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To Anna Hanson Dorsey.*

There stood all day above the din and roar
Of crowded streets a statue purely wrought,
To Heaven pointing. On its fair brow high thought
Enshrined was; and when the studded door
Of night had closed, it, more enraptured, bore
The artist's touch; and those—the few that sought
The sculptor's meaning—felt their chilled hearts
fraught

Under the silence, with God's love the more:
So you, creatrix, with your noble art,
Have worked serene above a sordid world;
Not prizing much its praises or its blame.
But telling secrets to the faithful heart,
Learned well of God. Who reads your pages, pearled
With faith and love, must hail and bless your name!

MAURICE F. EGAN.

* Accompanying the "Lætare" Medal.

The Beauties of Every-Day Life.

BY H. B. BRELSFORD, '91.

The faculty which recognizes the perception of external beauty is part of the mental furniture of every person. And while it is true that each of the five senses is a medium through which such sensation may be communicated to the mind, yet we purpose considering but one of them; for beauty, as generally understood, is that quality which appeals more particularly to the eye alone. But when we speak of the beauties of every-day life, we mean only those met with in the ordinary routine of existence, and have no reference to the more uncommon beauties which are remarked by special effort. Nature is so lavish with her loveliness that her very prodigality lessens our esteem.

If the splendor of the dawning day was appar-

ent but once in a twelvemonth, or if the twinkling lights of heaven pierced the blue dome of sky less frequently, none would fail to mark the grandeur of the one, or the majesty of the other; but as it is, how many of us rise and hie away to our daily tasks, and then return at eventide without a single thought of the morning's brightness or the evening's joy. Ah! how much there is of the good and pleasant in life which such narrow natures never feel! Everyone has felt the truth of Bryant's words: "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

But nature's beauties are revealed in forms so numerous that to attempt their enumeration were an idle task, and so in our humble offering at her shrine, we shall speak but of the beauties of the dawn, and of the noonday, and the night, and of those which the succession of the seasons show.

The sluggard who prefers the torpor of slumber to the delight of a mind awake to the loveliness of morning well deserves to miss the grandest spectacle which the universe affords—the rising of the sun.

Then, "Behold the morn in russet mantle clad walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill." The sway of night is all but ended. The demons of darkness are fighting back the timorous heralds of the day, and are stubbornly opposing the onslaught of the cohorts of light. Baffled, defeated, the unregretted legions of the night-time flee, and joyously the earth welcomes the coming of King Phœbus. The song birds carol their notes of liquid happiness; and, freed from the dread and chill of night, the flowers lift their bended heads and dry their tears.

The eastern sky, so lately black and sombre, grows darkly red as though angered by the day's intrusion; then its colors mellow and

lighten into the blue gray tints that hasten to give place to the day's own azure hue. And now above the hill-tops, above the stately distant trees, the lord of light hastens to assume his own, and it is day.

When at noontime you quit your labor for an interval of rest, how many ever paused for a moment to contemplate the beauty of earth flooded with light by a noonday sun? The dauntless sunbeams make war upon every shadow. They peer in every nook and cranny where darkness seeks to hide. The soft light of morning has given place to midday brilliancy. The time is fit for high resolves and noble deeds. But the reign of light is brief, and sated with his short tenure of power, the sun hastens to his resting-place beyond yon distant hills, and farther.

It is evening. Clouds, red, white and fleecy, lightly hang in the western sky and fringe the horizon with a golden tapestry. Timidly they oppose their barrier to the day's imperious lord; but he, spurning their puny resistance, soon is far beyond them.

The day is fast slipping away—the day with its happiness and sorrow, with its christenings and deaths. But poignant indeed is the sorrow, or ecstatic the joy, which does not find grateful solace or added bliss in the mellow beauty of the twilight time. Then the turmoil and the hurry of the earlier hours are merged in a restful quiet; then the steps are homeward bent, and the eye kindles at the sight of waiting loved ones; but, ah! how seldom is the heart awake to the lavish beauty of nature upon every side! Then darkness comes apace, but not unheralded; for as the last lingering sunbeam leaves the sky, one by one the hiding stars come forth, coy and shy; then, bolder growing, they beckon their companions on, and soon the firmament is a vision of soft and glowing beauty. And yet you walk beneath the heavens and rarely view the stars!

Surely God is pained at the apathy of man, for a view of the jewelled sky at night time must beget sentiments of awe and solemnity and religion in the mind of every spectator. Gazing at the stars, as they twinkle their modest testimony of Omnipotence, even the heart of the infidel must revolt against disbelief, and the dormant faith of the careless must be awakened. But we will delay no longer in a futile attempt at discerning the beauties of the daytime or the night, for were ours a poet's pen our efforts would still be vain.

Let us turn to other forms of nature to view the beauties of the spring and summer and the autumn and the winter time. There are many who think the vernal the fairest of the seasons,

and, indeed, they have grounds for their belief. Perhaps 'tis because so marked is the contrast between the barrenness of winter and the blossoms of the spring. Winter, grim and chill, has reluctantly freed the earth from his loveless mastery; and nature, discarding her mantle of white, now rejoices in a verdant covering. Spring affords a beauty peculiarly her own—the beauty of growth. The beauty of livening grass, and opening buds and sweet flowers blossoming. There is a subtle fascination in the new life of the springtime; perhaps because it reminds us of our own development, physically and mentally.

In the spring the great cold fields are furrowed deep by the ruthless plow, and their frozen surface is replaced by a covering of warm, rich loam. And the very brooks of the meadows leap and hurry and babble along, glad to escape the thralldom of winter, and glad once more to wander through the green fields and woodlands that they loved so well of yore. And the cattle in the pastures have a fresher, brighter look, and the doves on the roofs ruffle their plumage to the warm new sun; and everything tells of life and happiness. Yes, the spring is a beautiful season; but in our adoration of her fresh young loveliness we must not forget the riper charms of summer. The spring is a time of promise, and the summer of fulfilment. The fields that were green with pledges of the coming harvest are teeming now with ripening crops; and now the timid buds are blossoms. The farmer sees the quick return from the seed he has lately sown, and complacently he thinks of the full granaries and well-stored barns of the autumn; and he is happy because the harvest results in part from his honest labor.

Summer is a season when every man should look upon the fertile fields with gratitude to Heaven, and vow worthily to live in a world that is so rich and beautiful. But the summer, too, is going, and autumn is before us. It is not wholly a time of the "sear and yellow leaf"; much of summer's gladness lingers still. Winter has not yet blasted the golden fields, nor robbed the meadows of their roses, nor bared the trees of their loveliness.

Fall is, indeed, but summer more matured. The autumn is a time when opulence and plenty mirror their beauteous forms in nature everywhere. But even autumn is forbidden long to tarry; and already boreas rages in his dark north cave, impatient to do battle for dominion of the earth. Frighted autumn flees away, and winter comes—winter, hoary, and harsh and cold. But yet winter is not all chill and gloom and

death; for see yonder bright-faced children, as like spirits they skim the surface of that little lake, while the warm blood races in tingling currents through their veins; their merry laughter declares winter a time of happiness. And you, when in bygone days you held the reins over a mettlesome steed, as his flashing hoofs fast spurned the glistening snow, and the sleigh-bells jingled gayly in the winter's crispy air, did not you then think winter a time of merriment and joy?

But enough. After all, life is about what we make it; and whether it is the beauties of "every-day life," or other beauties that we seek, their discovery depends much upon ourselves. Beauty is everywhere, would we but see it; and more, if we do not search it out, we are recreant to the trust given to us by Him, who endowed us with the power of recognizing loveliness.

The Apostle of Ireland.*

St. Patrick lived in what is truly called the age of the Doctors of the Church. He was the contemporary of St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine. In those days the chief field of the Church's work lay within the limits of the Roman empire, which had been handed over to her on the conversion of Constantine, just fifty years before the birth of St. Patrick. In the fourth century we hear little of missions outside the empire; even St. Martin's work was carried on in countries nominally subject to Rome. Then, while St. Martin was still living in the year 395, the death of the great Theodosius laid the empire prostrate at the feet of the barbarians. The year 408 saw Alaric at the gates of Rome, and in the footsteps of Alaric came horde after horde of barbarians, involving the cities of the empire and the sanctuaries of the Church in a common destruction. At such a time and under such circumstances defence rather than aggression must to many have seemed the only rational aspiration of the ministers of the Gospel; and that such was the opinion of St. Patrick's friends appears from the following passage in his *Confession*, in which, as far as we can follow him, he seems to take up the narrative of his life at the time of his departure from Marmoutier on the death of St. Martin:

"And again, after some years, I was once more taken captive, and on the first night I re-

mained with them. But I heard the divine response telling me, 'You shall be with them for two months'; and so it came to pass. On the sixtieth night the Lord delivered me from their hands. Again, after a few years, I was with my relations in Brittany, who received me as a son, and in the language of faith implored me that now, at least, after all my tribulations I should never again leave them; and there in a vision of the night I saw a man named Victricius, coming as it were from Ireland, with innumerable letters, one of which he gave to me, and in the first line I read, '*The voice of the Irish*;' and as I repeated the first words of the letter I seemed at the same moment to hear the voices of those who dwelt near the forest of Focluth, which borders the Western Sea, and they cried as it were with one voice, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, to return, and still walk amongst us.' And my heart was melted within me, and I could read no more, and I awoke. Thanks be to God, seeing that after many years the Lord has granted them that for which they supplicated."

We see, therefore, that the Saint never faltered in his purpose, and that heavenly encouragements were not wanting. On the other hand, there is nothing to show that at this time his apostolic vocation received any human acknowledgment or sympathy. On the contrary, we gather from his writings that our Saint had his full measure of that chalice of scorn and humiliation which is the ordinary divine preparation for all great spiritual exaltation.

The state of Gaul in those years which immediately followed the death of St. Martin gives a special significance to this account. At that time Gaul was one of the most favored of the provinces of the Roman empire. The Alps lay between it, and protected it from the barbarians who in the year 400 had entered Italy, and for a time the semi-pagan literature and arts of Rome seem to have found a shelter in the schools of Gaul, with no small damage to the austere Christian simplicity of the Church of St. Hilary and St. Martin. In such a state of things St. Patrick, a "husbandman, an exile, and unlearned," as he styles himself, was not likely to meet with much encouragement in his efforts to prepare himself for the apostolate, and in his writings we read the history of more than thirty years of hope deferred and faith that never failed. The ancient lives of the Saint help us very little as regards this part of his history. They merely tell us that he went from place to place as a pilgrim, and that he passed some time at Lerins, the *Insula Tamarensis* or *Insula*

* From "The Life of St. Patrick," by the Rev. William Bullen Morris.

Beata of the ancients, which at that time was one of the most famous sanctuaries of piety and learning in the world.

It is this extraordinary blank in his autobiography which has opened the way for the theory that St. Patrick started for Ireland on his own account, and set up a Church for himself—a view which has great attractions for some minds. It is natural that it should recommend itself to those who have no conception of the operations of the Divinity in the shaping of the Church. Those, however, who believe in the divine origin, life and unity of the Catholic Church will hardly consider the theory to be worthy of serious refutation. St. Patrick's account of his election to the apostolate is certainly the most mysterious part of his life. At the same time it is not altogether without a parallel. Direct divine vocations did not cease at the Ascension, as we learn from the call of Saul and Barnabas; and although in later times God seems to work more and more by the divinely appointed *magisterium* of the Church, for all that He is still the irresponsible dispenser of His gifts, and supernatural endowments are as real and as clearly recognized now as in the age of the Prophets and Apostles. The fact that St. Patrick founded a Church whose faith has never failed is one of those proofs of union with the See of Rome which in the mind of a Catholic dispenses with all need of other evidence. Stability, and that growth which unites one generation with another, is the undisputed appanage of Catholic faith. Fourteen centuries of perseverance have canonized the Church of St. Patrick, and proved that he communicated to Ireland the faith which he received from St. Celestine, of whom the author of the *Tripartite* says: "To the comarb (successor) of Peter belongs the instruction of Europe."

St. Patrick's writings give us very little indication of the extent to which he prosecuted ecclesiastical studies at Marmoutier, Lerins, and the other monasteries and sanctuaries at which he resided. It is certain that he studied under St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, who, as we learn from the *Book of Armagh*, introduced St. Patrick to the notice of the Pope. The same authority tells us that this was the second visit of our Saint to Rome, whither he had turned his steps in the first instance some thirty years previously.

Probus, who, above all the ancient biographers of our Saint, impresses us with the conviction that he had authentic information regarding many of the events of St. Patrick's career on the Continent anterior to his consecration, tells

us that before setting out for Ireland the Saint took a journey to Rome to obtain the apostolic benediction of Pope St. Celestine. "But first," says this writer, "he thus prayed to God: 'O Lord Jesus Christ . . . lead me, I beseech Thee, to the Chair of the holy Roman Church, that, receiving authority there to preach with confidence Thy sacred truths, the Irish nation, by my ministry, may be gathered to the fold of Christ'; and soon after the man of God, Patrick, being about to proceed to Ireland, went, as he had desired, to Rome, the head of all the churches, and having asked and received the apostolic benediction, he returned, pursuing the same road by which he had journeyed thither."

It is certain that St. Patrick was consecrated bishop in the year that followed the failure of the mission of St. Palladius; but there is considerable controversy regarding the name of his consecrator, and the place at which the ceremony was performed. Unfortunately for the record of this event, it is one of the cardinal points in the strange discussion which has been started in modern times regarding the Roman mission of St. Patrick. An overwhelming array of ancient Irish writers are witnesses to the fact that St. Patrick received his commission from Pope St. Celestine: there is not a dissentient voice amongst them. When, however, we try to trace the steps of the transaction in the pages of his ancient biographers, we are embarrassed by a number of details relating to St. Patrick's pilgrimages, without dates or sequence, which appear to have been inserted on the principle that no fragments should be allowed to perish. On these the antagonists of the Roman mission have fastened, with the intent apparently of increasing rather than of diminishing the confusion. On this point it will be enough to say that, if not exalted criticism, it is something like common sense to hold that St. Patrick's clergy and converts knew very well how he came to be appointed supreme head of the Church in Ireland, and that they were certain to transmit the information correctly, and if the narrative of his consecration, in the words of Dr. Todd, is in some places "curiously lame," a proper allowance for what he styles "forgotten geography," and; we may add, forgotten forms of ancient names, will teach us more respect than this writer shows for such venerable curiosities of literature.

As regards St. Patrick's consecration in Italy, it is absurd to suppose that the records of the Irish Church can be at fault. Objections grounded on obsolete and perplexing forms of the names of persons and places in old Irish manuscripts may

be dismissed as instances of mere pedantic combativeness. In like manner, the supposition that his admirers were driven to decorate St. Patrick with the character of a Roman legate in order to support his authority is utterly opposed to the whole tenor of St. Patrick's acts. Ancient Irish writers are content to mention the fact; for it never appears that they supposed that the orthodoxy, or the mission of their miraculous apostle, could be called in question: people do not inquire minutely into the credentials of those spiritual ambassadors who raise the dead. Whatever may be the difficulties of St. Patrick's life, his Roman mission is not certainly one of them. Without attempting to enlist that high-sounding expression "unanimous" on our side, we may say that ancient Irish writers who allude to the subject, and the traditions of the Irish Church, undisputed for ten centuries, all declare that St. Patrick received his mission from Pope St. Celestine. We have no reason to suppose that the decision of the Pontiff was preceded by all those official forms which attend the appointment of a metropolitan in our own times. The episcopate was the only difficulty, as we see from St. Patrick's writings; for the rest his mission merely meant the apostolic blessing on one who was about to go in search of martyrdom.

The Donnelly-Bacon-Shakspeare Controversy.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[The opinions here printed were written by some members of the Class in Criticism in twenty minutes,—no time being given for revision.]

After following Mr. Ignatius Donnelly through the many intricate windings of his "Cryptogram," it is more than likely that the average reader will be of the opinion that the immortal Shakspeare has no right to the respect and homage paid to him by the lovers of literature and the dramatic art. If so, the average reader forgets that he has heard but one side of the question, and, like the majority of the people of the present time, he hastily forms an opinion without giving the matter sufficient reflection. Now as the decision is of considerable importance to English literature, and as justice demands that the true author should receive credit for his work, too much thought cannot be bestowed on it. Mr. Donnelly says that Bacon was a member of the highest caste in England, and as "society" in those days condemned the drama and everyone connected with it, he was compelled to sacrifice either his social position or allow his genius to be wasted and unknown. In this position he fell back on Shakspeare to represent him. But a study of Elizabethan

chronicles shows us Shakspeare courted by peers and approved by Elizabeth herself. This destroys Bacon's supposed motive for putting Shakspeare's name to the most admirable of dramas.

C. T. CAVANAUGH.

Some time ago the literary world was shocked by the announcement that a Minnesota lawyer had discovered a cipher in the plays we call Shakspearian, and that, through evidence adduced from that cipher, the fact of authorship was transferred from William Shakspeare to Francis Lord Bacon. The idea of the cipher was new, but Bacon's claim to the authorship of these plays was an old and oft-disputed theme. For a long time after his announcement nothing was heard of the lawyer or his cipher. At length the literary public, tired of waiting for definite information on the subject, set up a loud howl, and did not hesitate to denounce the reported cipher as a literary "fraud." Goaded by the taunts of the press, Mr. Donnelly, the lawyer before alluded to, hurried his book—written in defence of the cipher—through the press, and it appeared under the title of "The Great Cryptogram."

The book is a remarkable addition to American literature. It opens with a chapter in which the great learning shown in the plays is set forth as an argument to prove that the author of the plays was a learned man. The second chapter is a biography of Shakspeare, and is evidently set forth *bona fide*. The history of Bacon's life follows this, and last comes the proof of the cipher. I do not think that Mr. Donnelly's first book makes a clear case against the "Swan of Avon." The testimony he advances is hardly sufficient to overcome the long-established prejudices of the literary world. The author may have purposely held back much valuable proof; but the book taken as a whole is well worth the attention of every critic.

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

The work which Mr. Donnelly has recently perpetrated is deserving of all the censure which has been heaped upon it. The ingenious manner in which the sage has worked out his "cipher" is simply absurd. Anyone having time might by a series of number discover in the works of other writers disclosures to the same effect as Mr. Donnelly has with his "cipher."

P. E. BURKE.

All admirers of the greatest of poetical dramas are undoubtedly deeply interested in the author, whoever he may be, of Shakspeare's plays. By common consent Wm. Shakspeare has been acknowledged to be their creator. Still, some fanatics are not satisfied with depriving him of this immortal glory, but heap calumny upon his memory, assigning him a position little above the filthy swine, reducing him at a single blow

to an uneducated actor, with no higher aspirations than to do the most insignificant parts in the Globe theatre. The most prominent of these literary executioners is Ignatius Donnelly, who has edited a large volume, showing his reasons, and at the same time giving his version of Bacon's (?) plays, in which he asserts to have found a number of hidden stories by means of a cryptogram invented by himself. He further inconsistently says that Bacon wrote the plays for sorely needed money. Thus he tries to impress on us that Bacon would take up valuable time in writing hidden stories when haste was of the greatest necessity.

W. B. AKIN.

One of the most absurd statements advanced by any author of late years is the statement that Francis Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to the pen of Shakspeare. This statement is upheld by Ignatius Donnelly in his book entitled "The Great Cryptograms." He claims to have discovered root numbers which by complicated mathematical processes produce a cryptogram worked in the plays by Lord Bacon which proves that their existence is due to his pen. How a man as busy as Bacon was could have time to put a cryptogram in his works is more than most people can understand. Besides if he could have written such grand works he would never have been ashamed to acknowledge that he was their author. Yet this is what Mr. Donnelly would have us believe.

W. P. MCPHEE.

The question whether to Bacon is due those immortal plays hitherto ascribed to Shakspeare has of late gained considerable notoriety through the efforts of Mr. Donnelly, who in his cryptogram (so it is alleged) proves with mathematical certainty that Shakspeare never wrote, never could have written, those divine dramas which form the crowning point of English literature. But as we have not the key to the cipher which he claims to have discovered, Mr. Donnelly must excuse us if we do not as yet repose our faith in his unsupported assertions as regards the cipher. Nevertheless his book throws so much light upon the manners and customs of those times, and displays such profound research and such sincerity that while not prepared to say that Bacon wrote the plays or that Shakspeare was so degraded as the cipher seems to show, yet we are in some doubt as regards their authorship. No efforts should be spared to discover the true author, be he Shakspeare or Bacon. The obscurity which shrouds the name of the one will be dissipated, whilst the halo of glory which accompanies the mention of the other will be but increased if to him can be ascribed the authorship of the most glorious dramas of any language.

That Bacon was the real author of the plays

accredited to Shakspeare is not at all improbable. Beyond all doubt the writer of these plays was an educated man; and that Bacon was such there is no doubt. If Shakspeare was an educated man, as the plays would indicate, he must have been a grand exception to all his family. None of the Shakspeares were remarkable for learning; and we know that William Shakspeare's daughter, Judith, could not write her own name. This would hardly be the case had she been the daughter of such a man as the author of the plays undoubtedly was.

Bacon was the descendant of a family remarkable for learning, and Francis Bacon equalled, if he did not excel, not only the members of his family, but also the greatest scholars of his day.

M. J. O'CONNELL.

There may be some foundation for the Baconian theory; however I think Mr. Donnelly has in reality said very little in support of that theory, and that little has, in my opinion, rather tended to weaken than to strengthen the case of the Baconites.

In the first place, Bacon was an unbeliever, a scoffer at God and all forms of worship; a man whose god was self, whose religion was the world. Is such a man capable, and if capable, does he ever give vent to such outbursts of admiration for God and His works as we find in almost every play of Shakspeare's? No. Then again, if Shakspeare were really the outcast that Mr. Donnelly says—a man who delighted in all species of moral and physical filth—where did he learn all those fine moral precepts which since his time have been in the mouths of the purest and best? Shakspeare's moral character may have not been the best; but if he were the monster which Mr. Donnelly paints, there would to-day be missing from the treasure house of literature gems for which neither Lord Bacon nor any other genius could have compensated.

H. A. HOLDEN.

The belief that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has expressed in regard to Bacon and the Shakspeare plays is not an improbable one. He says nothing that he does not prove by numerous quotations from authors who have written on the subject, and as many from Bacon's own writings. He shows very plainly that the writer of the plays must have been an educated man, a philosopher, and versed in all the sciences and the classic languages; he also shows, very plainly, that Shakspeare was none of these, nor even possessed an ordinary education. But that Bacon was a very highly educated man, indeed as few men were educated, no one even doubts. There are passages in the plays which are very similar to passages in Bacon's writings. The stories from which some of the plays were taken, were not translated from the original languages until long after the plays were published; this shows that the writer knew and was able to read

these languages. But Shakspeare knew no language but English. Who, then, it may be asked, wrote the plays or from whom did Shakspeare get the plots? In regard to the cipher, we can say very little. Mr. Donnelly has given us no explanation of the way in which he gets the root numbers, and of course on them the whole cipher rests. But it can be said, and truly, that everything that he shows us from the root numbers on is purely mathematical. I think that possibly if Mr. Donnelly explains in full the cryptogram, as he says he will, we may yet see Bacon the acknowledged author. But it may not be so for years.

W. J. MORRISON.

* *

Mr. Donnelly in attempting to prove Bacon the author of Shakspeare's plays has undertaken a task of great magnitude. As much as he has told us in his "Cryptogram" is by no means sufficient to overthrow the belief we now hold and which three hundred years have strengthened. His reasons are not altogether conclusive, whilst his cipher, though arithmetically correct, leaves us in a mist of doubts. Until it has been clearly proven that Bacon was the real author of those immortal dramas, we shall cling to the Bard of Avon.

T. GOEBEL.

* *

The Bacon-Shakspeare theory which has been the cause of much comment in literary circles, and which is so strongly advocated by Ignatius Donnelly, requires but little reflection to convince us that there is nothing in it worth considering. If Mr. Donnelly will enlighten us as to how he obtains the numbers for his cipher we shall be glad to hear what he has to say. But until Mr. Donnelly makes his "Cryptogram" more intelligible we remain convinced that Shakspeare is the author of the works attributed to him.

D. BARRETT.

* *

"There are more things in Heaven and earth than your philosophy dreams of, Horatio!" Until I took the pains to read for myself I never thought there were two sides to the question: "Who wrote Shakspeare's plays?" But anyone who reads Mr. Donnelly's book and does not admit as much as I have admitted must be, to say the least, a very ardent Shakspearian. Shakspeare's real or supposed ignorance, Bacon's known learning, the known bad moral reputation of the former, and the uprightness of the latter in spite of certain changes, all tend to throw some doubt as to the authorship of these marvellous productions.

Still another question presents itself for our consideration, namely: We are wont to wonder that any man could be possessed of such a versatility of genius as to enable him to devise so many and such a variety of characters. A man like Bacon, who had written so much could hardly have had time to add so many plays considering, as we must, that it takes time to think

out the plot; time to enable one to preserve the unities of time and place, and so on. It is, in my opinion, the height of folly to suppose for a minute that Bacon took the pains to engraft the cipher in such masterpieces as we read in the "Plays of Shakspeare."

And yet, as there are two sides, I suspend my judgment.

C. S. SPENCER.

College Gossip.

—A. B. does not stand for Bachelor of Athletics.

—A negro belonging to the Sophomore class won the first prize in the oratorical contest of Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill. His subject was "The American Negro."

—An alleged paper published at an obscure college in Ohio has seen fit to plagiarize a supposed sarcastic "chestnut" and apply it to the SCHOLASTIC. 'Twas ever thus. How often do we hear the jackal barking at the lion!

—L'Abbé Henry Hyvernât, author of a splendid work on Coptic Palæography just published, has started for a literary tour in the East before settling at Washington, where he has been invited to take the Professorship of Biblical Archaeology in the Catholic University.

—Eastern institutions are organizing Lacrosse clubs. Lacrosse is the favorite Canadian sport, and President Walsh, of Notre Dame, has always wished to have the game introduced here. Other sports, however, have demanded so much time and attention that Lacrosse clubs have not yet been formed. We hope to see the game introduced here before long.

—On the 11th inst., says the *Semaine Religieuse* of Montreal, the new chapel of the college of Côte des Neiges, near the city, was solemnly blessed by His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal. This establishment, which is conducted by the religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross under the presidency of Very Rev. J. Rézé, Provincial, is now in the full tide of prosperity. The new chapel is 110 feet in length, 40 feet in width and 32 feet in height, and occupies a central position among the college buildings. The paintings and other interior decorations are very artistic. The grand altar is the gift of Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation. After the ceremony, which was witnessed by a vast throng of friends of the institution and parents of the students, a reception was tendered the Most Rev. Archbishop in the college hall. Addresses were presented by the students to which His Grace replied in a most happy manner, congratulating the officers of the institution on the success attending their labors, and the students upon the rare advantages they possessed. It was a day, says the *Semaine*, which will constitute a memorable epoch in the annals of the College of Notre Dame des Neiges.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Lætare Medal.

The gold medal which for some years past it has been the privilege of the University to bestow upon some specially deserving lay member of the Church in this country on Lætare Sunday has been awarded this year to one whose merits there will be none to question. The honor has never been more fittingly bestowed: in this instance, especially, it may be said that the receiver honors the gift. The name of MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY has often been mentioned as that of a highly deserving candidate for any honors the Catholic body in America had it in their power to confer. We happen to know that she has been thought of for the Lætare Medal before this year, but there are reasons which render its bestowal at the present time more gratifying to the Faculty, and we trust more pleasurable to the recipient. A uniform edition of the works of this venerable authoress has lately been issued under her supervision; and though by no means complete, it includes several of her best stories, destined, we feel sure, to become favorites with a new generation of readers. It was a happy thought to arrange that the medal should be presented to Mrs. Dorsey by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who is an attached friend, and who was among the first to approve and encourage a reprint of her works.

The medal is bestowed in recognition of the author's meritorious services to the Catholic public of America, whom she has served with constant, self-sacrificing labor for upwards of forty years. Surely, of few could it be said that the honor was so well merited. Even to name the titles of her books would require many lines of type. They were the first works of fiction by a Catholic author that appeared in this country. Her books are delightful, full of charming characterizations and scenes on which the memory of the reader loves to linger; but above all, they are eminently Christian, and the heart on which they do not produce an impression for good must be hopelessly hard or hopelessly corrupt.

Although Mrs. Dorsey has passed the allotted four score and ten, we trust that her precious life may still be far from its honorable close. The pen has not yet dropped from her fingers, and it is as ready and seemingly as full of power as ever. But if she produces no other books, we have the stimulating example of her own career as beautiful and bright as any she ever depicted—beautiful with the beauty of Christian holiness and lightsome with heavenly light.

School Boards.

Deception, secret connivance and far-reaching plans have always been charged to the Jesuit Order; whereas to us their history makes them appear to have always been a very bold, enterprising and open set of men. Be that as it may, we doubt whether they have ever beaten, in shrewdness, the plan now in operation to raise the public schools above "Romish influence" and get denominational possession of them through the prevailing craze for "woman's rights" and "equal suffrage." Whether the keynote was struck in Boston accidentally, or the string intentionally stretched to the vibration, we do not know. Probably the former; but the tone was instantly caught. Unwittingly a Catholic member or two was elected on the School Board of Boston. The attention of the Board was called to the fact that Swinton's Book of History was incorrect in its statement of the Catholic dogma of "Indulgences," and that the teacher emphasized this injustice in his oral instruction. The matter was brought to the attention of the Board on which there was a Protestant clergyman who concurred in the action of his colleagues, when they judged the complaint well founded, changed the book and transferred the teacher to a different department. This was the signal for a howl. All the generations of Boston had been taught that the Catholic Church gave indulgences to commit sin. While there were no Catholics in Boston, nobody had contradicted it. Now, that the necessity for "substitutes" in the war, and work people in their protected factories had filled the city with Catholics, were the souls of their children to be perilled by having their beliefs that the Pope was the hydra of revelation, and the indulgences a license to sin disturbed? Forbid it, ye women voters—for the women had been made voters in school matters, but had not generally voted. The strong-minded women responded victoriously; a School Board without a Catholic or a Democrat upon it was elected, and henceforth, the Pope must stand in the estimation of the culture of Boston what he was pictured to us in our boyhood; a beast with seven heads and ten horns, and an indulgence must be a license to commit sin with impunity. Well will it be for some of the cultured Boston voters; if

in the Great Day they do not need an "indulgence," or something else. But we pass to the application of the above nearer home.

Some years ago the School Board of Detroit was elected by wards. In this way a number of Catholics were elected. The press raised a howl of general dissatisfaction with the doings of the Board, and proposed a change in the mode of election. At length, an excellent man, but a Catholic, was elected President of the Board. This was going beyond Protestant endurance. The Legislature was stormed. The Board was legislated out of existence, and substituted by one elected on a general ticket. Events proved that this was not what was really wanted. No Catholics could now be elected. So far, so good. But the Board was not so distributed over the city as to be justly representative. Complaint was general, but no remedy could be seen. A return to the election by wards would bring in the old danger of getting Catholics on the Board. Just here the Boston election came in; the keynote was struck, and the responding vibrating hum was heard in Detroit, as the strings of an instrument respond when each respective key is struck within its hearing. "We will return to the ward system of electing the School Board, and give women the right to vote. That has been effectual in excluding Catholics (and Democrats) from the School Board in Boston and it will be done here." Eureka! So said, so done. The necessary bills went through like greased lightning in time for the first election thereafter.

But voting is not all. Women are confessedly more under the influence of all kinds of clergymen than men, and the friends of Bible reading and religious instruction of their own kind in schools are now pushing the election of women on the School Boards. Thus they hope to obtain the influence necessary to secure their ends. This is their aim. There is no other conceivable benefit in the administration of school matters to be gained by the admission of women, and whether pretended or not, this is the real object. Success in this will only accentuate the objection of Catholics to the public schools; and not of Catholics only, but of many others. The Boston and Detroit movements are as distinctly preliminary attempts of a general plan of sectarianizing the public schools as ever a reconnaissance in force was indicative of the nearness of a general engagement. When it comes to pass that the mode of electing a Board and the whole basis of the suffrage must be changed to prevent the election of a Catholic on a School Board, there need be no further arguments to prove that the public schools are not the place for the education of Catholic children. The absurd Protestant claim always has been that the Catholic religion could not exist where schools were free and education universal, and rather than have this claim fail, every effort will be made to make the schools as hostile as may be to the faith they are confidentially expected to destroy.—*Ypsilanti* (Mich.) *Sentinel*.

Why Catholics Need Separate Schools.

There are many people who seem to be at a loss to understand why it is that the Catholic hierarchy insists upon the education of the young being placed in the hands of the Church. They see the vast system of the public schools, supported alike by the taxes of Catholic and non-Catholic, in full operation. They cannot understand why it is that the Church has put herself in antagonism with this system, and forbids her youth from taking advantage of the benefits of the purely secular education afforded by it. The more enlightened of them know that it is not because the Church is opposed to education, for they see the Catholic, after paying his taxes to support the State institutions, voluntarily subscribing to keep in operation the parochial school to which he sends his children. What, then, is the reason of this state of affairs?

It is because the Church, without undervaluing secular learning, or overrating the importance of religion, holds that it is of the utmost importance that the education of youth should be Catholic, and this it knows cannot be so long as the education given them is outside her control. She holds that there is no antagonism between science and religion; on the contrary, the only harm done is in separating them—a harm which others than Catholics are now beginning to realize.

The Church holds that education does not consist in the cultivation of the intellect alone. This, of course, is one of the ends of education, but not the only one. There is, besides the mind, a heart in man which must be trained; and unless this is done the young man can never make an honest citizen or a good father. Indeed the more learning the wicked man possesses the greater is his power for harm.

The separation of religion from secular education is fraught with detriment to the faith of the young, by leading them away from the Church; it is fraught with detriment to morals, by leading them away from God; and, moreover, it is fraught with danger to society at large, by ignoring those principles on which alone society can exist. It is secular education divorced from religion that has given rise to that spurious philosophy which has overrun so many of the colleges and universities of the continent of Europe, and which the professors of pantheism, atheism, and every form of unbelief, make the groundwork of their impious systems. It is secular education divorced from religion which has given birth to the Commune. Anarchy must be the result of the teachings of a purely secular education uninfluenced by the rays of religion, and all society would, if wholly placed under its influence, sink into chaos. We are not talking wildly. Such was the result in France during the first Revolution, and such may be the case again. During the revolutions of '48, whence came the recruits in favor of disorder? Were they not the students of universities from which religion

was excluded? These, then, are the reasons which cause the Church to insist that the education of her youth must be religious as well as secular,—that they may retain the Faith, and be good Catholics; that their morals may be uncontaminated, and they be good men; that the principles governing society may be preserved, and they be good citizens.

Books and Periodicals.

—Here comes *Donahoe's Monthly* again, as interesting and newsy as ever. We can only mention a few of the articles. It commences with an article by L. W. Reilly—"St. Paul as an Editor"—which will interest the editorial fraternity throughout the country. Then there is an article of great interest by Rev. W. P. Treacy, entitled, "A Bas Les Gueux." The "Hercules Stone and the Amber Spirit," a scientific article on electricity, by an experienced electrician. "The Monita Secreta of the Jesuits," by H. L. R., formerly a Protestant minister. But the article of the number is "Daniel O'Connell," by the Grand Old Man, Gladstone. This is given entire. "The Deceased Bishops of the United States" is continued, giving a history of the first bishop of New York. "Georgetown's Memorable Century," is a short and comprehensive account of the recent celebration. "Our Young Catholic Men" tells of the progress they are making at Boston College. "The All-Merciful Mother," gives an account of a new shrine of the Blessed Virgin in France. The moderate price of this magazine should ensure it a place in every Catholic family.

—An interesting portrait of John Burroughs at twenty opens the April *Wide Awake* as frontispiece; this engraving accompanies Mr. Burroughs's own story of his boyhood, "The Boy John Burroughs; a Glance Backward," telling how he had to struggle for his "schooling." Another excellent piece of biographical and historical work is by an English writer—Mrs. Blathwayt, entitled "Raleigh and the Potato"; this gives by courtesy of the National Gallery, Dublin, Ireland, a portrait of Lady Raleigh, Sir Walter's wife, also engravings from photographs made especially for *Wide Awake*, of Hayes-Barton farmhouse (Sir Walter's birthplace), of the Raleigh place of worship, the church at Budleigh Salterton, also Sir Walter's residence at Youghal, Ireland, a most picturesque spot, and the garden where the first potatoes were planted in Ireland, and many other interesting illustrations. "A Dash for a Flag," by R. M. Backus, is a spirited story of the Civil War. "The Little Girl of the Okobojo," by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, is the tale of a great Western river-freshet. "The Cascarani Dance," beautifully illustrated by Garrett, gives instructions for a joyous Easter game for children. Mrs. Claflin's behavior series, "Daisy's Letters to Pattie," has a letter

that ought to interest the parents of all school-girls. The Public School Cookery article has helpful diagrams for "marketing." The romantic story of the famous Braganza diamond is told by Mrs. Goddard Orpen. "Men and Things," the new department, is full to overflowing with bright, original anecdotes, accounts and "short talks." The poems of the number are particularly good. The serials, "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, and "David Vane and David Crane," by Trowbridge, are jolly reading.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for April is notable for the variety of its contents, which include popular articles on railroad affairs, ship-building, mountain climbing, and the anatomy of contortionists; literary reminiscences of Scott, De Quincey, Burns, and Dr. John Brown: a paper on Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist; and one of the much-praised series of End Papers, the writer for this month being Walter Pater, author of "Marius the Epicurean." The illustrations show equal richness, variety, and interest. A paper which is sure to cause wide discussion is "The Prevention of Railroad Strikes," by Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific. The author has held this remarkable paper unpublished for more than two years, thinking that the time was not ripe for it. The leading illustrated article is "Climbing Mount St. Elias," by William Williams, who describes the partial ascent, by himself and other members of the Alpine Club, of the highest mountain on this continent. The party reached an altitude of 11,460 feet—a higher point than has been attained before on this mountain. The stirring account of the expedition is richly illustrated from the author's sketches and photographs. "The Building of an 'Ocean Greyhound,'" by William H. Rideing, describes picturesquely and effectively the marvellous industry of the great Clyde shipyards, where the swiftest trans-Atlantic steamers are made. The illustrations show *The City of New York* and other vessels in various stages of the process of building. Dr. Thomas Dwight, of the Harvard Medical School, describes fully, for the first time in a popular article, the peculiar "Anatomy of the Contortionist." The peculiar powers of these "Snake-Men" are shown not to be chiefly the result of training, but are possible because of the unusual construction of the skeleton. The illustrations are from photographs of several expert contortionists. Mrs. James T. Fields writes of "A Second Shelf of Old Books"—this time giving reminiscences of a famous group of Edinburgh writers, including Scott, Dr. John Brown, De Quincey, and John Wilson. There are many admirable portraits and interesting fac-smiles.

—In the *Forum* for April the extraordinary career of Boulanger in French politics is narrated by a Parisian journalist, Guillaume C. Téner, who explains from within the condition of parties and politics whereunder a dashing adventurer, by means of a fine horse and of a

popular song in his praise, may even become President of France. The Rev. Dr. William Barry analyzes social unrest to find signs of impending economic revolution, which are the loss of the old bond of the Church, the rule of the rich everywhere, and the increase of poverty with plenty all about it. His essay is a prediction and a warning. Albion W. Tourg  e reviews the Negro problem to show the injustice of the rule of a minority, and he predicts a race conflict if the Negro vote is suppressed by fraud and force. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in the last of his series of essays on social reforms, emphasizes the necessity of giving reformatory agitation a practical turn. Would not better cooking and more judicious selection of food, he asks, do more for society than any pretentious reformatory theory? Mr. W. S. Lilly, in "Ethics of Art," defines what art is (for the same principles govern all art), and he points out the evidences given in modern art of the deidealizing of life,—the necessary result, as he regards it, of the prevalent material philosophy of the time. This essay takes a proper place in a series of papers on art, of which Prof. Charles Eliot Norton's "Definition of the Fine Arts" in the March number was one. Following his recent inquiry in the *Forum* as to whether America has produced a poet, Mr. Edmund Gosse explains the reasons for his fear that democratic tendencies prevent a proper appreciation of literature, and he points out some discouraging evidences of a lack of proper American valuation of the great poets. Dr. Thomas Hill, formerly President of Harvard, *apropos* of the discussion of phonetic spelling, explains a successful school experiment that was made under his direction in teaching children Ellis's "Glossic" system. Mr. H. C. Bunts, of the Cleveland (O.) bar, explains the true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine, which has undergone a gross popular misunderstanding. His argument is that it never became a fundamental policy of our Government, that it rests on no enactment, and, as commonly understood, is contrary to international law. Darius Lyman, for many years a student in the public service of our navigation laws, points out the legal impediments to a revival of our carrying trade, and shows how the laws need revising. Senator Stewart of Nevada brings up for public discussion the duty of the Government in preparing for the proper irrigation of our great area of rainless land, discussing the questions of the proper ownership of land and water, and reviewing briefly the experience of other governments.

Personal.

—W. Wabrauscheck (Prep. '86), of East Lake, Mich., was a welcome visitor, and passed a few days at the College during the week.

—The *Elkhart Sentinel* says of John Monschein (Prep. '83): "John Monschein has the distinction

of being the youngest and the smallest attorney of the Elkhart County bar. But John can console himself with the thought that his brain is as large as anybody's."

—We notice in the *Pennsylvanian* that Henry B. Luhn, formerly of Notre Dame, now of the University of Pennsylvania Medical Department, will pull No. 5 in the medical crew in the race to come off April 6. His weight is given at 168, and his age at 21. The average weight of the crew is 161¼. Mr. Luhn was formerly captain of one of the Notre Dame crews.

—At no church in the city was the grand festival of Ireland's Apostle more fittingly or joyously celebrated than at St. Edward's on Clark street. The attendance at all the Masses was unusually large, particularly at 10 o'clock which was a Solemn High Mass. Rev. J. D. Coleman, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's College, West Eighth street, preached the panegyric of St. Patrick, in his usual eloquent and impressive style.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

—Concerning the nomination of Mr. George F. Sugg, '81, as the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of City Attorney of Chicago, the *Globe* has the following:

"The unanimous choice of the democratic convention assembled for city attorney is a splendid compliment to the young democracy of Chicago.

"Mr. Sugg is a native of the city, 27 years old, of German descent. He was educated in the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame Ind., graduating therefrom with high honors in 1881. He joined George W. Hess in the practice of law, the firm being known as Sugg & Hess. In 1885 he began the practice of his profession alone, his practice being exclusively of a civil character, doing a large probate business. The father of the subject of this sketch is a native of America, of German descent, and is a member of the largest furniture factory in the city, the firm being known as Sugg & Beirsdorf.

"At the late national election Mr. Sugg was the candidate for senator in the Sixth Senatorial District, and in one week's canvass reduced the large republican majority of that district to 100, evidence of his deserved popularity. He is married and the father of one child. The writer found the subject of this sketch in the Commercial National Bank building, corner Dearborn and Monroe streets, occupying a well-arranged suite of rooms, and surrounded by volumes of law. He is above the medium height, of stout build and pleasant demeanor, and has a manly countenance lighted by a pair of brown eyes. His hair is of dark auburn, as is the small, well-kept moustache that shades the kindly mouth. His movements are quick, while his speech is prompt and of a manly tone.

"The people of Chicago, irrespective of politics, may well feel gratified that the young democracy have put forward George F. Sugg as their candidate for city attorney, knowing that if elected he will give general satisfaction to all."

—The Church of the Holy Angels, on Oakwood Boulevard, was crowded last evening (Sunday, March 24,) to hear Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., lecture on "Popes and the Papacy." "There is no person on earth," he said, "who at the present time attracts more general attention, more uncalled-for abuse, and inspires feelings of greater veneration than does the present Pontiff. He has no fleets or armies with which to defend himself, but no government can afford

to overlook him. "Who is this Pontiff? What does he represent? What is the cause of the influence he has?" Father Walsh answered these questions by narrating how Peter came to be selected by Christ as the head of His Church. "At that time," he continued, "Jesus saw in Peter not only Peter the pope and head of the Church, but he saw him as the head of papacy that has existed for over eighteen centuries, and will exist until the end of time. Christ called Peter, the first pope, the rock, thereby signifying that he was not to be unstable like man, but firm and unyielding like God and His Church. "The Lord prayed for Peter that his faith might never fail. This faith was not for himself individually, but a universal faith, so that even if persecuted and ill-treated the popes must hand down, one to the other, the torch of faith."

Father Walsh sketched the lives of the early popes. From Peter's time to that of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, there were thirty-two popes, two of whom died in exile, while the remainder were killed in various ways. The speaker then recounted the gradual progress of the Church in Germany, England, and other countries, and stated that the whole of western Europe was a standing monument to the energies of the popes. "The story of what they have done in the past," he remarked, "and the story of what is now being done in Africa shows that the popes have worked hard for the welfare of mankind through all eras and in all conditions. I contend that there is no prominent reform in the last eighteen centuries in which the popes have not had a hand. Gladstone says: 'The popes have for fifteen centuries marched at the head of human learning.' And under the shadow of the papal throne all the various great educational institutions of mediæval Europe and many of the present day were formed." Father Walsh closed with the remark: "The waves may dash against the bark of Peter, but we are certain that it can never be submerged, as to its pilot has been given the promise that the gates of hell cannot prevail against him."—*Chicago Times*.

Local Items.

- To-morrow is Lætare Sunday.
- 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Columbians!
- Be sure and see your picture next Saturday in Washington Hall.
- Mr. Nourse is "all right" on the Chinese and temperance questions.
- The Princes' ranks were reinforced by the arrival of three new Minims lately.
- The football association has a handsome sum in the coffers of Treasurer Cusack.
- The much talked-of exhibition of local characters will take place Saturday next.
- Serg't-Major D. Leonard has been appointed Acting Captain of Company "C," H. L. G.

—The gardener of St. Edward's Park is busy at work again, preparing for planting time.

—Prominent members of the Total Separation Society speak of celebrating the 1st of April.

—Rev. President Walsh kindly remembered the Columbians on their feast-day celebration. Many thanks!

—The Columbians return thanks to St. Hedwidge's Cornet Band of South Bend for the excellent music dispensed on St. Patrick's Day.

—The Columbians will soon give a public debate. They have good material, and under the presidency of Rev. Father Regan, success is assured.

—"Shorty" says the only "break" in the play was the cot; but no one "*caught on*." (This is a vile pun. We advise "Shorty" to take more serious views of life and eschew punning.—ED.)

—An occasional long walk—say as far as Bertrand or Mishawaka—would be a good thing for the Rugby team. This is merely a suggestion made by a prominent member of the team who undoubtedly has ulterior designs in view.

—Anyone found rushing the season with straw hats, linen dusters or ice-cream pantaloons, "will be severely sat down upon." This is intended as a friendly word of advice to Freddie and the rest of the boys who endeavor each season to set the style.

—Besides the members of the Faculty, the following were invited to the Columbian banquet: the SCHOLASTIC Staff; Lecture Committee; Commissioned officers of Cos. "A" and "B;" the N. D. Quartette and Orchestra; officers of the Philodemic and St. Cecilia societies; all ex-Columbians, and the Class of '89.

—Next Saturday, April 6th, Rev. Father Zahm will give a stereopticon exhibition in Washington Hall. The views to be exhibited are those taken of the students and other local characters in many and different comical positions. There will be a large number of views, and all who wish to see their pictures and to laugh at those of others should attend the exhibition. No pains will be spared to make the affair a success. Go and see yourself by the aid of the stereopticon.

—Wm. P. writes to the literary Editor that having read the "random lines" that have appeared from time to time in this paper he sends the following sample of his skill as far superior to that of Freddie's published last week:

"The merry, merry spring doth come,
With the singing of the lark,
No more we go through slush and snow,
Nor hear the sausage bark."

The writer thinks that hearing the sausage bark is a new idea, and we must confess it has a vein of originality about it, though the idea is perhaps a natural one.

—The football elevens to play for the local championship will be selected from the following: *Browns*—Albright (captain), Fehr, Prudhomme, Mattes, D. Cartier, E. Coady, McCarthy,

Major, O'Hara, W. Cartier, Brennan, Brown, Lesner and Lahey; *Blacks*—Melady (captain), H. Jewett, Cusack, L. Meagher. Hepburn, T. Coady, Campbell, Robinson, O'Brien, G. Cartier, Cooney and Herman. The team winning three games out of five will have the University championship.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—Little excitement in the Law school this week.—Mr. McCarthy, of Chicago, has presented the Library with an old copy of Grotius with several other interesting volumes.—The Latimer case came up Thursday in the Moot-court.—The Law Society will give a public debate in the near future. Judging from the good work done this year by the organization it will on this occasion sustain its reputation as the foremost debating society of the University.—The question for next Wednesday evening is: "Resolved that the Presidential term of office be extended to six years, and that no President shall be capable of re-election." Messrs. Burns and Brewer have the affirmative; Messrs. Hummer and Herman the negative.

—Mr. Robert Nourse gave "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" before a large audience in Washington Hall Wednesday afternoon. The speaker outlined the story of Dr. Jekyll and delineated the characters of the book and especially that of Mr. Hyde in a thrilling manner. He then drew the moral of the work and warned all to beware of Mr. Hyde. He spoke of man's weaknesses, and portrayed some of the dangerous influences at work which aimed at the destruction of society. A keen vein of wit and humorous stories served to lend spice and variety to the lecture, and the closest attention of the hearers was held throughout. Mr. Nourse has some peculiar ideas of his own, but it would be an injustice not to say that he is one of the finest dramatic speakers in the country.

—The stereopticon exhibition by Rev. Father Zahm in Washington Hall last Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Football Association, was a success. A large audience was in attendance, and quite a sum was realized by the association. The subject of the lecture and exhibition was Egypt, or rather the Nile Valley, which is the scene of the most remarkable and antique ruins of the world. Among the views were the statue erected in honor of Ramses II, the Pharaoh of the captivity; the temple of Isis; the cataracts of the Nile; Egyptian animals; obelisks; ruins of Sphinxes, of which there are the remains of about 600 along the Nile, the popular idea concerning the existence of only one Sphinx being erroneous; statues near Thebes, one of which is said to have sung every morning in olden times; the mummy of Ramses II, which was offered to an American for \$100 now valued at least at \$100,000 if obtainable at all; the favorite means of transportation in Egypt—the donkey with great capabilities of reversed action; the methods of agriculture the same as those of 4000 years ago; the junction of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea; fountain of Moses; the

site of Memphis; the Nilometer; streets of Cairo; its mosques and moslem cemetery; the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx; climbing the pyramids; the oldest pyramid or monument in the world, built thousands of years ago; views of Sahara Desert from pyramid and the place where Captain Anson and the baseball tourists recently played ball; Cleopatra's Needle now in New York City; Alexandria, and others too numerous to mention. A number of views of local personages taken recently were also thrown upon the curtain and provoked much merriment, that of Mr. Fehr being received with special enthusiasm. Like all of Father Zahm's lectures this one was instructive and entertaining, the views used being the finest ever taken. Another exhibition will be given in the near future, and it should be liberally patronized.

—The old boat house is gone—gone where the woodbine twineth, where the weary are at rest and the wicked take a change of venue. Old Time, whose scythe has been dulled by centuries of work, has come upon the old boat house with a spring like that of a Waterbury watch, and has gathered in what was once the pride and glory of the Lemonnier Boat Club. But there has been nothing mean about Old Time, for though *tempus fugit et non cumbacum est*, though we are here to-day and to-morrow in South Bend, the old frame building has enjoyed a good existence. And if those severed walls could only speak or write for the SCHOLASTIC what tales they could tell of crews sent forth to victory, of those who were sent out to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat! What stories they could reel off by the yard of crack oarsmen of bygone times; what astonishment they felt when the light and nimble Freddie rowed on to victory and fame, while Arthur made the acquaintance of that delectable dish known as "the soup!" And how those walls would laugh (if they only could) when they recalled those ancient athletes who were wont to grease the bottom of their barges in order that they might more quickly pass the winning buoys! And of what schemes and daring escapades they might tell if they could but talk! What envy they must have felt as they gazed upon the now gorgeous quarters of the club! But peace be with the old frame house. The former members of the club will hear of its departure with regret. Let us heave a tear and drop a sigh to its memory, and cherish the remembrances of the good old times had within its walls, for—the old boat house is gone!

—It was on the afternoon of the 24th when the members of the Columbian Society and their invited guests sat down to the annual banquet in the Senior dining-room; and as those present gazed upon the tempting and abundant viands they regretted they had shortly before partaken of a goodly dinner. But the appetite of a college student has great capabilities, and they were not lacking on this occasion. There were in attendance some forty or fifty of the

association and members of the Faculty together with the Class of '89. Following is the

MENU:

Oyster Soup.
Fried Chicken. Roast Duck.
Cold Ham.
Sweet Potatoes. Saratoga Chips.
Cranberry Sauce.
Celery. Lettuce.
Assorted Cakes. Vanilla Cream.
Preserved Peaches.
Oranges. Bananas. Apples.
Tea. Coffee.
Cheese.

After the dinner Mr. Barnes, as toastmaster, called upon Mr. Toner to respond to "Our Sister Societies." Mr. Toner spoke of the Philodemics, the Cecilians and other societies, paying a high tribute to the efficiency and good work of each organization. Mr. Ross Brownson responded to "Our Country."

"O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free:
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!"

Mr. J. B. Sullivan spoke feelingly of "Our *Alma Mater*," and predicted for it a bright and happy future. In response to "The Columbians of 1888-'89" Rev. Father Morrissey summed up the record of the society for the current year, and said that everyone has reason to be proud of the association which was an honor and an ornament to the University. He complimented the members on their efforts as evinced in their play given St. Patrick's Day, and said that if the society would maintain their present high standard in the future, no one could think of aught but congratulations. The reverend speaker's remarks were received with enthusiastic applause. An adjournment was made to the lake where cigars were passed around and enjoyed, while all agreed in saying that the annual Columbian banquet was a success.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albright, Akin, Ahlrichs, Alvarez, Bunker, Brennan, Burns, Brookfield, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, F. Brown, Brewer, E. Brannick, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Bronson, Beckman, Brelsford, C. Brown, Blackman, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, Chute, P. Coady, W. Campbell, E. Coady, G. Cartier, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Darroch, Davis, Dinkel, Eyanson, Freeman, Foster, Finckh, Forbes, Grange, Goebel, Gallardo, Giblin, F. Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, Gobin, Hepburn, Houlihan, Healy, Hackett, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hummer, Hoover, E. Howard, Heard, Hayes, Inks, Jennings, F. Jewett, Karasynski, Kimball, F. Kelly, Knight, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, Larkin, L. Long, G. Long, Landgraff, McNally, H. Murphy, McErlain, Mackey, Madden, McKeon, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, Melady, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, Major, Mithen, K. Newton, R. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, P. O'Flaherty, O'Hara, L. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Patterson, C. Paquette, Pim, Powers, Robinson, Reynolds, Rourke,

W. C. Roberts, Rothert, Roper, C. S. Roberts, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, T. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, C. Youngerman, Zinn, Zeitler, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Berry, Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, F. Connors, J. Connors, E. Connors, Case, Connelly, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Crotty, Des Garennes, Devine, Dempsey, Duffield, Doherty, L. N. Davis, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Falvey, S. Flannigan, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Green, Galland, Gappinger, Goodson, R. Healy, P. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Halthusen, Hinkley, Hoerr, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hoffman, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kearns, Lenhoff, Maher, Maurus, Malone, Mayer, J. Mooney, Mackey, McMahon, Merz, McIvers, J. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, Rowsey, Ramsey, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Sloan, Staples, Tetard, Towne, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, B. Wile, Williams, Wood, Willian, Wilbanks, Young, S. Fleming.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Blease, Boyle, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Carter, Downing, Durand, Doherty, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Elder, Eckler, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Hedenberg, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Levi, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, J. Marre, Maternes, A. Marre, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, Mooney, McGuire, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Parker, Plautz, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Seerey, Snyder, Stone, Stephens, Stange, Stafflin, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson, Watson, Quill.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. F. Neef, E. Du Brul, Brady, Reinhard, Adelsperger, Pecheux, L. N. Davis, Prichard, McPhee, Leo Scherrer, Hughes, Bronson, Wilbanks.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Literary Criticism—Messrs. J. Meagher, H. Holden, Adelsperger, Spencer; *Literature*—Messrs. Brelsford, M. Howard, Berry, Blessington, F. Jewett, C. Paquette, W. O'Brien, Reynolds, McNally; *Greek*—P. Burke; *Geology*—T. Goebel; *German*—Messrs. Schultze, Hesse, Frei, Krembs, McMahon, Maurus, A. Neef, Weitzel, Bunker, Goebel; *French*—Messrs. Burke, V. Morrison, Cusack, Spencer; *Perspective Drawing*—Messrs. Reynolds, H. Jewett, H. Brannick, Prudhomme; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. S. Campbell, F. Neef, Brady, Pecheux, C. Fitzgerald, E. Roth, Wade, Cunningham, Ciarcoschi; *Figure Drawing*—Messrs. W. Morrison, Lamont, J. McIntosh; *Mechanical Drawing*—Messrs. Eyanson, Delaney, Jackson; *Phonography*—Messrs. F. Wile, Blessington, H. Galen, Lesner, G. Soden, W. Morrison, Reedy, Curry; *Music*—Messrs. Becker, P. Coady, H. McAlister, J. Allen, Merz, Sutter, W. Cartier, Welch, Campbell, Burger, L. Chute, Reinhard, Crandall, Hoerr, W. Meagher, Gallardo, Zeller, Krembs, Combe, Nester, L. Scherrer, E. Du Brul.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—During Lent Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given twice a week, and the Way of the Cross is made in common by the Catholic pupils each Friday.

—On the Feast of the Annunciation Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father General. The Chapel of Loreto was the centre of attraction for all, especially for the Children of Mary.

—After the reading of the points on Sunday evening, presided by Very Rev. Father General, Marie Scherrer recited very prettily "The Two Pilgrims," and Miss M. Hurff gave "Gaudentius' Death," with good effect.

—There is much beautiful work in progress in the fancy work room. The Misses Anson, Haight and Wehr are engaged in working satin fire-screens; the Misses Thayer, Harmes, Farwell and Dolan deserve special mention for their careful work.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Balch, Omaha, Neb., very kindly took all the young ladies who hail from the Gate City for a ride. Needless to say they enjoyed the afternoon very much, and return warm thanks to the kind parents of their schoolmates, Erna and Thede.

—The botany classes are making great plans for the regular flower-gathering expeditions. Many of the "specimens" found in the woods during the spring months, however, are scarcely suitable for the ordinary Herbarium; at least, so say the classes of other years.

—The members of the Second Senior Rhetoric Class are developing their literary talents by the composition of allegories, parallels, criticisms, etc. The best exercises recently read in the class were by the Misses Healy, Hurff, Griffith, K. Hurley and I. Horner.

—The visitors of last week were: Mrs. L. Barber, Mrs. J. Quinn, Turner, Ill.; Miss F. Heeney, Mrs. J. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smyth, Chicago; J. P. Hague, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. F. C. Salman, Montreal; Mrs. J. Connelly, Miss K. Connelly, Denver, Col.; A. V. Blackwell, Gladstone, Mich.; Miss C. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.

Incompleteness.

When a masterpiece of some renowned artist is presented to our view we gaze at it admiringly, perhaps rapturously, marvelling that the hand of mortal could effect such beauty; but no painting, however beautiful, however admired by the world, contains the full conception of the one who produced it. There is always some design formed in his mind which he has found impossible to reproduce on canvas. To his eyes the beautiful piece of handiwork appears incomplete.

Who would dream, on hearing a single note of a musical instrument, that exquisite melodies are produced by the union of such sounds? But such in reality is the case; for though incomplete of themselves, those sounds combined into chords, or otherwise united, breathe sweet music into the ear of many a charmed listener. The tiny rivulets flowing down the mountain side are seemingly of little consequence; but noiselessly they glide over cliff and crag, gradually increasing in size till they form a mighty river.

When the first rays of God's pure sunlight tint the horizon the scene is beautiful to behold; the mists slowly rise until at midday they hang like a golden veil over the heavens, glorifying the whole earth.

The work of every human being is of itself incomplete; and only by uniting their forces are men capable of accomplishing anything of importance. In every vocation of life we find this to be the case. A philanthropist, burning with the desire of benefiting his fellow-men, though possessed of untold riches, could do little were he alone in his charity. A chemist could not pursue his study if the implements used in his laboratory were not prepared for him by others, so likewise philosophers, astronomers, in fact all scientists depend on the assistance of those around them.

The real glory of spring does not rest in her own brightness: her plants bud in profusion; her fruit trees put forth delicately-tinted blossoms; but she awaits the coming of her sister summer to complete the wealth of her flowers and mature her buds into tempting fruit. Summer, with her fields of waving green, her orchards filled with mellow fruit, looks forward to the arrival of autumn for the reward of her work; then the trees part with their variegated leaves, and Mother Earth longs for that mantle of snow which will insure her a long rest till she is sufficiently able to break forth again in all her radiance in the joyous spring.

In every department of nature incompleteness constantly greets our eyes; and in a similar manner do we find it in life; for when the flowers of early spring are watered by trouble's tears they produce abundant fruits in life's mid-summer; and again, when the frosts of adversity come they blight the fruit and only the seed is left to perpetuate the life of the plant.

Incomplete is every act of our lives. Actions done in early youth produce effects in long after years, and

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something incompleated still
Waits the rising of the sun."

As man is composed of body and soul, of his duties on earth some regard his temporal others his eternal welfare; his heart is never satisfied with the former, but, restless as the waves of the sounding sea, is ever seeking after something higher, something beyond. Were we to seek in every clime we could not find one

really happy person; the face may be bright while unexpressed yearnings fill the heart; and though the soul appears to be enjoying the gladness which the face reveals there is ever a something which alloys the joy; under each pathway, however flowery it may seem, lie hidden many thorns. In this we perceive the hand of an overruling Providence; for if man possessed everything conducive to his happiness he would likely forget to look beyond the brink of the grave, and in his joy here below neglect to prepare for himself eternal joy, losing sight of the beautiful words of St. Augustine: "Our hearts were made for Thee, O God, and can never rest till they rest in Thee."

Incompleteness we see around us and feel within us, and every thoughtful mind echoes the sentiments of the poet when he says:

"Take the shell from the sea and listen,
Do you hear it moan and sigh?
Pluck the flower from the field; tho' tended
'Twill droop and wither and die.
As the shell belongs to the ocean
And each little flower to the sod,
So the soul belongs to Heaven,
And the heart to its Maker—God."

ANGELA M. DONNELLY *Class ('89)*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Ash, Barry, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, M. Beck, Barron, Bush, C. Beck, Connell, Canepa, Clifford, E. Coll, Currier, Caren, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, N. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Flitner, L. Fox, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopmann, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Moore, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, M. Piper, Penburthy, Parker, Quill, Quealey, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, B. Smith, Schiltze, Sauter, Taylor, Tress, Van Horn, Violette, Wagner, Wright, Webb, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Campbell, Cooper, Cooke, Crane, M. Davis, B. Davis, Daly, E. Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Griffith, Hull, Hoyt, Kahn, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, Watson, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Yerbury.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, Kelly, L. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Papin, Scherrer, S. Smyth.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. Gordon.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Schiltz, I. Stapleton, K. Hurley. Promoted—M. Hurff, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Hammond, E. Wright, S. Crane, N. Davis.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Penburthy, S. Dempsey, H. Pugsley, M. Miller, B. Kingsbury, F. Kahn, M. Scherrer, M. Burns, M. Watson.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses M. Piper, I. Horner, E. Coll, S. Crane, M. Hull, A. Wurzburg.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses M. Burton, A. Regan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses S. Brewer, M. Hutchinson, E. Nicholas, G. Clarke, B. Bloom, B. Wagner.

OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Robinson, G. Wehr, I. Bub, L. Sauter, H. Lawrence, B. Hellmann, E. Barber, L. Henke.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses T. Haney, C. Keeney, T. Balch, M. Geer, M. Ash, J. Bogner, J. Currier, L. Tress, U. Bush, C. Dorsey, H. Nacey, C. Haight, S. Hamilton, M. Clore, L. Fox, K. McCarthy, O. Butler, A. Carew, M. De Montcourt, L. Hagus, D. Davis, A. Koopman, M. Violette, C. Quealey, J. Fox.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses F. Kahn, R. Campbell, L. Dolan, A. Graves, P. Griffith, L. Farwell, M. Smyth, F. Palmer, A. Thirds, E. Regan, L. Kaspar, K. Sweeney, M. McPhee, J. Smyth, C. Kloth, L. Dreyer, L. McHugh, C. Daly, E. Quealey, M. Watson, S. Levy, M. Davis, K. Moore.

—A man of experience in the world would have little trouble in answering this question: What sin is most often given way to by people who are considered by themselves and the world around them to be worthy of the epithet "good"? I think his answer would be: "Envy." It is the most insidious of vicious things. It takes many forms. Sometimes it is "righteous indignation"; sometimes "proper pride"; sometimes "self-respect"; sometimes "the necessity of telling the truth." Now, this is a necessity that ought to be "more honored in the breach than in the observance." The "virtuous" person who claims the right to speak the truth on all occasions, and likewise insists on having praise for it, is not "virtuous" after the fashion of Saint Francis de Sales—or any other saint. He is wise in his self-conceit,—a fool who deceives himself by idle excuses which certainly do not deceive God. I cannot imagine a more effective antidote to this habit of "plain-speaking"—more often arising from envy and a bad temper than from a real desire to further the interests of truth—than a consideration of its results, and frequent meditation on the life of St. Francis de Sales. If our friend rise in the world, why are we so ready to recall unpleasant incidents in his early life? Because we feel obliged to tell the truth? If so, why do we not emblazon all the unhappy blots on our own 'scutcheon when we get a better grip on the material things of earth? Truth, in the latter case, seems to exist only to be concealed. Reticence and restraint become, all of a sudden, transcendent virtues. We turn at once and pour forth on the uncharitable and truth-telling person the vials of our wrath. La Rochefoucauld told the truth when he said, "Most people find a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of their friends." La Rochefoucauld was a cynic,—but the world around him was a polite world, which concealed its envy under many sublime names.—*Ave Maria*.