrender the last remnant of their vesture at his appearance; the brooks cease their murmuring as he advances to embrace them, and his cold breath arrests the onward course of the rivers. He casts his shroud-like mantle on the earth, and all nature is compelled to wear it. All the beauties of the other seasons that gave us so much pleasure perish at his approach.

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But while the seasons were thus changing the face of nature, were we in any way changing? In the Spring, did we sow the seed of virtue and science? Have we improved the condition of our own mind, or been the cause of improvement to others? Have we acquired knowledge that will be of practical use to ourselves or society at large? Have we discovered and laid up during the summer of life truths that will console us in the winter of our age? Or have we, like the butterfly, lived through the summer without any thought of the future? Are we satisfied with the labor of the past year? Is there any duty that yet remains unperformed? Finally, have we spent our time and employed our talents to the best advantage?

These are questions that force themselves at this season of the year upon all, but especially on the *student*. He is freed from the cares of the world,—away from its distractions and temptations, in order that he may improve himself and benefit society at large. The world depends on the schools for its future men; and although we may be of small account in our own estimation, and perhaps in the estimation of our professors, yet society will expect some return for the time spent at school.

At this season of the year the merchant takes an inventory of his goods and balances his accounts, in order to discover his profits and make preparations for the coming year. The mechanic counts up his savings of the closing year, places it out at interest in order that the original capital may increase. We too should carefully go over our books, in order that we may be able to discover our mental gains and consider how we may increase them. If we find that we are deficient, set to work like the cautious merchant, to discover the cause of our deficiency—and, having discovered it, resolve to employ our time in such a manner as will in a measure make up for the loss. The school is the market in which we have invested our capital, *time*, and we are sure to obtain an equivalent in proportion to the manner we employ our capital.

In the world two persons may commence

business with equal capital; one will become wealthy, the other bankrupt. The success of the one, the failure of the other, are owing to the different manner in which they employed their capital. We have found by experience that Euclid was correct when he asserted that "there was no royal road to knowledge," no pretended machines for turning out ready-made educated men. The paths leading to the mount are narrow and rugged, often strewn with thorns. He who desires to reach the summit must not expect to ride, nor will the surmounting of a few obstacles make the road clear. Mountains must be scaled, rocks climbed, and streams forded; nor must we tarry long about the gardens of pleasure or the bowers of ease. We may possess brilliant genius, but unless we court comely application we will never gain our object.

J. S.

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Personal.

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—Scott Ashton, an old Notre Dame boy, is enjoying a lucrative law practice in Kansas City.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. L. I. Brancheau, of Newport, Mich.

—Frank J. Ashton (Com'l), '88, of Rockford, Ill., has located in Kansas City with a local dry goods firm.

—Thos. Cleary, '88, passed through Kansas City *en route* to Covington, Ky., from Gordon City, Kansas, where he is now located in business.

—A letter recently received from Rev. Mr. Linnerborn, C. S. C., formerly Professor of German in the University, and now pursuing his theological studies in Rome, conveys the pleasing intelligence that he received his degree of Bachelor of Theology on Nov. 27, and would be ordained deacon during the week just passed.

—Mr. Frank H. Dexter, '87, of Kansas City, has received the appointment of Assistant-Prosecuting Attorney of Kansas City and Jackson County, Mo. Out of 42 applications Mr. Dexter was successful. This is the result of the active part he took in the late campaign in behalf of the local Democracy. His many friends here are glad to hear of the success attending his efforts, and of the honor which he reflects upon his *Alma Mater*.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger returned to his Episcopal See of Ft. Wayne on Tuesday last, and was greeted with a most enthusiastic welcome on the part of the clergy and people. The address in behalf of the laity was read by W. P. Breen, Esq., '74, after which his Lordship addressed the congregation in the cathedral, and bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Very

Rev. Father Provincial Corby was among those who took part in the reception.

—The *Columbus Sunday News* has the following in regard to Mr. T. E. Steele, '83:

"Mr. Thomas E. Steele, the bright young attorney, was placed in a very embarrassing position by the publication in a vicious and irresponsible sheet, of a statement ostensibly coming from his lips that he had been present at a Sherman family conference in Pittsburg at which it was decided that the Ohio Senator ought not to accept the Premiership in Gen. Harrison's Cabinet. It put Mr. Steele in the light of a betrayer of confidence; and, although the statement if true, would have been important, that would not have lessened the odium attaching to him. Mr. Steele's card of denial was a manly one, and added to the esteem in which he is held. Unfortunately, the denial did not reach all the points that the lie did, for the latter was sent broadcast by correspondents who for the moment seemed to forget the character of the sheet making the publication."

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Local Items.

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—Be good.

—Skates at the store.

—The play was quite a success.

—Burtie's burglar is yet at large.

—The Quartette continues steadily to improve.

—All disputes should be settled in the club rooms.

—Students left in large numbers Wednesday and Thursday.

—Ice on the lakes was seen for the first time on the 14th inst.

—No, it wasn't a riot, it was only '89's Glee Club rehearsing.

—A few of the *élite* took in "Held by the Enemy" Monday evening.

—T. A. Goebel, '89, will defend the next thesis before the Philosophical Society.

—Even the most severe look genial at the approach of Christmas festivities.

—Mr. Frank Fehr will act as stage manager for Washington Hall in the future.

—According to all reports, the last hunting expedition was not a howling success.

—Messrs. Tiernan, Smith and Pollock will have rooms on the first floor of Sorin Hall.

—"The Recognition," said the Junior, as he saw the remnants of his rubber boots in the "mystery."

—The St. Joseph's Band of Mishawaka shows great improvement each time it appears at Notre Dame.

—Prof.: "How many wars with England?" Prep.: "Two." Prof.: "Enumerate them." Prep.: "one, two." (Big joke!)

—The fighting Editor will spend his vacation in training preparatory to an expectant busy time after New Year's.

—Those who took part in the exercises last Saturday had a turkey lunch in the Junior refectory Monday afternoon.

—The members of '89 had better abandon the novel and expend their surplus mental energy in getting up a class annual.

—Mr. Heller, the tonsorial artist of South Bend, with an able corps of assistants, was at the University Tuesday afternoon. The shop was liberally patronized.

—The semi-annual examinations will take place, as usual, the last week in January; but we trust that thoughts of them will not mar the holiday pleasure of anyone.

—The services on Tuesday next, the great festival of Christmas, will be of the usual impressive solemnity which has always characterized its celebration at Notre Dame.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Association extend a unanimous vote of thanks to Messrs. Kelly, Brookfield, Fehr, Melady and Mayer for kind services rendered in connection with the late entertainment.

—The road in front of the Manual Labor School will be closed when the wings are built on to Sorin Hall next spring. The road to the farm houses has been broadened, and teams will have to come around by that way if they do not enter in front of the grounds.

—The play of the "Recognition" produced at the exhibition on Saturday evening was written especially for the St. Cecilians by their Director, Rev. A. Lemonnier, fourth President of the University, who died in 1874. It was published in book form by the late Prof. Lyons.

—If you want a good newspaper during the coming year, subscribe for the *New York Sun*. It is the model newspaper of the country. It is fair in its dealings, literary in its character, newsy in its matter; in a word, it possesses all the excellencies that one could expect to find in the newspaper of the day.

—In accordance with the decree of the Holy Father, the 31st day of December will be observed with special solemnity throughout the Christian world, as an act of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart in closing the Jubilee year. Special services will be held here at Notre Dame on the evening of the 31st inst.

—Through the last six numbers of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Rev. Father Fitte, C. S. C., has been publishing a series of articles on "The French Drama." Each production of this gifted writer evinces a masterful familiarity with his subject, and commands the interested attention of the literary scholar.—*College Message*.

—Messrs. D. Sullivan, E. O'Brien and C. Brown from the Senior department played two games of handball with Messrs. McHenry, John Lyons and Joe Lyons from the Manual Labor School on the 16th inst., winning one game by a score of 12 to 22, and losing the other by a score of 13 to 22. Time prevented the playing of a third game.

—Those intending to room in Sorin Hall had a meeting Monday afternoon, and many chose

the quarters which they will occupy after the holidays. The choice apartments, of course, went to '89, Mr. J. E. Cusack making the first selection which was a southwest corner. A list of those having rooms in this building will be given after New Year's.

—The prize awarded by the SCHOLASTIC to the one who would give the best excuse to get away for the holidays before the appointed time has been given to Mr. I. Waixel, who won by a large majority, notwithstanding many dangerous competitors. Brookfield claimed a share in the prize, as he says he assisted the winner in devising his excuse; but his claim was disallowed.

—For the past few months our genial Prof. Stace has been missed by all the students. He has been very seriously ill, but we are glad to learn that of late he has been steadily improving, and hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery. We all hope that the New Year will bring to him, with its dawn, the great boon of health and full restoration of that strength which will enable him to exercise the powers of his gifted mind.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Ypsilanti Sentinel*, publishes the following for students of German:

„Drifft ein Jemand einen Jemand  
 In dem Korn allein,  
 Küßt der Jemand dann den Jemand,  
 Wußts der Jemand schrei'n?“  
 „Ich denke es kommt darauf an.“  
 „Ja, ich denke auch so. Verstehen Sie es, alle?“  
 „O, ja, Sie verstehen.“

—The entertainment in honor of President Walsh's feast-day was a success, and tended to show the respect and admiration in which Father Walsh is held by the students. In his capacity as President of the Institution Father Walsh has been eminently successful, and it is largely due to the co-operation of the boys who trust and respect one who has always trusted and respected them. We wish our President many such happy feast-days in the future.

—The largest and finest Christmas crib ever erected at Notre Dame is now in process of construction under the skilful hands of Bro. Frederick, C. S. C. It will occupy the whole of one of the side chapels in the extension to the church. The hills of Bethlehem and the approach to the stable, with towers, caravansaries and fields are well designed and artistically executed. The crib itself is a fine piece of work, and the whole will tend to inspire devotion.

—The Juniors' address to Rev. President Walsh at the entertainment in honor of his festival day contained a touching allusion to the memory of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, who departed this life in August last. During the thirty or more years that the leading society of the Junior department had its existence, Prof. Lyons was intimately associated with its direction. And in that long period the present entertainment

was the first given by the society at which his genial presence was missed. How much the Juniors of those years, and particularly the Cecilians, owe to the personal influence of the departed Professor cannot be expressed in words; but that it has been lasting, and will long endure there can be no doubt.

—The Temperance Society met on the evening of the 16th inst., Mr. Sullivan being in the chair. The programme for the evening was an address by Prof. Ewing, an essay on the evils of intemperance by Mr. Toner, and a recitation by D. Brewer. The meeting was one of the most successful held during the year. The remarks of Mr. Ewing deserve especial praise. Prof. Fearnley was invited to address the society. This he did in his usual charming manner. His remarks, though brief, carried conviction with them. The society extends a vote of thanks to Profs. Fearnley and Ewing. E. Chacon read a paper congratulating President Walsh on his feast-day. After a few remarks from Father Walsh, the meeting adjourned.

—The last number of *The Irish Catholic*, published in Dublin, contains a "Bird's eye view of the University of Notre Dame," together with a lengthy and kindly notice of the institution. The editor very aptly takes occasion to say that "Notre Dame is just the type of an institution which should have been long since sanctioned in Ireland, and which, with similar legislative sustainment, is exactly what Clongowes Wood and the French college, Blackrock, would speedily become were fair play accorded to Irish Catholics in educational matters. . . . If one establishment possessing similar privileges to Notre Dame could be found in Ireland, the Irish university difficulty might be fairly regarded as being on the road to solution. That no such institution is permitted is the best possible evidence of the disabilities under which Irish Catholics suffer in the land of their birth under a government which hypocritically poses as the champion of justice and the chief maintainer of law and right."

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—A public debate, to be participated in by the members of the Law Debating Society, will be given next session at a time hereafter to be fixed upon.—Classes were pretty well thinned out before formal adjournment for the holidays.—The department will enter Sorin Hall immediately after the Christmas vacation.—A number of the "laws" will stay at the University during the holidays and read up useful works on law.—The Law Society did not meet this week.—Prof. Hoynes received a telegram from Chicago Tuesday afternoon, announcing that an important case in which he was interested as an attorney had been decided by the Appellate Court of the Northern District of Illinois in favor of his client. Congratulations.—The first case to be called in the Moot-court after New Year's week is that of *Sands vs. a Railroad Company for damages sus-*

tained while in the employ of the defendant. The attorneys on both sides should be ready for trial when the case comes up.—The afternoon class will take up municipal corporations after the holidays.

—The class of Practical Mechanics has just completed an eight horse-power engine which is now on exhibition in the machine shop. It has been constructed by George A. Archambault, assisted by two or three of the other students. It is an excellent piece of work and a credit to the builders. The pattern makers have been actively engaged on some new designs of machinery. Among these may be mentioned a universal grinding apparatus for reamers, milling cutters, etc., by W. Devine; a mitre cutter and universal trimmer by C. Fleming; a new model of engine with Corliss frame by G. Jackson, from original design and drawings. Patterns for an eleven hundred pound lathe are in rapid progress; E. Adams and C. Carroll making the gearwheels; C. Ramsay the countershaft and pulleys; W. Galland the tail stock which has just been completed in elegant style. The drawings employed are from the skilful hands of J. Delaney, R. Nations, G. Eyanson and G. Archambault from original designs or from sketches in the shop under the direction of the Professor of Machine Drawing. In addition, a dozen small engines are in course of construction, and two new lathes, one measuring four feet the other six.

—The *South Bend Tribune* says:

"The recent production of 'The Recognition' by the St. Cecilian Society of Notre Dame needs more than a passing mention. The scenery in the theatre was expressly provided for this play, and its frequent repetition by the students has made the audience somewhat excessively critical; so that the actors, when they entered the other evening, were received with chilling silence, which lasted until they actually forced applause by their merit. The rain kept many friends of the college from being present. Nevertheless, there was a large representation. Dr. Berteling, who was the original Count Bartolo some years ago, actually admitted that the performance of the part was far more careful and more natural than in his time. The results of the late Prof. Lyons' training and Father Regan's careful adherence to the traditions of that eminent elocutionist were marked. Messrs. McPhee, George O'Brien and Adelsperger showed great histrionic talent. The cast indeed was so admirably well balanced, that it would seem invidious to single out individuals. The President of the University, it is said, thanked the St. Cecilians for their clearness of enunciation and the absence of affectation which characterized their performance. 'Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed,' and Father Regan and his cast have every reason to be proud of the most successful play Notre Dame has had."

—On last Sunday evening, "Gaudete Sunday," the following programme, complimentary to the Provincial, Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., was rendered by the students of St. Aloysius' Seminary: Some Day I'll Wander Back Again" . . . . A. W. French Solo—J. Cavanaugh. Chorus—Seminary Choir. The Sailor Boy—(Declamation) . . . . . J. Just "The Danube River"—*Aide* . . . . . G. O'Brien "The Saracen and the Knight"—(Personation) J. Hyland "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"—(Duet) . . . . Glover J. Clarke, E. Roesch. The Defiance—(Declamation) . . . . . H. Sauten

A Mother's Appeal—(Declamation).....R. Marciniak  
 "The Heart Bowed Down—(Solo).....*Balfe*  
 G. Mayerhœffer.

"The Legend"—(Personation).....Jos. Maguire  
 "Bring Me a Letter From Home".....*G. Vickers*  
 Solo—T. Crumley. Chorus—Seminary Choir.

The closing remarks were made by the Very Rev. Provincial, who in a few words thanked the young men, and congratulated them on their success. Fathers Stoffel and Morrissey also addressed the young men. Besides the Reverend Fathers, the theologians were present and Prof. Liscombe, the instructor of the Seminary choir.

—A literary, musical and dramatic entertainment by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association complimentary to the Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, was given in Washington Hall, Saturday, Dec. 15. The following is the

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

- Overture—"Chevalier Breton".....*Hermann*  
 University Orchestra.  
 Chorus—"Hail to Thee, Liberty".....*Rossini*  
 Philharmonic Society.  
 Greetings from the Seniors...R. C. Newton (Class of '89)  
 Quartette—"The Two Roses".....*Werner*  
 F. Jewett, W. Roberts, R. Sullivan, W. Lahey.  
 Greetings from the Juniors....W. McPhee (Class of '90)  
 Duet—"Home to Our Mountains".....*Verdi*  
 L. Monarch, T. Mahon.  
 Greetings from the Minims, J. Cudahy, H. Mooney and  
 C. Connor.  
 Duet—"Evening".....C. Sullivan, L. Sutter  
 Prologue.....Jas. McIntosh

## PART II.

## "THE RECOGNITION."

## A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

- Duke of Spoleto.....J. E. Berry  
 Riccardo, his Squire.....J. J. Reinhard  
 Prince of Macerata.....J. A. Wright  
 Count Bartolo.....J. J. McGrath  
 Antonio, his son, a Boy.....W. P. McPhee  
 Balthazar (Arbalester), Friend of Antonio, L. J. Scherrer  
 Stephano, Teacher of Antonio.....E. R. Adelsperger  
 Leonardo, a Soldier.....J. L. McIntosh  
 Gratiano, { Pages, Friends of Antonio, { E. Du Brul  
 Lorenzo, { Geo. O'Brien  
 Giacomo, Squire to Bartolo.....F. J. Chute  
 Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco.....H. O. Bronson  
 Reginald, Officer of Prince of Macerata...H. J. Pecheux  
 Paolo, a Jailer.....T. A. Wilbanks  
 Zucchi, a Blacksmith.....J. McNulty  
 Andrea, a Squire of the Duke.....H. Silver  
 Silvio, a Courier.....J. Hennessy  
 Pietro.....F. Wile

## 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. Akin, Alvarez, Burns, J. Brennan, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, F. Brown, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barret, Burke, Bronson, Beckman, Brelsford, Brady, Blackman, Crabb, Cassidy, S. Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cullen, Casey, Cavanagh, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, Darroch, Draper, Dacy, Delaney, Dougherty, Dwyer, Eyanson, J. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Grange, Göke,

Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, Hepburn, Healy, Hayes, J. Hacket, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hill, Hummer, Henderson, Inks, Jennings, F. Jewett, Kinsella,\* Karasynski, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Lappin, F. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, G. Long, Landgraff, Maloney, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Jno. McCarthy, Mackey, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Melady, Jno. Meagher, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, McCune, Nations, A. Nicholl, Newton, O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Paquette, Prichard, Pollock, Prudhomme, Pim, Robinson, Reynolds, Reedy, Rorke, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Sawkins, Springer, J. B. Sullivan, T. Smith, Stephenson, Toner, Tiernan, Tarrant, Velasco, Wise, Woods, Wade, Wynn, Webb, C. Youngermann, F. Youngermann, Zinn, Zeitler, Zeller.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, Adler, Adams, Aarons, Ayer, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bradley, Baltes, Beringer, Bronson, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Covert, Case, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, N. Davis, L. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dunn, A. Devine, Darroch, Dempsey, Daniels, Dinkel, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Foley, Fitzgerald, Greene, Galland, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Hoffman, Hennessy, Hammond, Ibold, Jackson, Bryan, Jewett, King, Krembs, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kearns, Louisell, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Wilbanks, J. Mooney, Merz, McDonnell, McPhee, McCarthy, J. McIntosh, McIvers, McGrath, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, O'Mara, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, A. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, Stanton, Schultze, Sutter, Sullivan, Spalding, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Silver, Talbot, Tetard, Wright, J. Walsh, Weitzel, Young.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Beringer, Brown, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Crane, Downing, Durand, Duquesne, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, G. Franche, C. Franche, Finnerty, E. Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hinds, Hedenbergh, Heckler, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, C. Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Kehoe, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, McCrath, Miller, Marr, McLeod, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, F. Webb, Wever, R. Webb, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

\* Omitted by mistake the last three weeks.

## A CONVENIENT CALENDAR AND STAND.

The most convenient, valuable, and novel business table or desk calendar for 1889, is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. The calendar proper is in the form of a pad of 365 leaves, one for each day. The leaves are  $5\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$  inches, a portion of each is left blank for memoranda, and as the leaves are sewed at the ends, any entire leaf, as well as the memorandum blank, can be exposed whenever desired. The pad rests upon a portable stand, and when placed upon the desk or writing table the entire surface of the date leaf is brought directly before the eye, furnishing date and memoranda impossible to be overlooked.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss Estelle Todd, Class of '84, paid a short visit to St. Mary's last week.

—The Juniors who intend remaining at St. Mary's for the holidays are working hard, preparing for their Christmas tree.

—The Third Senior Composition Class held an interesting competition lately. The five best compositions were written by the Misses Arnold, Caren, N. Gibson, Nancy and Lawrence. A volume of Bryant's Poems was offered as a prize; it was drawn by Miss A. Caren.

—A volume of A. Procter's poems was offered as a prize to the one in the graduating class, who, in a given time, would write the best composition on Christmas. All wrote well, so all drew for the prize, which was drawn by Miss M. Smith. The second prize, a silver cross, was won by Miss M. Clifford.

—THE QUESTION AT ST. MARY'S.

*(A Third Senior's Soliloquy.)*

To take, or not to take? that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis better to obey the order,  
And pack one's trappings in a satchel small;  
Or, to take arms against the law of trunks,  
And,—even then not get it?

—Professor M. F. Egan's lecture on Tuesday the 18th, was a real treat to all. His subject was "True Æsthetics," and was thoroughly appreciated. The advantages arising from a course of lectures by one so well fitted to give them, are such as are found in few institutions for young ladies—and St. Mary's congratulates herself on having secured so true a literary artist.

—At the regular reading of the notes, Miss B. Arnold read a graphic description of Christmas festivities in Rome, and little Sadie Smyth entertained the audience with a recital of her sorrow, occasioned by the death of her pet kitten. Very Rev. Father General gave a few words of excellent counsel to those going home for the holidays; he then dwelt upon the necessity of making graceful salutations, and, indeed, of cultivating grace in every movement.

—Last week the sanctuary lamp for the church of Our Lady of Loreto arrived from Lyons, France. It is a real work of art, and was made after a special design sent from St. Mary's to the manufacturers. The lamp is of gilt-brass exquisitely worked in grapes, leaves and tendrils, upholding a filagree support for a large red glass bowl; above this, suspended by richly-wrought chains, hangs the red glass receptacle for the oil. The sanctuary lamp is the generous gift of Miss Laura Fendrich, Class of '84, of Evansville, Ind., and is only one of the many marks of grateful remembrance she has shown St. Mary's.

—The regular lectures given to the music pupils by the Directress of the Music Department, are of incalculable advantage to those who desire a thorough musical education. The subject of the instruction on Saturday last was, "The origin and progress of harmony." Its history was traced through the Middle Ages, when harmony was fostered by the untiring efforts of the cloistered monks. Step by step was the progress noted in their experiments in the aggregation of simultaneous sounds, slowly gaining by experience what at times was almost lost owing to the obstacles occasioned by invasions and devastations of war. Their crude beginnings contained the thought which in future time developed polyphonic combinations, which later on, under our great tone-masters, became the Science of Harmony.

### Christmas.

One bitter cold night, the winds howled mournfully among the trees, and swept with savage force over the plains in a distant country; from an adjoining city the hour of midnight was announced, and by a sudden impulse the howling wind was softened into a gentle breeze, and the air became strangely mild around a stable wherein the Redeemer of the world was born. The stars burned with renewed brilliancy, and all nature paid homage to the God of nature. The angelic host sang in rapturous tones the tidings of redemption, and earth and sky echoed the song of triumph—*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

Eighteen centuries have passed since Christmas had its dawn, and still the heart of every Christian warms at the mention of its magic name,—warms, as if in reparation for lack of welcome accorded the Infant Saviour in the cold streets of Bethlehem. The joyous feeling that possesses the heart of man on Christmas day surges into his face, from which is reflected the angels' message—"Peace on earth to men of good will,"—and with heart and hand open he hastens to carry the tidings of happiness far and wide. In spirit he visits the humble cave and, contrasting his position with the poverty of Him whose birth he is commemorating, he ministers to Christ in the person of His poor. He places his gold in indigent hands, cold and trembling, and he feels the tiny fingers of the Babe of Bethlehem growing warmer from the warmth he has given to the needy.

In olden times the festivities of this season were accompanied with a true spirit of Christianity; as time advanced, the customs savored

more of earth than of Heaven, and wild revelry in many cases took the place of the sweet carols announcing that Christ the Lord was born. To-day we celebrate it with religious services it is true; but with many it is a day of feasting and merriment, and no thought is given to the origin of the festival. In some hearts, however, is Christ born again, and a spirit of love unites those who cluster round the crib to adore their King, as the shepherds did of old. In such souls, the light of Christmas applied to the Yule-log of charity causes it to glow with a brightness and warmth that brings joy to those whose burden seems greater than they can bear, and imbues the possessor of that sweet charity with the spirit of Jesus.

Father Faber tells us that the closing of the doors in Bethlehem against Mary and Joseph was symbolic of the closing of many hearts against the Babe Divine. Let us open wide our hearts that the true spirit of Christmas may permeate them, and that the peace proclaimed by the angels on high, may find a resting place in our souls, as we respond gladly to their invitation—*Venite, adoremus Dominum.*

MAUD B. CLIFFORD (Class '89).

#### Roll of Honor.

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

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, Bates, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, J. Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, E. Coll, Campeau, Currier, Caren, Compagne, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, English, Flannery, Fursman, Flitner, Gavan, Guise, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hepburn, Harmes, Huber, Hutchinson, Haight, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, K. Johnson, Koepplinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nancy, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Rend, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, H. Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, B. Smith, Taylor, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, Wagner, Wright, Webb, Wilkinson, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, M. Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, Crane, R. Campbell, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Ernest, Göke, Griffith, Hull, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, M. McHugh, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Quealey, Regan, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, B. Davis, Griffith, L. McHugh, Moore, Papin, S. Smyth, 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 B. Barry, K. Gavan, M. Horner.  
3D CLASS—Misses H. Coll, L. 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, I. Stapleton.  
2D DIV.—Misses I. Bub, M. Clifford, M. Gibson, E. Healy, M. Yungblut, N. Linneen, E. Quealey, E. Wright.  
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. Church-ill, 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, R. Van Mourick, W. Wurzburg.  
6TH CLASS—Misses M. Andree, M. Burion, 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, B. Bloom.  
2D DIV.—Misses C. Beck, M. Burns, E. Burns, U. Bush, I. Cooke, C. Daly, E. Davis, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, I. Hamilton, M. Geer, Harmes, A. Keeney, L. Koepplinger, L. Marks, K. McCarthy, A. O'Mara, L. Mercer, E. Norton, M. Patier, G. Rentfrow, A. Thirds, I. Zahm, E. Nicholas, M. Schiltz, N. Johnson, M. Huber.  
7TH CLASS—Misses M. Ash, S. Brewer, J. Cleaveland, J. Connell, C. Dorsey, S. Göke, M. Hagus, M. Haight, B. Hepburn, M. Kelso, B. Kingsbury, J. Ledwith, M. Miller, C. Quealey, D. Spurgeon, B. Smith, R. Campbell, I. Canepa, M. Harriman.  
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, A. Maguire, F. Palmer, E. Regan, A. Rowley, M. Rose, J. Smith, N. Smith, L. McHugh.  
9TH CLASS—Misses E. Cooper, B. Davis, V. Kelly, M. McHugh, M. Scherrer.  
10TH CLASS—Misses E. Burns, P. Griffith, K. Moore, C. Griffith.

### HARP.

4TH CLASS—Miss L. Hillas.  
5TH CLASS—Misses E. Nester, L. Waterbury.

### GUITAR.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses M. Burton, M. Schiltz.  
5TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss L. Griffith.  
6TH CLASS—Miss F. Marley.

### VIOLIN.

Misses M. Fursman, H. Nester, L. Johns, 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, C. Haight, M. Schiltz.