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## The Influence of Shakspeare's Boyhood.

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### I.

When Spenser was a youth, Shakspeare was a boy. Spenser, whom Milton names

"—mild Spenser, called from fairy land  
To struggle through dark ways,"

died in January, 1598. Spenser was twelve years old when Shakspeare was born; and Shakspeare was thirty-four years old when Spenser died.

Spenser, the most poetical of poets, greatest after Chaucer, was inspired by Italian genius. You have heard, and you will hear again, that

"—those melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still,"\*

were the results of the change in religion, which followed the rebellion of Henry VIII. This assumption is a sign of ignorance. What Chaucer owed to Dante and Petrarca, Spenser owed to Tasso and Ariosto. Without these great Italians—who were ardently Catholic—English poetry would perhaps now be only beginning to find suitable forms of expression. Let us rid ourselves at once of this fallacy. If English poetry exists to-day unrivalled in sweetness, strength and symmetry, it is because Wyatt and Surrey, Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Dryden, made the best use of those stores of classic lore and poetic forms which Christian ages had developed. Had Wyatt and Surrey not borrowed from the Italians, Shakspeare would not have had models of the sonnet and

of blank verse in his native speech; and had he not borrowed from the mediæval *Gesta Romanorum*, and from the Italians too, he would have found less stimulating themes on which to employ his wonder-working genius.

Of Spenser James Russell Lowell, one of our greatest poets and the most exquisite of our critics, says:

"No man can read the 'Faery Queen' and be anything but the better for it. Through that rude age when Maids of Honor drank beer for breakfast. . . . he passes serenely abstracted and high, the Don Quixote of poets. Whoever can endure unmixed delight, whoever can tolerate music and painting and poetry all in one, whoever wishes to be rid of thought, and to let the busy anvils of the brain be silent for a time, let him read in the 'Faery Queen.' There is the land of pure heart's ease, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can enter."

There is in most biographies of Spenser an exaggeration. It is well to correct it. Spenser, as you know, was sent into Ireland as Shrieve for the County of Cork. Ireland then, as now, was chafing under English rule; and even a great poet coming into that land with a commission from Queen Elizabeth was made to feel that he had no business there. The kerns and gallow-glasses arose—indeed, they had provocation enough—and burned his castle. He probably had warning, as Mr. Lowell says, of the wrath to come, and sent his wife and his four children into Cork. At any rate, there is no foundation, except rumor, for the assertion that one of his boys perished in the flames. Spenser looked on the Irish as savages and their country as a wilderness, and no doubt he was glad to find more congenial quarters, with two cantos of his poem, in London. Spenser died in moderate circumstances, but he was not poor.

It would be ungracious and ungrateful to point out a withered leaf in the laurels of so great a poet, but we cannot help regretting that he was

\* Tennyson.

so much of a courtier, and that he had less of that love for the quiet of rural beauty than that greatest of all English poets who succeeded him. His lavish praise of the "bold Eliza," who was rampant like a blood-thirsty lioness on the English throne, is a blot on his work. The poet of chivalry who could allegorically represent the murder of Mary Stuart in that division of the "Faery Queen," called "Justice," must have lacked some of the qualities of true chivalry. Shakspeare, too, lived under the rule of Queen Elizabeth, who reigned because her father's true wife, Katharine of Aragon, had been driven forth from her rightful place; still, we find this meek, yet stately Katharine, made one of the most noble figures in all the poet's plays. Even, as some critics assert, if "Henry VIII." were the last of Shakspeare's dramas and written in the reign of James I., the successor of Elizabeth, the high soul of the poet is none the less evident.

It has been remarked by many critics that the play of "Henry VIII.," in spite of some of the noblest writing possible to any man, is weak dramatically. Lord Tennyson acutely pointed out the reason of this: "Henry VIII." was written by two different hands. It has been settled beyond question that the incongruous and joyous fifth act was written by Fletcher. In this act, King Henry, notwithstanding the awful iniquity of his treatment of Queen Katharine is promised future liberty in a mock marriage with Anne Boleyn. All that is great and noble and pathetic in the play is Shakspeare's; the rest is by a more ignoble hand.

We find no flings at the Catholic Church, or the Pope, made to please Queen Elizabeth or King James. Cardinal Wolsey, in his fall, is a dignified figure, and Katharine, true to nature, a superbly noble one. Having read Shakspeare's plays and taken into consideration the circumstances of the time—at once so splendid and so mean—when Catholics were persecuted to death with horrible cruelties, one can hardly help thinking that William Shakspeare must have been in his heart of that ancient and proscribed Faith. It seems to have inspired him when he was at his best. How easy it would have been for him to have cast jibes at those Jesuits, like Southwell, who suffered death by command of this "great Elizabeth," or have pleased the tyrant by belying the character of her victim, Mary Stuart! Easy? No; on second thoughts, it would have been impossible, for William Shakspeare was the truest and most tender-hearted gentleman and the greatest genius that England ever produced.

## II.

Let us go back to the year 1571. Mary Stuart pined in her prison between hope and fear. Elizabeth had done her best to extirpate every drop of Catholic blood from English soil, and Pius V., less clement than his predecessor on the Papal throne, had excommunicated the queen. The air of England throbbed with rumors of deeds of blood, with prophecies of strange things to come. And yet there were nooks in that country where peace dwelt. The town of Stratford-upon-Avon, nestling among elms, oaks and chestnuts, in Warwickshire, "the garden spot of England," lay as it lies to-day. The sod around it is velvet; the Avon sweeps to the Severn, casting back the sunlight as it goes; and so it flowed in 1571, when Will Shakspeare, hazel-eyed and auburn-haired, leaned over his Latin Grammar in the school house at Stratford. He was a very small boy then—only seven years of age,—but boys began to study Latin early. The school room had been the Chapel of the Holy Cross for nearly three hundred years until Henry VIII. defaced it; nevertheless, the boy's eyes rested on a series of rude paintings on the wall representing the origin of the Cross and its history, ending with its exaltation at Jerusalem. Knowing this, can we wonder that Shakspeare in after life was always reverent and Christian?

In "As You Like It," he makes Jaques describe

" . . . the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,  
Unwillingly to school;"

and we may be sure that young Will, with all the beauty of his father's orchards and meadows and all the sports of boys to tempt him, did not hasten willingly to school. And when he went a schoolboy from his books, it was to his father's cottage which stands yet. It is a little two-story house, with dormer windows on the roof. Its great oak beams and plastered walls are much the same as they were when little Will ran home to beg some comfits of his mother, or to tell of the day's woes. Here in the low-ceiled, flag-floored room, in a seat within the huge fireplace, the boy sat of winter nights and roasted the chestnuts he had gathered during his precious leisure time; while the crab-apple roasted in the bowl; he himself sings of the winter evenings:

"When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl."

In the summer the days of the boy at Strat-

ford were glorious, despite the strict parental discipline then in vogue. We can imagine the auburn-haired little fellow, with humorous but grave eyes, standing on the rush-strewn floor and demurely waiting on his parents as they sat at table. This table had, perhaps, a "carpet," as they called a cloth,—for carpets were not put on the floors even of the queen's palace in 1571,—and it was a good boy's business to lay it.

In the spring and summer he absorbed all that beauty which he gave out later in his plays, in pictures of flowers and the seasons, such as no poet before or after him could have done. The boards in the floor of his father's cottage are white to-day and worn, and the nails in them have heads like polished silver; but the same flowers that bloomed around Stratford in the spring and the summer of 1571 bloomed and withered in the summer and autumn of this year.

The peas-blossom nodded and the honeysuckle wafted its perfume; the bees and swallows, and the same shrill corn-crake, that made the little Will forget his declensions and shy a stone at it, revelled in the sun of 1889. The Avon swells among its tangles of wild-flowers and reeds, and broods of ducklings hide among the wild thyme of the banks and swim on its serene surface. The white chestnut blooms fall; the crimson roses flame in the old garden. Across the fields towards the little house of the Hathaways, where Shakspeare's wife lived, the glowing poppies make trails of fire among the soft, velvety green. In these fields Will played prisoner's base with his brothers, Richard, Gilbert and Edmund. Here he saw the picture he paints in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where he makes Oberon say:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

In the spring, he found by the Avon Ophelia's flowers, those which in her gentle madness, after Hamlet has killed her father, she offers to the court. "There's fennel for you and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. . . There's a daisy; *I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: They say he made a good end.*" And in the spring, by his own Avon, too, the flowers he weaves into the Queen's speech when she tells how the crazed Ophelia died,—

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook  
That shows his white leaves in the glassy stream,  
There, with fantastic garlands, did she come,

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples,  
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And, mermaidlike, awhile they bore her up:  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments heavy with their drink  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death."

By the Avon's banks in the early spring this exquisite glimpse was photographed in colors by his eye, and afterwards reproduced in "Winter's Tale:"

"—daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses

. . . bold ox-lips and

The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-du-luce being one."

Now when you visit Stratford you may get all the flowers mentioned by Ophelia fastened to a sheet of paper, even the violet that "withered when her father died." You may also get a strip of paper with the famous inscription marked in black on it—that famous inscription which has saved Shakspeare's tomb from desecration. The guide will go down on his knees and trace it for you in the quaint old form:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,  
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Shakspeare's father was anxious that his children should be educated well; and so for seven years the boy was kept at the Grammar school, which the religious-minded men of the Catholic time had founded and kept alive. By the time he left school his father had become poor. He went into some business or other,—perhaps he was a law's clerk, no one knows. His father, John Shakspeare, did the best he could for his eldest son, and if Will had "small Latin and less Greek," he had enough to teach his younger brothers all they needed; this he probably did. Mr. Kegan Paul says:

"It is certain that in the years during which he was at school and in his father's business, he read not many books, but much; and he learned that which ought to be the aim of all boyish education, not to cram the memory with facts and figures, but how to use all that comes to us in life."

There is a story that he shot one of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer and was punished for poaching. Charlecot, Sir Thomas Lucy's place, is about three miles from Stratford. The house in which

the indignant owner of the deer lived still stands; you approach it through paths bordered with hawthorn, blush roses, beeches and elms, and over turf soft because a thousand years have rolled over it. In "As You Like It," Shakspeare describes the English forest of Arden—from which his mother, Mary Arden, probably took her name—which is really No Man's Land, for there they "fleet their time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," and though the forest is supposed to be in France—that of Ardennes—lions and palm trees live in it. This comedy is the most lyrical drama ever written. In this strange forest the "Melancholy Jaques"—supposed to typify Shakspeare himself—sees a deer,

". . . as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To which place a poor, sequestered stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,  
The writhed animal heav'd forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big, round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook."

Whether Shakspeare killed Sir Thomas Lucy's deer or not, he had seen a wounded deer and he knew how to make the world see it with his eyes—a supreme gift in a writer. In 1582 he married Anne Hathaway, whose cottage still stands about a mile from Stratford. In this little house, to which ivy and running roses cling, they probably lived with their children, Susanna, who married Dr. Hall, and the twins, Hamnet and Judith. Hamnet died young, and Judith, about whom William Black has written a charming story, called "Judith Shakspeare," became Mrs. Quiney. No descendant of Shakspeare is now alive.

Things went badly at Stratford. He had not yet learned to coin the sobs of the stricken deer or the scent of the musk-roses into money. He went to London, bidding his wife and children be hopeful in the rural nest at Stratford. And there he found success. It is said that he took in his pocket his first poem, and that this attracted the attention of Lord Southampton and Lord Pembroke, two of the most brilliant of Elizabeth's courtiers.

We cannot know what books Shakspeare read in order to prepare himself to meet and dazzle the wits of this witty time, for the only volume of his that has come down to us is a translation of the French essayist Montaigne, of whose influence one can find traces in his plays. We

know he had read the Scripture, and that he found

"—tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In London, which was not then the great city it is now, the young rustic saw much to amuse him. How he became an actor, we do not know. It is said that he performed in his own plays,—the part of Adam, for instance, in "As You Like It." One thing is sure: he loved his family, and returned to Stratford at stated intervals with his heart set on rescuing his old father from poverty and of making his wife and children comfortable. He longed for the time when he could settle down among the primrose fields and blooming orchards of his native place, and leave the glitter of the court and city and the glare of the play-house to others. Shakspeare did not seek for fame, or for money as money; he made his marvellous dramas for the great end that he might make his father happy and his children happy,—that he might, at the end, live pleasantly and peacefully among the scenes which he knew and loved as a boy. He "builded better than he knew." He was so careless of all but the profits of his noble works, that, had it not been for the care of two of his fellow-actors, the greatest of these great plays would have been lost to us. In 1623—seven years after his death—the first folio edition of his plays was issued by Flemynge and Cundell. If they had been less solicitous for his fame, it would have died with him.

Shakspeare was early recognized as a poet. Spenser praised him; he was king among the wits, a star among the nobles; Ben Jonson, the most learned among his contemporaries, hailed him when living and extolled him when dead. Success and wealth came. But all the while Shakspeare was thinking of Stratford-upon-Avon. In those days every gentleman had a coat of arms. Shakspeare revived the arms of his family during his father's lifetime; they were, in heraldic language, a pointed spear on a bend sable and a silver falcon on a tasselled helmet, supporting a spear. An allusion to this bearing of arms occurs in the grave-digging scene of "Hamlet." The second grave-digger asks if Adam was a gentleman.

*First Clown.*—". . . the first that ever bore arms.

*Second Clown.*—Why, he had none.

*First Clown.*—What, art a heathen? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms?

In London, Shakspeare met Marlowe who, if he had not died early, would have more nearly approached our master than any other. "Richard III." shows the influence of Marlowe, and

parts of "Henry VI." were written by him. Shakspeare laughed at the fashions of the day—the absurd costumes of the men and the euphuistic affectations of their speech—as satirically as Hamlet laughs at Osrick, the "dude," in that great drama of thought. He never fails to fling at women's false hair and face-paintings, and the tyrannies of the ladies' tailors. Autolycus' song, in "Winter's Tale," shows that he knew the needs of the ladies of 1611 or thereabouts:

"Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus \* black as e'er was crow;  
Glove as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses,  
Bugle, bracelet, necklace-amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber."

### III.

What little we know of Shakspeare's later life we must gather from his plays, for there is no other record. His first farce was probably "The Comedy of Errors." It is a huge joke. Then came "Midsummer-Night's Dream," a fantasy of moonlight, spiders' webs with dew upon them, flowers, fairies, queer monsters,—all seen in the atmosphere of a poet's dream. After these "Love's Labor Won," recast as "All's Well That Ends Well" and the Italian stories. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Romeo and Juliet." From these we gather that Will Shakspeare was generous, impetuous, gay, with a tear for suffering and a heart full of affection, like his heroes withal, fond of a practical jest. His first period ended with "King John," in which one of the few children drawn by Shakspeare is so pathetically presented in Prince Arthur. In 1596, he entered his second period, with the most perfect of all his comedies, "The Merchant of Venice." He had reached the prime of his manhood. Here we have a high type of womanhood in Portia, feminine, yet almost more than a woman in her desire to save her husband's friend, and Shylock, the Jew, in whom the best attributes of a great race have been turned to evil by the un-Christian persecution of Christians—the generous Antonio, the graceful Bassanio and the beautiful, but ungrateful Jessica. Then came the "Taming of the Shrew," an old farce retouched; the three plays in which Sir John Falstaff appears—the two parts of "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—and the splendid historical pageant of "Henry V." The comedies he wrote for the Globe Theatre, in which he had a share, sparkle with gaiety and the lighter poetry, "Much Ado About Nothing," with the saucy Beatrice, "As You Like It," with the brill-

iant Rosalind and the "melancholy Jaques," who was a precursor in sadness of the deep despondency of Hamlet; then "Twelfth Night" and "All's Well That Ends Well." In 1602 Shakspeare had gotten his wish, as the children say, and it was moderate enough. At the age of forty-three—about that age at which Milton was struck by blindness, with his life-work hardly begun,—he was rich and honored. But shadows fell upon him. Hamnet, his son, was dead; there would be none of his name to bear the coat-of-arms he had so eagerly desired. This was not the worst; he had been betrayed by some friend whom he had trusted—as we see by the mysterious sonnets, which are as hard to read as the riddle of the Sphinx and as fraught with meaning. Some day we may find that they had a religious significance, and that the poet puts yearnings and hopes into them which he dare not utter more plainly.

His great and noble friends were beheaded or exiled. Avarice and all evil passions ruled the court; "the time was out of joint," and the poet, like Hamlet, could not put it right. He becomes more gloomy; no more light comedies, only the darkest tragedies. "Julius Cæsar," written in 1601, means his grief for the ruin of his friends. Then follow "Hamlet," expressing crime and the vanity of trying to escape its punishment; "Othello," jealousy and murder; "Macbeth," inordinate ambition; "Lear," horrible ingratitude; "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Timon." Later, the "Tempest," "Cymbeline," and "Winter's Tale," in which the flowers of Stratford bloom again, and we feel that the bruised heart has found rest in country sights and sounds. Last of all, he wrote with Fletcher the nobler parts of "Henry VIII." in 1612. Later writers made his sketch of "Marina" into the play of "Pericles." He lived among his flowers and books, tended by his favorite daughter Judith, at his house, New Place, in Stratford, until peace came to him on May 3, 1616. He passed from earth in the fifty-second year of his age, having made an epoch in the world.

Tradition says that Shakspeare was ever gentler to those of the persecuted Faith of his fathers;\* and his plays show it. New Place, at Stratford, is no more, only the foundations remain. Puritanism destroyed all that Henry VIII's brutality had left, or perhaps we should know more of this gentle man. His daughter, Judith Quiney, became a Puritan, and in her desire to eradicate all vestiges of the play-acting of her beloved father, she doubtless destroyed many

\* Crape,

\* Judith Shakspeare: William Black.



traces of his thoughts and acts which we should now dwell on with love. If we can take the testimony of the personages he created whenever they were in extremity, we must conclude that he at least understood with the religious beliefs his fathers had held.

It is true that he wrote words he ought to have blotted. Let us blot them out, and know them not. His nobility is so high that they, like plucked-up weeds, may perish in its shadow.

To read his works carefully, under competent direction, is an education. What has he not said? Each reading brings out some new meaning.

The most bigoted unbeliever must admit that Shakspeare was deeply Christian in belief. Reverence fills his plays like the breath of incense. Mr. Frederick Furnivall, one of the acutest of modern critics, reaches this conclusion reluctantly. Shakspeare declares his belief in the immortality of the soul—

"And Death once dead, there's no more dying then."

His speech is "saturated with the Scriptures." How could he help it? Had he not in the school-room gazed every day on the painted story of the Cross, and read everywhere, in spite of Henry VIII's barbarity, the symbolism of the Church which had filled the life of England before the Reformation with the beauty of God's word. Though the statues of the saints were broken, and their figures in the stained glass windows defaced, the Church of the Holy Trinity still pointed with its spire towards heaven. Even in Shakspeare's later time, all remembrance of the Sacramental Presence could not have faded out of Stratford! We can imagine Shakspeare walking in the gloaming towards this old church, with its Gothic windows and fretted battlements. The glow-worms waver near him as he comes through the avenue of green lime trees, near the graveyard, beech and yew-shaded. He has come by the shining Avon, from "the lonesome meadows beyond where the primroses stand in their golden banks among the clover," and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding its single drop of blood, closes its petals as the night comes down.\* He pauses in the nave of the church and there in the soft glow, cast by the last shaft of glory from the setting sun, he sees the vacant place where, his father has told him, the tabernacle had been. It is gone. Perchance an old woman, who had seen the Faith in its glory, lies prostrate, sobbing before the despoiled altar whence her God has been torn. And then he murmurs, with his own dying Queen Katharine:

\* William Winter.

"Spirits of peace, where are you? Are ye all gone  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?"

And, folding his hands behind him, he passes back through that sweet-scented line, whose blossoms shall fall on his own coffin ere long. His eyes are soft and hazel; his cheeks are not as ruddy as when he laid the cloth for his father and mother in earlier days; his forehead is dome-like; he wears his customary suit of scarlet and black; so he goes to New Place, for which he has so long worked, to the demure Judith who waits for him, to his little chubby-cheeked grandchild, Bess Hall. The antlers in the entry, the silver tankards on the side-board, of which his wife and Judith are so proud, show dimly in the falling night; he murmurs the new song he has lately made for his play of "Cymbeline":

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

A swan glides slowly to her nest among the reeds of the Avon. "The crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip"\* are now quite hid from the sight of the swallow that westward flies across the meadows. William Shakspeare, whom God gifted so gloriously, passes with the sadness of the gloaming in his soul. "And the rest is silence."

#### Science, Literature and Art.

—Watts, who is disposing of his gallery, is about to present a picture to the United States.

—A competent authority thinks that the Paris Exposition drew at least \$250,000,000 into Paris.

—The year 2118, according to the President of the Manchester Geological Society, will see the exhaustion of the English coal.

—Marshal MacMahon's memoirs are not to be made public, after all, it seems. If rumor speaks truly, only six copies will be printed, one for each of the members of the ducal family. This is a pity. The memoirs of the Franco-Irish soldier would be interesting reading.

—An organ which formerly belonged to the murdered Queen Marie Antoinette was recently reopened in one of the chapels of St. Sulpice, Paris. It had long stood in one of the other chapels, and has just been restored. Glück, Marie Antoinette's music-master, and Mozart are known to have played on it at Versailles in the days of the fair Queen's prosperity and power.

—How many, or rather we should say alas! how few of our readers have ever opened, much less perused, the touching narrative published

\* Cymbeline.

in 1887 by Rev. D. A. Quinn, "Heroes and Heroines of Memphis," a reminiscence of the yellow fever epidemics that afflicted the city of Memphis during the autumn months of 1878 and 1879. It is a touching story that should be familiar to all Catholics in the country.—*Catholic News.*

—The painter Meissonier has been awarded the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, a distinction that has never before been conferred upon an artist. The highest grade hitherto reached by men of the eminence of even Augier, Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, has been that of grand officer.

—Iron is rapidly increasing in its use for houses. You can buy a complete iron house at the manufacturer's, and have it sent anywhere in pieces. A large number of iron villas have been sent from England to the Riviera and put up there upon plots of land purchased or leased, with the provision that when the lease expires the house can be taken away. A comfortable house can readily be built in a month. The price of a room measuring 20 by 13 feet is about \$250.

—M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris, has recently invented a bridge which promises to "fill a long-felt want" of the railroad companies. It is to be used temporarily in the place of the ordinary bridges when they have been damaged. It is made of steel, carries a track, and weighs, with a length of one hundred and fifty feet, about eighty-six tons. It can be put in position from either end without the aid of machinery or any preparation, simply by human hands. At a recent trial in Paris, M. de Freycinet and many officers of high rank and officials of the railways from several countries expressed their hearty admiration of it.

—In literature, as in life, why should not our Catholic writers make for the best? Why be content with mediocrity when excellence is within their grasp? Already, Christian Reid and Marion Crawford have written for us novels that are powerful in execution and wholesome in sentiment; Maurice Francis Egan has put into his poetical work a delicacy and finish that have rendered many of his little poems and sonnets artistic gems; John Boyle O'Reilly has written in a more robust temperament, and has given us poetry with a true ring to it; and in other departments of literature names are so numerous that it would be invidious to mention some and leave the others equally worthy of mention unnoticed.—*Brother Azarias.*

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#### College Gossip.

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—The Bishop of Linz has promised a large sum of money for the foundation of a Catholic University at Salzburg.

—The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

—A Catholic gentleman sent to the Catholic University, through the *Mirror*, \$100 as a commencement for the establishment of a fund to secure the teaching of the Irish language.

—The Catholic Union at Yale College is at present in a very prosperous condition. Nearly all of the Catholic members in all departments of the university have become members of the Union, and it would seem now as if the Catholic Union was to remain an interesting feature of Yale.

—The Russians have improved on the sleeping-coaches of the railway and the perambulating schoolmaster of the rural regions. They have provided a school-wagon, which is furnished with a room for the teacher, a class-room or study, and a library, all suitably supplied with the necessary material. This wagon will be on the line of the Transcaspian Railway all the year-round, remaining as long as may be deemed necessary at districts which are not provided with a school.

—Ladies will be admitted to the course of popular lectures which have just been opened at the Catholic University, Washington. This is in line with Catholic practice as exemplified more than a century ago at the old University of Bologna, Italy, and is especially fitting in the American Catholic University which honors a woman as its foundress. The first lecturer is the Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, and his subject, which will be covered in ten lectures, is "The Catholic Idea of the Church in Scripture and Antiquity." The lectures are given semi-weekly.

—The Alumni of the American College, Rome, of whom the Rev. John W. McMahon, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's, Charleston, Mass., is President, gave a farewell reception to Archbishop Satolli in New York last week. Archbishop Corrigan presided, assisted by Dr. McMahon. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, Ind., Mgr. O'Connell, the Rev. John Talbot Smith, the Rev. F. McCarthy, S. J., Dr. Howlett, and a full representation of the Alumni were present. Two addresses in Latin were delivered by the archbishops, and one in English by Rev. Dr. Henry Brann.

—The record made by Yale College at football stands pre-eminently above that of any other college or football organization. For forty-nine years the name of Yale has been connected with every important match played in this country, and, as showing the wonderful skill displayed by team after team, it is only necessary to look at the remarkable difference of the scores between Yale and her opponents. During the period between 1883 and the recent game played with Princeton at the Berkeley Oval, Yale has scored a total of 3,434 points to 76 by her opponents, and once, in 1888, she went through the season without allowing her opponents a single score. Out of 108 games played, Yale has been successful in 102, of which ten were captured from Harvard and seven from Princeton. The six defeats included four by Princeton and one each by Harvard and Columbia.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, December 14, 1889

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-THIRD 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:*  
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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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## Staff.

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WM. C. LARKIN, '93,	W. P. MCPHEE, '90,
J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	
C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,	JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.

—We take pleasure in printing in this issue Professor Egan's lecture on "The Influence of Shakspeare's Boyhood" and thereby complying with the urgent request of those who heard it. They are anxious to possess a copy of the lecture, which will not appear in book-form until June.

—Some of the Chicago papers seem to imagine that it is the proper thing to recall an opera-singer, and to make her repeat her song as often as possible. Imagine Juliet having to climb out of the tomb to warble her death song over again! Chicago wants the World's Fair,—but she ought to pay more attention to the "æsthetics."

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., gave a very instructive and entertaining lecture before the students last Thursday evening. He took for his subject "Intemperance," depicting its evils, and exhorting his hearers to protect themselves against the dangers which threatened youth, and, at the same time, give that good example which would prove most effective in deterring others from going to their ruin. He handled the question in that masterly manner for which he is so well known throughout the country. The occasional outbursts of wit gave a spiciness to his able discourse, while conveying many a fruitful lesson. We hope to hear the reverend speaker soon again.

—A testimonial fund in behalf of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent Catholic historian, has been inaugurated, and we hope the issue will be in every way satisfactory. Dr. Shea has devoted his life and talent to the cause of religion and historic truth in this country, and the services which he has rendered to Catholic literature are invaluable. He stands before the Catholics of America as their representative historian, and all should, as far as lies in their power, help to make the proposed testimonial a suitable recognition of his life-work, and a fitting expression of the respect and esteem entertained for one who has labored so well for the Faith which is dearer than life. The "Fund" is in charge of the Rev. P. A. Treacy, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, N. J., to whom contributions may be sent.

## "The Battle of Gettysburgh."

Though the feelings engendered by the great Civil War are forgotten and the sufferings it caused forgiven, yet it is well to remember the acts of heroism, bravery and patriotism which that war called forth. In no better way is the love of country kept alive in our bosoms than by the admiration excited in listening to the deeds of our patriot fathers. In recognition of this well-known fact, the students of the College assembled in Washington Hall Monday evening to listen to the instructive address given by General Mulholland on "The Battle of Gettysburgh." At any time such a discourse would be interesting; but when delivered by the General, with that happy combination of humor and gravity for which he is famed, and illustrated by scenes combining the rare quality of faithfulness to reality with distinctness of perspective, the address proved peculiarly fascinating. He



told many anecdotes of our famous generals and showed that he knew how to deal with his audience by mingling racy sketches with instructive descriptions. In his delicate way he alluded to his old friend and companion, Father Corby, telling how, in the midst of the battle the Rev. Father gave absolution to the members of the Irish Brigade. In relating this solemn occurrence he said:

"Now help is called for, and Hancock tells Caldwell to have his division ready. 'Fall in!' and the men rush to their places. 'Take arms!' and the four brigades of Zook, Cross, Brook and Kelly are ready for the fray. There is yet a few minutes to spare before starting, and the time is occupied in one of the most impressive religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed. The Irish Brigade, which had been commanded formerly by General Thomas Francis Meagher, and whose green flag had been unfurled in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, and was now commanded by Colonel Patrick Kelly, of the Eighty-eighth New York, formed a part of this division. The Brigade stood in columns of regiments, closed in mass. As a large majority of its members were Catholics, the Chaplain of the brigade, Rev. William Corby, proposed to give a general absolution to all the men before going into the fight. While this is customary in the armies of Catholic countries in Europe, it was, perhaps, the first time it was ever witnessed on this continent, unless, indeed, the grim old warrior, Ponce de Leon, as he tramped through the everglades of Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth, or De Soto, on his march to the Mississippi, indulged in this act of devotion. Father Corby stood upon a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins, urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought, ending by saying that the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his flag.

"The brigade was standing at 'Order arms.' As he closed his address every man fell on his knees, with head bowed down. Then stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of the absolution: '*Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo excommunicationis et interdicti in quantum posum et vos indigetis, deinde ego absolvo vos a peccatis vestris, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*' The scene was more than impressive, it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who

had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence; and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with all the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave-clothes—in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2d. Who could doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

As a whole, the lecture was very interesting, and the soldierly bearing and affability of the General made for him many friends.

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#### Macaulay.

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Whenever men have acquired celebrity by those powers with which Providence has endowed them, a curiosity prevails to learn even the minutest traits of their habits and character. We wish to inspect carefully the portrait before our eyes, to see how far all the component parts are in harmony with one another, and whether the elevation of mind which raises them beyond the general standard is perceptible. Among those whom we find in the foremost ranks of the *literati* is Thomas Babington Macaulay.

He was born in the year 1800 at Rothley Temple. His education was entrusted to a gentleman named Mr. Preston, who placed Macaulay in Shelford, a school of some note near Cambridge. While there he published a defence of novel reading, in the *Christian Observer*. This passion of novel reading characterized him, and endured to the end of his life. Upon reaching the age of nineteen, he entered Cambridge, Trinity College, gaining two prizes for English verse—one of his poems was entitled "Pompeii," and the other "Evening." The dream of his childhood was realized when the degrees of B. A. and A. M. were conferred on him. He was also the proud possessor of the Craven scholarship.

Macaulay gained an enviable fame by his contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. In August of the year, 1824 appeared his celebrated article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Re-*

*view.* This essay attracted general attention and was hailed as the precursor of a series of brilliant productions contributed to critical literature. In after years he condemned this essay, saying that "it contained scarcely a paragraph of which his matured judgment approved, and that it was overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful figures." This is too harsh a criticism passed by him on the work constituting the foundation stone of his temple of fame. This essay is of the purest diction, and though, perhaps, overcrowded with embellishments, it is easily understood. Beautiful are its passages, and one might read and reread but it would still possess its fascinating property. In the passage relating to the Puritans, the scenes are vividly depicted, and we feel that they are enacted before our gaze. The style is a model of grace and ease, wanting neither in picturesqueness nor perspicuity.

In the year 1842 appeared Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Adopting the theory of Niebuhr, that the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy in the early history of Rome are founded on the ballads sung by ancient minstrelsy, he selected four of these incidents as themes for his verse. He identifies himself with the plebeians of those times, and makes them chant the martial stories of the brave Horatii, the battle of Lake Regulus, the death of Virginia and the prophecy of Capys. In these verses his style is likened to that of Scott, abrupt, energetic, presenting brief but striking pictures of local scenery and manners. The characters so happily delineated were hallowed by time and heroism. The philosophy of the lives and manners of the early heroes of Rome forms a study out of which many a beautiful theme may be produced. The ballads of the Battle of Nasby and others are unsurpassed in spirit and grandeur except, perhaps, in a few of Scott's battle scenes.

Soon after followed the work entitled "Critical and Historical Essays," which was published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and are unrivalled among productions of their nature. Macaulay by his Parliamentary experience of former years was acquainted with the smallest details of history and English philosophy, and in questions pertaining to classical learning and criticism he was considered an authority. He introduced pictures of the time of which he treats, draws conclusions from contemporaneous events in the most striking manner. His subjects were enriched by illustrations from the wide range of his reading. His biographies are complete and unsurpassed in literature. Invested with a

sovereign command of diction and enjoying unlimited power of thought, he is never prodigal of words, and never riots amid the exuberance of his vocabulary; his economy displays his wealth, and his modesty is the proof of his power. His richest phrases seem the most obvious expression of his thoughts, and his mightiest exertions are made apparently without toil.

In a few years afterwards appeared his "History" which exhibits his style as somewhat sobered and chastened, but not enfeebled. It was read with the avidity of a romance; though, perhaps, partaking of a degree of coarseness, the style is as strong and clear as that of Defoe or Swift. Whether drawing a landscape, or delineating the nice distinctions of character and motive, the virtue of perspicuity is ever present. It is perhaps a homely virtue; but here it is united to rhetorical brilliance and a vivid imagination with so much strong sense that it forms a harmonious combination. In this work Macaulay is charged with portraying his characters in too glowing colors; but as every man has his detractors, we can bridge the criticism very easily. If he had been more minutely scrupulous, he would have lost the bold beauty that distinguishes his style. His letters disclose the true nobility of his soul; his generous self-sacrificing spirit and independence of character are conspicuous alike in adversity and prosperity.

B. M. HUGHES, '90.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

THE GOLDEN PRAYER. Short Meditations on The Lord's Prayer, For every day in the week. With Meditations on Prayer, for every day in the month. By the Abbé Duquesne. Translated from the French By Anne Stuart Bailey. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This little book will prove an excellent aid to the piety and devotion of the Christian. The series of "meditations" may be called a series of concise, practical instructions on the force and meaning of each of the petitions of "the best of all prayers," together with thoughts on prayer in general that cannot fail to be of service to all who would properly fulfil that first duty incumbent upon the creature towards his Creator—prayer.

THE POWER OF THE MEMORARE, Illustrated by Examples. From the French of a Marist Father, By Miss Ella McMahon. Same publishers.

As the title indicates, this little work illustrates by examples the truly extraordinary power of the beautiful prayer, invoking the aid of the Blessed Virgin, composed by St. Bernard and known as the *Memorare*. The instances narrated show the wonderful efficacy that God in His Providence has been pleased to attach to the recitation of this prayer.

BOOKS AND READING. By Brother Azarias, New York: Office of the Cathedral Librarian.

This essay is another proof of the erudition and keen, logical intellect of Brother Azarias. It is, if we may say so, an improvement over all his previous books, and does more than any other to convince us that the unobtrusive Christian Brother was born with a silver trumpet to his lips. In his "Philosophy of Style"—the title given the book is entirely too modest—we have an inkling of the man with a mission; here we have a determined avowal. Besides, most of the author's other works were the direct result of long and patient investigation, and were intended for the more advanced class of students; here we have a lecture delivered before the Catholic Library Reading Circle of New York city, plain in statement, elegant in diction and intended to reach that grade of readers who are most likely to be injured by desultory and capricious reading. Brother Azarias never makes the temple more magnificent than the god; and underlying his candid and delicately-pointed periods there is a complete system of book-philosophy, the result of many years of careful observation. This book should be in the hands of every young man who has not the time or experience to map out his own course of reading.

—*The Art Amateur* closes its yearly volume in a royal fashion, giving as one of its two colored supplement plates a superb picture of pears, over a foot high, and two and a half feet wide. It is a perfect fac-simile of the original oil painting, and framed, it would deceive any one. It is really marvellous how such a picture, which would cost many dollars at any art store, can be given away with a magazine for thirty-five cents, together with all the other supplements and scores of illustrations with the letterpress, treating of every kind of practical art work. No more suitable Christmas or New Year present could be found than a subscription to *The Art Amateur*, which is really invaluable to all having homes to furnish or decorate, or wishing to learn oil, water-color or china painting, wood-carving, brass-hammering, book and magazine illustrating, and art needlework. Price, \$4.00 a year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

—The December *Century* opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. These letters present the Iron Duke in a very attractive light,—amiable and unpretending; the careful guardian of the children of his friend in their childish illnesses. Besides pictures of the Duke's residences, etc., there are three portraits of Wellington; the imposing, full-length picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence being used as frontispiece. The "personal interest" is very strongly continued in Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, which this month covers wide ground and goes into the most amusing details concerning "barn-storming

in Mississippi," an interesting character called Pudding Stanley, Jefferson's Mexico experiences (just after the Mexican War), his reminiscences of the Wallacks, John E. Owens, Burton, etc. Mr. Charles Barnard's illustrated article on "The New Croton Aqueduct" is the first full account of that marvellous and unique engineering work. A striking feature of this paper is Mr. Barnard's exposé of the frauds in the building of the aqueduct—the empty places in the masonry being shown by means of photographs. The Rev. W. E. Griffis, the well-known authority on Japan, writes of "Nature and People" in that fascinating island—more of Theodore Wores's pictures being given in this connection. Mr. Wores's "An American Artist in Japan" in a recent number will be remembered. The two celebrated French painters, Alfred Stevens and Gervex, give pictures of their "Paris Panorama of the Nineteenth Century," and tell how they came to construct the work, and their method of putting it on canvas.

#### Exchanges.

—We think very highly of the *Campus* from Alleghany College. It is neat, bright and well edited.

—"The Professor's Romance" is the title of a well-written short story in the November *Collegian*.

—In our opinion the *Elite Journal* has hardly maintained the standard of excellence evinced in the initial numbers of the present volume. We notice a falling off, particularly in the literary department.

—*Hamilton College Monthly* for October contains some good work in its literary department. The *Monthly* is an excellent specimen of the "fresh and ruddy" college paper, and we shall be delighted to learn that it is flourishing.

—For the first time this year we are in receipt of the *Brunonian*. It contains an interesting account of the Ladd Astronomical Observatory now being erected as an adjunct to the scientific department of Brown University.

—The *Manitou Messenger* comes to us as the representative of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. Although it is not a large monthly, still its editorial and literary columns are clean-cut and intensely interesting. We would, however, suggest that it introduce within its forms some medium for pleasant intercourse with other college publications. We might also remark, by the way, that its motto, "Fram, Fram, Cristmenn, Crossmenn," has proven a "sticker" for us.

—The latest number of the *Owl* is a fitting *souvenir* of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Ottawa University. This issue is unusually large and interesting. The frontispiece is an excellent picture of Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa and Chancellor of the University, and throughout the journal

are scattered well-executed portraits of the president, rector and founder of the College. Nearly all its space is devoted to the report of the exercises of the inauguration. The *Owl* is doing much to bring Ottawa University into prominence.

—Why doesn't some enterprising journalist suggest a new motto for a college paper? We are becoming weary of seeing that hackneyed saw, "*Vita sine litteris mors est*," on the front page of exchanges. There are plenty of old, rusty second-hand mottos lying around loosely in your printing-house, and we propose that you take "In God we trust," "Long live the King," or some other bright and hopeful line with a smack of verdure about it. We should not like to be tyrants in the matter, however; so suppose you bring your "*Vita sine litteris*," etc., into your literary department about twice each issue? This will effect a pleasant change without any departure from your time-honored practices.

—It is difficult for us to see how some men who might honestly plead invincible ignorance on every subject of literature and morality can bring themselves to pose as moulders of public opinion in an enlightened country like our own. When such men attempt the expression of any important truth they usually make an atrocious bungling of affairs, and they often say disagreeable things notwithstanding the good faith that forms their intention. From the tenor of an editorial in the latest *Washburn Argo* relative to the Catholic Congress at Baltimore we are led to believe that there are still in existence men of such pronounced bigotry as to doubt the sincerity of the sentiments expressed by the Catholic laymen of this Convention. The *Argo* seems surprised that this assembly should "denounce in measured terms polygamy and its results," and thinks it strange that we should care about the observance of Sunday, a pure ballot or effective temperance laws. Such unmitigated ignorance is a blot upon American journalism, and is worthy of a less enlightened state than Kansas. We hasten to assure the *Argo* that these men *were* sincere in their utterances; that they voice the prevailing sentiments of their Church; that Catholicism is not breaking away from the imaginary "old fetters" with which the *Argo* has surrounded it, and that it is the easiest possible thing for her to conform to the customs of "republican and protestant (?) America."

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#### Personal.

—Messrs. P. Cavanagh and J. P. Cudahy, of Chicago, were welcome visitors to the College during the past week.

—Mr. W. Wilson, of Denver, Colo., paid a short visit to the College during the week, and was warmly welcomed by many friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Scherrer, Denver, Col., were welcome guests of the College during the week,

calling to see their children at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

—George Rhodius, of '81, has returned to his home in Indianapolis, after an extended tour through Europe. He is now engaged in the Real-Estate business.

—Richard Oxnard Connolly, of '86, is perfecting himself in music at Paris. He recently performed at a concert in St. Denys at which his selections on the piano attracted a great deal of attention eliciting the most favorable comments from the press of Paris.

—Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, a distinguished New York poet and man of letters, who at present occupies the chair of Literature at Notre Dame University, Indiana, has a brief but interesting paper in the December *Lippincott's* on Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, whom he styles "An Apostle of Frankness."—*St. Louis Republic*.

—The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., recently delivered a lecture at Indianapolis on his "War experience." The *Gazette* of that city says:

"The opening part of the address was historical, its purpose being to show, first, that this is a union, not a confederation of States, and that the right of secession on the part of any State or States does not and never did exist; second, that on the part of the South the war was waged for the preservation of slavery, and on that of the North for the maintenance of the Union. This was done in a manner admirably simple and clear. As indicated by its title, the lecture was largely devoted to the personal experiences of the speaker and very considerably to the relation of incidents occurring to him in his character of Catholic priest and chaplain. He paid a warm tribute to the patriotism and courage of Irish soldiers in all the wars of this country. Father Cooney was a member of the military family of Gen. Rosecrans, whom he greatly admires, and his description of the battle of Stone River, the Chattanooga campaign and the deadly struggle of Chickamauga, were in vindication of that officer's strategy, concerning which there have been and still are wide differences of opinion. He was given close and respectful attention from the opening to the close of his address. Father Cooney is a plain, clear and interesting speaker, with a noticeable vein of humor."

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#### Local Items.

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- Apples.
  - Football.
  - Temperance.
  - Next Thursday.
  - "The Hidden Gem!"
  - Noble heads—St. Cecilians.
  - Look out for that little red ticket.
  - That private whang doodle should wind off.
  - The Minims have a toe-bog-on-slide—that's it!
  - Where are the early-and-hard-winter prophets?
  - Football every day now on the Junior campus.
  - The Christmas vacation begins Friday, December 20.
  - Our next issue will be the Christmas number—get one.

—The St. Cecilians will continue the Cronin trial after the holidays.

—The Junior "gym" faculty is still unknown, and seemingly forgotten.

—Go home with a light heart, boys, by subscribing for the SCHOLASTIC.

—If "practice makes perfect," what may we not expect from our band?

—The "ex-captain" is said to be quite windy, when it comes to blowing a horn.

—L. Monarch has been appointed Third Sergeant in Co. "B," Hoynes' Light Guards.

—Watch for the St. Cecilians this evening! They intend to distinguish themselves.

—'90-'91 had a "set-to" in football last Saturday. Brëlsford distinguished himself for '91.

—The Battle of Gettysburgh was fought again "in a peaceful manner" last Monday afternoon.

—Mr. Christ Masvacation will be here next week. He will no doubt receive a warm welcome.

—Bulletins will be sent some time next week. May they help to make yours a "Merry Christmas!"

—A game of base-ball was played here on Dec. 9. Something never known around here before.

—John can cast a vote now, but he should not break windows to celebrate his accession to citizenship.

—The St. Cecilians will have the honor of opening the dramatic season in Washington Hall this evening.

—B. B. should join the Rugby Team. He demonstrated his efficiency in that sport on the Junior campus the other day.

—"Homer" is king of the Rush line, while J. B. does not know if he will be able to buck against the feather-weight of '90 or not.

—A fine game of base-ball was played last Thursday on the Seniors' grounds, the *Reds* won by a score of 7 to 6. This is the latest game ever played here.

—Last Monday, George Cooke established a new record at billiards. He made a run of 58 points, beating that of last year by three buttons. He is undoubtedly the best player now at the University.

—The St. Cecilians give a literary, musical and dramatic entertainment this (Saturday) afternoon, complimentary to Rev. President Thomas E. Walsh in anticipation of his patronal festival, December 21.

—Three representative hand-ball players of the Senior department tried conclusions with a Junior team on the afternoon of the 8th inst., and furnished good sport for quite a number of spectators; the opposing teams won a game each.

—A recent valuable addition to the gallery of portraits in Bishops' Memorial Hall is an excellent portrait of Rt. Rev. T. Bonacum, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, Neb. It is a gift from the

prelate himself in memory of his recent pleasant visit to Notre Dame.

—TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Be warned in time and provoke no more such lines as these:

Adown the corridors of Time  
Come those words we've heard before,  
Like the chestnut bell's sweet chime,  
SHUT THAT DOOR!

—An exciting game of old-time rough-and-tumble football was played on the Senior campus last Thursday for two barrels of apples. T. Coady's *Reds* won two goals to none of Campbell's *Blues*; Homer and Virgil distinguished themselves, while Daily Paladium saved two goals for the *Reds*; the man with the blue pants made some good spurts.

—A magnificent large missal—the gift of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to Very Rev. Father General Sorin—was brought from Rome by Prof. J. F. Edwards. It is a richly ornamented folio, elegantly bound, with solid silver corners and clasps, and was a Jubilee gift to the Holy Father from the Faculty of the University of Prague. Father General used it for the first time on Tuesday last at his Mass in the Chapel of Loreto at St. Mary's. This missal and the chalice presented to Father Sorin by Pope Pius IX. will be placed in a specially prepared case in Bishops' Memorial Hall and used in the services of the Church on great solemnities.

—The ninth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held last Saturday evening with President Sullivan presiding. The literary exercises of the evening were opened with an interesting criticism of the preceding meeting by Mr. N. J. Sinnott. Then came the debate on the question: "Is civil service reform practical?" The speakers on the negative were: Messrs. W. Larkin and Meagher, and Mr. Morrison upheld the affirmative unassisted. The last gentleman made a gallant fight against the odds, but was unable to win the contest. After the decision was rendered, speeches on the subject were volunteered by Messrs. Brëlsford and Sullivan. The Rev. Director congratulated the Society on its work, and proposed that a few more literary entertainments be given before the close of the year. It is probable that such will be the case, and with the talent at its disposal something above the usual can be expected.

—Professor Edwards has been absent from home most of the time since his return from Europe, attending to business connected with the Lemonnier Library. When he came home, a few days ago, he found awaiting him several boxes containing books purchased in Europe, and a large number of antiquities and curios for the University Museum. Among the latter we noticed specimens of tapestry, silk textures, laces, old wood carvings and statues from one of the ancient monasteries of Germany; paintings, engravings, photographs, faience ware, swords, spears and other weapons, shields and helmets from Persia; a collection of objects from the



Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, taken from old Bavarian documents; silver coins and medals from various parts of Europe; old chalices, ciboriums, remonstrances and reliquaries from some of the convents suppressed by Bismarck; besides large numbers of objects representing costumes and articles used by the people of the Old World.

—The Moot-Court met last Saturday evening, Hon. Judge W. Hoynes presiding. The case called by clerk Burns was: "John Sherman *vs.* city of South Bend and J.H. Morgan." Messrs. Long and Lane appeared for the plaintiff, F. Kelly for the city of South Bend, and J. Vurpillat for H. Morgan. The jury were composed of Messrs. Murphy, Tedens, Dorsey, Beckham, Brannick, Reedy. After the plaintiff introduced their testimony, Saturday evening, Mr. F. Kelly demurred as to the defendant city of South Bend. The demurrer was sustained, and the case against the city of South Bend dismissed. The court then adjourned to meet Wednesday eve . . . . On the reopening of the court the defence introduced their evidence, and the case was given to the jury who, after being out a few moments, returned a verdict for the plaintiff assessing damages at \$2500. . . . The case on trial this evening (Saturday) is a case of Homicide, State of Indiana *vs.* James Lewis. Messrs. Lane and Dickerson attorneys for the State, McWilliam and O'Neill for the defendant.

—THE STAFF BANQUET.—On last Tuesday evening the SCHOLASTIC "Staff" sat down to their Annual Banquet in the Senior refectory. It was a pronounced success, and was unanimously declared to be one of the most enjoyable dinners ever given at the University. The tables were covered with dishes that reflected considerable credit on the culinary art. The bill of fare was extensive, and included many inviting courses. The Staff have always been considered as literary personages of no mean ability; but on this occasion they demonstrated the fact that their prowess was not limited to the pen, shears and paste. The speed with which the various courses disappeared spoke well for their early training. No inspiration was needed to perform the task before them, and the result of their labor could not be improved in any way by an epicurean "proof-reader." The Faculty was represented by Rev. President Walsh and Profs. Egan, Edwards, Liscombe and Ewing. The Staff was present in several volumes, and made their presence felt in various ways. After the tables had been cleared, toasts were in order, and Mr. J. W. Cavanaugh arose and, with smiling countenance, asked Father Walsh for a few words on "The relations of the Faculty to the Staff." The Rev. President responded with a few happy remarks, congratulating the Staff; assuring them that the Faculty was greatly interested in their work and wished them all success. "The Moral Influence of the Press" was the subject allotted to Mr. H. A. Holden and he treated it ably and in an interesting manner. Although short, his

speech fully merited the hearty applause given it. Mr. H. P. Brelsford arose to speak of "The College Press," and acquitted himself admirably. His reputation as an after-dinner speaker was strengthened on this occasion, and his remarks were highly appreciated. After the dinner the guests adjourned to the parlor where the festivities were continued, and everyone enjoyed himself hugely.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsberger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Anderson, Blesington, Bailey, H. Bronson, Burns, G. Beckham, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, H. Beckham, Benz, Burger,\* J. Brennan, Combe, Cassin, Carroll, Cassidy, G. Cooke, L. Chute, F. Chute, Conway, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Curtis, Coder, Dillon, Dorsey, Daly, Delany, Dacy, Dennis, Draper, Davis, Dyer, Daniels, Fack, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, Ford, Fisk, Fehr, Franciscus, J. Flynn, Garfias, Galen, Houlihan, Herman, Hanrahan, Healy, Heard, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, Krembs, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Lesner, Langan, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Mulroney, McGinn, Mahorney, McCarthy, McDonald, McWilliam, McKeon, McAuliff, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, J. McGrath, Murphy, McConnell, McAlister, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Parker, Phillips, Paradis, Portilla, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Rebillot, Rose, Rothert, Roberts, Schwarz, J. Sinnott, Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, Soden, J. Smith,† Toner, Tivnen, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, White, Walsh, Bovett.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aarons, Anson, B. Backrach, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Boyd, Bradley, Baltes, Cunningham, Chenev, Cosgrove, Case, J. Connors, E. Connors, Camobell, Dion, Delaney, De Lormier, Dempsey, Dorsey, Evers, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Field, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Gale, Girsch, Gnewuch, Gough, Gross, Galen, Howard, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hann, Hesse, Healy, Hagus, Hoerr, Hague, Ibold, Jacobs, King, Kearney, Keough, J. Leonard, Lenard, Lewis, Lee, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, L. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, Merkle, J. McCartney, E. McCartney, McIvers, F. McKee, E. McKee, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, Otis, O'Rourke, O'Mara, O'Neill, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Rarig, Robinson, Root, Reichhold, Robbins, Roper, Roth, W. E. Stanton, Sinclair, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Snyder, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Talbot, Towne, Thorn, Tetard, Turner, Welch, Wile, Weitzel, Wright, Weise, Ward, White, Wertheimer, Youngerman, Zinn.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, T. Burns, J. Burns, Browning, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Clark, Crane, Durand, Dench, Elkin, Evers, Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, G. Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Klaner, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, Levi, C. Lamberton, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, H. Mestling, Marr, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, McCarthy, Morrison, Mayer, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Roning, Ryan, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wever, Walsh, Wilcox, Weber, Witkowsky, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

† Omitted by mistake for three weeks.

## Class Honors.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. F. Flynn, Karasynski, C. Flynn, Houlihan, Zinn, Powers, Otero, Pyplatz, Schaack, R. McCarthy, E. McDonald, Dyer, J. A. Johnson, White, Lynch, Gibbons, Curtis, Murphy, Abt, Reedy, Franciscus, Walsh, Lehman, Gerlach, Hull, Rarig, A. Leonard, Gibert, Seymour, Sloan, W. Hassenfuss, Root, Benz, Kearney, Bos, W. Stanton, O'Rourke, McConnell, Robbins, Evers, Adler, Seery, Welch, Blumenthal, Hahn, Merz, Snyder, Pomeroy, A. Funke, G. Leonard, Hagus, Weiss, McIvers, Jacobs, Dorsey, Burger, Neenan, Whalen, Spalding, V. Kehoe, O'Mara, Siebert, Young, Anson, Wolff, De Lorimer, Collman, Hoerr, M. McGrath, Hague, J. White, McLeod, Parker.

## List of Excellence.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

*Latin*—Messrs. F. Vurpillat, H. Bronson, Ibold, Weitzel, Fitzgibbon, Maurus, McConlogue; *Algebra*—Messrs. Casey, Cooney, T. Vurpillat; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Abt, B. Bates, Dempsey, Hahn, H. Bachrach, Parker, Deutsch, Weise; *Grammar*—Messrs. Dillon, Anson, Des Garennes, Goodson, A. Campbell, Merz, Aarons, A. Neef, Young, Stapleton, Gerlach, Hague, W. Mitchell, Sloan; *Reading*—Messrs. C. Flynn, Curtis, Murphy, Olds, Dion, Gibert; *Orthography*—Messrs. C. Flynn, Murphy, O. Hassenfuss; *German*—Messrs. Wolff, McCartney; *United States History*—Messrs. Curtis, F. Franciscus; *Geography*—F. Benz; *3d Grammar*—Messrs. Parker, Rebillot, Franciscus, McDonald, Anderson, C. Flynn, Murphy, Lynch.

## The Hunter.

When the frost has stripped the branches,  
Left them leafless, seeming lifeless;  
When o'er every lake and river  
Rests a dream of coming snow storms,  
Then the wild duck starts and shivers,  
Calls in accents loud and urgent  
To his mates that linger with him,  
Meaning time has come to vacate,  
To take wing for warmer climates,  
Where the gentle snow squall comes not.

Then, too, sallies forth the hunter,  
With his gun upon his shoulder:  
Sniffs the frosty air with pleasure,  
Says, with smiles and winks unnumbered,  
"Now, I'll get me to the forest,  
To the lake and to the river;  
I will draw the duck and partridge  
To my game bag, as the full moon  
Draws the mighty tides of ocean;  
Laden with my spoils of hunting  
I will wander home at evening,  
And the people all will cry out,  
'Lo! here comes the modern Nimrod,  
Crown him chief of lucky hunters.'"

Shadows gather: Evening slowly  
Blots the sunshine from the landscape;  
O'er the meadows comes the hunter,  
But his steps are slow and weary.  
Empty is the luckless game bag,  
Empty is the useless shot pouch,  
Empty is the gun he carries,  
And his heart is sad within him.  
But a brilliant thought comes to him,  
As he steers his footsteps homeward:  
Through the back streets skulks he slyly,  
Sneaks into a wayside market,  
Buys a duck, a handsome dozen,  
Buys a brace or two of partridge,  
Then, with conscience hushed and stifled,  
Ploddeth home, the mighty hunter.

—Sun.

## St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On the 9th inst., the Children of Mary held an election of officers for their society; the result was as follows: President, Miss A. Hammond; Vice-President, Miss L. Healy; Secretary, Miss M. Davis; Treasurer, Miss C. Dempsey; Sacristan, Miss K. McCarthy; Librarian, Miss J. English. Last week the following young ladies were received as full members of the Sodality: Misses Hammond, Robinson, Bogner, Hamilton, L. Nester, K. Reilly, Hutchinson, Kassar, Ganong, McHugh, McFarland, McCune, Cunningham, Lauth, Adelsperger, Stapleton, Wickersheim, Wurzburg, Rinehart, Dempsey, McCloud, Holt, Byrnes, Lynch and H. Hanson.

—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is always a day of special rejoicing at St. Mary's, and all strive to honor her who was honored above all other creatures by her Divine Son. The various shrines of our Blessed Mother were beautifully adorned particularly Loreto and the altar in the chapel. At eight o'clock the ceremony of conferring the Habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross took place. Twelve candidates, attired as brides, presented themselves at the foot of the altar, asking admission to the exercises of the Novitiate, after which Very Rev. Father General, assisted by Rev. Fathers Corby and Saulnier, performed the ceremony of investiture. Those who took the veil were Miss M. Bennett (Sister M. Raphaelia), Miss R. Hanagan (Sister M. Miltrida), Miss A. Parnell (Sister M. Othelia), Miss I. Egerton (Sister M. Marietta), Miss A. Cooke (Sister M. Wilgis), Miss E. Moclair (Sister M. Benedict), Miss M. Werling (Sister M. Honorata), Miss C. Skinner (Sister M. Immaculée), Miss S. McKenzie (Sister M. Alonzo), Miss C. Morris (Sister M. Edwin), Miss F. Didier (Sister M. Cecil), Miss E. Wilkinson (Sister M. Berthema). The reception was immediately followed by High Mass, sung by Rev. Father Maher, at which Rev. Father Corby delivered an impressive sermon.

## The Immaculate Conception.\*

The voice of time has softly whispered o'er  
Three decades of the Rosary of years  
Whose *Credo* was begun creation's morn;  
Since all the heart of christendom was hushed,  
To greet the first glad strains that rose to tell  
How dear to every soul is Mary's name.

Within the precincts of Eternal Rome  
Had thousands gathered, filled with holy faith;  
And mountains, valleys, oceans, plains were crossed

\* Read at the Academic meeting, Dec. 8, by Miss O. O'Brien.

In spirit, by the countless hosts of those  
Who bowed before the power of Peter's chair.  
The holy Pontiff, Pius IX. (to whom  
Be everlasting rest!) had summoned all  
The shepherds of Christ's flock in every land  
To prove allegiance firm to Heaven's Queen.  
From Syrian sands and Afric's wilds they came;  
From where the earth is ever clad in snow,  
From lands of never-failing warmth and light,  
From far-off China and Japan, and from  
The lonely sea-girt islands, far and near,  
They came, obedient to the call of Rome.  
And our dear land sent noble bishops there  
To swell the ranks of Mary's loving sons,  
Who would their Mother's honor vindicate.

The Prelates held their council three full days,  
And on the third the very air seemed still,  
As surged the multitude with bated breath  
Within St. Peter's vast Cathedral walls,  
To hear from Pontiff's lips the voice of God.  
The hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*,  
Arose, and at its close the saintly Pope  
Intoned the versicle and prayer, then turned,  
And on the listening hearts fell clear the words:  
"My children, we have offered up to God  
The Father, through His Son, our humble prayers,  
And we have begged the Spirit Comforter,  
Whose breath has come upon our hearts, to aid;  
And now in honor of the Triune God,  
In loving honor of the Queen of Heaven,  
And by authority of Jesus Christ,  
We here declare, affirm, define, that She,  
The Blessed Virgin Mary, through her Son,  
From every stain of sin, or ought defiled,  
From moment of conception was exempt—  
And this shall be a dogma of our Faith."

A thousand bells rang out in thanks to Heaven,  
And cannon thundered forth the joyful news;  
The heart of Christendom sent up a cry  
Of praise to God; then turned to Mary's throne  
And offered her the homage of deep love,  
While Heaven and earth resounded with the strains—  
Our Queen Immaculate! Immaculate!

Since that glad day, Columbia's soil was made  
Her own possession, and to this same Queen,  
Was dedication made of our loved school.  
On every side we hear her blessed name;  
Loreto, St. Mary's and Notre Dame  
Proclaim unto the world, her children's love  
For her, "the Lily white that bloomed 'mid thorns."

O brightest gem in great Pope Pius' crown!  
O dogma cherished by the Catholic heart!  
We offer now anew our act of faith;  
And lowly bending at thy shrine, fair Queen,  
We place ourselves and those most dear to us  
In thy sweet keeping; and we humbly pray  
That thou wouldst bless in Mother-love our school,  
And him, our Founder, who in days gone by  
Did dedicate to you his very life.  
O hear our prayer! and on this Feast of thine  
Accept our hearts, our souls, and make us love  
Still more each day the "Word made Flesh,"  
thy Son,  
Through whose sweet grace thou art Immaculate!

## Roll of Honor.

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

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Anson, Bates, Bero, Bogner, Bovett, Byrnes, Clarke, Cunningham, Colbrann, Cooper, Coll, Crane, Curtis, Calderwood, C. Dempsey, D. Davis, Deutsch, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, Donahue, English, Flannery, G. Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, C. Hurley, Holt, Hess, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hale, Hellmann, Hull, Hutchinson, Hamilton, J. Hughes, Hepburn, L. Hughes, Haight, Kasser, Krimbill, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Leahey, Lauth, McFarland, McCloud, Maher, Mills, M. McPhee, McCarthy, Murison, Mullaney, S. McPhee, Marley, Milless, Nickel, Norris, H. Nester, Otis, Piper, Pyle, Pendleton, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Smith, M. Schermerhorn, Saviers, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Van Mourick, Woolner, Violette, Woolner, Wickersheim, Wurzburg.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, Barry, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, M. Clifford, M. Davis, B. Davis, L. Ernest, Evoy, Fosdick, Hickey, Holmes, Mabbs, McGuire, McCormack, Meskill, Mestling, O'Mara, Patier, Patrick, Pellinz, E. Phillion, E. Regan, Ruger, M. Smyth, Shirey, J. Smyth, Sweeney, A. Thirds, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, K. Wood, N. Wurzburg, Wright, Young.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Ayer, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Goodwin, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, A. McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, C. Porteous, S. Scherrer, N. Smyth, L. Scherrer, S. Smyth.

## SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss M. Schiltz.

### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Hurff, K. Hurley, A. Hammond, M. Fitzpatrick, N. Davis, M. Collbran, S. Crane, M. Hull.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Dempsey, J. Cunningham, M. Otis, S. Hamilton, L. Woolner, A. Penburthy, H. Hanson, N. Smith, M. Violette, E. Dennison, M. Tormey, C. Dorsey, E. Hughes, E. Schaefer, C. Ruger, A. Hanson, K. McCarthy, E. Pyle, M. Burns, K. Ryan, L. Ernest, M. Hess, I. De Montcourt, Mullaney, M. Scherrer, I. Cooke, L. Kasper, M. Clifford.

### WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses M. Piper, I. Horner, I. Stapleton, A. Wurzburg.

### PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

Misses L. Curtis, N. Norse, H. Studebaker, E. Saviers.

### OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Robinson, A. Regan, J. Holt, B. Hellmann, J. Hughes.

## GENERAL DRAWING.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses S. Dempsey, Rinn, M. Hess, L. Woolner, M. Schermerhorn, E. Dennison, E. Adelsperger, S. Hamilton, E. Schaefer, H. Hanson, F. Murison, M. Collbran, H. Pugsley, N. Smyth, A. Wurzburg, G. Lauth, N. Schermerhorn, K. Maher, E. Pyle, K. Mills, K. McCarthy, K. Kimmell, F. Jungblut, M. Ash, M. Rose, E. Pendleton, A. Hanson, S. McPhee, McCloud, M. Byrnes, R. Bero, K. Ryan, A. Lynch, H. Nacey, C. Haight, A. Koopmann, A. Schrock, A. Mullaney, A. Ryan.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Thirds, E. Regan, M. Clifford, M. Patier, E. Quealy, F. Soper, C. Daly, N. McGuire, I. Mabbs, L. Black, C. Robbins, F. Palmer, B. Davis, M. Fosdick, E. Phillion, S. Levy, E. Cooper, M. Davis, E. Wagner, M. McCormack, L. Young, E. Evoy, M. Cooper, C. Shirey, M. Wagner, C. Ruger, C. Kasper, M. Culp, D. Pellinz, A. Tormey, S. Meskill, M. Smyth, L. Holmes, J. Patrick, K. Sweeney, L. Mestling, A. O'Mara, L. Kasper, A. O'Brien, E. Burns.