

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·
VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 13, 1891.

No. 39.

"Reconciliation."*

BY N. J. SINNOTT, '92.

At last a haven of refuge was found for the persecuted of every clime. Far beyond the storm-tossed Atlantic, towards the land of the setting sun, a new government, consecrated to liberty, had sprung into existence. Each returning vessel bore the glad tidings of America's brilliant prospects; and the weary peasant on Albion's chalky cliffs gazed seaward and sighed for the land of the free.

But these glad tidings did not always touch the responsive chords of kindness; repeatedly monarchs and princes looked anxiously towards the young republic. They beheld with jealous eyes the gradual development of another nation. With rancor in their hearts did they view the birth of a free institution that was destined to strike the first effective blow against the whole fabric of monarchical rule and tradition. For this reason our enemies dreaded, aye, stood in awe of the day that should realize the brightest hopes of our ancestors. A government of the people, and by the people, they said, was an Utopian idea; sovereignty of the people only a sweet delusion, and national unity a mere phantasy. The diversities of soil and climate would engender and foster bitter sectional animosities; the fickleness of a capricious populace, uncontrolled by the iron hand of a king, would plunge us into one yawning vortex of common ruin; and when the shock came we should surely succumb to the rolling breakers.

Such were the joyful predictions that sped

the first voyage of our ship of state. But they knew not

"What masters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of our hope!"

Well might England rue the day which lost to her this fair province. Well might the boasted Mistress of the Sea lament her pitiless persecution of the colonists. For as the seed, tempest-torn from the stately monarch of the forest, finds root in the fertile mould of the mountain side, and springs up spreading skyward its lofty arms, a rival to the parent tree, so had the principles of self-government, wrenched in war from the unnatural mother country, taken root in the affections of the people, and there was born a nation.

Our course often lay through unknown channels, and repeatedly we heard the harsh grating of hidden rocks. In the early days of its development, when the young commonwealth had just begun to recognize its intrinsic merits, and feel the vital force of liberty coursing in its veins, it was evident that there was a divinity shaping our ends, and that under the protection of a supernatural Providence wise statesmanship would prevail against all domestic and foreign discord.

Our second war with Great Britain proved that the union of states was no longer a mere experiment, and that we had not only the power but also the courage to assert ourselves and demand recognition. Other afflictions followed; but in all our tribulations great characters—men of the most intense patriotism, a galaxy of intellectual giants—battled for our existence. At the first mention of disunion the towering figure

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 10.

of Webster arose, and he thundered out in tones, never to be forgotten, that noble sentiment, that motto of our country: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Now the cloud was fast approaching, presaging with many dark forebodings our national ruin. The false impressions concerning the rights of the general government, the fatal doctrine of state sovereignty, had brought us almost to the verge of destruction, and we were hurled into an unhallowed civil war. This fratricidal struggle was destined to be the crucial test of our resources, of our integrity, aye, perchance, of our very national existence.

Who can portray the dreadful scenes of this our darkest hour? The pen undipped in the gore of the battlefield cannot chronicle the bloody tragedies; nor painter's canvas depict the widespread desolation. "From every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel, the tread of legions shook the ground." Virginia, the cradle of presidents, became the grave of the patriot. For four long years throughout the land was heard the clash of arms. Gradually the end was drawing near, till on that April morning the last *reveille*, calling the blue and gray to arms, had sounded, and ere the roll of beating drums had died away, the shadows of sorrow and darkness occasioned by the war were fast being dispelled, and in the firmament appeared our star of hope, the anticipated harbinger of peace. Lee had surrendered.

The news flashed across the continent. These sweet and welcome words were full of the most significant meaning. They meant to the poor, heart-broken mother that not in vain had she immolated her soldier boy on the altar of his country. They meant to the scarred and wounded veteran that there still was alive the old revolutionary spirit of patriotism. Above all, they meant to that care-worn and drooping figure, Abraham Lincoln, that under his guidance the "heritage of a noble ancestry" was kept unviolated, that the Union was perpetuated and that we were to issue from the strife with an established and well-grounded commonwealth, destined, under the pennant of the Stars and Stripes, to withstand all attempts aimed at dissolution.

Yes, the palladium of liberty was secure, and it rested on a foundation more stanch and immovable than the boasted works of man, aye, than the very pyramids of the desert; the foundation was placed in the hearts of the people both of the North and the South.

That civil war is now one of the bitter memories of our country's past. Long has been

furled the tattered battle-flag that led the bayonet charge, or crowned the bristling rampart. The lofty marble column and the granite shaft mark the tombs where lie our heroes; their bodies are perishing according to the inevitable law of nature, but their names and the sacred memory of their deeds still remain as beacons to posterity. Yes, that war is now over. The pages of history record the story; but, men of the North, let us leave that dark record with the historian.

We may with prophetic vision gaze far into the future, and, judging from the past, foresee our brilliant prospects. But refuse, scorn to recall those sad and appalling mistakes of a grim, dark past, to fling as reproaches, or to arouse sectional prejudices.

We fought for union. The confederates fought for what they considered their just rights; they left the dispute to the final Arbiter of nations, the God of battles, and they were American enough to abide by the result. For when the paroles were made, the sad, disheartened figure in gray returned to the desolate home of his youth; but not to pine away his days in useless lethargy or bitter reflection. He harnessed the war-horse and grasped the plough; soon the battle-fields of December swayed with the golden grain of August. The roar of the cannon gave way to the hum of industry. It has been well said that the wand of an enchanter seemed held over the country.

Let us bury our feelings of envy for each other in the attachments we have for unity and country. Cease that bitter maligning so characteristic of political ambition. Do not slander the Southern soldier, nor place upon his name the stigma of traitor. You know that the traitor does not court death at the cannon's mouth in defence of a principle. The Southern mother, bidding a last farewell to her son, did not think that she was impressing a mother's fond kiss on the lips of a traitor. Though it broke her heart, she considered it her duty to place the musket in the hands of her darling boy, and bid him don the gray to march with his father.

Nature herself, with the russet autumn leaves of a quarter of a century, and again with the returning verdure of spring, has striven to hide from the gaze of the nation the scenes of that dread war. Shall we who claim to be nature's noblemen refuse to follow her laudable example? Shall we by jeers and gibes keep open those gaping wounds, and leave them as a fatal heritage to our successors? No! let us in a conciliatory spirit administer the healing balm

of forgiveness! Forgiveness—that divine attribute given by God to man to enable him to recall the bosom friend lost in an angry moment. Yes, let us exercise this divine attribute, and cultivate a true spirit of reconciliation.

We must remember that the past has long since escaped us, and that it behooves Americans to look to the halcyon days of the future. We may not have, as the three Wise Men had, the star of Bethlehem to guide our course, but we have "the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law of God to guide us in our duty to Him, to each other, to ourselves, and unto our common country." Errors may be made in the administration of the country; new troubles may cross our path and sorely test our patience; still do not permit adversities to weaken us, but rather to increase our virtue and fortitude.

There is a most sacred duty imposed upon us to transmit sound and intact the unsullied heritage that we received from our ancestors. "Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully." And if we are true to this trust we may look forward to the time when

"The good old ship, Union's voyage o'er,
At anchorage safe she swings,
And loud and clear, with cheer on cheer,
Her joyous welcome rings.
Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore."

Marie Antoinette.*

BY B. H. TIVNEN, '92.

The French sovereign upon his sick-bed lies as dead—Dame Rumor says dying. These words like to the silent hour onward stole, and France—fair France—sent up a sigh so piteous and profound as was never heard before. But weep not, fair France! thy king is destiny's subject, and she hath not yet bidden him begone. And, responsive like, destiny as a fashionable host, with his arms outstretched, rewelcomed from that sick-bed—that he might complete the music of his life—Louis XV., the well-beloved king of France.

Twelve other years have come and gone. The passage of the approaching day pauses,

while yon gray lines, that fret the clouds and smile on the frowning night, steal in as messenger of a day in history ever memorable; a day joyful and sorrowful—the glad and blessed morn which first embraced Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

The babe Marie—beautiful, too rich for use, for earth too dear—was born on that fatal 2d of Nov., 1755, the day of the earthquake at Lisbon. This portent, which appeared to stamp the day of her birth, seemed to come as an ominous prophecy to dim the shining star of that ill-fated queen; nor were such seemings unfounded. Daughter of Maria Theresa, innocent babe, she had begun life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy, one of the poor, helpless little beings the empress held by the hand when she presented herself as a suppliant before the faithful Hungarians, and those noble, undaunted troops shouted: "Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!"

The relations of Austria and France had long been those either of war or secret enmity; but by the treaties of 1756 and '58 these two powers were united in one grand scheme of operations. Not long afterwards an alliance between the houses of Bourbon and of Austria, seeming to subserve the interests of both courts, was agreed upon, and on its consummation the two realms rang out with one glad acclaim a many-toned, joyful sound, announcing the betrothal of the archduchess Marie Antoinette to the youthful dauphin Louis XVI.

A decided change at once took place in the occupations of the little queen. Playful, girlish Marie, now under the immediate care and zealous tutorship of her queenly mother, profited by her advantages, and adorned with the variety of her attainments the grace and dignity of her truly noble person.

But, alas! the approaching day of her parting steadily comes on. Soon, too soon, the ceremonious vows of love in that hallowed spot where were passed her maidenhood's tender years must close. The dignitaries of France are to conduct their little queen home. Sad was the scene of her parting. The streets of Vienna, through which her route lay, were thronged with men and women, faithful subjects anxious to extend to her their parting benediction. As in the procession she passed, sad, unhelpful tears blown by the windy tempest of her soul bathed her cheeks. "Farewell, widowed, orphaned, mother!" she said. "Farewell, Vienna! Vienna, farewell!" Again and again she leaned from the carriage to take one last look on that home which she hoped so soon to revisit, and which

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 10.

inexorable fate had decreed she should never more behold.

The triumphal procession arrived in France; there the little queen was received by the royal family and presented by Louis XV. to her youthful betrothed. Then came that momentous event, her marriage; and on the 16th day of April, at beautiful, unfortunate Versailles, the sacred bond of her love was sealed, and never were nuptials so grand. The little queen beautiful, amiable, kind, soon won the quick hearts of the French, and thenceforth she became an idol of the people, a blooming rose in that fair, sunny land. Now in her new home, she spent six years of the most joyful, yes, the happiest days of her life. Here in the France of old, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis and the Atalanta of the Marly gardens; here, poets sang her charms, and painters her features copied.

But already vaporous night casts her shadows over the sunshine of Marie's happy days. The king is again taken to his bed, perhaps never more to rise. Yes, poor Louis! death has this time found thee! Time, cormorant, devouring time, must have a stop. The skies were wrathful with sheets of fire and bursts of horrid thunder, and the heavens, in their civil strife, prophetically blazed forth the death of a prince. It is the 10th of May, 1774, and Louis XV. has done—has done only to give rise to others. Marie and her youthful husband pass from the happy condition of irresponsibility to assume the weighty cares of Queen and King of France. Overpowered with emotions, and, falling on their knees, they said: "O God, guide us, protect us, we are too young to reign!" Thus ended Louis XV., and with him his era of shame and oppression, the future to be as bright as the past was dark.

France, with astonishing vigor, arose from her tiring sleep to behold a king and queen young, beautiful and well-intentioned. Versailles, too, like a spring-time plant, fragrantly blossomed forth, her petals fanned with the summoning breezes of a prosperous state. But, alas! destiny's clouds, pitiless and far-seeing, lowered round about France's fair queen, and ere the throne had received her, it had trembled through the artifices of courtiers seeking to ensnare her. Truly and well said: "Each sorrow has an heir." L'Abbé de Vermond announced to the queen the death of her good mother. This news, fitted to the night, was drowned in the tears of heavy-hearted Marie. But come, cheer up, good Queen; the heaven-moving pearls that progress thy cheeks may yet yield doubled happiness.

At last the tempest of sorrow was calmed by

the desired arrival—a son, the pride and hope of fair Marie. Boundless was the king's joy as happiness in tears streamed from his eyes. And all France, too, hailed the arrival of the little prince with rejoicings splendid and ingenious. In a word, all was joy, happiness and peace.

But beneath this smooth surface public discontent sprang up and grew rapidly. Poor King Louis labored with all his powers to allay the effervescence of the time; but the time was ominous; social dissolution near and certain. All know the history of the French Revolution; how the States-General met, and how the third estate, when it had gained the ascendancy, usurped the legislative power and assumed the title of National Assembly.

Insurrection had not yet bid its time; deposed legislation did not satisfy, it must be climaxed with human torture and affliction. And on the 16th of October, 1789, a tumultuous mob, clamoring for bread and blood, rushed from Paris into the smiling and picturesque lawns of Versailles, through the palace gates, up the marble steps and into the palace halls. Trembling maids-of-honor aroused the unhappy Marie, and she flew for her life to her husband's apartments. Amidst the most terrifying confusion Lafayette arrived and succeeded in quelling the tumult. At noon, the chateau of Versailles stood vacant, hushed, still. The carriage with the royal family rolled off to Paris. O France! what a procession! Murderers armed with Bastille muskets and Damascus blades; women of infamous lives, their breath noisome with liquor and foul with oaths, these were the escorts of Queen Marie. With the heads of her two faithful guards serving as banners for that inhuman mass, and borne between heaven and earth before her carriage did she journey on for seven long, miserable hours.

At last they reached the Tuilleries, once a palace, now a prison, but welcome to the sights of such a journey. The miserable captives, shivering with cold and faint with hunger, found neither fire nor food within its cheerless walls; they fell asleep upon couches hastily prepared in the basement. Sleep well, good Marie! would that thou couldst sleep forever! Thou couldst now leave us beloved, honored and regretted! We could now weep over thy grave and cover it with flowers! But the day will come when all the furies of the earth will cast thy loved child and husband into the silence of ages, and after having gnarled thy heart and furrowed thy cheeks with sorrow, will sacrifice thee to an execution more cruel than the criminals.

The story of Marie's after-days is but a tale of tribulation. Surrounded by spies, and often in peril of her life at the hands of her own guards, here she was forced to wait for four and twenty months to see a wild, fermenting France work out its own destiny and hers. At last, debarred from all the sympathies that make life dear even in the hovel, and subjected to the insults and repeated threats of an outrageous mob, Marie and her devoted husband sought safety in flight. But why delay in details? At Varennes their progress was impeded, the carriage surrounded, and fair Marie, with her unfortunate family, was rudely seized and compelled to retrace her steps amid the barbarous insults of an infuriated mob. The miserable captives at last entered Paris, and the sullen and breathless silence of the populace, only presaged the horrible catastrophe which was to close the fearful drama.

These unfortunate beings, so august, formed by Divine Providence for the happiness of the people, were now sacrificed to a rage senseless and barbarous. Marie, while her character was purified and elevated by these afflictions, gradually sank in her physical state, and the beautiful girl became, in the prime of womanhood, a broken and helpless invalid.

One year of tedious months and days had passed since their arrival at the Tuilleries and but one and thirty days should the monarchy of France exist. The assembly soon passed the decree, and motionless lay the hands of majesty. Within three days the same government established within the fatal walls of the prison temple Marie and her powerless king. From this fearful moment the sufferings no less than the fears of these two majestic beings were cruelly augmented. The municipality omitted nothing that low-bred cruelty could devise for their torture; for what torture can be greater to the nobly nurtured, than the contamination of contact with such a low and profane rabble?

Louis was now separated from his broken-hearted Marie; in the Temple Circuit, none of his loved ones with him, he but quietly waited the drawing of his lot. He underwent his trial in December, 1792, and was condemned to die. Poor Louis! thy grave for thee yawns impatiently! Leave the earth, then, thou hapless king! Kind hearts, loving wife and child, environed in the same grim peril will, e'er long, be with thee. The axe fell, and a king's life was shorn away.

But why continue this tale of tribulation? What heart will not sympathize with the grief of the fairest and most favorite princess of Europe, the kindest and most innocent of women! Alas! sorrow ends not when it seems done; and at last for her who had committed no offence against God or man, the last wretched consolation of suffering in common with her infant son was too great a boon, and the little prince must be torn from the arms of his mother.

Widowed, orphaned, childless Marie, for what but sorrow could she now live? Moved from

the temple to the prison conciergerie, confined 'midst thieves and cut-throats in a damp and gloomy cell; here, like her unfortunate husband, did she await the unavoidable doom of her destiny. On the 15th of October she was conducted before the revolutionary tribunal, and "her trial," say Carlyle, "was, like the rest, for plots, for plots." She was condemned to die. At the conciergerie she passed the night, the last of the day and the last of her life, composedly in the devotions of a true Christian. The morning came and the glorious sun shone out for France a fatal day, for Marie a new life.

The hapless queen arose, and, arrayed in white, she awaited the fatal hour. At eleven o'clock the executioners burst into the dungeon. Marie's hands were bound behind her, and she was placed in an open cart. Thus was she conducted to the spot which, nine months before, had been moistened by her husband's blood. On the scaffold she was sedate, fearless, yet courteous—truly a Cæsar's daughter. "Adieu, once again, my children," she said, "I go to rejoin your father." The axe fell and, like the untimely frost, destroyed the sweetest flower in sunny France.

How many ages hence shall this pitiful story be repeated, in states unborn and accents yet unknown. Queen Marie, with a soul thirsting for attachment, a heart but easily moved, she was the mirror of every virtue and the shield of all innocence. But the poet said:

"That thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect, for slander's mark was ever yet the fair."

These words, poor Marie, thine enemies made prophetic; for in spite of justice and of truth, black falsehoods have soiled thy name. Thou wert a queen by God created, thou wert a queen by nature's own sweet and cunning hand—a queen, with all the royal makings of thy station, and yet they have termed thee "Messalina."

In her closing scenes the honest heart can see her only as the noble, persecuted woman. Created by Nature to contrast with poor Louis, Hapsburg's fairest princess exchanged her maiden honors only to become his bride. Light-hearted, with all the graces of youth and beauty, her character was ill suited to the severe exactions of court formality, and she sought the pleasures of her little Trianon.

In Marie, with all these charms, full of life and splendor and joy, the least offending and most harmless of queens, were the downfall of despots, the crash of empire and the fates of a race accomplished. Who can measure such a depth of woe? Whose heart will contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall? Poor Marie! Well dost thou merit the title "First among Heroic Women!" Truly great has been thy heritage of sorrow! But it was thine, O Marie, to have felt the cruel blow of a pitious death; but not, no, not in vain to die; for dying thou hast enshrined the blessed name of Antoinette, adversity's heroine, martyrdom's saint.

The Irish Volunteers of 1782.*

BY HUGH O'NEILL (*Law*), '91.

More than a century ago the battle of freedom was successfully fought on this soil. The colonies, like a giant roused from slumber, spoke with a voice that shook the British Empire, and, by the redeeming power of the sword, took their place among the nations of the earth as a republic. With limited resources and prospects dubious, theirs was the task to bring proud England to her knees. The tramp of armed men in the New World set the nerves of the old one tingling, and filled the souls of suffering millions with a strong desire to burst their chains and end the rule of despots. The Irish were the first to share the patriotic ardor of the Americans; and the military spirit which gave to the breeze the Stars and Stripes inspired the unfurling of the Green Flag above the Irish Volunteers. What, may I ask, gave life to the Volunteers? What but the words of Patrick Henry, the cannon's roar at Lexington, "the shot heard round the world," the charge at Bunker Hill, the fires that burned in every heart, the swords that gleamed in every hand, the American cry for Liberty!

Before the Revolution of 1782 Ireland was like a city in the saddened light of evening. Her glory seemed departed. Her surface was strewn with ruins and desolation, in the midst of which the people moved like spectres. England in her oppression of the Irish violated the laws of God and man. She despoiled them of their property, robbed them of their schools, prevented them from holding all stations of official honor in their own land, denied them the rights of Magna Charta, condemned to execution the patriot on the testimony of the informer and the felon, struck down and assassinated the minister of God at the altar, impaled the children on spears and consigned the women to butchery. Many were doomed to leave the land whose shamrock they should never kiss; on whose green turf they should never tread; they were carried from that land in the coffin ships of England—ships that went down in the ocean amid the crashing horrors of the abyss and the roar of the awful tempest. Come with me in spirit to Ireland before the rise of the Volunteers. Within the walls of a once happy home you see the father reduced by hunger and want to a mere skeleton, and

the mother dead from cruel famine and multiplied privations. Look here and there. Throughout the land—a land cursed and blasted by the oppression of a ruthless foe—you behold scores of dead uncoffined and unshrouded, lying by the wayside, in the fields where they fell, or in uncovered graves in the churchyards. Is it strange that the Volunteers should fly to arms to end such scenes as these? Did God create the Irish to be the slaves of England? Were they to kneel at the altar of a foe and bleed beneath the scourge of the tyrant without having courage enough to rise for vengeance? No! O Ireland, no! Freedom and then death rather than life and slavery!

The Volunteer movement was started in the north of Ireland in 1779. France was then the warm ally of America, and to embarrass the offensive measures of England manifested an intention of invading Ireland. England from want of forces could not protect the Irish coasts. The people awoke to a sense of their situation; the pulse of the nation began to beat; her heart throbbed with new hope, and from the knees of suppliance Ireland rose to her own noble stature. Responding to the call of their country, the Volunteers gather under arms.

"O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are spread;
The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,
The valleys of Munster with ardor are stirred,
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have heard."

Who can describe the sentiments of exultation and hope which then leaped up in the Irish heart? Every city, town and village had now its company of Volunteers. Who was competent to collect these scattered elements and make of them a national army? Who possessed the magic power to call up the fires that smouldered beneath the calm exterior of a suffering people; to manage the wild whirlwind of fervid enthusiasm; to dash its fitful currents against the battlements of the oppressor; to fill the veins of a brave people with the hot tide of purpose, passion and patriotic ardor? Who could inspire the faith and glorify the mission of the Volunteers except the immortal Grattan? When he came upon the public stage, the Irish legislature was a provincial body without the privileges of a parliament. It was the citadel of small politicians made venal by British gold. Grattan proposed many useful measures. At first he was opposed by a majority of the Commons. They were, however, made to speak the voice of the people when the Volunteers, with bands playing and banners flying, placed their cannon on the square before the House of Commons in Dublin.

On the 13th of April, 1782, the spectacle presented by the Irish metropolis was something

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Wednesday, June 10.

never seen before, and which has not been witnessed since. Thousands stood on College Green; every street was thronged, every window occupied. The Volunteers were drawn up in military order. The sun glanced on the lances of their cavalry; their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rang clear on the mid-day air. Carriage after carriage passes. One moves slowly through the ranks of the volunteers. In it is the hero of the day. The name of Grattan is murmured, and cheer after cheer breaks forth spontaneously. Grattan enters the Parliament to trace the Rubicon across which the English Government should not advance, and beyond which the Irish people should not wander. On him turned the fate of Ireland as on a pivot. Every member is in his place. The galleries are thronged by persons of every age and rank. A low whisper runs through the house. Everyone seems to solicit the sentiments of his neighbor without venturing to express his own. All lean forward and await with breathless expectancy the enunciation of some measure which may decide the destinies of their property, posterity and country. Grattan, with dignity, rises from his seat. All eyes are fixed upon him. There is a profound silence. His voice, at first low, gradually rising like the tide of the advancing sea, fills the senate hall. His fiery accents send indignation coursing through the souls of his hearers. Men have but eyes for him, and ears for the burning thoughts that he pre-eminently has power to utter. His genius looms above the ministry even as it sheds a lustre upon the scene. His energetic denunciation of wrong, persuasive advocacy of right, rapid accumulation of imagery, poetic feeling, nervous declamation, elegance of diction, beauty of expression, hold his auditors entranced. His words are now like the gusts of the moaning wind in the distant forest; anon flow on with the might of the ocean when heaving to the tempest. He sways the audience to and fro by the lifting of his hand. Every fibre of his body trembles with emotion; his fervor reaches sublimity, knowing that "a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, injured as Ireland, would be satisfied with nothing less than liberty." When Grattan resumed his seat, there broke forth from that vast assemblage such an outburst of applause as was never heard within those walls before; the cheer of triumph was kept up by the multitude outside, rolling on like the tempestuous waves of the ocean, telling the people by its proud significance that Grattan had triumphed and that Ireland was free.

The Bill of Independence was carried. Ireland was a nation, acknowledging no connection with England, except the union of the two crowns. A constitution was drawn up, and ratified by King George. But, sad mistake! in this hour of triumph the Volunteers were disbanded. Notwithstanding that error, the spirit of independence was abroad in the land for eighteen

years, and the industrial resources of Ireland were developed as never before. During this time, England's jealousy of Ireland's prosperity was manifest in all the marts of trade. England's policy was to ruin Ireland's commerce and rob Ireland of her parliament. By the venal power of British gold this was finally done. Unfortunate Ireland! the day of Catholic Emancipation had not yet arrived.

On account of penal laws, the Irish Catholic could not sit as representative in the parliament of his country. England resorted to her favorite policy of bribery and corruption, and through the agency of Lord Castlereagh carried the Act of Union. When Irish independence was tottering towards its fall, Grattan was absent through necessity, almost helpless in the throes of a severe illness; and yet even at this time he was elected to represent Wicklow. The cause inspired him with new life.

Now let us turn to another scene. On the night of the 15th of January, 1800, cheering is heard at the door of the house. Two members rush out. Returning they support a feeble man—the leader of the Volunteers. All acknowledge the virtue of the venerable Grattan. Sobs of emotion come from the galleries that rang with applause just eighteen years before. Unable to stand, he addressed the house from his seat. For two hours he held the assembly spell-bound; for two hours he made those men, who came to sell his country, tremble. Grattan's eloquence was outweighed by British gold, and Ireland disappeared from the roll of nations.

The history of the Volunteers is of thrilling interest. The rising of one hundred and fifty thousand valiant men is an event of which Ireland may well feel proud. As in the spring-time the cataracts leap down from the mountains, and the streams rush out from the valleys, and the rivers roll on to the sea, so come the Volunteers from the hills and the vales, the towns and the villages, the cities and provinces, in their companies, regiments and brigades, until they unite and coalesce in the comradeship of arms, the fraternity of patriotism, the splendid army of '82.

As American citizens we admire patriotism the world over. As such we admire the spirit of the Volunteers. We admire them for that which gave pagan nations their glowing lustre, Christian peoples their noblest impulse; that which animated the Greeks on the plains of Marathon; bore aloft the sword of Wallace on the heathered hills of Scotland; burned in the heart of Winkelried on the field of Sempach; nerved the gallant Tell to pierce the White Eagle of Vienna, and cast it bleeding on the rocks of Uri; roused the bravery of Sobieski to sweep the Turks into the waters of the Danube; led Emmet from the prison to the dock, from the dock to the scaffold; impelled your fathers with the might of an avalanche against the English foe on every field from Lexington to Yorktown—the spirit of patriotism!

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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

Notre Dame June 13, 1891.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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

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

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

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

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The general examinations commence on Friday afternoon and end on Monday noon, June 22. Commencement begins on the evening of the 22d and ends on the 23d.

—The *Chicago Herald* and other daily papers publish a communication from the distinguished writer, R. H. Stoddard, who says of Prof. M. F. Egan's sonnet in the *May Century*: "It is the best poem found in the May magazines, and the best sonnet we have read for years." The sonnet was reprinted in the *SCHOLASTIC* of May 9.

—One of the most wanton displays of ignorance, or bigotry, or both, was made by the cable correspondent of last Sunday's *Chicago Tribune* who stated in connection with a report of the consecration of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris that the Pope had granted "seven years indulgence of sins"! It must be malice that in this enlightened age seeks to resurrect long buried fables. No sane man can suppose that the Sovereign Pontiff claims to do what God Himself could not do. Such an absurdity, or rather blasphemy, as an indulgence for sins was never dreamt of in the Church. Those who write for papers, and those who edit them, should,

before publication, inform themselves upon subjects that concern the religious convictions of their readers.

—The event of the week was the Oratorical Contest held in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening. The exercises were of an interesting character, and those who took part acquitted themselves well. The judges of the Contest were Senator T. E. Howard, '62; Hon. B. F. Shively and Lucius Hubbard, Esq., of South Bend. Their decision was given in writing, and enclosed in a sealed envelope which will be opened on the morning of Commencement Day. We refrain from any criticism at present, but publish entire the orations of the contestants and the following

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Selection, "I Puritani"—*Verdi*.....University Orchestra
" " "The Polish Boy".....Louis Sanford
" " "Horatius at the Bridge"....Lamar Monarch
" " "The Organ-BUILDER".....Fred. Chute

PART II.

Waltz, "Love's Sigh".....University Orchestra
Oration, "The Irish Volunteers of 1782".....Hugh O'Neill
" " "Marie Antoinette, Queen of France," B. Tivnen
" " "The Social Problem"....James R. Fitzgibbon
" " "Reconciliation".....Nicholas Sinnott

The Lyons' Monument.

It can now be definitely stated that the Lyons' monument will this year be purchased, put in place and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. Almost enough has already been subscribed to justify the taking of active steps in the matter at an early day. The total sum collected from old students by Mr. William T. Ball, '77, of Chicago, is \$365. His check for that amount has been received by Professor Hoynes, the treasurer, and, with \$57 previously received by the Professor from two or three of the alumni, placed on deposit to the credit of the monument fund. Mr. W. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, writes to the effect that he will soon be able to collect and forward \$70 subscribed on his list. It is hoped that the money promised may be paid in during the present month and July, for the purchase of the monument should not be deferred to a later time. It is proposed to depend entirely upon the spontaneous offerings of the old students and friends of the late Professor Lyons; so that the monument, such as it may be, shall testify in an eminent and peculiar degree to their affection for one of the most devoted and beloved of men. It cannot yet be stated when the unveiling ceremonies will take place; but either the 25th of August or the 13th of October is likely to be chosen. Later the precise date will be determined upon and made known. Next week we will publish a list of the subscribers who have paid, so far as known. Subscribers who have not paid may send their remittances to Mr. Wm. T. Ball, City Oil

Inspector, 815 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago, Ill., or to Mr. W. P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind., or to Professor Hoynes, treasurer of the fund, at Notre Dame.

The Social Problem.*

BY J. R. FITZGIBBON, '92.

The social problem is the handiwork of thousands, and the outgrowth of centuries. Its foundation was laid when man organized society. When he roamed freely through the wild solitude of his Aryan home, or swept like an avalanche over unpeopled Europe, he recognized but one right—that of the strong to control the weak. As years passed on, and as man ascended the successive steps which separate the civilized being from the barbarian, this inequality thus formed grew more pronounced, and gradually expanded into the social problem of to-day. This problem now threatens to destroy society and plunge civilization back into the barbarism from which it sprung. It has existed for ages; its history is interwoven with the many achievements that distinguish man's development. We saw how it inflamed the French peasantry to hope for "liberty, equality, fraternity," and signalled them to begin a period of anarchy and bloodshed. Out of the chaos it thus caused it sprang aloft to continue its path of conquest marked with grief, its victory with death, its field of battle strewn with numberless victims.

This social question, so baffling in all ages, is now dividing society into two factions. On the one side stands capital at the door of his mansion, proud, haughty, and arrogant; on the other, lowly labor sits at the door of his hovel. On the one side are gathered wealth, refinement and culture; on the other, misery, wretchedness and rags. As the inequality of barbarism rested upon strength, so the inequality of civilization rests upon money. Gold commands all that is agreeable and refined in life. It opens the treasures of art, tramples upon the barriers of exclusive society, penetrates into the sacred confines of royalty, and paves the way for political preferment. And it is money, which has these powers that is worshipped in our day. Mammon is the god before whom thousands prostrate themselves, and upon whose altar they burn the richest incense. The aim of life is no longer to enjoy, but to acquire the means of enjoyment.

This idolatrous, insane worship of mammon is having its effects. The deep rumblings of discontent from the masses forebode an earthquake more dreadful than any that has ever threatened society. Society's boasted progress has brought her within the danger limits. The workingmen are discontented with their present state. This is shown by the eagerness with which they embrace theories—no matter how

chimerical—which they think can better their condition. It is for this reason that the doctrines of socialism and anarchism find so many believers in the mighty army of toilers. They are united and they are earnest. Their adherence to one another in the trying hour of strikes, and the willing manner with which they obey the commands of their leaders testify to their earnestness. They demand the abolition of a system which has had for its effects the creation of a class without lands, or homes, or property—a class for whom the future offers no hope, the present merely a life of daily monotony, a dreary lengthening out of the chain of existence. The industrial system has done this and more—it has huddled ten thousand in a loathsome street in order to give one hundred a park; it has given millions to the few and has taken bread from the mouths of the many; it has created such a system of affairs that,

"To have one sweet home that is safe and true ten garrets must reek in the darkened street."

This industrial system rests on no surer foundation than quivering hearts; and upon such a foundation has our civilization been built. It was the workings of this system that made John Boyle O'Reilly, whose sympathies were ever on the side of the oppressed and down-trodden, write that

"Society flourishes only on graves—the moral graves—in the lowly soil."

The last century has witnessed the greatest advances made by this system. Its progress has been rapid and free from any restraint. It has left numberless victims to testify to the thoroughness of its operations. This change from a state comparatively inactive is due to the concentration of capital in the form of syndicates. Syndicates have but one motive—insatiable greed; but one end—despoliation. They regulate the economic law of "Supply and Demand," and crush competition under an iron heel. They can raise at pleasure the price of food, while they cannot be held accountable for the starvation that ensues. Although a great clamor has been raised against this absorption of business, it continues—the tyrant of man—the despot of commerce. It is legalized by statute and upheld by the law's strong arm. We pray to God for an abundant harvest, and yearly we see laws enacted which breed famine. Looking at the progress made in the formation of these baneful combinations, we ask ourselves whether capitalism is to be the sole end of the human world?—that human world to whose cultivation and enlightenment sculptors and poets have given their lives; for the bettering of which philosophers have written, and for whose salvation the Son of God yielded up His life upon the cross! If it be so, then the description given of our century as the "most irreligious the world has ever seen" must be true; and this irreligious sentiment fosters a feeling of bitter hatred against the existing order of things.

Civilization, when it erected school houses,

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest Wednesday, June 10.

gave renewed intelligence to the masses. Man is now able to judge the future by the past, to view intelligently the actions of men and governments. "Kings no longer rule by divine right"; that belief has long ceased. Kings are made and unmade not by divine intervention but by human prowess; kingly dynasties oft-times fall by the same hands that built them. And when man sees this—sees what has been done in the past—he asks himself why all governments should not be destroyed in the interest of that purer, greater, nobler civilization they do so little to advance. This is the spirit that is being engendered by our existing order of things. Is it a spirit that means perpetuity to our institutions?

Man left to himself will injure none; goaded to desperation, he will murder. Men who would walk to a willing death rather than yield a precious faith, when they hear their children crying for the bread which they have not, when the wolfish eyes of want are staring in at the window and starvation rapping at the door, will pillage, murder and destroy! Ah! 'tis true, that "When we trace the causes why lives are cursed with criminal taint, let no man boast.

The race is not run with equal chance: the poor man's son carries double weight;

Who have not are tempted. Inheritance is a blight or a blessing of man's estate."

An accident of birth places one man above the other, gives him social position and wealth, the other the gutter and want. God made the world for His people; a sordid few make the world for themselves. The vast expanse which an all-wise God created for His own honor and glory is now the battle-ground upon which the strong and the selfish are the victors, and in which belief in Him who created is fast dying out.

The hopes of a brilliant future are not ours. He who paints the future in glowing colors reads not rightly the history of the present. Everything points to a dread disaster. Our literature—the index of the age—is as pessimistic now as it was optimistic a century ago. "Coming events cast their shadows before"; the shadows are unmistakable. They are seen in every page of our literature; are discernible in the laws enacted by our legislative bodies; are noticed in the atheistical character of the age. A plutocracy is being formed greater than that which hastened the downfall of Carthage. It has already entered our gates and is rapidly disseminating its evil influences. It now controls our printing press, and is standing in the way of justice. It will soon control all the affairs of the nation. When it does, then, civilization, look to thy welfare; then, society, rush behind the ramparts thou hast made! History has but one tale of similar undertakings. "Past ruin gives a lesson to future generations, and former mishaps are a caution ever afterwards." Our century is disregarding this caution, and is rushing blindly into the same causes that sapped the life of Rome and left her an easy prey to the barbarians. When Rome fell before the savages of the

North less than two thousand men owned the whole world. When Egypt was left without power abroad and without content at home—a mere skeleton of her former greatness—but one fiftieth of her inhabitants owned the soil. When Persia—famed throughout antiquity for the valor of her sons and the strength of her arms—fell before the triumphant forces of Rome, but one per cent. of her inhabitants owned the land. Are not these facts significant? Who doubts that the same condition of affairs is not now menacing the nations of the earth? Four-fifths of the landowners of England to-day can be gathered into a single assembly room and be addressed by a single voice. In our own country before the war, capitalists owned sixty-three per cent. of the nation's wealth; and it goes without saying that they have increased that within the last three decades.

The present points to the past; and the past means ruin. Ruin to the structure that has been in process of building for ages. Can it mean ruin to our nation that has been a blessing to the oppressed and a haven of refuge to the persecuted; downfall to a nation every stone of whose foundation is covered with the blood of patriots, whose highest aspiration has been to have a government "for the people, by the people and with the people?" Can it be that this *shall* happen? that our nation, the fairest flower of the world's creation, shall see the day when all the memories clustered around her noble founders shall be obliterated; when the nation itself shall sink to the same level as Persia, as Egypt, or shall be swept from the face of the earth as completely as Babylon? No, no! it cannot be! The future shall, the future must, give us a savior who will restore the tottering structure of society upon a surer and more equitable foundation. The nation that never was refused assistance when breakers reared their massive heads will not now call in vain for a pilot to guide her through a troublesome sea.

And let us hope that when the savior comes, that when the tempestuous night has been passed in safety and regenerated, the nation will rise more beautiful than ever; that the wrongs of ages will be righted; and that the castes of the past will give way to the brotherhood of the present. Let us hope that then, in the full bloom of Christian charity, "liberty, equality, fraternity," will exist, not in mere words of law, but in the actions and deeds of man; that these principles will be the watchwords of our nation; that the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man will be the motto engraven upon her banner of progress! Let us hope that then religion—sainted handmaid of the Almighty—will reign uppermost in the hearts of men, the consolation of the laborer, the restrainer of the capitalist. And, living thus in this world of peace and beauty, "mankind will move with linked hands through happy lives to happy deaths with God smiling down upon them from His throne beyond the stars."

Silver Jubilee.

The Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, Rector of St. Kevin's Church, Cummings, Ill., commemorated, on Monday the 8th inst., the Silver Jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the sacred priesthood. The Rev. gentleman kept very secret in regard to the occasion greatly to the regret of numerous friends at Notre Dame, but the following from the *South Chicago Calumet*, while recording the thoughtfulness of friends in the immediate vicinity, may be taken as the expression of sentiments heartily concurred in by all connected with Father O'Sullivan's *Alma Mater*.

"On Monday, June 8, occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the pastor of St. Kevin's Catholic Church, Irondale. No man stands higher in the community than Father O'Sullivan. To know him is to love and respect him, no matter what your creed or faith, or your lack of either. In Father O'Sullivan all recognize a man who works for the good of the people, and who extends a helping hand to the poor and lowly, without regard to their religious belief, even more quickly than to the wealthy who have less need of his aid and sympathy. He is a worthy follower of the meek and lowly Jesus who declared: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me.'

"There was a pleasant gathering at the pastoral residence at Cummings last night to testify to the esteem in which Father O'Sullivan is held, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination was regarded as a fitting occasion. Several of his friends came together to congratulate him. A beautiful escritoire, purchased of the Calumet Furniture Company, was presented to the reverend gentleman by Father Van de Laar, Father Rathz, Messrs. J. J. Fitzgibbon and C. G. Dowling, who also made each an eloquent address appropriate to the event.

"Father Van de Laar made the presentation speech, and in well chosen and feeling language paid a fitting tribute to the many virtues of mind and heart of his esteemed brother and friend, Father O'Sullivan. He concluded by saying that for the quarter of a century that his reverend brother spent in the priesthood he labored zealously in ministering to the wants of the sick, the poor and the orphans of the flocks intrusted to his charge. He hoped that God would give him health and strength to continue his labors in the vineyard of the Lord for many long years after his golden jubilee was celebrated, and that when he would be summoned to the judgment seat he would receive from the beneficent Father of us all a crown of eternal glory.

"Mr. Fitzgibbon said, among other things, that he felt great pride in numbering among the friends of his early youth, when they were fellow-students at Notre Dame University, in the '50's, Father O'Sullivan. His overflowing spirits, good cheer and fellowship made him a strong favorite at that institution of learning. When many of us left off studies and engaged in other pursuits of life, Father O'Sullivan, impelled by his intense love of knowledge, went to that famous and venerable seat of learning, the Louvain University, where he spent nearly seven years in hard study. It is no wonder that he should return to the land of his love, free America, a real university man, and that he was pre-eminently qualified to preach the Gospel, like the Apostles of old, 'in divers tongues.' Although he refers with pride and pleasure to the high honors which have been conferred upon some of his friends—among them Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, and Bishop Spalding, of Peoria—and although I know, as others know, who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and company, that he is a man of superior training and intellect, and has few peers in his calling, yet the great ambition of his life has not been to seek ecclesiastical honors, but to preach the Gospel of Christ

among the poor and lowly, and do good to his fellow beings, regardless of creed or class or race, as becomes the true disciple of Him who loved all the children of Adam, and died for their salvation. Let me say in conclusion that I know my friend, Father O'Sullivan, intimately and well. I can truly say of him that every taint of bigotry and intolerance is foreign to his nature, and that the great purpose of his life is not to injure any human being, but to do good to all.

"Father O'Sullivan replied in a pleasant vein, saying, among other things, he thanked God that the field of his labors was in the grandest country on earth, where there truly existed a free Church in a free state; where the fires of religious prejudice had well-nigh burned out, giving place to the heavenly light of Christian charity, and where the foundations of Christianity had been laid so deep that no efforts of infidelity or agnosticism could ever tear them up. The trials of his ministry for a quarter of a century had been more than amply compensated by the unwavering kindness of all his non-Catholic as well as of his Catholic friends. As he grew older he believed that life was growing nobler and sweeter every day, as men grew to know one another better and sought to elevate their common humanity. But if he had an enemy in the world he hoped to meet him one day, together with all his friends, both saints and sinners, in that paradise of peace and love where all may celebrate the golden jubilee of a glorious immortality."

Father O'Sullivan is now, we believe, the oldest living alumnus of Notre Dame. From his college days, way back in the '50's, he has ever cherished feelings of the warmest affection to *Alma Mater*, and it is with feelings of the greatest pleasure the SCHOLASTIC now records the heartfelt congratulations of all at Notre Dame and their best wishes of *ad multos annos!*

Local Items.

- Line up, Sorin Hall!
- The Juniors were there.
- Reptiles on the third floor.
- "Fitz" caught a fine game.
- "Polysyllabicalioniousness" by J. F. S.
- Father Morrissey's reception in a few days.
- The triples are finished. Examination next week.
- Shoot the whistler! This does not apply to birds.
- Sorin Hall got most. "Touser got the rest of it."
- "Bill. the phenom." put up a good game at second.
- The pitcher for the Brotherhood *Blues* is a dismal failure.
- Captain Gillon was a tower of strength at critical points.
- The Archconfraternity postponed their visit to the Farm on account of rain.
- The *Blues* lose a good man in Murphy. Their infield will be in bad shape.
- Now is the time when the services of the sprinkling cart might prove very acceptable.
- The "old settler" surprised them all by his long hit to centre. The old man hasn't lost his cunning.
- The Ohio team has received no challenges

as yet. Come on, ye mossback Hoosier farmers, and bite the dust.

—The battery work of Murphy and Combe was very fine. If Smith's arm had not given out the result of the game might have been different.

—The Director and members of the Crescent Club Orchestra are greatly indebted to Bro. Marcellinus for the delightful outing they enjoyed in the woods last Thursday.

—Adler Bros. of South Bend have promised to donate a gold medal to the Senior Athletic Associations. These generous gentlemen have the sincere thanks of all the Senior students.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm arrived Monday evening. He brought the cheering intelligence that Very Rev. Father General was rapidly regaining health and strength in the genial clime of sunny France.

—The creditable manner in which the "Sorin Cadets" are drilling is surely pleasing to all who know them. The drills last Sunday morning were very close, and their commanders found it difficult to catch them on anything. G. Funke had to fight very hard to get the first drill, while J. O'Neill was closely contested by Hamilton and Cornell for the second.

—The examinations of the Graduates in the Collegiate Courses take place next Wednesday, June 17. The schedule of examination will be as follows: From 7.30 to 9.30 a. m., Latin and Greek for the classics, and Analytical Mechanics for the civil engineers and scientifics; 10 to 12, English Literature and History for all; 1.30 to 3.30 p. m., Moral Philosophy and Logic for all; 4.30 to 6.30 p. m., Astronomy and Geology for all. The civil engineers will have an examination in Theoretical work and in Chemistry during the English Literature and History hours.

—On Thursday last, at 4 p. m., the members of the N. D. U. Band and the University Glee Club sat down to a sumptuous banquet given through the kind attention of the Rev. Father Mohun, the genial Director of the Band. After this preparation, the Band inaugurated the June open-air concerts. At 6.30 the musicians appeared upon the college veranda, and at once proceeded to delight the hearts of the students large and small. Many choice selections were rendered with a perfection due to practice aided by the careful direction of an accomplished leader. Each number was roundly applauded; a fact which bore testimony to the general appreciation of the auditors, and the universal pleasure afforded by the music of the Band. May its discourse of sweet strains add new charms to each pleasant evening, from now to Commencement, is the wish of its hundreds of admirers!

—LAW CLASS.—Last Monday Mr. Vurpillat read his thesis on "Construction of Contracts."

—The morning class is dealing in the subject of "Common Carriers" and the afternoon class with "Equity and Jurisprudence." "Real Estate" and "Wills" occupy the Quiz hour.—The first case on the docket, called by Clerk Houlihan

on Saturday, June 6, was that of Morgan *vs.* Smith. Messrs. Herman and Regan were counsel for the plaintiff, and Vurpillat and Gaffey for the defendant; Judge Hoynes presided. This was an action on a note. The defendant pleaded that the note was given for merchandise which was represented to be sound, but was unsound and damaged. To this plea the plaintiff demurred on the ground that there was no offer to return the goods. The court held that the merchandise should have been returned to rescind the contract, and gave judgment accordingly in favor of the plaintiff.

—A week ago last Thursday, at 7.30 p. m., the "Sorin Cadets" and Co. "C" gave a reception. The programme began with a "drill-down" of the two companies. This time Co. "C" had the last man up, but he stood up for nearly three-quarters of an hour before the drill was decided. It was one of the most exciting drills ever given at Notre Dame, Master Wellington winning. Masters Loomis, Maternes and Bixby were his close competitors, and he had no little trouble in beating them. Then the reading room of the Sorin Cadets, where the guests and Crescent Club Orchestra were seated, was taken possession of by the companies, while they listened to the programme prepared for the evening. Master James O'Neill, of the "S. C.," gave a recitation, entitled "Sir Hubert's Last Hunt," in a very creditable manner; Dr. Liscombe sang "The Little Beggar Girl" in his usual happy style, and was followed by Master Dirkes, of Co. "C," in a very pleasing selection. The Orchestra played while refreshments were served. Signor and Miss Gregori, Mrs. Ellwanger, Miss Hubbard, Mr. Franks, Profs. Edwards, Liscombe and Ewing and the Crescent Club Orchestra were among the visitors. The companies return thanks to Captain L. Chute and all who helped to fill out the programme.

—The 7th inst. was made eventful in military circles by the inauguration of the series of competitive drills which are to determine the winner of the military medal this year. In former years these contests were decided by the best two out of three drills—and these were the only competitive drills held during the year. As at present arranged, the winner must secure three out of five; and what imparts special interest to the contest is the fact that the members are all fully equipped for the race, owing to the weekly competitive drills which have been held during the present session. The exercises were held on the Carrolls' campus before a large number of spectators. The three companies drilled in turn, Cos. "A" and "B" holding two each, and Co. "C" one. In every case it was a lively race from the start to the finish, and resulted as follows: First drill, Co. "A," G. Lancaster, 1st, closely followed by B. White, Hauskee and J. McConlogue; second drill, G. Lancaster, 1st, with A. Lancaster, McGonigle and T. Flannigan as close contestants. First drill, Co. "B,"

M. Quinlan, 1st, E. Scherrer, 2d; 2d drill, E. Scherrer, 1st, and Boland, 2d. Co. "C," Blumenthal. The Medal for Co. "A," as usual, is presented by Messrs. Kemper & Shaefer, and for Co. "B," by Livingston & Son, merchants of South Bend.

—BASE-BALL—SORINS *vs.* BROWNSONS.—One of the most interesting games on the Senior campus was played on the afternoon of the 7th between Sorin Hall and Brownson Hall. At first it was put down as a very ordinary contest, and no one thought that it would take ten innings to decide the game. The excitement caused by the announcement and actual appearance on the diamond of these two crack teams cannot be described. On the right of the diamond was the Sorin Hall phalanx, while on the left up to eighth inning the Brownsonites were settled down. At that time the Carroll Hall contingent of lusty lungs made their appearance with the avowed intention of "hoodooing" the game. Yells, groans, college cheers and songs frequently interspersed the innings, and gave encouragement (?) to the players.

The game opened with Sorin Hall at bat, and their first batsman, Captain Charles Gillon, was loudly applauded as he stepped into position. His body and one of Joe Smith's in-curves made connection, and he went to first, took second on a wild pitch, and helped himself to third on a passed ball by Joe Combe. Fitzgibbon in the meantime had followed in Gillon's footsteps in the matter of in-curves, and now stood on first. Joyal stepping up to the plate was presented with a base on balls, which moved Fitz to second. The bases were now full, and Thayne coming to the plate hit a straight ball which galloped along to Smith's hands; he took advantage of the chance, and threw Gillon out at the plate. Cartier getting to first on balls brought in Fitzgibbon, and McGrath sacrificing brought Joyal home. McCarthy ended the inning by hitting to short, and was thrown out at first base. For the supporters of Brownson Hall, Keenan walked into the batting lines, and loud huzza's sounded from their division; but three quiet little balls, coming over the plate, retired him. As J. K. Combe came to bat, a look of determination was seen upon his face; and to show that it meant something he sent a rising liner towards third. McCarthy, who holds down that bag, happened to see it coming, and closed his hands over it, much to the delight and gratification of the Sorinites, who acknowledged the play with hearty cheers. Krembs at this interesting juncture reached first on McCarthy's error; Murphy did the same on a like play of C. Gillon's, and Lewis Gillon, stepping up to the plate, cracked out a base-hit which sent both of them home. He was caught at second, however, and so ended the inning. Score 2 to 2.

The game at this stage became thoroughly interesting, and cheer after cheer rent the air as either side made a brilliant play. And so it continued until the ninth, when the Brownson men tied the score. Then the crowd became

uncontrollable, and broke loose in the wildest disorder, and yelled themselves hoarse. In the tenth inning for Sorin Hall, Gillon took first, second and third on Fleming's wild throw; Fitz knocked a grounder to Smith and was put out at first; Joyal got his base on a play; Thayne struck out, and Cartier was put out at first. For the Brownsonites Gillon reached first on Cartier's error, stole second and third on pretty slides; Bell reached first on a play, Lew Gillon being thrown out at the plate. Fleming flew out to O'Brien; Covert reached first on a play; Smith on McCarthy's error, and with two out Keenan came to bat. He hit a grounder to Charlie Gillon, and the game was over.

These teams will play again on the 14th inst. The following is the complete score:

SORIN HALL.										A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Gillon, p.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	2	1	1	10	3				
Fitzgibbon, c.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	9	3	0				
Joyal, c. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	2	0	0	0	0				
Thayne, 2d b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	0	4	1	0				
Cartier, 1st b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	1	10	0	1				
McGrath, r. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	1	0	0				
McCarthy, 3d b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	4	4	3				
O'Brien, s. s.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	1	1	1	1	0				
Santer, l. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	1	0	0	0	0				
<i>Totals</i>										41	10	6	30	19	7				
BROWNSON HALL.										A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Keenan, c. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6	1	2	1	0	0				
Combe, c.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	2	2	10	1	0				
Krembs, 2d b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	1	0	1	1	0				
Murphy, p. and s. s.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	2	1	2	7	0				
Gillon, l. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	2	0	0	1				
Bell, r. f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	0	0	0	0				
Fleming, 3d b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	2	1	0	2	2				
Covert, 1st b.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	1	1	14	2	1				
Smith, p. and s. s.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	0	0	1	12	0				
<i>Total</i>										43	9	9	*29	25	4				
SCORE BY INNINGS:—										1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
SORIN HALL:—										2	1	1	2	2	1	0	0	0	1—10
BROWNSON HALL:—										2	3	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	0—9

* Runner out for being hit with batted ball.

Summary: *Earned runs*: Brownson Hall, 3; Sorin Hall, 1. *Two base hit*: Fitzgibbon. *Home run*: Keenan. *Stolen bases*: Brownsons, 10; Sorins, 6. *Sacrifice hits*: Brownsons, 2; Sorins, 2. *Double plays*: Murphy to Covert to Combe. *Base on balls*: off Gillon, 3; off Smith, 2; off Murphy, 3. *Hit by pitched ball*: by Murphy, 1; by Smith, 4. *Struck out* by Gillon, 4; by Smith, 4; by Murphy, 2. *Passed ball*: Combe. *Wild Pitches*: Murphy, 1; Smith, 1. *Time of game*: 2 hours, 40 minutes. *Umpires*: Coady and Cavanagh. *Scorers*: Dacy and Hennessey.

Board of Examiners.

[Under the general supervision of Rev. President Walsh.]

CLASSICAL COURSE—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. M. Mohun; Mr. Jas. Burns; Prof. John G. Ewing, Secretary; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Prof. Maurice Francis Egan.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, Rev. J. Kirsch; Prof. M. J. McCue, Prof. A. F. Zahm, Prof. Neal H. Ewing, Prof. E. Gallagher, Sec.

COMMERCIAL COURSE—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Mr. J. Cavanaugh, Secretary; Bros. Marcellinus, Philip, Theogene, and Prof. M. O'Dea.

SENIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. J. French, presiding; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Thomas; Prof. Ackerman; Messrs. Morrison and Paradis.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. Wm. R. Connor, presiding; Mr. E. Murphy, Secretary; Brothers Alexander, Marcellus, Hugh, Alphonsus and Mr. L. Herman.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Brelsford, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hackett, Hummer, Hoover, Lonergan, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Paquette, Rothert, O. Sullivan, Schaack, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, Vurpillat, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Brown, Brookfield, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, Coady, Corrigan, Chilcote, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Dechant, Devanny, Delany, T. Flanagan, Frizzelle, Fleming, L. Gillon, Green, Heard, Hauskee, Houlihan, Hubbard, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, M. Kelly, T. King, Kennedy, Layton, Langan, M. Mozier, Manly, Mitchell, Maurus, Monarch, Magnus, McAuliff, H. Murphy, F. McKee, J. McKee, McConlogue, McErlain, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, F. Moshier, Newman, Olde, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, O'Shea, Powers, Phillips, Robinson, Ragan, Stanton, Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Vital, White, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Chassaing, Casey, Cole, Carney, Coe, Connelly, Connell, Connors, Coll, Cummings, Corry, Clarke, Dion, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Dempsey, Eagan, Foley, Farrell, Falk, Flannigan, Fleming, Falvey, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Gibson, H. Gilbert, Girsch, Gerlach, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund, Des Garennes, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Jackson, Keogh, Kearney, Kennedy, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, Lorie, La Moure, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Molitor, Monarch, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Miles, Nichols, Neef, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Renesch, Roper, Roberts, A. Regan, Rend, Shimp, Schillo, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sullivan, Treff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Tod, Thomas, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yates, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, Blumenthal, Burns, Bixby, Christ, Curry, Croke, Corry, E. Crepeau, O. Crepeau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cornell, Cross, Coon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Chapoton, S. Donnell, L. Donnell, Durand, Drant, Everest, Ezekiel, Fuller, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, B. Freeman, Fossick, J. Freeman, Fischer, W. Finnerty, Funke, Gavin, Griesheimer, Girsch, Hoffman, Hathaway, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, Kern, Keeler, Krollman, King, Kuehl, Kinney, E. LaMoure, Loughran, Lawton, Lee, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langevin, Loomis, W. LaMoure, Lounsbury, Londoner, Lonergan, Langley, Levi, McIntyre, McCarthy, Maternes, McPhillips, Marre, MacLeod, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGinley, Nichols, Otero, O'Connor, O'Neill, Paul, Platts, Patier, Pellenz, Pieser, Ransome, Russell, Roesing, Ronning, Rose, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Stone, Steele, Stephens, Thomas, Trankle, Trujillo, Vorhang, Washburne, Wilcox, Warburton, B. White, Windmuller, Wolf, Young, Zoehrlaut.

Letters from the Archives of Bishops'
Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

XVII.

Letters written by Bishop Lamy to Archbishop Blanc. Presented to the archives by Most Rev. Archbishop Janssens.

"EL PASSO DEL NORTE, MEXICO, June 29, 1851.

"MONSEIGNEUR:

"After a journey of six weeks on the plains we arrived here. The country we saw has nothing very interesting—barren plains, barren mountains—with the exception of a few places. The last week there was a great scarcity of water and grass. Then we generally travelled at night.

We had beautiful weather, some days rather too warm, but the nights were delightful; we generally preferred to sleep out than in our tent. We did not use it much except for Mass. We had the consolation to offer the Divine Sacrifice, at least one of us, almost every day. The first week I felt rather stiff from lying on a mere blanket, but I soon got used to it, and I never enjoyed my rest better.

"There are three fine villages near El Paso on the Texan side. When the people heard of my arrival, they came several miles to meet us. In one place particularly, called Sucorro, I had a grand reception with music, national guards, arks of triumph, etc. Circumstances obliged me the next morning to make *mon premier début* in public *en la lengua de Dios* to a crowded congregation. We are now at the house of the cura d'El Paso, who kindly offered us hospitality. This village of El Paso is truly a beautiful spot. They have here all kinds of fruits; they make good wine. It rains very seldom; it has not rained to any consequence these two years, but irrigation supplies the want of rain water. This is a place very much scattered. It contains at least eight thousand inhabitants. The people seem to be good and docile. Their houses are of mud; they call it, I think, adobe, but very clean inside; it is so warm that many go half naked. The few churches that I have seen are of the same materials as the houses, but they might be kept in better order with very little trouble.

"I have yet four hundred miles to go; but after I have travelled one third of it, I will get in the pueblos of New Mexico, and see at least the half of my district before I reach Santa Fé. From what I have heard, and the little I have seen here, no doubt I may expect to meet with serious difficulties and obstacles, but my hope is in the God of power. Please, Monseigneur, to remember me in your prayers, and also to recommend me to the prayers of the Ursuline Sisters who have been so kind to me. I hope my little niece is well and doing well. I received news from her parents; they are all well. I expect to start this week for Santa Fé.

"Your most obedient serv't and devoted friend,

"✠ JOHN LAMY, *Vic. Ap. of N. Mexico.*"

XVIII.

"BLUE RIVER CAMP, August 6, 1852.

"MONSEIGNEUR:

"I am writing to you from under a tree twenty miles west from Independence. The first time I went to New Mexico I met with some *contretemps*; but it seems that the Divine Providence has been pleased to send me this time more severe trials, disappointments and troubles than at my first start. A good priest from the diocese of Cleveland was coming with me to share the labor of our mission in New Mexico, but he died of the cholera at St. Louis on the 11th of July. His name was Rev. M. Pendeprat. From St. Louis to Independence the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Loreto died also of the cholera, on board the steamboat *Kansas*, the 16th of July; the same day another Sister was taken sick and is yet very low. I have been obliged to leave her at Independence to my great regret. Two more Sisters were also attacked by the same dreadful epidemic, but, thank God, they got over it. My Mexican priest has been very sick, and now he is just able to travel in a carriage; besides, I have lost nine of my best animals. You know that we have to travel through the plains with caravans, and that everything has to be brought by wagons. Besides some animals I had here, I bought a few more, but I have lost a great number of them. I have been very much fatigued myself, but still God has given me the grace to bear all with patience, and my strong constitution has stood the labor and the care I had on my mind. I hope to take a fair start to-morrow for the plains; we are only two or three miles from the boundaries between the State of Missouri and the Indian Territory. I have twenty-five persons in my company, ten wagons or other conveyances. My expenses are very great; but still, with God's help, I hope to meet all in one or two years. Recommending myself to your prayers, I have the honor to be,

"Your most grateful friend and ob't serv't,

"✠ JOHN LAMY, *Vic. Ap. of N. Mexico.*"

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. M. Eagan, O. P., St. Paul, Minn., was a welcome visitor during the past week.

—The pupils of the Minim department are deeply grateful to Mother General for recent favors received, and return sincere thanks.

—On Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, was finished the devotion of the "nine Fridays," all the members of the Confraternity receiving Holy Communion at the early Mass.

—The sermon preached by the Rev. chaplain on last Sunday was an earnest and thoughtful discourse upon the lessons taught by the Gospel of the day, in which he depicted the tenderness of the Good Shepherd in behalf of the wanderers of His fold.

—The shadows of the coming examinations are already falling on the countenances of many, and faces, lately wreathed in smiles, begin to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Text-books have become so many *Vade Mecums*, and there is a general movement all along the line preparatory to the coming trial.

—"Now blessings light on him who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, which sentiment is cordially endorsed by the pupils, though their morning slumbers have often been rudely disturbed by sundry discordant bells, etc. However, on Wednesday morning they enjoyed their last long sleep for the present scholastic year, and rose at seven o'clock, thoroughly refreshed by the sweet restorer of tired nature.

—On Tuesday last, the many friends of Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., were delighted to welcome him again in their midst, after a short and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic. Not the sunny skies of France, nor the delights of gay Paris could rival, in his estimation, the charms of the land of the free; and only had power to make the reverend traveller feel the truth of the words: "There is no place like home." The genial climate of France proving so favorable to the health of Very Rev. Father General, a longer stay was decided upon for him. Though at the closing exercises, and elsewhere, we shall miss the familiar presence of our beloved Father, yet we are willing to make a sacrifice which for him will be productive of results so beneficial.

Prof. M. F. Egan on "The Drama."

Recognizing the fascinations of the drama for the minds of the young, and with a view to guard them against the theatre's seductive glitter and glare, Prof. Egan gave, as his closing lecture for the scholastic year, "The Modern Stage." Tracing it back to the early miracle plays, the lecturer showed that the English drama had its origin in Christianity, growing

gradually, until it produced that prince of dramatists—Shakspeare. It was also shown that the drama of the past, lacking the accessories of the modern stage, depended for its success upon the genius of the actor,—as in the days when Garrick as Lear melted the Londoners to tears, the effect secured was not the result of elaborate stage setting, nor was it due to the costumer's art, but to the power of the man's genius over hearts. Reference was made to the fact that in the drama of to-day, machinery has almost superseded art; and that the drawing power of a play depends, not so much upon the histrionic merit of the star and his support, as on the realistic stage-setting. Several of the popular plays were mentioned, which, though not objectionable in language, were shown to be so from a moral standpoint, being all the more dangerous from their insidious teachings. The startling proposition was laid down that the stage owed its morality or immorality to the influence of woman; and that the latter, by her presence at questionable plays, gave a tacit consent to the degradation of her sex, hence could not consistently oppose it in real life. Again, as the theatre reflects the public taste, the power possessed by the young women of to-day to lift it to a higher plane was emphasized, when only it would become a means of elevation and cultivation. The so-called typical "Irish play" was then dissected, the speaker using the scalpel of sarcasm with telling effect, while he insisted that "a play of Shakspeare well acted, is a liberal education in itself." Hamlet, Mr. Edwin Booth's great impersonation, was cited as a finished piece of acting that none could afford to miss, in which sentiment all must concur, who have witnessed that tragedian's perfect portrayal of the "Melancholy Dane." The "Cassius" of Lawrence Barrett,—that star who lately sank below the dramatic horizon—was adverted to as one of consummate power, and queen among those gentlewomen who, though breathing the theatrical atmosphere, yet "wore the white flower of a stainless life," was named Miss Anderson.

Since, then, the theatre holds so prominent a place among the great institutions for the education of the public, it cannot be overlooked or ignored. The thinking and experienced admit that it is an enormous power for good or evil; and in view of this fact, Mr. Egan's choice of subject was a happy one—one whose lessons, let us hope, will influence aright the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to hear it.

In Cloister Shades.

The sun in golden glory sinks to rest;
The western sky reflects its dying rays;
But ere its beams have faded into night,
The stars in silence throng the violet skies.
Now nature seeks repose, while over earth
There falls a sense of peace and holy joy;
The heart of man is raised on high, and seems
Each breeze to waft his prayers to Mercy's throne.

When lo! a silver bow in heaven's expanse
 Is seen; a lovelier light more pure than that
 Of day, like to a silver glory, shines
 Upon the placid stream, while over rocks
 And hills are poured the arrowy rays,—all earth
 Is bathed in mellow light. Softly the beams
 Caress the cross-crowned dome, as if
 Bright angel hosts kept silent vigil there.
 But hark! on hush and calm of evening air
 Is softly borne the peal of vesper bells;
 Then from the convent portals softly glide
 The white-veiled forms of Mary's children fond;
 And 'neath Loreto's dome, round her loved shrine,
 Are heard the winged words of loving prayer.
 Now night is past, and wrapped in veil of mist
 The morn is breaking, while in eastern skies
 The blushing clouds announce the king of day.
 The heavens are faintest violet softly flecked
 With fleecy clouds, now turned to gold, anon
 With magic light the sky is filled, and day
 Is born. While sweet-voiced warblers fill the air
 With joyous song, the morning breezes waft
 To heaven sweet incense from the opening flowers.
 The river, flashing in the sunlight, winds
 Along its curving shore, and seems to love-lit eyes
 Like golden crescent, seen in pictures old,
 Low-lying at our own loved Mother's feet.
 O blest St. Mary's, each fair season has
 For thee new beauties rare; 'tis here the skies
 From brightest azure deepen into tints
 Of purple, flush to rose, or glow to gold!
 The sweetest flowerets of the vale bloom here;
 In darkest glade of woodland nature strews
 With lavish hand her richest store, and smiles
 Through mists of showers, bidding flowers to bloom
 In dark and leafy dells, wherein the birds
 In gladness sing their merry lay, and bathed
 In sunshine float the happy hours. 'Tis here
 Where God and man have beautified the land,
 Till earth no fairer bowers has, and where
 Removed far from noise of world without
 Sweet peace—a virgin fair like to a dove—
 Builds her pure home, and flies not far away.
 'Tis meet that here the heart and mind of youth
 Be upward raised and trained for life's dread fray.
 Within Loreto's chapel many a heart
 Has thrilled at glimpses rare of heaven's joys,
 As words of love and hope to listening ears
 Were borne from those anointed of the Lord.
 O convent home, O happy, peaceful days,
 The future holds no sweeter joy than thine!
 Here snowy threads of purity and prayer
 Are woven into fabrics bright to wrap,
 As in a mantle fair, our future lives.
 Forth from thy cloistered shades to busy scenes
 Of worldly strife have many young hearts gone,
 Armed for life's combat with prayer's golden shield.
 For us, e'en now upon the vibrant air,
 Is striking low the parting hour sad;
 Mayhap, across the waste of coming years
 Our hearts, like wind-swept harp-strings, then will thrill
 At memory's touch, as some lost chord divine,
 Will wake to life again, and youthful dreams
 Revive, till eyes grow moist and voices blend
 In blessings on thy name and those who trained
 Our hearts and minds to highest, noblest aims.

ANNA E. HOWE,
Second Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Buck, Bassett, Bunbury, M. Byrnes, Black, Bogart, J. Currier, Coleman, Charles, E. Churchill, Cohoon, Carpenter, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, D. Davis, Dempsey, Margaret Donehue, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Holmes, Hopkins, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, McFarland, K. Morse, N. Morse, M. Murphy, A. Moynahan, M. Moore, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pugsley, Quinlan, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, M. Smyth, Sena, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Witkowski, Whitmore, Wolff, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boos, M. H. Bachrach, M. Burns, M. G. Bachrach, Clifford, Coady, Crandall, Culp, M. Davis, B. Davis, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, P. Germain, K. Hamilton, E. Hammond, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Meskill, O'Mara, Quealy, Reeves, Shaffer, Scherrer, Schaefer, A. Seeley, J. Smyth, Soper, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Wurzburg, E. Wagner, White, C. Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, N. Young.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses G. Clarke, E. Murphy.
 2D CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.
 3D CLASS—Misses Kimmell, McGuire, Nacey, Thirds.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison.
 2D CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Hurff, Bero, Balch, Nester, D. Davis, Lynch, Howe.
 3D CLASS—Misses Bassett, Sanford, Dempsey, A. Ryan, Tormey, McFarland, Wile, G. Roberts, M. Hess, Maude Hess, Fitzpatrick, Murison, M. Byrnes, A. E. Dennison, Tod, S. Hamilton.
 2D DIV.—Misses Evoy, Young, M. Burns, E. Burns, M. Moore.
 4TH CLASS—Misses Eisenstädt, Bunbury, Fitzsimmons, Brady, N. Moore, Smyth, K. Ryan, M. Donehue, F. Carpenter, Buck, D. Johnson, K. Hamilton, Kelly, Gilmore, Holmes, Kinney, Charles, A. McPhillips, Sena, Galvin, McCormack, Doble.
 5TH CLASS—Misses Egan, Windsor, L. McPhillips, M. Hamilton.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Lauth, Nickel, K. Morse, Quealy, C. Hurley.
 2D DIV.—Misses S. Ludwig, Wile, Nacey, Mollie Hess, Bassett, Minnie Hess.
 3D CLASS—Misses Eisenstädt, L. Adelsperger, Kellner, M. Wagner, M. G. Bachrach.
 4TH CLASS—Misses Dreyer, Boos, Augustin, Churchill, Green, C. Kasper, Root.
 5TH CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Haitz, M. Kirley, C. Young, Witkowski, Kieffer, Quinlan, M. Cohoon, M. H. Bachrach.
 2D DIV.—Misses G. Johnson, T. Ryder, A. Seely, L. Adelsperger, B. Winstandley, Bartholomew.