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In Memoriam—Joseph A. Lyons.*

MARK M. S. FOOTE, '73.

Slowly the past receded from his sight,
As off life's shore the traveller cast his bark
And caught the ray of heaven's offspring light
To guide him o'er death's river deep and dark.

His soul, from earthly cares and fancies free,
Sought for a home in heaven's unfading clime,
And with no burden of iniquity
His boat sped onward to that world sublime.

No waves of doubt nor winds of wild despair
Rose up his peaceful passage to delay,
With Faith his compass, and his boatswain, Prayer,
He feared not Death's mysterious way.

Calmly he watched the kind, increasing ray,
And firmly bent to Hope's unyielding oar,
Till in the dawn of everlasting day
He cast his anchor at the golden shore.

His heart, now in the full and constant glow
Of that same light, was given the soothing peace
Which Heaven can only on a life bestow
In its own realms, when worldly trials cease.

His virtuous life's work done, his journey o'er,
His spirit bowed in humble attitude,
Leaving its goodly cargo on the shore,
Poured forth an offering of gratitude.

While thus in ecstasy of joy he knelt,
Suddenly as from the blissful spell he woke,
A brother spirit's gentle touch he felt
Who stood beside him, and thus kindly spoke:

"Good soul, thou seekest heavenly rest; thou art
A stranger to this land, yet not to me;
In all thy trials I have taken part,
And now, beyond their power, I'm still with thee.

"Since first sent forth into the earthly sphere
Its pains to suffer, its trials to endure,
My task, thy way to lead, thy heart to cheer,
And bring thee back again—a spirit pure.

"Thou, faithful to the guidance of my voice,
Hast found the path to bright eternity;
And now, thy task accomplished, I rejoice
To lead thee to thy crown—come, follow me."

On through the maze of nearing splendor led,
His way with anxious, hopeful step he trod,
Until in awe he stood, with down bent head
To hear his fate before the throne of God.

In all its majesty and pomp arrayed,
The heavenly court with solemn look gave heed
While seraph, from the book before them laid,
The record of our pilgrim's life did read.

No deeds of mighty conquest there were found;
No life with doings of illustrious fame;
No works of art, nor wisdom so profound
As gave the genius or the hero's name.

But in their place, on every page was seen
Of kindly words and generous acts a host;
As if in life the thought of self had been
For others' joy and others' welfare lost.

A life which, better than an earthly fame,
Brought sweet contentment as its course was led,
And made the mourners at his bier exclaim:
"A noble-hearted, faithful friend is dead!"

Wedded in youth unto the cause of youth,
His years were with his *Alma Mater* spent;
To educate and lead the young to truth
His talents and his zeal were ever lent.

In all their undertakings he took part;
Amongst his boys he knew his happiest days,
And felt the warmest beatings of his heart
When from behind the scenes he heard their praise.

"Lo! here," the angel spoke, "on every fold
A priceless gem of virtue comes to view,
O'er every thought and word and action told,
In love it sheds its pure and fervent hue.

"Casting no dazzling splendor on the sight,
Blending its rays with true humility,
Giving to all the virtues of its light,
Is seen this jewel of sweet charity."

Enough:—the book was closed, no more was read;
No more was needed, so the Judge declared:

* Alumni poem read at the Annual Commencement Exercises,
Tuesday, June 24

"If aught is wanting to a perfect life," He said,
"By this rare virtue it is well repaired."

"Take to your midst this soul; on him bestow
Your choicest gift, the fullness of your love;
Nourished this beauteous plant by him below,
Forever he shall share its fruits above."

A smile lit up the Heavenly Mother's face;
St. Joseph reached his ever-faithful hand,
And led his child unto his long-sought place
In joys eternal 'mid the celestial band.

Cecilia, honored in his work on earth,
Gave to her choirs the never-ending strain
That sang a *Te Deum* to his heavenly birth,
And God's decrees an *Alleluia* and *Amen*.

Thus beamed the heavenly throng with joyful look;
Thus rang their voices with rejoicing note;
While cherubs in the everlasting book
The name of JOSEPH ALOYSIUS wrote.

Valedictory.

LEWIS P. CHUTE.

Like competitors in the ancient Grecian games, we have reached our goal, and we await the signal to start anew. We are here this morning—many of us for the last time—to witness the final exercises of an eventful year; and it is but right that we close it in a befitting manner. To-day we assume the *toga virilis*, and go forth as men. This is the occasion that will be fraught with happy recollections of hope and of inspiration.

Commencement day is bitter-sweet; it is made up of joy and sorrow. That we are about to take part as men of the world and perform our duties to the land of our birth is a theme for delightful contemplation. We set out to face life's stern realities—to fight the mighty foe—with the watchword ever sounding in our ears, to return "with your shield, or on it." We rejoice that the time has come when we are to apply to practice the theory learned by years of unceasing application; that we are to become the favored ones of fortune—citizens of this land of liberty.

But who has not experienced the feelings incident to the separation from dear friends? Notre Dame is not only our friend, but has, for years past, been to us a most tender mother. Close to her heart she has led us from the ways of childhood and prepared our path for a life of prosperity and happiness, and with her wise counsels we have imbibed the principles that will enable us to become true sons of America—an honor to ourselves, an honor to *Alma Mater*, and heirs to the kingdom of God.

The glory of Notre Dame is our glory. It has been her object to develop in us our physical, intellectual and moral faculties; not cultivating the one to the detriment of the other, but making them so combine as to give the opportunity of realizing the ideal of the perfect man.

A retrospect of the days spent at college recalls the memory of many trials and difficulties. How great at first they appeared, and now how small they seem! Then we did not believe that there would be a time when we would look back with regret upon every recurrence of a slighted lesson; that the perseverance and cheerfulness with which we overcame the obstacles at school, was to measure, for a great part, the equation of our success in after life. When we leave the quiet environment of college life and enter the turmoil of the "madding crowd," we shall find that our path will be beset with many trials and disappointments; that cares innumerable, duties and responsibilities are sure to be imposed upon us; that we shall have to meet our fellowmen face to face, and grapple with difficulties that will present themselves at every step. We shall meet

"The vague, wide foe, and patient souls have hurled
Their fear away and, going, made us moan
To find the mist God's rain on meadows green."

We now go forth into the world strengthened by the possession of sound moral principles and the salutary instruction received at Notre Dame, our mother. Long may she continue in her noble work of education to teach man his duties to himself, his country and his God!

Very Reverend Father, founder of Notre Dame, many Commencement days have you already witnessed in this hallowed home whose gilded dome crowns your work. May it be your good fortune and her joy to be spared to grace with your presence many more such occasions!

Right Rev. Bishop, the Class of '90 feel deeply honored to be able to record the fact of your presence here to-day; you, who pre-eminently represent the highest culture of our land—who have, next to the cause of God, the progress of education at heart—have most appropriately addressed us. Your words are an inspiration.

Very Rev. President you have our love as well as our gratitude and respect; for you have taught us to be Christian citizens, and to lay well to heart the words of Horace:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcat imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus timore tergo."

You have taught us to stand and face the foe,

though we be alone; and that a man is no man who will not die for his faith and his country.

Rev. Fathers and Faculty of Notre Dame, we now express our thanks and affection to you who have taken upon yourselves the noble task of educating youth. To this end your lives have been given, and it is now that we can really appreciate your efforts. Looking seriously upon life, we cannot but see that you have been our best friends. Your aim has been to instil into our hearts those principles of truth and justice by which alone we can hope to become true Christians and make ourselves worthy of the respect of our fellow-citizens. It is now with sentiments of regret that we bid you farewell.

Comrades, who are treading the same ground over which we have passed, bear well in mind that your mission at Notre Dame is of greatest importance. On its success depends the fortune of your future career; for here you are preparing for the great battle of life that awaits us all. Your stay here is short; but it will give the keynote to the grand symphony of your after-life, whose final tones surge up to the very gates of heaven.

Fellow-graduates, we are now between two great eras of our career. The sun, not yet midway in the sky, shows us a new land. Short was the time that we spent, hand in hand, with the same end in view. This at last has been attained; but we are not to pause here. Truly, this is a commencement! Do not think that our work is completed; do not think that on crossing the threshold of the University we are free to do as we please—to live a life of leisure. Our task has only begun. The foundation of the edifice of life is laid. We have been, for the past few years accumulating the materials with which to build, and now it rests in ourselves to continue, to the best of our abilities, the grand work of construction. Let us build as the Christian, working for the unseen as well as the seen,—for the eye of God, for the honor of Notre Dame and the approval of those who love us. We are now on the point of separating, each to pursue the path of his aspirations. Let us, before parting, grasp the hand of friendship and swear eternal brotherhood in the name of *Alma Mater*.

Farewell, kind classmates! may all success attend your future career; and if it be not our lot to meet again in this life, God grant that there may be a day when we shall all be joined again in a land where there is no parting!

In a few short hours all will be over, and we shall set out, many on their way homeward, to be received by anxious parents, affectionate

brothers and loving sisters, to bear them the victor's crowns won by the strenuous efforts that victory demands. It remains for us now to renew the bonds of friendship among those with whom we have associated, to clasp them to us with links of steel, and, looking once more on the scenes of our college days, wend our way homeward bound.

We say farewell; many, perhaps, never to return; but though the waters of oceans, though the broad lands of continents separate us in body, there shall always be within our hearts fondest recollection of the days spent within the hallowed halls of Notre Dame; and parting, I say with Tennyson:

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God,
But now, farewell!"

Daniel Webster.*

At the close of the War of Independence there lived among the granite hills of New Hampshire a poor, industrious farmer. There he toiled early and late, happy in the affection of his family, esteemed and respected by his fellowmen. Among his children was a little boy who seemed to possess remarkable attributes of mind. Nature had not favored him with a strong and healthy body, and the rural sibyls had foretold an early death; but his watchful, tender mother saw hidden beneath that delicate form a constitution of iron, and she saw impressed upon that open, youthful brow the indelible marks of future greatness.

At an early age the boy was sent to school. From the limited store of the old district master he gleaned a scanty harvest of rudimentary knowledge which awakened within him a yearning for something higher.

The father had never enjoyed the advantages of college or school, and he keenly felt the want of an education. Though he found it extremely difficult to provide for his family, still he saw so many signs of promise in this boy that he determined, at whatever sacrifice, to send him to college. When he had matured his plans, he

* Prize Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Monday, June 23.

informed the startled boy of his purposes. The tidings were overwhelming. The poor boy had hardly dared to hope for such good fortune, and now the joy at the accomplishment of his most fervent and long-cherished wish, mingled with a full sense of the sacrifice it involved, completely overcame him. He laid his head upon his father's shoulder and wept the thanks he could not utter.

A few months later he entered Dartmouth College. There he pursued with zealous application the great object which he had in view. By intent study and strict observance of rule he soon became the acknowledged leader of his class, while his charming eloquence and commanding presence excited the wonder and admiration of the little world about him. After four years of diligent and assiduous study came the time for graduation. The highest honors and rarest privileges were showered upon him by his *Alma Mater*, and then, with a heart overflowing with emotions of joy, glowing with a generous ambition and warm affection, with a vigorous frame and buoyant step, the man, Daniel Webster, entered the arena of active life. Never did man inspire greater hopes; never were hopes more fully realized.

He returned home, qualified himself for admission to the bar, and entered the practice of the profession. Passing over the earlier period of his professional life, with a hasty glance at the brilliant forensic triumphs that begin already to crowd upon him, we find him, soon after the declaration of war against England, called by the unanimous voice of an admiring people to represent their interests in the legislative halls of the Nation. This was the first step in that long and glorious career which has linked his name inseparably with the history of the United States.

Rising from the position of Representative to that of Senator, and thence to the Secretaryship of State, he moved steadily onward and upward. In each and every sphere of action he displayed that intellectual strength and patriotic fervor which secured for him the honors that attended him all through life.

At the bar of justice, his fame shone with undiminished lustre; his arguments before the highest judicial tribunal became the basis of many of those important decisions which give shape and construction to organic law. In the discussion of constitutional questions, where books and precedents are vain, where the mind must penetrate to the source of first principles and thence draw forth a chain of logical deduction, his genius moved with natural and majestic

sweep. Soaring far above the flight of eloquence into the region of abstract science and analysis, it saw the forms of truth in the tranquil air of reason. His utterance was grand and stately. Things that other men looked up to gaze at, he stooped to touch.

As a statesman he proved himself worthy to be ranked among the greatest the world has ever produced. Mingling the integrity and prudence of Washington with the genius and profound wisdom of Hamilton, he labored earnestly to solve that most difficult problem of human government, "how much of the ideal may safely be combined with the practical." In all the actions of his life, in everything he ever did or said, he sought to inculcate a love of union, and to throw around the cold, impersonal idea of a constitution the halo of love and reverence.

At the time of his entry into the Senate, a spirit of discord was springing up between the North and the South, engendered by the slavery agitation and the controversy regarding the nature of our Government. This feeling of bitterness, at first vague and indistinct, was slowly and steadily gaining strength and developing into the expression of bold defiance—a defiance which was to culminate in a furious assault, threatening the very existence of our central Government. Already the air was heavy with signs of the approaching crisis. The low, ominous rumble as of thunder in the distance, and the deep gloom pervading the whole country, filled the hearts of the people with fear and trembling forebodings. Suddenly before the assembled Senate the storm broke forth. In the heated debate which followed the introduction of a seemingly harmless resolution, Colonel Hayne, a brilliant young senator from South Carolina, arose and began a fiery attack upon New England, the strong citadel of the North. He accused her of mean selfishness, of hostility towards the South and West, and of treachery to the Government; and in the guise of injured innocence he set forth the Southern views of the question to justify secession and slavery, and to vindicate the superiority of the States over the general Government. With tempestuous fury he hurled his destructive missiles at the towering edifice of the Union, and before the sun went down the massive structure trembled even to its foundations, and the standard of nullification was floating proudly, defiantly, over the ramparts of the Republic.

The eager Southern leaders were wild with exultation over their supposed victory. But a champion of the Constitution was to come forth.

The time had arrived when Daniel Webster was to realize the expectations of those who had counted on his extraordinary powers. On behalf of liberty and union he accepted the haughty challenge, and prepared for the conflict. Early on the following day, crowds of anxious men and women, comprising citizens from all the States, together with many representatives from foreign nations—such was the momentous character of the occasion—poured into the Capitol and filled the chamber to its utmost capacity. As they sat waiting in breathless expectation, Daniel Webster rose in his place and began his famous reply. When the first note struck the ear of the listening multitude, the expression of excited fear vanished from their faces, and with rapt attention they followed every word, and every look, and every gesture of the speaker. The importance of that hour he fully realized; his countenance fairly glowed with the rush of feeling, and the deep, melodious cadence of his voice sounded like harmonious organ tones, as it swelled and rolled along the vaulted ceilings and through the corridors, filling the whole chamber with its music. His withering sarcasm was poured in a living stream over the heads of his affrighted foes; their standard was torn from its lofty eminence, and their frail arguments were scattered before his mighty eloquence like leaves before the blasts of autumn. The Miltonic grandeur of his thoughts, the keen and ready wit, the tender pathos, the burning appeals to love of state and country swayed the audience into an ever-changing, indescribable motion. Every chord of the human heart awoke to his master-touch and swelled—a grand, soul-stirring harmony, as in tones of deepest pathos he uttered those words of solemn significance:

“When I am dying, let my last, feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted; not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, ‘What is all this worth?’ Nor those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first, and union afterward.’ But everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as it floats over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart, Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

Oh, who can fittingly describe the force of that speech! Never in all her history had the Union been on the verge of greater danger than in that dark and dreadful hour. But what a sudden change! A thrill ran through the whole country, and those words lived on, reverberating

down the ages; and when, in 1861, the hour of supreme trial came their vibration still continued to send forth those patriotic strains which nerved the arm of the Union soldier to fight for the cause of liberty and humanity. Far off, on the Pacific coast where the Columbia rolls majestically to the ocean, towers the lofty Mount Ranier. Its crest rises high into the skies, and is adorned with a beautiful, coronal-shaped pinnacle. There are times when the clouds gather about its summit, and for days and days its apex cannot be seen. But as the traveller gazes upward in anticipation, suddenly a strong wind passes through the upper air, the clouds are rolled away and dispersed, and the grand apex appears in all its beauty and splendor and sublimity. So was it with regard to our central Government. The lurid clouds that lowered over the Union and covered with a dark veil the work and countenance of the Constitution, obscured our ideas of central government, and made our nation seem a mere compact, held together by bonds no stronger than ropes of sand,—these clouds were suddenly swept away, and the Constitution shone forth in all the splendor and glory and greatness of the grandest nation that the human mind has ever conceived, or human valor protected, or human prudence, with God's favor, preserved.

J. SYLVESTER HUMMER.

The Lincoln of the War Period.*

T. J. M'KEON (*Law*), '90.

Ever since the dawn of history the story is told how nations had been reared, grew strong and blossomed forth into mighty empires; how they flourished until abuses crept into their vitals and then passed away. We read of many great leaders springing up from the obscure classes and conquering kingdoms, and of men that rose from the humble walks of life to the foremost place among their countrymen. History is replete with such inspiring and ennobling characters. I have chosen for the subject of my remarks this evening one of such men—one whose fame, whose historical renown, is confined to no class, no clime; one whose name is treasured in the hearts of Americans, in the hearts of all mankind—Abraham Lincoln.

It is with a feeling of the deepest reverence, with the painful consciousness of my inability to do it even approximate justice, that I approach this theme. Who can collect and pre-

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Monday, June 23.

sent in a short space of time the vivid outlines the many lights and shadows, which made up the career of this illustrious man? Who is capable of condensing in the brief period allotted me, the record of a life so noble, of a character so chivalrous, that no nation, no country, can present its equal.

Abraham Lincoln first saw the light of day in the dwelling of humble parents surrounded by the green hills of Kentucky. While the boy was still young, the family removed to the southern part of this State. Here in the land of free labor he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his hours of meditation. Here in the isolation of forest and prairie, and far from the busy turmoil of the world, was passed the youth of Lincoln.

Owing to the circumstances which surrounded him, his early mental training was limited. The Bible was his constant companion and guide. The Declaration of Independence—the greatest state paper in existence—was his compendium of political wisdom; the life of Washington, the immortal father of our country, his constant study. For the rest, from day to day he breathed the life of the American people; walked in their light; reasoned with their reason; thought with their power of thought; felt the beating of their mighty hearts. He was in every way a child of nature, a child of the West, a child of America.

At the age of twenty-five, he represented his district in the State Legislature of Illinois, having removed from Indiana and settled near Springfield. A few years later we find him in Congress where his rich yet simple eloquence filled its halls with

“sounds that echo still.”

Here his native dignity and manly honesty forced attention by the position he took in regard to slavery. He was thoroughly convinced of the enormity of the inhuman practice of dealing with a poor defenceless race as though they were brutes. That barbarous custom which had tarnished fair America's name abroad and dishonored it at home was then the great cause of contention which divided our country. In his memorable debates with Douglas, he went before the people of the mighty Prairie State saying: “This Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the house will cease to be divided.” And while states were flying from their orbits, madly plunging themselves into ruin, and wise men knew not where to find counsel, this child of nature—this child of the West—was raised to the highest civil position in the land.

Critical were the nation's affairs when he was

inaugurated. We were on the verge of one of the most bloody wars the world has ever seen; unknown storms were pending in the darkened clouds; the very ground on which he trod shook under his feet. The slave states had determined to cut off the civic ties which bound them by the Constitution. Things went from bad to worse, until the issue was made whether this land of freedom was to maintain its honored place in the history of mankind, or a rebellion founded on negro slavery gain a recognition of its principle throughout the other realms of the earth.

The clouds grew darker and darker; and when the South was about to break the political fabric of our Government, thereby bringing on a civil war, how like a prophet did Lincoln calmly, and with a clear vision of its ruinous effects to the country, endeavor to stay the impending storm. Well did he know that the whole could not exist without its parts, nor the parts without the whole. And he also knew that so long as the Constitution of the United States endured, the states would stand; were one to be destroyed the entire structure would fall like grain before the sickle's edge. The destruction of one meant the destruction of the other. The preservation of the one was the life of the other.

It was a blessing that in such a crisis the nation had a man like Lincoln at the helm. The great thoughts which filled his soul, the burning words which fell from his lips, were given for the preservation of the Union. He watched the thickening clouds of insurrection; he noted the anxious warnings of his friends; he was neither buoyed up by reckless hopes, nor cast down by exaggerated fears. He bided his time, listened to no indiscreet counsels, attempted no weak experiments, uttered neither premature cry of alarm nor boast of overweening confidence. War seemed inevitable. Lincoln determined to consecrate his life to the cause of freedom. He resolved that whatever else might die, the Union should live to perpetuate civil liberty; that whatever else might perish this free Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth. To the disaffected he said: “you can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors.” To fire the passions of the South, the Confederates chose to become the assailants by firing on and compelling the evacuation of Fort Sumter.

Immediately the cry of war! war! rang through the land, and to the call for arms our gallant fathers joined the ranks by thousands. At the cry of their country in its distress they arose with patriotism unexampled, the purest

and best blood in the land; sons of loving mothers and dear fathers with a clear perception of the duty they owed their country, their homes and their fellowmen, thronged round the commonwealth to support the outraged, the beautiful flag of freedom—the flag whose stripes of red typify successful war for independence; the flag whose stripes of white typify the peace, prosperity and happiness of the people; the flag whose azure field and glistening stars symbolize the unparalleled progress, laudable aspirations and glorious destiny of America and Americans.

They came forth from the halls of theological seminaries; striplings in colleges threw down their books and hurried from the class-room to join the army; the pioneer from the forest, the mechanic from the workshop, the farmer from the field—all went forth with strong hearts to battle for their rights. Surely each man had as strong a motive to preserve his liberties, which had been wrested from Great Britain, as he had then to establish them.

For long years, the cruel, cruel conquest raged. Grim-visaged war desolated the land; a horrible dread froze up the fountains of hope; from every home went up to Him who reigns on high, wails for the loved and lost, louder than Israel for her first-born. Blood flowed like water. It streamed over the grassy plains; it stained the rocks; the underbrush of the forest was red with it; still the armies marched on from one bloody field to another their ranks thinning at every step, yet they faltered not, for they knew justice was their leader; from foreign despotisms came shouts and cries of exultation over the waning fortunes of our great, our glorious Government.

And when there was no eye to pity, no arm to save, suddenly there gleamed across the sky a ray of hope which quickly banished sickly fear; order was restored where confusion reigned, and the complete victory, which, alas! our martyred president barely lived to see, snatched our chastened Nation from the jaws of ruin and clothed her anew with the garlands of perpetual youth.

And now, after twenty-five years of abiding peace, it is with sad and painful memories that we look back on that horrid war. But the wounds are completely healed and the North and South stand as one; to-day we know no South, no North. The bitterness and hatred which it had engendered is now entirely forgotten, and the Nation, with union and unity restored, weep with common accord over the turf of half a million soldiers' graves. There is

one sad and mournful remembrance which still clings to us, and that is the assassination of Lincoln. The grave which received his remains admitted a martyr to the Union; the monument which towers over all that remains mortal of him bears testimony to the shallowness of human glory and to the destiny of us all; but never will the greatness of Lincoln grow dim. His name will go shining down the path of time lustrous with the halo of his magnanimity, true patriotism, never-dying desire to do good for his fellowmen; his name will be enshrined in the hearts of generations that are to be until time shall be no more, as the one to whom we are most indebted for the success of our arms, the triumph of truth, the glory of freedom of an enslaved race, and the preservation of this mighty commonwealth.

Who among the long roll of honored names that grace the pages of our history has achieved a grander success, or given to his country a nobler boon than Abraham Lincoln? By his own innate energy and endowment, he rose from a place of humble obscurity to the most eminent position that can be achieved in the nation.

"And moving up from high to higher.
Became on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

From the lowly log cabin, 'mid the tall and sighing pines, to the White House—from an humble birth to an honored death—at the summit of human glory, he was stricken down by the hand of a cowardly assassin who stole up from behind and inflicted the glaring wound which stilled in eternal sleep the heart of the great emancipator.

Good and true man, noble citizen, loving father, martyr of a nation, the scenes of thy many labors know thee no more; but long will thy memory dwell in the land! It has been thy glorious destiny, O Lincoln, to perpetuate this Nation so nobly founded, and to save it from the horrors of dissolution! This free Government, bearing the impress of thy watchful care, is one of thy living monuments! Its massive pillars will stand erect giving testimony to thy greatness, thy moral grandeur, long, long after we and generations yet unborn shall have passed away.



[From the South Bend Times.]

The Forty-Sixth Annual Commencement.

New surprises each year await the visitor at Notre Dame. He comes one year and looks about him upon the magnificent buildings that rise about him, and then thinks that surely Notre Dame has reached the culminating point in its immensity. He comes a year later and, lo! he scarcely knows the place, so great have been the architectural changes and improvements in the massive pile and its beautiful surroundings. This has been the case year after year; nor is it the exception in 1890, for there greets the gaze on the right and on the left as one drives up Notre Dame Avenue two or more large brick edifices for some of the various purposes which suggest themselves at so great an institution. Notre Dame always presents a magnificent appearance, but it appears particularly at its best in leafy June as it looms far up from its beautiful natural surroundings, a proud monument to over a half century of toil of its illustrious founder, Very Rev. Father Sorin, a splendid tribute to the labors of Rev. Father Walsh and his associates who have made the task of upbuilding that institution their life work.

The past school year at Notre Dame has been marked by the largest attendance there has ever been at that school. Great progress and prosperity have distinguished the record of the year, and the result is that Notre Dame has outstripped its previous performance and progress. Progress is the watchword, and that explains the constantly returning and increasing army of lads and youths who seek at Notre Dame the knowledge with which to equip themselves for the battles of life.

They find at Notre Dame not only the means for securing that knowledge, but also the most beautiful surroundings, refining influences and means for healthful recreation. Every age is looked after, not only in the course of study, but also in the various forms of school-life enjoyment and exercise that are necessary to properly round off a successful school-life.

The labor of looking after the mental, moral, religious and physical needs of this large number of students at Notre Dame has fallen into good hands. That work is being well done. This is itself an explanation of Notre Dame's constant progress and prosperity.

At 6 o'clock Monday evening, the Chicago special arrived containing graduates and ex-students of Notre Dame who, as last year, took this opportunity to visit the scene of their old school-days and enjoy the reunions with old classmates that a commencement occasion furnishes. There were five cars in the Grand Trunk special, and on board were nearly 150 of the old students. Most of them took carriages, and at once repaired to Notre Dame University to take in the oratorical contest; some, however, re-

mained in this city until this morning. The Chicago ex-students were most cordially received, and were at once made to feel at home among the scenes of their school-days.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Monday evening preceding commencement proper has always been devoted to plays, oratorical contests, etc. It is always an occasion that draws many from this city, and the outside visitors are generally present to attend this event. The oratorical contest drew a very large audience last evening, and was combined with the closing exercises of the Thespian Society.

An orchestra of twelve pieces, under the direction of Prof. Paul, furnished excellent orchestral selections and the vocal efforts were also well received. Mr. McKeon, Class of '90, Law department, was the first orator, his subject being "The Lincoln of the War Period." Mr. McKeon has a good voice under fair control and used rather more gestures than any other of the contestants and used them quite well. The oration brought the Lincoln of humble Kentucky birth up from his log home among its hills and forests to the White House. It carried him through the various steps in his progress until the war period was reached when both were considered together by the orator. Mr. McKeon grew quite eloquent at times, and was frequently interrupted by the plaudits of his hearers, and at the close of his effort he received tumultuous applause.

Mr. John B. Sullivan, Class of '91, Literary department, was the next contestant. His oration was rather longer than that of his predecessor, and his subject, "The Exiles of Acadia," was very carefully and neatly handled. The mournful history of that unfortunate people was recounted in well-chosen words by the speaker, while the cruelty of their persecutors was condemned in befitting terms. Mr. Sullivan's well-prepared oration rather suffered in an indistinctness of delivery at times, but was in every sense worthy the hearty marks of appreciation that it received.

When Mr. J. Sylvester Hummer, of the Law Class of '90, stepped forth to deliver his address on "Daniel Webster," the long-continued applause that greeted his appearance evidenced the fact that Mr. Hummer was a favorite among his fellows. His oration was given with good gestures, spoken in a clear, well-modulated voice, and was a well-prepared and very eloquent effort. Applause frequently interrupted him as he dwelt upon America's great constitutional orator, and was very prolonged at the close of his speech.

"Patrick Henry and the Revolution" was a theme well and eloquently handled by Franklin E. Lane, Law Class of '90. Mr. Lane's production was a scholarly one, and he found in the Patrick Henry of the revolutionary period an eloquent incentive to an eloquent and well-delivered oration. Mr. Lane's oration was also

of considerable length and was given in a very creditable manner indeed.

The judges in the oratorical contest were: W. P. Coyne, Dublin, Ireland; Col. Otis, U. S. A., Fort Meade; Father O'Neill, Montreal, Canada.

Dr. Egan's dramatic episode, "The Rising of the Moon," completed the exercises. The curtain rose on a guerilla camp, near Arlington, Va., about nightfall, at the time of General McClellan's advance towards Richmond. Ted, the drummer of the guerillas, has just seen Lieutenant Arden shot for refusing to reveal General McClellan's movements. The brother of Lieutenant Arden, Captain Arden of the Federal army, witnessed the execution. He is seized by Tom Crawford, chief of the guerillas, and threatened with death at the rising of the moon unless he commits the treason his brother had refused to commit. The evening wears on; Captain Arden, wounded and desperate, lies in the guerilla camp, cursing his fate and almost blaspheming God. Ted, the drummer boy, remonstrates with him, and whispers in his ear, "pray." Arden begins the "Our Father," but when he gets to the words "Forgive us our trespasses," he can say no more; he will not forgive the man who has murdered his brother. Suddenly, the camp is surrounded by the Federals. Tom Crawford's right hand is cut off; in another minute he will be taken prisoner and get no quarter. He rushes in and implores Arden to save him—to let him leave the camp; but Arden, armed with Ted's knife, bars the way. "Well," Crawford cries, tearing off a Confederate button from his coat, "take this to my boy, and tell him that his father asked a Christian to forgive him, and he refused." Arden, touched in his conscience, seeing that his enemy cannot fight, disguises him in his brother's coat and waistcoat, and bids him flee. He goes, and Arden kneels to finish the Lord's Prayer, forgiving at last his brother's murderer.

As we remarked on a previous occasion, Prof. Egan strains the talent of his young actors to the utmost. Mr. J. E. Berry (Ted) had a part that required the nicest discrimination. It can be said with truth that he showed a sympathy and artistic perception rare even among good actors on the professional stage. Mr. Berry is decidedly one of the best actors ever seen in Washington Hall. Captain Arden (Mr. W. S. Ford) was admirable. His speech, through which the pathos of "Home, Sweet Home!" ran, brought back vividly thoughts of the sufferings of the brave boys in blue. He was robust, manly, and yet tender, and in the scene where the feelings of natural revenge struggle with Christianity, his acting was positively grand and noble.

Captain Tom (Mr. W. E. Lahey) was forcibly acted, and his last speech produced a strong effect. The details, thanks to Father Regan's excellent management, were perfect, and many present felt as if the old cry, "On to Richmond!" were actually echoing in their ears.

Mr. J. R. Fitzgibbon (the sentinel) made

his part what it ought to have been; he looked the volunteer of '61 to the life, and he showed what a man of talent can do even with an insignificant rôle. The Federal soldiers, the Messrs. Schillo, were excellent.

THE BOAT RACES.

Beautiful St. Joseph's Lake is always an attractive point to commencement visitors. On Tuesday morning the boat race offered an interesting spectacle to all. In the forenoon, long before 11 o'clock, a great crowd began to gather along the lake's shady shores. The Notre Dame cornet band furnished music for the event.

The first was a four-oared race between the *Yosemites* (Reds) and the *Montmorencys* (Yellows). It made quite a pretty race, but was easily won by the *Yosemites*. Their time was 1.43 to the turn. They finished the turn in 1.53 and made the race in 3 minutes and 21 seconds; distance, two-thirds of a mile.

The following were the crews in the four-oared race:

Yosemite.—F. Fehr, Stroke; L. Chutè, No. 3; J. Hepburn, No. 2 and Captain; E. Prudhomme, Bow; J. Kelly, Coxswain.

Montmorency.—T. McKeon, Stroke and Captain; O. Jackson, No. 3; S. Campbell, No. 2; T. Coady, Bow; R. Bronson, Coxswain.

The six-oared race was quite late in starting, the stiff breeze blowing making it necessary to change the buoys which drifted out of their places. As in the first race the distance was one-third mile down the lake and one-third mile back, one turn. It was nearly 12.20 before the crews started out and they made a very even race of it, though a little slow time. The "Reds" (*Evangelines*) gained slowly from the start, made their turn before the others and came down on the last stretch in fine style with the blues close behind. The race grew more exciting as the crews approached and the evenness of the race became more observable. Cheer upon cheer greeted them, and cries of encouragement were heard on all sides. The "Reds" came in, however, a boat length ahead, and their friends cheered lustily. The following were the crews:

Evangeline ("Reds").—N. Sinnott, Stroke and Capt.; F. Murphy, No. 5; L. Pim, No. 4; C. Youngerman, No. 3; P. Coady, No. 2; D. Cartier, Bow; W. D. Fisk, Coxswain.

Minnchaha ("Blues").—A. Leonard, Stroke; A. Larkin, No. 5 and Captain; E. Hoover, No. 4; A. Meehan, No. 3; B. Hughes, No. 2; F. Chute, Bow; C. Sanford, Coxswain;

Fair hands pinned upon the breast of the captain of the winning crew the handsome gold medal offered.

THE ALUMNI ELECTION.

The Associated Alumni of Notre Dame met Tuesday afternoon and elected the following officers: President, Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, Class of '77; 1st Vice-President, Mark M. Foote, Chicago, '73; 2d Vice-President, John G. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio, '77; Treasurer, Colonel Wm. Hoynes, Notre Dame, '77; Secretary, Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Notre Dame, '76; Historian, Wm. T. Ball, Chicago, '77; Orator, George E. Clarke, South Bend,

'83; Alternate Orator, Prof. John P. Lauth, Chicago, '68; Poet, Louis S. Hayes, Chicago, '74; Alternate Poet, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, South Chicago, '58.

It was found that the monument fund for the late Prof. Joseph A. Lyons had reached \$400, and further donations at this meeting brought the amount up to about \$500. Subscriptions will be closed in thirty days. Col. Hoynes was appointed a committee on monument and the unveiling of the same. It is hoped also to secure a bust of Prof. Lyons, to be placed where it may be determined upon at a future gathering.

It was resolved that the Associated Alumni have a midwinter banquet at Chicago, the time and other arrangements to be determined upon by a committee consisting of the Rev. N. J. Mooney, W. T. Ball, Louis S. Hayes, Rev. T. O'Sullivan and Mark M. Foote.

THE GAME OF BASE-BALL.

Over eight hundred persons, visitors and students, assembled on the College campus on Tuesday afternoon with the expectation of seeing an interesting contest on the base-ball field between the Jenny-Grahams, of the Chicago Commercial League, and the Notre Dame University nine. They were not entirely disappointed; for during the first seven innings the home team seemed to be scarcely in the game at all, making only two runs; but in the eighth inning the 'Varsity nine made one of their phenomenal spurts, which came near capturing the game. Up to that time the contest had been decidedly one-sided and hope had almost deserted the boys when Fitzgibbon stepped up to the plate. They needed runs, and no one knew it better than "Fitz," and he rapped out a single for a starter. Then Bronson knocked a grounder to Crowe, and poor Fitzgibbon was promptly retired at second. De Vilbiss sent Bronson to second by a single, and an error by Dillinz allowed him to score. This opened the ball, and Mackey and Combe kept up the good work by driving out a one-bagger apiece. Long closed the cannonading with a single after five runs had been scored by the home nine. In the ninth inning the 'Varsities scored one and the visitors were blanked.

On the whole, Combe and Fitzgibbon did the batting for Notre Dame, and Moulding and Kurz did best for the Jenny-Grahams. The fielding was bad on both sides. The umpires were Cyman and Leonard, who gave excellent satisfaction. The following is the score of Tuesday's game:

SCORE BY INNINGS:	—1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
NOTRE DAME:	—0	0	0	1	0	0	1	5	1	=8
JENNY-GRAHAMS:	—0	2	4	0	2	0	0	2	0	=10

TUESDAY EVENING—WASHINGTON HALL.

The largest number of visitors that had been at Notre Dame in the course of the present Commencement were there Tuesday evening.

The University Cornet Band played several selections from the balcony early in the even-

ing and afterward repaired to Washington Hall, which was thrown open at 7.30 o'clock. In a very short space of time the large hall was packed to its utmost with students and visitors and many were unable to get inside.

After an opening number by the University Orchestra, Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, conducted to the platform the Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., who was the orator of the occasion. In a few neat sentences Father Walsh introduced the Rt. Reverend orator, whose appearance before the great audience was a signal for hand clappings and other manifestations of applause.

Bishop Spalding's address was able, scholarly and eloquent, and, although of considerable length, was listened to throughout with the closest attention by an audience from which came many bursts of applause as the orator proceeded with his discourse. No report that we could give in our limited space would do the oration justice.

"THE MEN OF '76."

A dramatic cantata of the revolution with the above title was given, with the following cast of characters: *Major Gilbert*, Mr. Wm. Lahey; *Roger, Allan, Leonard*, Gilbert's sons, Mr. Wm. McPhee, Mr. Chas. Ramsey, Mr. Lester Sutter; *Uncle Eph*, Mr. Wilbur Blackman; *Captain of minute men*, Mr. J. W. Hackett; *Ruiz*, Mr. J. St. Elmo Berry; *Clover*, Mr. E. Schaack; *Sergeant*, Mr. Ferdinand Long.

The cantata opens with an assemblage of farmer militia just before the battle of Lexington. The old continental uniform became the young warriors, and the scenes were at times startlingly realistic. One might fancy that the historic scenes were in reality passing before his eyes. The patriotic fire of the "embattled farmers" would arouse a colder audience than that which applauded our heroes. Notre Dame has been fortunate in the selection of such a musical tragi-comedy. The military training of the students, no less than the admirable musical facilities provided by the University, has prepared them to produce such a superb rendition as was this musical drama. With the blood-stirring war scenes was mingled a pathetic story of affection and constancy. One of the sons of Major Gilbert (Wm. H. Lahey) is reported to have fallen in battle at the forefront of his victorious troops, and is mourned in a manly sorrow by his soldier father and brothers, but more tenderly by his betrothed. The prison scene in Il Trovatore is skilfully woven into this feature of the cantata, and was most beautifully rendered by Messrs. McPhee and Sutter. The final rout of the hated British tyrants and the triumph of the American cause, with the rescue of the young hero from death and prison, brings the cantata to a close in a burst of triumphant melody. It was exceedingly beautiful throughout, and the parts were admirably rendered by all the young gentlemen, not forgetting the

sturdy old farmer, "Uncle Eph" (Wilbur Blackman).

Within the cantata, not as a part of it, but in the interludes, was provided a place for the

ALUMNI POEM

and the alumni oration. The poet, Mark M. Foote, Esq., Class of '73, came upon the stage alone, and made an affecting prologue accounting for the absence of his colleague, the orator of the evening, Mr. George E. Clarke, Class of '83, whose recent bereavement made it impossible for him to fill the part for which he was selected on this occasion. Mr. Foote stated that Mr. Clarke was re-elected as orator by the Alumni and would, God willing, address the Alumni as the orator in 1891.

The poem by Mr. Foote then followed. It was a delicately veiled picture of the noble life and triumphant death of the faithful teacher whose life had been spent in the training of youth to noble manhood. The rewards which Heaven has in store for such heroic, kind-hearted and never-tiring friends and educators of the boys and youths of the land were most appreciatively sketched by the vivid imagination of the poet. Long before the poem was concluded those who had known the Mark Foote of other days, and those who had known how close were the ties that knit him to the teachers of those days, had no difficulty in recognizing the life picture that he was drawing. It hardly needed the name to know that he had chosen as his theme the noble life and character of his beloved Professor, Joseph Aloysius Lyons.

Examination Averages.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Ahlrichs, 91; H. Allen, 81; E. Berry, 89; C. Brookfield, 83; J. Bovett, 88; I. Bunker, 75; R. Bronson, 69; H. Bronson, 84; B. Bachrach, 83; J. Burns, 91; E. Brannick, 77; F. Benz, 90; C. Burger, 90; H. Brelsford, 86; W. Blackman, 94; J. Combe, 85; H. Carroll, 74; M. Cassidy, 78; S. Campbell, 85; J. Brennan, 71; C. Cavanagh, 80; F. Chute, 81; J. Cooney, 82; J. Clayton, 73; T. Coady, 83; P. Coady, 83; D. Cartier, 82; D. Crall, 87; S. Dela Pena, 73; W. Dillon, 79; J. Delany, 90; J. Dennis, 75; L. Davis, 81; J. Dyer, 91; J. Doherty, 83; A. Daniels, 68; F. Dunkle, 62; J. Fitzgibbon, 95; C. Flynn, 86; F. Flynn, 84; A. Flynn, 89; W. Fleming, 78; W. Ford, 91; W. Fisk, 69; E. Fack, 71; H. Fuller, 65; J. Giblin, 76; H. Galen, 68; J. Gough, 64; T. Green, 75; H. Grothaus, 67; P. Houlihan, 81; C. Heard, 85; J. Hackett, 73; S. Hummer, 95; A. Higgie, 69; E. Hoover, 78; W. Hayes, 77; J. S. Johnson, 75; O. Jackson, 65; J. A. Johnson, 60; W. Johnson, 63; A. Karasynski, 85; J. Kearns, 89; F. Keenan, 68; J. King, 85; E. Keyes, 89; F. Krembs, 81; F. Kelly, 80; C. Kunter, 91; R. Langan, 85; B. Lair, 91; G. Lancaster, 85; G. Long, 85; F. Lane, 92; J. Lappin, 63; W. Lahey, 88; O. Lehman, 68; W. Latson, 76; E. Mock, 63; J. Mulroney, 73; J. McDonald, 72; J. McWilliams, 89; T. McKeon, 84; J. McAuliff, 77; J. McKee, 85; G. McAlister, 95; L. Mithen, 73; T. McConlogue, 74; J. McGrath, 60; M. McGrath, 78; C. Metzger, 80; J. Mandrue, 68; F. Murphy, 88; T. McConnell, 66; J. Newman, 88; H. O'Neill, 90; W. O'Brien, 77; J. O'Shea, 81; A. Otero, 60; F. Prichard, 77; D. Parker, 77; J. Phillips, 91; J. Portilla, 61; J. Rebillot, 72; S. Rose, 67; C. Ramsey, 76; O. Rothert, 85; W. Roberts, 62; D. Reedy, 70; F. Robinson, 80; J. Sinnott, 60;

N. Sinnott, 84; L. Sanford, 86; H. Steiger, 63; E. Schaack, 65; J. B. Sullivan, 81; W. Stanton, 73; D. Sullivan, 86; C. Sinclair, 78; C. Soden, 60; F. Standard, 63; O. Sullivan, 83; G. Schlinck, 60; B. Tivnen, 89; J. Talbot, 97; F. Vurpillat, 89; V. Vurpillat, 69; T. Wade, 64; F. Walsh, 60; J. Wright, 85; F. Youngerman, 69; V. Zimmerman, 80.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Adler, 60; H. Aarons, 65; W. Bates, 67; B. Bates, 69; J. Brady, 92; T. T. Brady, 71; T. M. Brady, 69; W. Brady, 80; F. Blumenthal, 62; J. Boyd, 90; J. Bradley, 84; J. Bos, 84; E. Barger, 72; J. Barclay, 70; W. Burns, 86; E. Crandall, 79; J. Cunningham, 65; O. Berglund, 65; D. Conroy, 60; W. Covert, 91; J. Borne, 82; J. Cudahy, 60; J. Coll, 60; C. Collins, 62; E. Connors, 60; J. Connors, 81; A. Campbell, 61; H. Cheney, 62; H. Coe, 60; E. Du Brul, 82; P. Dion, 60; L. Davis, 68; J. Delany, 91; D. Davidson, 60; J. Dempsey, 75; H. Des Garennes, 67; E. Dorsey, 68; E. Drumm, 60; B. De Lormier, 60; G. Elder, 60; J. Flannigan, 75; J. H. Flannigan, 74; J. Fitzgerald, 89; C. Fitzgerald, 89; Alf. Funke, 61; A. M. Funke, 80; C. Fleming, 72; P. Gibert, 65; W. Gerlach, 75; E. Garrison, 86; J. Girsch, 60; R. Gross, 67; A. Galen, 61; O. Grund, 60; A. Gale, 60; H. Hull, 80; J. Howard, 60; M. Hannin, 86; J. Hambaugh, 60; J. Hack, 65; B. Hesse, 87; G. Hahn, 89; P. Healy, 72; R. Healy, 78; A. Higgie, 60; W. Halthusen, 60; J. Hagus, 61; A. Heller, 84; L. Hoerr, 81; P. Jacobs, 60; E. Jewett, 76; J. Kearney, 84; F. Keough, 91; L. Kehoe, 60; P. Kehoe, 68; F. Kellner, 78; A. Leonard, 62; J. Leonard, 83; E. Lansing, 70; H. Loewenstein, 60; P. Lamberton, 60; R. Lamme, 61; W. Lorie, 74; P. Murphy, 85; E. Maurus, 91; W. Maher, 80; L. Monarch, 77; D. Monarch, 65; C. Merz, 84; W. Mitchell, 83; S. Martin, 63; S. Mier, 87; E. McCartney, 80; Jas. McPhillips, 78; Jos. McPhillips, 65; P. McPhillips, 60; W. McDonnell, 68; F. McKee, 71; F. McNally, 70; E. McIvers, 66; H. McCormack, 60; F. Neef, 88; A. Neef, 77; A. Nester, 69; W. O'Neill, 60; G. O'Brien, 80; F. O'Rourke, 75; A. Otis, 73; J. O'Mara, 79; F. Putnam, 66; C. Priestly, 75; W. Pomeroy, 74; A. Prichard, 89; M. Quinlan, 91; D. Quill, 57; W. Rarig, 70; F. Roper, 80; R. Pim, 60; W. Regan, 78; C. Schillo, 85; F. Schillo, 88; S. Scott, 78; J. Seerey, 71; G. Sokup, 61; J. Snyder, 60; C. Scherrer, 75; L. Sutter, 67; R. Spalding, 78; R. Stapleton, 75; H. Treff, 91; F. Thorn, 68; R. Tivnen, 71; C. Tinsley, 61; J. Walsh, 68; A. Welch, 70; W. Weston, 65; F. Wile, 89; G. Weitzel, 95; J. Ward, 79; T. Whalen, 60; E. C. Whalen, 60; E. Wolff, 88; A. Wertheimer, 85; J. White, 69; W. Young, 60; W. Zinn, 60.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Allen, 76; R. Adler, 80; J. Ayres, 82; R. Ball, 89; O. Brown, 90; F. Brown, 92; S. Blake, 89; F. Burns, 90; J. Barbour, 91; R. Browning, 96; G. Bixby, 94; F. Cornell, 97; W. Crandall, 91; C. Connor, 94; W. Connor, 90; G. Covert, 91; W. Crawford, 93; A. Crawford, 97; J. Crane, 80; F. Croke, 82; E. Coon, 79; H. Durand, 96; C. Drant, 85; E. Elkin, 97; E. Ezekiel, 87; F. Finnerty, 91; W. Finnerty, 86; A. Fischer, 74; W. Frankel, 85; E. Falvey, 95; W. Fuller, 89; E. Furthmann, 85; C. Furthmann, 92; W. Furthmann, 94; G. Funke, 82; J. Flynn, 89; W. Girardin, 78; A. Greene, 89; H. Gilbert, 95; D. Gilkison, 94; A. Gilkison, 92; C. Grant, 90; J. Griggs, 91; C. Griggs, 85; C. Girsch, 86; F. Hill, 92; M. Henneberry, 93; W. Hoffman, 92; W. Hamilton, 93; H. Hendry, 88; F. Holbrook, 90; E. Jonquet, 87; C. Krollman, 89; S. Keeler, 76; E. King, 87; E. Kuehl, 78; G. Klaner, 80; C. Kern, 74; A. Lonergan, 89; H. Londoner, 94; J. Lonsberry, 85; C. Lamberton, 94; H. Lamberton, 85; M. Levi, 79; B. Loomis, 89; J. Loonie, 94; H. Montague, 89; J. Maternes, 88; W. Marr, 98; A. Mattas, 87; H. Mestling, 85; E. Mestling, 88; H. Myers, 92; S. McGuire, 87; R. McPhee, 90; C. McPhee, 92; F. McPhillips, 84; B. Morrison, 92; J. Marre, 90; W. Mosier, 70; W. Nichols, 88; C. Nichols, 93; J. O'Neill, 98; D. Oatman, 84; M. Priestly, 82; C. Paul, 90; J. Packard, 90; C. Packard, 92; F. Roberts, 94; A. Ronning, 90; J. Ryan, 80; L. Stone, 84; G. Scherrer, 92; W. Scherrer, 93; F. Swan, 80; P. Stephens, 94; D. Thornton, 90; P. Trujillo, 80; H. Vorhang, 79; G. Vandercook, 90; V. Washburne, 90; D. Wilcox, 92; F. Weyer, 94; W. Weber, 89; F. Wolf, 88; L. Wilson, 85; C. Zoehrlaut, 82; G. Zoehrlaut, 89; G. Zeigler, 90.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Most Rev. Archbishop Janssen, of New Orleans, arrived at Notre Dame yesterday (Tuesday) evening and is spending a few days a most welcome visitor to the University. His Grace, while regretting his inability to be present at the Commencement exercises last week, enjoys his visit and expresses his admiration at the extent and advantages of Notre Dame.

The Commencement.

The Forty-Sixth Annual Commencement, which took place last week, was a fitting crown to one of the most prosperous years in the history of the University. The exercises, as may be seen from the programmes and reports given in detail elsewhere, were of a varied and interesting character. The number of visitors present was very large; we regret we cannot give the names of all. Among the clergy were: Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.; Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bessonies, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. M. Bessonies, Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, France; Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Revs. J. Muldoon, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago; N. S. Mooney, '74, T. Callaghan, T. O'Sullivan, '58, T. Ralzt, Chicago; T. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; M. Moench, Plymouth, Ind.; J. J. Burke, Cabana, Ill.; E. Rivard, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., and many others.

The Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, made the oration to the graduates. It was an appeal for a higher civilization. Bishop Spalding startled his hearers by giving a view of the future of every hundred young Americans who leave college. Twenty-five, he said, would ruin themselves by the sins of the flesh and at forty be total wrecks, thrown helpless by the storms of lust and intemperance; twenty-five might fall by dishonesty, or live degraded by unhappy marriages; the other forty might be fairly respectable, doing the work of slaves, the humdrum work of making money merely to exist. "How many Americans, out of the ten, would live for love, for culture, for the higher life?—how many would strive to be

great saints, great poets, great philosophers?" His oration was a protest against materialism, and he struck hard blows. His appeal for the higher education of women and for their having equal rights with men at first startled the large audience in the theatre of the University, and then called forth a storm of applause. He insisted that the present position of women was a relic of barbarism. "The right of woman was to be the equal of man in all respects. He who denied her this right was a savage. She was ill-paid; she should be paid as much as a man. The saddest sight on earth was that of a delicately nurtured girl, capable, cultivated, cut out of her place in life by barbarous prejudices." The Bishop's most advanced sentiments were loudly cheered by the students. He said that a time would come when the saloon must go; it, too, was a relic of savagery. A time was near when Americans would cease to boast of great cities, of long railroads, of mere material progress—when riches or the holding of office would not be the criterion of a man's worth. "What can riches buy?" he asked, "only the outward things. One may buy great pictures, but one cannot purchase the insight into their beauty; one may go to Switzerland, but who can buy the gift of seeing its beauty?" He announced that it was a misfortune for a young American to be born rich. The son of a rich American generally went to ruin. He implored the graduates of Notre Dame to disregard the example of the West, and not to work for money alone. All work merely for money was the work of slaves.

Bishop Spalding's oration was pronounced to be the most stirring effort of this eloquent prelate. "We Americans, must strive to put behind us materialism, and to remember that we have a hundred orators, but no eloquence; a hundred poets, but no poetry; a hundred philosophers, but no philosophy."

On Wednesday morning the exercises terminated in Washington Hall by the Valedictory, delivered by Mr. L. P. Chute, of the Class of '90, and the conferring of degrees and awarding of honors. Places on the stage were occupied by Rt. Rev. Bishops Spalding and Moore, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bessonies, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, Very Rev. Provincial Corby, and others. The degrees and honors were as follows:

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC was conferred on Frederick J. Liscombe, Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on Prof. J. Clarke Brogan, Notre Dame, Ind.; Wm. H. Arnold and Eugene F. Arnold, of Washington, D. C.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE was conferred on Albert F. Zahm, of Huntington, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS *in honorem* was conferred on P. T. Barry, of Englewood, Ill.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on William A. Larkin, of Elkader, Iowa; Edward R. Adelsperger, South Bend, Ind.; Louis P. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dennis Barrett, Leyden, Wis.; Jobson E. H. Paradis, Montreal, Canada; Charles H. Sanford, New Castle, Ky.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on William I. Morrison, of Fort Madison; Clarence Turpie Hagerty, Rolling Prairie, Ind.; William P. McPhee, Denver, Col.; Leo J. Scherrer, Denver, Col.; Henry L. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.; Charles A. Paquette, Detroit, Michigan.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS was conferred on Bella M. Hughes (Jr.), Denver, Col.; John W. Cavanaugh, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF CIVIL ENGINEER was conferred on James H. Mackey, Stillwater, Minn.; Henry P. Brannick, Minooka, Ill.; Harry M. Jewett, Chicago, Ill.; Michael L. Reynolds, Jacksonport, Wis.; Arthur W. Larkin, Ellsworth, Kansas; Mario Garfias, Coatzacoalcos, Mexico.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS was conferred on J. Sylvester Hummer, Delphos, Ohio; Edward J. Blessington, Charlotte, Iowa; Thomas J. McKeon, Howard, S. Dakota; Ferdinand G. Long, Kansas City, Mo.; Franklin E. Lane, Jamestown, Kansas; Joseph J. Burns, Mason City, Iowa;

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS.

William A. Lahey, Niles, Michigan; James J. Cooney, Toledo, Ohio; William D. Fisk, Denver, Col.; William F. Ford, Salt Lake, Utah; John Kearns, Notre Dame, Ind.; Joseph E. Talbot, South Bend, Ind.; Chas. L. Metzger, Granger, Ind.; James C. Bradley, Chama, New Mexico; John M. Flannigan, Minneapolis, Minn.; Bernard B. Hesse, Fort Madison, Iowa; Fred. J. Schillo, Chicago, Ill.; William F. Maher, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Eugene B. Crandall, Chicago, Ill.; Clyde L. Heard, Cleburne, Texas; Wm. E. Hayes, Harvard, Ill.; Theodore Williamson, Kansas City, Mo.; Edward J. Brannick, Kansas City, Mo.

CERTIFICATES OF TELEGRAPHY.

Wm. E. Hayes, Harvard, Ill.; James C. Bradley, Chama, New Mexico, William E. Stanton, Berlin; Cross Roads, Ohio.

CLASS MEDALS AND PRIZES.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

THE QUAN GOLD MEDAL in the Senior Class was awarded to William A. Larkin, Elkader, Iowa.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Junior Class was awarded to Homer P. Brelsford, Onarga, Ill., closely contested by C. T. Cavanagh and C. Burger.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

THE ELLSWORTH HUGHES MEDAL in the Senior Class was awarded to William McPhee, Denver, Col.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Junior Class was awarded to Ellsworth C. Hughes.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Sophomore Class was awarded to Fred. E. Neef, Springfield, Ill.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Freshman Class was awarded to Alwin A. Ahlrichs, Collman, Ala.

THE JOHNSON GOLD MEDAL for Microscopy was awarded to Frank Powers, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE DWENGER GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine was awarded to Frank J. Vurpillat, Winamac, Ind.; Medal in 2d Course Christian Doctrine was awarded John Kearns, Notre Dame, Ind.; 3d Course, Joseph F. Rebillot, Louisville, Ohio.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine in the Junior Department was awarded to E. Du Brul, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE MASON MEDAL was awarded to George F. Weitzel, Frankfort, Ky.

THE MEEHAN MEDAL for History was awarded to James R. Fitzgibbons, Newark, Ohio.

THE ENGLISH MEDAL for English Essay writing was awarded to John Cavanaugh, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE MEDAL for Oratory was awarded to J. Sylvester Hummer, Delphos, Ohio.

ELOCUTION.

MEDAL was awarded to Lamar V. Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.

MEDAL was awarded to Gustave Paris, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

SORIN ASSOCIATION MEDAL was awarded to Charles J. Connor, Evanston, Ill.

THE ELOCUTION MEDAL was awarded to James O'Neill, New London, Conn.

SILVER MEDAL for improvement in Elocution was awarded to Henry Gilbert, Denver, Col.

FIRST HONOR AWARDS.

[The "First Honor" is a Gold Medal, awarded to students who have followed the courses of the University at least four sessions, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

First Honor Gold Medals were awarded to Mario Garfias, Alwin Ahlrichs, Joseph J. Burns, William E. Hayes, Harry E. Steiger, Louis J. Hermann.

RENEWALS.

Otto A. Rothert, Louis P. Chute, Frederick B. Chute, Lewis N. Davis, Clement S. Burger, Fred. G. Long.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

James C. Bradley, Edward J. Maurus, Wm. E. Bates, Benjamin F. Bates, William F. Maher, George Elder, James J. Fitzgerald.

RENEWALS.

James M. Brady, Edward J. McIvers, Fred. E. Neef, Alfred Neef, Michael Quinlan, Christopher C. Fitzgerald.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Wm. E. Elkin, Victor Washburn, Adair Green, Lee J. Stone, Edmund Falvey, Perley R. Stephens, David Thornton, Francis B. Cornell, Francis B. Wever, Wm. J. Crawford, Arthur Crawford, Thomas D. Burns, Jacob Maternes, Herman W. Londoner, Pablo Trujillo, James O'Neill, Carl Krollman.

RENEWALS.

Charles J. Connor, Wade H. Durand, Charles D. McPhee, Wm. Connor.

SECOND HONORS.

[The "Second Honor" is a Silver Medal, awarded to those students who have followed the courses of the University at least four sessions, and whose deportment has given general satisfaction.]

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Lester L. Sutter, Joseph H. Seerey, Eugene R. Dorsey.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Wm. W. Nichols, Charles V. Grant, Maurice R. Levi, Dow Wilcox, Wm. Crandall, John B. Marre, Simms P. McGuire, Samuel Blake.

CERTIFICATES.

[Certificates are awarded to those students who have followed the courses of the University at least two sessions, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Jos. R. Combe, Jos. R. Dennis, John B. Gough, Phillip H. Hempler, Raymond C. Langan, Geo. D. Lancaster, James A. McKee, Thos. J. McConlogue, Hugh O'Neill, Jobson Paradis, Jos. F. Rebillot, Nicholas J. Sinnott, Frank J. Vurpilat, Jos. Dyer, Wilbur P. Blackman, James A. Johnson, John Kearns, John O'Shea, James A. Bovett, Henry G. Allen, Albert Karasnyski.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Max Adler, Thos. T. Brady, Wm. S. Brady, Joseph A. Delany, Arthur M. Funke, Jos. E. Hambaugh, Jos. M. Kearney, John F. Leonard, Pierce A. Murphy, Wm. H. Mitchell, Emil Wolff, James McPhillips, Frank O'Rourke, Frank Roper, George Sokup, John M. Ward, William Zinn, Francis M. McKee.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

George H. Vandercook, David W. Gilkison, Henry Gilbert, Francis McPhillips, Walter W. Marr, James Loonie, Clement Paul, Frederick J. Brown, George Ziegler, George H. Covert, William Girardin, Francis B. Hill, George Funke, Eugene Jonquet, Otto Brown, George Zoehrlaut, Edmund Furthmann, Charles Furthmann, William Furthmann, Bertie Loomis, Garfield Scherrer, William Scherrer, Martin Henneberry, Henry Vorhang, John B. Flynn, Arthur Gilkison, Howard Hendry, Samuel Keeler, Ross J. Ball, Charles Kern, Henry Mestling, Edward Mestling, Clive Nichols, William Frankel, Wendell Hoffman, William Fuller, Carlton Packard, James Packard, William Finnerty, Francis Croke, William Weber.

Local Items.

—Vacation.

—All things gone up.

—Where are dem staves?

—Who is the lone horn-blower?

—The classic halls are deserted.

—The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill.

—Our old friend D. H. Regan of Victoria, Texas, sends us \$5 for the monument fund.

—The "Princes" return sincere thanks to Very Rev. Father General for a choice collection of fruit.

—The poem "Love Fulfils the Law" was written for the SCHOLASTIC. Our contemporaries will please take notice.

—The *South Bend Tribune's* excellent report of the Commencement exercises was slightly marred by an unintentional misstatement. The error may be briefly corrected by saying: "There *never* was a time when Notre Dame was not as careful as she is now in regard to the moral character of the young men who come to her doors."

—On Thursday, June 26, the Community at Notre Dame celebrated the patronal festival of Very Rev. Provincial Corby. The Fathers and Brothers assembled at the Professed House and presented their congratulations to the worthy Provincial, wishing him many years of health and strength in the discharge of the duties of his responsible office. Under the direction of Rev. Father Fitte, Superior of the Professed House, a grand dinner was served, after which formal addresses were made, to which the Very Rev. Provincial feelingly responded.

—We have received a very neatly printed card inviting us to be present at the 46th Commencement of Notre Dame University, June 24 and 25. Nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to visit that renowned Institution. Though not boasting the greatest number of students of any college in the country, it is unequalled in its facilities for imparting a thorough education, while no other in this country pretends to offer its students the advantages of constant association with and sight of masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Though unable to be present at the Commencement, we return thanks for the invitation. Long life to "Nostra Domina."—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

—The last of the series of championship games between the Senior second nines was played on Thursday, the 19th ult. The fielding of the *Blues* in the fore part of the game was a feature. Fleming and Combe as the battery for the *Blues* did elegant work. Combe put up a phenomenal game and deserved to win for his hard work; Joe Smith as the twirler for the *Reds* never pitched a finer game; his curves were effective and constant. Mulroney distinguished himself by catching a fly away out of sight and clinging to it when nearly knocked

senseless. Harry Bronson surprised himself and Fleming by lining out a three-bagger for the *Reds*. Dillon made two beautiful hauls for the *Reds*, and Brannick did the same for the *Blues*. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7
 BLUES:—3 2 0 0 0 0 0=5
 REDS:—2 0 0 2 1 1 4=10

—The Commencement exercises on Tuesday and Wednesday were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

8 o'clock A. M. Alumni Mass
 9 " Dress Parade by Companies "A" and "B"
 10 " Regatta
 1 P. M. Alumni Meeting
 2.30 " Field Sports
 7.30 " Exercises in Washington Hall

PART I.

Overture—"Heinzelmanchen".....Eilenberg
 University Orchestra.

Oration of the Day, Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D.

PART II.

THE MEN OF '76.

A Dramatic Cantata of the Revolution.

Dramatis Personæ.

Major Gilbert.....	Wm. Lahey
Roger {	W. P. McPhee
Allan {	C. Ramsey
Leonard {	L. Sutter
Uncle Eph.....	W. Blackman
Captain of Minute Men.....	J. W. Hackett
Ruiz.....	J. E. Berry
Clover.....	E. Schaack
Sergeant.....	F. Long
Alumni Poem.....	M. M. Foote, '73

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

Commencement Exercises 8.30 A. M.

Quartette—"Auld Lang Syne"....Messrs. L. Monarch, F. Schillo, Jas. McPhillips, C. Schillo.

Class Poem.....E. R. Adelsperger
 Valedictory.....L. P. Chute

Awarding of Honors, Confering of Degrees, etc.

Quartette—"Home, Sweet Home!"....Messrs. H. Jewett, Lahey, W. McPhee, Schaack.

—ST. EDWARD'S HALL:—The closing exercises of St. Edward's Hall are always among the most attractive features of the Commencement at Notre Dame. They seem to grow in popular favor with each succeeding year. It was impossible for the three or four thousand people who thronged the corridors and groves of the University to find admission into the hall in which the young "Princes" went through their beautiful programme. But those who had this good fortune appreciated it fully. A more beautiful spectacle or one more calculated to move a parent's heart than that of the Minims in their gala attire, cannot be imagined: they not only looked the perfect picture of rosy, blooming health, but there was an air of elegance and distinction about them that they must have caught from the refined and self-sacrificing ladies who have given them more than maternal care. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for these favored children to dwell in a county of green fields, leafy groves and many-colored roses. They were not unlike flowers themselves, and the delight-

ful country in which they lived appeared a natural border for them.

But what perhaps would strike the visitor especially was the mixture of manliness and politeness of these young gentlemen. One noticed a deferential courtesy combined with a sense of something due to themselves which we might associate with the courtly times of the *ancien régime*. *Les petits soins, les belles manières*, which every visitor to Notre Dame notices among the Minims, might easily be caught from the gentle Sisters. But the manly self-control that makes such a charming combination with these other qualities probably results from a very great and peculiar advantage the young gentlemen enjoy. They have the benefit of the instruction of the Professors of the University who give them regular lectures on elocution, literature and other branches, and who speak in the highest terms of the attention and intelligence of their small auditors.

It would be hard to exaggerate the value of the opportunities enjoyed by St. Edward's "Princes," who have thus the ministrations and loving care of the Sisters and also the benefit of the regular lectures of some of the ablest members of the Faculty. In the series of elocutionary performances in which they took part the audience, which frequently manifested its surprise and delight, appeared to be struck particularly by the promptitude with which the young gentlemen took their places. There was no embarrassing shyness, no *mauvaise honte*, among the smallest. This self-possession, which must have been the result of admirable and persistent training, was the subject of frequent comment.

The closing exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME.

"Congress March".....D. Thornton
 Recitation—"Cheerfulness".....
 Masters Hoffmann, Nichols, Frankel, Fuller, C. Packard, J. Packard, W. Finnerty, Oatman, Adler, Croke, Weber, Ryan, R. McPhee, Drant, Allen, Ayers.
 "Don Juan de Mozart"—Duet....C. Connor, J. Barbour
 Recitation—"I Know a Boy".....
 Masters W. Crawford, Holbrook, Flynn, Vorhang, Londoner, Krollmann, Hendry, Kuehl.
 "Marseillaise Hymn"—Piano Solo.....V. Washburne
 Recitation—"Willie's Pocket".....
 Masters G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Flynn, Cornell, Londoner, Trujillo, Gilkison, W. Furthmann, Ball, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Girsch.
 "Maiden's Prayer"—Piano.....H. Gilbert
 Recitation—"The Giant and Dwarf".....
 Masters Cornell, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Montague, Wilcox, McGuire, Henneberry, Durand, C. Furthmann, Loomis, Burns.
 Founder of Notre Dame.....J. O'Neill
 "Lily of the Valley".....H. Durand
 "Isles of Greece".....
 Masters Gilbert, O'Neill, C. Connor, Bixby, Thornton, Greene, Stephens, Morrison, Barbour, Washburne, Loonie, Klaner, Brown, McPhee, F. Brown.
 "Silvery Waves"—Piano.....H. Gilbert
 "The Sanctuary Lamp".....C. Connor
 Recitation—"Brigade of Fontenoy".....
 Masters O'Neill, C. Connor, Elkin, F. Finnerty, Gilbert, Griggs, Falvey, Morrison.
 "The Bells"—Trio—H. Durand, F. Cornell, W. Hamilton
 "List! The Trumpet's Thrilling Sound"....Vocal Class
 Masters C. Connor, Vandercook, Morrison, Cornell, Gilkison, Roberts, Gilbert, W. Crawford, McPhillips, Washburne, Loonie, Elkin, C. McPhee, Myers, W. Connor, Helbrook, Stephens, Zeigler, Thornton, C. Furthmann, Bixby, Coon, Montague, Fischer, H. Durand, accomp.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The members of the Class of '90 deserve great credit for the beauty of their essays read at the closing exercises, but much more for the averages attained at their examinations which preceded the Commencement. At their examinations in Christian Doctrine, presided over by Very Rev. Father Corby, as well as in Mental and Moral Philosophy and History, conducted by Rev. Father Fitte, they showed a thorough knowledge of the branches in question. The presence of Rev. Fathers Corby, Walsh, Zahm, Morrissey, Fitte and Seherer at the several examinations in the English studies, German, French and Latin, was an honor highly appreciated by the young ladies and their teachers.

—The number of pupils who visited their *Alma Mater* during the past week was a source of pleasure to all, and a sincere welcome was extended each one. Among them were: Mrs. J. S. Hammond, Mrs. L. Hammond Austin, Mrs. J. Riopelle Crummey, Mrs. L. Quinlan O'Neill, Mrs. A. Gavan Creighton, Mrs. F. Sullivan Guthrie, Miss M. Hutchinson, Miss E. Wright, Miss F. Carmien, '88; Miss L. Spier, Miss B. Snowhook, '88; Miss K. Hughes, '88; Mrs. M. Corcoran Ryan, '73; Miss M. Casey, Miss J. Dority, Miss F. Waterbury, Miss M. Sullivan, '88; Miss M. Hale, Miss M. Morse, Miss B. English, Miss N. Dempsey, Miss S. Campeau, Miss J. Butts, Miss K. Scully, '87; Miss H. Nester, Miss N. Quill, Miss C. Chirhart, Miss E. Todd, '84; Miss J. Robinson, Miss A. Alterauge, Miss I. Bub, '89; Miss M. Clifford, '89; Miss K. Gavan, '89; Miss A. Gordon, '89; Miss C. Moran, '89; Miss E. Balch, '89; Miss M. Rend, '89; Miss L. McNamara, '89.

Valedictory.

BY CECILIA DEMPSEY.

The spirit of the Church is one of joy and thanksgiving, which at times seems exultation, as when her heart finds voice in the glorious *Alleluias* of Easter-tide. Oh, the beauty of an Easter morning! The sunlight enters our very heart and makes earth gladsome, and all nature glows in the light surrounding our risen Lord. As our mother the Church is, so are her children: the true atmosphere of the soul is that of joy. "The elasticity of life sends the blood

purling through our veins; we are happy; our hearts bound upward because God is above." We find joy everywhere; for, "as under every stone there is moisture, so, to the Christian under every sorrow there is joy."

In youth all days are joyful; for the shades of real life have not yet fallen; but as there are days of special jubilation in the Church, so in early life there are times when our joy partakes of triumph. Yes, on life's Easter days we break from the habiliments of sorrow and rise on the wings of joy. Who can forget the rapture experienced when the day of first Holy Communion dawned—when even the angels envied us! At its very mention the heart seems to grow young. Day of days! verily, one of resurrection from earth's joys to those of paradise! It was the sweet recollection of that day which brought a tear to the eyes of Napoleon; and neither the glory of his victories nor the triumphant acclamations of the multitude could banish from his heart the memory of his pious emotions on that great day. How joyfully, too, do we remember the days that marked new graces—graces which strengthened us to rise from the tomb of sin, and which clothed our souls in the radiance of the Divine forgiveness!

The years of childhood, blessed by calm joy, merge gradually into those of womanhood, and the transition is signalized by heavenly aids under whose influence "the buds of the heart open to close no more." Then it is that we throw off the trammels of childhood, and with full powers we stand ready to accept the sorrows of the Cross or the joys of the Resurrection; and the dawn of that future is—for the young girl—her day of graduation. Oh, longed-for day! beautiful Easter day of hopes which have been buried deep under the duties of school-life! May thy promises be blessed in coming years with sweet realities.

But, hearken! The *Alleluias* of Easter morn may be joyous indeed, yet our souls are still vibrant under the touch of sorrow, and the *Crucifixus est* of Calvary whispers among the voices of nature that sing of man's Redemption. So on this Easter day of life are there under-tones of sadness; not the notes of mere poetic sentiment, but the chords of true feeling, vibrated by a grateful remembrance of the past. To-day, with the blessing of our school, we go forth into a world of new duties, new surroundings; and shall our hearts forget the happiest period of our existence? Ah! the pageants of society may pass before our gaze, the pomp and splendor of wealth and culture may hold our vision; but in spirit shall we often follow

the banner of our Heavenly Queen under the arching trees, around the paths of our loved St. Mary's. Before other shrines shall we kneel; but nowhere can we hope to feel the dews of heavenly benediction falling on our spirit with the same unction as in the sacred retreat of Loreto, that sanctuary of peace.

Auspicious, indeed, is our Commencement Day, brightened by the encouraging smiles of parents and friends, and made memorable by your presence, Rt. Rev. Bishops. We warmly appreciate the honor thus conferred, and beg you to accept our grateful thanks. Our hearts obey not the limitations of diocese, but offer greetings as children of the universal Church to you, her devoted prelates.

Woven in the very name and life of our *Alma Mater* is the memory of one whose guiding spirit has permeated our youthful days, and whose devoted, fatherly kindness shall live always. Yes, Very Reverend Father General, our friend indeed, to you, with our farewell, do we address the words of Dante:

"Oh! never from the memory of our heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart;
Who while on earth, e'er yet by death surprised,
Taught us how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful are we for that patient care
All our life long our language shall declare."

To you, beloved Mothers, Prefects and Teachers, who have led us through virtue's paths and learning's mazes, we turn with hearts full of gratitude and full of sorrow. What can we say? You have been to us guardian spirits, and the days of the past are bright with the radiance of your kindness. We are about to depart from you who have devoted your lives to our interests, to our happiness; and though we may be far from Saint Mary's, ever shall we be your grateful and loving children, and may we hope that in your orisons you will not forget the Class of '90 who now sadly bid you farewell!

My classmates, the day has come for which we so often longed; and now that the highest honor our *Alma Mater* can confer is ours, we must, for the first time as graduates, take to heart the meaning of the inscription our precious guerdon bears. The legend, "In this sign conquer," bids us, like Constantine, find victory only in the Cross. Let us hope that our cross of parting may be the prelude to Easter joys of reunion; but, be our separation brief or long, let us pledge a prayerful remembrance ere we say farewell.

Dear schoolmates, we part to-day, and in that parting is there much of grief; for walking daily in the same paths, kneeling at the same

altar, ties have been formed strong indeed; let us not sever these bonds, but by living up to counsels received here, remembering that "Noble actions spring from honest souls," let us by a union of good works strengthen the chain that now binds us together and to our cherished school; then will we not say farewell, but, clasping each other's hands, we will place our friendship in the hands of God by saying "adieu."

Beautiful St. Mary's, cherished *Alma Mater*, we bid you farewell with tears and prayers! Loved teachers, devoted Sisters of the Holy Cross, dear classmates and companions, may all your days be Easter days of grace; and may the shadow of the cross fall athwart your lives only to insure an eternal Easter in heavenly courts, where is never heard the word we speak so reluctantly—farewell!

Thirty-Fifth Annual Commencement.

The beautiful walks shaded by low-hanging branches of elm, maple and oak trees, were very inviting to the many visitors who came to attend the closing exercises of the scholastic year. Everyone who visits St. Mary's is enthusiastic over the beauty of the surroundings; for nature has been bountiful in her gifts, and art has made the most of every natural charm; the long avenue, the lilac walk, the winding road on the river bank, the flower-beds, fountains, and smooth, green swards, must be welcome sights to those whose gaze rests ever on the brick walls and hot pavements of a city. Despite the extreme heat, there were hundreds at St. Mary's for the exercises of Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24 and 25, and on all sides were heard favorable comments, indicative of the enjoyment all experienced. The programme in full was as follows:

TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

- Chorus—"Invitation to the Dance"..... *Oesten*
Vocal Class, accompanied by Miss L. Flannery.
Essay—"The Current Coin of the Heart," Miss M. Bates.
Hommage a Tschaikowsky..... *A. Strelezki*
Miss O. O'Brien.
Essay—"Reflected Light"..... Miss E. Healy
Aria from "L'Africaine"..... *Meyerbeer*
Miss C. Dempsey.
Essay—"Das Werk lobt den Meister"... Miss M. Piper
Son Geloso del Zeffiro—Duet from "La Sonnambula"
..... *Bellini*
Misses I. Horner, J. English.
Essay—"They Also Serve who Only Stand and Wait,"
Miss A. Hammond.
"The Nightingale"..... *Masse*
Miss I. Horner, accompanied by Miss O. O'Brien.
Essay—"Après le Combat la Couronne," Miss C. Morse
Valse—"L'Opera Faust"..... *Gounod-Liszt*
Miss Flannery.
Essay—"The Golden Mean"..... Miss M. Davis
"Robin Adair"—Harmonized for four voices—
Misses N. Hale, J. English, I. Horner, A. Penburthy.

Essay—"Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow is Remembering Happier Things".....Miss L. Flannery
 'Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark".....*H. Bishop*
 Miss N. Hale.
 Fantasia in C Moll.....*Bach-Bulow*
 Miss. L. Curtis.
 Chorus—"Italia".....*Donizetti*
 Vocal Class, accompanied by Miss L. Curtis.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

Grand Entrance of the Pupils.

Kaiser Marsch.....*R. Wagner*
 Pianos—Misses Flannery, Davis, Curtis, Nickel, Stapleton, Hurley, O'Brien, Hughes.
 Harps—Misses E. Nester, M. McPhee.
 Chorus Primavera.....*Moderati*
 Vocal Class, accompanied by Miss L. Curtis.
 Distribution of Premiums, Junior Department.
 Grand Aria.....*Venzano*
 Miss B. Hellman.
 Distribution of Premiums, Preparatory Department.
 Recitation—"Unseen, yet Seen".....*Miss E. C. Donnelly*
 Miss M. Hurff.
 Distribution of Premiums, Senior Department.
 Double Quartette from "Rigoletto".....*Verdi*
 Misses Hellman, Hale, Horner, English, O'Brien, Marley, Dempsey, Balch.
 Elocutionary Medley.....Juniors and Minims
 Grand Polonaise—Pomposo con brio.....*Liszt*
 Three pianos—Misses L. Flannery, L. Curtis, O. O'Brien.
 Canto and Chorus—"Inflammatus".....*Rossini*
 Soloists—Misses B. Hellman, N. Hale.
 Chorus—Vocal Class.
 Conferring Graduating Gold Medals in the Academic Department.
 Conferring Graduating Gold Medals in Conservatory of Music.
 Conferring Gold Medal in Art Department.
 Distribution of Crowns of Honor in Senior, Preparatory and Junior Departments.
 Valedictory.....Miss C. Dempsey
 Closing remarks.....Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding
 Retiring March.....*Bulow-Liszt*
 Pianos—Misses McFarland, Deutsch, Dolan, Morse, Healy, Jungblut, Currier, Piper.

The musical features of the Commencement are given in another column; the essays on Tuesday were well received, and, according to Dr. M. F. Egan, were most creditable literary efforts. The French essay, gracefully read by Miss K. Morse, was much admired by those acquainted with the sweet language of France; and Miss Piper's perfect accent added not a little to the beauty of the German essay, which was listened to with marked attention. The recitation of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's poem, "Unseen yet Seen," by Miss M. Hurff, was heartily applauded; the clear, musical tones, the inflections and the graceful gestures, were made even more impressive by reason of Miss Hurff's charming simplicity and grace of manner. The elocutionary medley was most effective; it was a humorous representation of an elocution class, made up of the Misses Scherrer, Palmer, Smyth, Dreyer, Hamilton, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Meskill, Clifford, Egan, Dennison, Reeves and Regan, whose teacher, Miss Linnie Farwell, explained her method of teaching elocution, and her pupils showed how practical were her efforts in training them. Miss Farwell evinced decided

talent in the elocutionary line and won for herself loud plaudits; the little members of her class also did remarkably well.

Certificates and Premiums in the different classes were awarded, as were also the Crowns of Honor, by Right Rev. Bishop Spalding. Gold medals were conferred on the following graduates in the Academic Course: Misses M. Bates, Denver, Col.; M. Davis, Stevens Point, Wis.; C. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.; L. Flannery, Chicago, Ill.; A. Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; E. Healy, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Graduating Gold Medal in First Course Instrumental Music was awarded to Miss L. Flannery, and Gold Medal for completion of Art Course was awarded to Miss M. Schiltz, of Harper, Iowa. Miss C. Dempsey then read the Valedictory, a charming production; the theme was "Life's Easter Days," and the manner in which she treated her subject, as well as the feeling with which it was read, called forth warm commendation.

The crowning feature of the day was the speech by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding. The place that woman should hold in the world, her powers, her virtues, her influence, were ably set forth, and the highest ideals were held up to the young ladies of St. Mary's as the ones they should have as their aim in life. Weakness, he told them, was misery; he urged them to be strong in mind, body and soul. The Right Rev. Bishop then thanked the pupils for the pleasure their entertainment had afforded, and exhorted all to live up to the counsels received at St. Mary's that they might go forth into the world to bless and be blessed. Scarce had the applause subsided when the strains of the Retiring March rang out, and all, guests and pupils, repaired to the different dining rooms where dinner was served.

The number of clergy at the Commencement was large; among them were Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, Peoria, Ill.; Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, St. Augustine, Florida; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bessonies, Indianapolis, Ind.; Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., Rev. P. J. Johannes, Rev. J. A. Zahm, Rev. F. Scherer, Rev. J. French, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Rev. J. F. Gallagher, Rev. E. Rivard, Bourbonnais Grove; Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Rev. J. F. Mulgrew, Rev. N. J. Mooney, Rev. P. J. Reilly, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Chicago; Rev. F. J. O'Reilly, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Rev. T. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. F. O'Gara, Utica, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Burke, Cabana, Ill.; Rev. G. Raltz, Rev. J. Cappon, Niles, Mich.; Rev. L. Mœnch, Plymouth; Rev. F. Thiele, Monterey; Rev. F. Lizée, Tolona, Ill., and Abbé de Bessonies, Paris, France.

Music at Commencement.

CONCERT DAY.—The vocal class opened the exercises of this day, singing joyously the lively chorus "Invitation to the Dance" by Oesten. Their voices were well-balanced, true to pitch, and possessed power enough for much larger space, shown by their exquisite tact in toning down to the small hall, which next year will give place to one suitable to all purposes. Miss E. Flannery accompanied this joyous opening.

Miss O. O'Brien played the difficult "Polonaise, in F sharp minor, better known as "Homage a Tschaikowsky." The time is past for schoolgirls to be mere brilliant performers on this or that instrument; *now*, a higher grade of poetic sentiment must be the prevailing feature of fine piano execution. Miss O'Brien in her rendition showed excellent technic and delicately shaded expression; her selection being full of dashing chords, intermingled with passages of deep pathos, characteristic to Polish music of modern classic form.

The Aria from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" brought out the successful improvement in Miss Dempsey's vocal culture. Such arias, to be well carried out, separated from the gorgeous "vessel" scene and surroundings, present difficulties, and nearly all operatic songs lose when given without their factitious aid. Miss Dempsey aptly supplied this loss by her feeling rendition of this "Farewell to Country and Home," and by riveting attention to the vocal subject caused forgetfulness of aught but the sorrow of parting.

The vocal duett from Bellini's still famed "Sonnambula" was sung by Miss Horner and Miss English in good taste, which spoke well for their careful work and true method. "Son Geloso Del Zeffiro" is in bravura style, and these two charming voices vied with each other in effective flowing chromatics and even trills. Miss Horner's true, high tones were sweetly answered by the low, modulated notes of Miss English wherein both did credit to this pure and harmonious composition.

The next vocal tribute was Miss Horner's solo from Victor Masse's opera of "Jeanette," showing the cultured register of her sweet soprano voice. Her runs were clear, and cadenzas smoothly rounded, giving promise of great flexibility in bravura style. Miss O'Brien's imitative accompaniment was in sympathy with the bird-like tones of the "Air du Rossignol." Together they produced a beautiful episode of sound.

Miss E. Flannery played the next instrumental number on the programme. Her selection was from "Gounod's Faust" Liszt's arrangement,

so justly celebrated for its sympathetic melodies.

The sprightly valse movement—*en deux temps*—introduced the famed vocal duett between Marguerite and Faust, so entrancing in its assiduous tenderness, one could not but feel the suggested surroundings of this "garden scene," almost inhaling the perfume of flowers, and hearing the warblings of birds; through which come the accents of Marguerite's reiterated answer no, no! As this beautiful music faded away in a few glistening arpeggios, the Valse reappears, developing a brilliant finale. Miss Flannery gave ample justice to the expressive execution of the various moods of this descriptive piece, and was heartily applauded by the appreciative audience.

Then came a little gem—a quartette for female voices—"Robin Adair," harmonized by Dudley Buck, without accompaniment, which was charmingly sung by Misses I. Horner, J. English, E. Hale, and A. Penburthy. This lovely old air, in its new form, was doubly pleasing, especially to those who delight in the very best of vocal music—"that of the heart."

Miss E. Hale possesses a soprano voice of great compass and mellow depth, which promises to be one of lasting quality. Her singing of "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark"—words by Shakspeare and music by Sir Henry Bishop—was admirable. Miss Hale has given but one year to voice-culture, and from this specimen of capability, her progress must lead to certain results which a brilliant future must crown when gained by persevering efforts.

Miss L. Curtis, another *débutante*, played the last instrumental solo—a short "Fantasie" by John Sebastian Bach, the one in which all the ornaments follow throughout the triplet character of the composition. Her rendition was spirited, and phrased so naturally that the piece appeared shorn of its difficulties—a strong proof that when the old classics are well interpreted they make themselves understood and then appreciated. To those accustomed to listen to the undercurrent of thought which contains its "musical content," this slight insight into the prolific brain-work of the great Bach was a revelation (in a merry mood) of his beautiful simplicity. Miss Curtis should continue in her course until she attains to the highest prize bestowed by the Faculty.

This afternoon of pleasure closed by another chorus, "Italia Beloved" from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. The words were new, and its martial measure gave free scope to the voices of the class. This bright finale sent away the audience determined to be present in the morn-

ing to witness the crowning efforts of St. Mary's young musicians and vocalists who keep up so truthfully the traditions of her past career.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

Those who have attended the closing exercises at St. Mary's before always hasten when the bell rings to secure a place to witness what has long been regarded as the prettiest scene; namely, the entrance of the pupils, who salute the audience, gracefully bowing as they march to the seats assigned—this year to the grand martial strains of Wagner's Imperial March "The Kaiser," concisely timed and admirably played by the Misses Flannery, M. Davis, L. Curtis, L. Nickel, O'Brien, M. Hughes, I. Stapleton, C. Hurley on the pianos; the Misses E. Nester and M. McPhee at the harps.

The vocal class took their places on the stage, and the spring-like "Primavera" rang out merrily; the humming vocal accompaniment was a pretty change from the longer sustained chords.

"Grand Aria" was the simple announcement of a florid test of real hard work. In every difficult passage Miss Hellman conquered; her full voice, capable also of fine mezzo effects, gained appreciative recognition of faithful practice and consequently a well-earned success.

The doubled quartette from "Rigoletto" brought together eight well-trained voices—the Misses Hellman, Hale, Horner, English, O'Brien, Marley, Dempsey, and T. Balch. This trying operatic number contained passages of difficult shading qualities, delivered with precision and graceful, excellent expression, to which their modest manner gave the charm of true merit.

"Liszt's Polonaise" (No. 2) was played at three separate pianos by the Misses E. Flannery, L. Curtis and O. O'Brien. The first movement "Pomposo con Brio" came forth as *one*, broad, majestic, and the long cadenza waved as a graceful plume, recalling the ancient splendor of this national dance of Poland's Magnates. The Misses O'Brien and Flannery alternately divided the main theme, which broke suddenly into a unison of trumpet notes. At this point Miss Curtis joined—in true polonaise rhythms and moaning sweetness to the thrilling unisons—a short bravura movement. Miss Flannery took the tender, bird-like solo which Miss O'Brien repeated; then Miss Curtis played the same subject in a more ornamented form, ending with a cadenza, leading to the "stretto." At this moment all joined in the grand finale, increasing to the last chords in brilliancy and velocity, which held the audience breathless whose thundering applause spoke plainly "success."

Then came the crowning effort of the whole vocal class, accompanied by Miss Curtis. Nothing could have been more appropriate than the selected "Canto and Chorus," from Rossini's (*Stabat Mater*) "Inflamatus." The Misses Hellman and N. Hale were the soloists. The effect was electrical: at times the weeping tones drew tears, and the solemn grandeur of the full chorus proved that their best effort was kept in offering a thanksgiving to God.

When all was over, with the Misses Deutsch, McFarland, Morse, Dolan, Currier, Piper, Healy and Jungblut at the pianos, the pupils marched out to Von Bülow's march. The long tremolo movement was a triumph of muscular endurance. The full chords cut together sharp and exact, ever suggestive of melodies *not in* the harmonies, but lurking in the minds of the hearers, a singular style which Bülow alone might venture; and we must admit this creative task was well carried out by the young ladies.

ST. LUKE'S STUDIO.

A visit to the studio and art gallery convinced every admirer of the true and pure in art that there is decided talent among the pupils of St. Mary's, and also that each one's talent has been developed most carefully and according to the best methods. The excellent work exhibited was highly commended, and the evidences of a graded course of training to be seen on all sides met with appreciation. It would be difficult to mention those who excelled, for each one did well whatever she was able to do, whether it was to outline a block, or to paint a portrait in oil. Dainty water-color sketches, studies in crayon, pencillings, oil-paintings, decorated china and painting on silk and bolting cloth were to be seen in the studio. Miss Schiltz, who received a gold medal for the completion of the art course, had a fine display, plainly showing that the honor conferred upon her was well earned. The artistic work was not confined to this department, for in the room devoted to ornamental needle-work there was an elaborate exhibit—screens, drapes, cushions, toilet-sets, piano-covers, table-scarfs, and all those charming decorations that add so much to the "home-like" appearance of a room were to be seen; and the taste displayed in the combination shading and blending of colors, together with the neatness characterizing each piece of work, proved that the needle as well as the pen is mighty. All regarding this room and the studio may be summed up in the words of an enthusiastic visitor: "St. Mary's is the home of all that is best in art."

