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To Rev. President Walsh.\*

Roses, they live but the lifetime of roses,  
Summers go by, and their glory is past;  
Soft in the springtime, the cloud-world discloses  
A glimpse of blue sky, and the day is o'ercast;

Roses, they live and are gone with the summer;  
Lilies they bloom and are dead with the night,—  
And a like welcome for each yearly comer  
Have Time's heartless children, the Hours, in flight!

Time has no heart; he welcomes the flowers,  
He welcomes the frost, and he welcomes the leaves;  
Heartless is he, and his children, the Hours,  
Care not, in truth, whether man joys or grieves;

Onward they go, in the sunshine and gloaming,  
Onward they go, in the cold and the heat,  
Onward they go, amid smiling or moaning,  
Ceaseless as sea-waves that break at our feet.

How shall we conquer, how shall we bind Time?  
How shall we force him to yield us a boon?  
Where in the cities or woods shall we find Time?  
Where, in the sunshine or under the moon?

For he is going,—he flies while I'm speaking,—  
Each tick of the clock is the sound of his shoe.  
How shall we find a charm for his keeping?  
How shall we hold him—Time? If we knew!

Roses, they live but the lifetime of roses,  
And wishes and hopes cannot make them remain.  
Come, let us find, ere this happy year closes,  
An anchor to hold Time, a cord or a chain!

If we could keep him, we'd keep *you* here ever,  
(Always a feast!) and you'd never grow old;  
If we could seize him by our frail endeavor,  
We'd call on St. Thomas, and keep a tight hold!

If we could see him, if we could grasp him,—  
If he were a bird,—there'd be salt for his tail!  
We'd stop him at Christmas, if we could clasp him,  
And keep him there tight, if our strength should not fail.

But we can't find him by mere earthly grasping:  
Come, let us keep him with love that is strong,  
And, then, O Time, your old wings may go rasping  
All things but our hearts, for love is their song!

And you, Father, friend, shall hear our hearts singing  
In chorus to Time, all his wiles we defy;  
He cries: "I must go!" Our answer, out-ringing:  
"Our memories shall live, though your weak minutes die!"

"Our memories shall live with the Love of you, Pastor,—  
Our shepherd so kind of the lambs and the sheep,—  
Go, go, cruel Time, though faster and faster,  
You cannot touch us who warm our hearts keep!"

Roses, they live but the lifetime of roses,  
(These roses we give you will last but a day)  
But, till the door of our life fairly closes,  
Your care and your Love will be with us alway;

With memories bind we the limbs of the Flitter,  
With love we shall warm him, in spite of his frost,  
And, turning from all that is tinsel and glitter,—  
(The tinsel of time!) cry: "your love is not lost!"

Newman and Wiseman as Novelists.

BY E. F. DU BRUL, '92.

Talleyrand, courtier and diplomatist, used to say: "Language is given to conceal thought." While no sane-minded person will agree with him in this sweeping assertion, we must admit that there is a shadow of truth in it. Spoken language may conceal thought, and very effectually too, as Talleyrand himself showed us; but in a literary work of any length, Talleyrand's axiom does not hold good. Why do I say a work of length? Because in a short work, as an essay, for instance, one may keep oneself in the background. An essayist treats of facts. He has them ready, and he but proceeds to develop, expand, examine and criticize them. His subject is fixed, and he never goes outside of the limits of that subject, never bringing his imagination into play, never creating anything. The province of a poet, dramatist or novelist lies in the realm of fancy. His productions may be founded on facts, but around them such

\* Address from the Minims on the occasion of the celebration of the Festival of St. Thomas.

a garb of romance is woven as to completely disguise them. It is in the weaving of this garb that the poet's imagination is brought into play. An essayist can borrow another's facts, but a novelist cannot borrow another's imagination. The reason that, in a work of reality, one may conceal his thought is, that in such a work he is self-conscious; and, being wrapped up in his subject, he does not draw upon his fancy. In a work of fiction, however, one must use his imagination. Now, character depends upon the use, good or bad, to which we put our faculties. If we see how a man uses his faculties we can read his character. Imagination is one of the mental faculties, and as we may see in a work of fiction to what use this imagination is put, we can read the writer's character. As an illustration of the first case, we have Bacon; as one of the second, we have Shakspeare. All that we know of Bacon's character we learn from history; but we can read Shakspeare's character in his plays, and the interpretation derived therefrom tallies with historical truth. The same thing applies to Newman and Wiseman. We can read their characters from their novels.

Now, let us show this. As instances, we will take the novels "Callista," by Newman, and "Fabiola," by Wiseman. "Callista" deals with the mutual relations between pagans and Christians during the reign of the emperor Decius; "Fabiola" treats of the manners, customs, and daily life of the faithful during Dioclesian's reign. Thus, in the very choice of subjects, we find something to support our theory. Newman, his mind continually engaged with questions of faith, morals, and philosophy, has embodied many of these questions in his novel. Wiseman, however, being more of a student of history and antiquities, has given us in his book the results of his study.

A novel is supposed to be a true and faithful picture of the times it treats of; the truer the picture, the better the novel. In reading carefully the two books before mentioned, one is immediately struck by the fact that "Fabiola" leaves the better impression upon him. Why is this? It is because of the principle just laid down. It is because Wiseman has given us the better picture of the lives of the early Christians that we like his novel better than Newman's. As an essayist, critic, logician, poet or theologian, Newman ranked among the best; but as a novelist, he was not successful. The reason for this is easily found. An author cannot draw his characters from himself; he must delineate his friends or acquaintances. This is just what Newman did not do. He tried to imagine all his characters,

and, as a result, we have a good picture of his own character in Callista, and several others that cannot approach her in excellence. His book is full of this spirit of self-consciousness. In reading it, we hear not Callista, nor Agellius, but Newman.

With Wiseman it is just the contrary. While Newman forced others, Wiseman led them. The characters of "Fabiola" are drawn from various sources; but we notice the absence of the sameness that we find in "Callista." Each character represents, not a part of some one else, but the author himself. In "Fabiola" we see nought of the writer; our interest is taken up in his work. This is well illustrated by comparing two passages one from each book. In "Callista," the heroine rejects Agellius, and in "Fabiola" Agnes treats Fulvius in a similar manner. Callista shows Agellius by hard logic and irrefutable arguments how inconsistent he is with his profession of the Christian Faith. Agnes, on the other hand, attempts to enter into no discussion, but in words full of faith and love tells her suitor how hopeless are his chances; tells him of the Bridegroom to whom she has already plighted her troth. Her words are simple, yet what could be so sweet and touching as the manner of her reply?

In these two passages we see the difference between the writers. Newman is faultless in style, irresistible in logic, and yet Wiseman makes a better impression upon us, and shows us more clearly the beauties of our Faith. Newman appeals to the mind, Wiseman to the heart; and everyone knows which appeal is the stronger.

Another point in "Fabiola's" favor is, that the interest is centred, not upon the characters of the book, as is the case with "Callista," but upon the whole Church. While reading of the acts of Sebastian, Agnes, or Pancratius, we feel that in their persons are represented all true and faithful followers of the Cross. In "Callista" we see that it is not any Christian, but Newman himself who speaks.

As to style, "Callista" is far superior to "Fabiola." This, of course, is only what we expect. Newman was the greatest master of style that the English language has ever produced, and therefore it is not surprising that "Callista," though the lesser novel of the two on the whole, should be the greater in this respect. The style of "Callista" is bold, simple, strong and precise to a degree seldom attained in English. The style in "Fabiola" is clear and strong, but somewhat florid and disconnected. In explanation of this we will state that the floridity was

acquired from the Italians, for Wiseman spent most of his youth at Rome; and the disconnectedness was caused by the fact that he wrote the book "bit by bit, in all sorts of places, and at all sorts of times." Newman is terse, Wiseman copious; Newman, in treating a question, proves his assertion more concisely, Wiseman more loosely.

In "Callista" we are struck by the excellence of two passages. These are, the one cited above—Callista's rejection of Agellius—and the possession of Juba. The former is a magnificent piece of style and logic, the latter a good example of description. In "Fabiola" it is extremely difficult to select the best passages. Judging by the wonderful evenness of the novel, Wiseman either never had moments of inspiration, or else he was always inspired. After long and careful study I have come to the conclusion that the passages describing the deaths of Agnes and Pancratius are the best. There is a charm in reading of the happy and glorious deaths of these young saints that is found nowhere else in the whole work. While we are sorry that they are cut off in the very bloom of youth, yet we are glad because we know that they have received the eternal reward for their sufferings.

There is but one character in "Callista" that bears a resemblance to a character in "Fabiola." This is Callista herself. The resemblance between her and Fabiola is very striking. Both were women of superior intellect and education; both had studied, doubted and finally denied the existence of the gods; in the end the light of Faith dawned upon them, dispelling their mental darkness and leading them into the fold of the true Church. Here also do we see the characteristics of both writers well brought out. Callista is a better character than Fabiola. Newman's bent was toward the philosophical; and as he was a greater philosopher than Wiseman, his philosophical character, Callista, is naturally greater than Wiseman's, Fabiola. As to the other characters, it was simply impossible for Newman to create such as Pancratius, Agnes, Sebastian or Miriam. He has some fairly good characters in Agellius and Cæcilius, but they cannot come up to the standard of Wiseman's personages.

Wiseman is known, not by his lectures, for many of those on science are now of impaired value, but by his novel. Newman, however, is much more known than Wiseman, not by his novel, but by his lectures and essays. Thus we see that, although one may be in the first rank in some branches of literature, if he enter any but his proper sphere he is greatly surpassed by others who are his equals neither in thought nor in style.

### The Elegy in English.

BY H. C. MURPHY, '93.

The Italians, from the time of Giotto, have been conceded the highest place in painting. To the Germans has been granted pre-eminence in music; and we cannot dispute it, so long as they produce such musicians as Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Liszt. We reserve for ourselves, the English-speaking race, the proud title of leaders in literature. Dante and Goethe, too, are shining lights in the firmament of letters, and each may have admirers in Italy, Germany, France, and even England and America; yet the first, true and only literary love of an Englishman or an American is one of those sweet poets who wrote in our own tongue. The names of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Longfellow and Tennyson will ever be held in reverence by true men.

Poets are the guides and educators of mankind. They teach, in song and story, the duties of man towards man, and man towards God. They show us the good, the true and the beautiful, and when tuning their lays in the exaltation of God, they reach the sublime.

The poet expresses in noble words, in rhythm, in figure and in melody the music of good and true men. He speaks to us in the manner of a father, cheering and comforting and inspiring us to nobler efforts, truer work. Without him we should indeed be in the dark. The true poet is a true man, and his work will raise a thousand echoes in the avenues of time.

When a bard extols the virtues of a departed hero or friend, he writes true poetry which time alone cannot destroy. The fruit of his labors can never die while civilized man exists. Pillars of stone and solid masonry stand, like grim sentinels, guarding the last resting-place of thousands. They are regarded with feelings of awe, and perhaps reverence, by some few mortals; but do they enlist sympathy? I answer, no. Marble, like the mammoth icebergs of the Northern seas, freezes the heart, and drives away pity and love. And then, too, do they long remain solid? The question requires no answer. We have but to go to some cemetery and look upon the crumbling or perhaps fallen masonry. Monuments, be they taller than the snow-capped mountain peaks, which seem to the bewildered eye of man to touch the blue canopy of heaven, cannot last forever.

Father Time, rushing on with awful speed, can one day look upon the ruins of these lofty temples of the dead, and say: "Pillar, you once

thought yourself powerful enough to withstand the ravages of my mystic wand, but you are conquered. No work of man can ever outwit me. It must one day, sooner or later, acknowledge my power. No more shall wondering man look upon you, in your might and power, for you have at last ceased to be. You are mine at last, all mine!"

When man receives the summons of his Father, when the curtain of death is rung down on a life well spent, and grief takes rough hold of friends and admirers, let no lofty tombstone then be raised to mar the beauty of Nature's bed; rather let the Muse, in sweetest measure, write the epitaph. In mournful melody, let the poet praise the living works of the dear departed; and in the ages to come posterity will rejoice in the possession of that richest treasure,—the elegy. No gilded monument erected to preserve the memory of the dead can soothe the grief of nations. Poetry alone can do that. It alone can cheer and comfort the bleeding hearts of those who are left behind to guide their barks through the stormy ocean of life.

The elegy is the most beautiful form of lyric poetry, its noble aim being the remembrance of the dead. The word *Elegios* is probably not Greek, but borrowed from the Lydians, and means a plaintive melody accompanied by the flute. The elegy marks the first transition from the epic to the lyric proper. Callinus, of Ephesus, was the first representative, and wrote about 700 B. C. After this school the emotional element predominated. It had among its disciples Phanocles, Philetus, Callimachus and Cyrene, the master of them all.

Probably the first real elegy which has come down to us was written by Musæus, a Greek poet of the fifth century. The poem was written on the death of Hero, the beautiful priestess of Vesta at Sestius. Hero, one of the most beautiful women of her time, was deeply attached to Leander, a youth of Abydos, who every night, escaping from the vigilance of his family, swam the Hellespont, while Hero at Sestius directed his course by holding a burning torch on the top of a high tower. Leander, however, was at last drowned on a tempestuous night as he attempted his usual course, and Hero, in despair, threw herself from her tower and perished in the sea. Keats describes the death of Leander in these touching lines:

"Sinking away to his young spirit's night,  
Sinking bewildered 'neath the dreary sea,  
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death."

Musæus displayed considerable talent in this work, and it is a sweet and pleasing lyric.

Toward the end of the Roman Republic the poets took up this emotional type of the elegy and closely imitated it. The Romans soon surpassed the Greek masters, both in the warmth of feeling and finish of style. The most famous of these poets were Ovid, Tibullus and Gallus. Thus we see that to the Greeks belongs the honor of the invention of the elegiac form of poetry. They made possible the great elegies of modern times. To them indirectly we owe Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Shelley's "Adonais," and many other pleasing lyrics.

### I.

The poem "Lycidas" was a tribute to the memory of Milton's school friend and fellow-student, Edward King, who was lost at sea in a voyage to Ireland. King was a Fellow at Christ's Church, Cambridge, at the time of his death, and during their school-days he and Milton had been warm friends.

There are events which happen in the school-days of young men that tend to cement the bonds of fellowship and brotherly love quite as strongly through life as the mystic bond of freemasonry itself. Lifetime affections are not uncommon among college mates, and the friendship between King and Milton only ripened with age. Happy schoolboys grow up and become men—tossed on the stormy billows of life's ocean—and still the germ of friendship for old companions remains in their souls.

Years and years may pass, and still they look back to the springtime of their lives, before the cold, bleak winter wind had wrinkled the brow and iced the heart, and they fondly remember the friends and playmates of their happy boyhood days. Such was the case of Milton, and he felt King's death keenly. Bowed down with sorrow, the bard of song puts his heart into his words, and makes his own grief the reader's. This elegy, however, contains no deep grief, as gleams of sunshine continually drive away the clouds of sorrow and despondency.

Samuel Johnson, a man possessing but little of the genius of Milton, says: The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers displeasing." This sweeping condemnation of the elegy is harsh, unjust and untrue. But few who read the poem will accept such criticism; for, in truth, "Lycidas" is one of the most beautiful and interesting of elegies. It answers to a true poetic sensibility, as it has a melody, a youthful sweetness and a fluency of expression which many of his other poems have not.

The opening of the poem is singularly beau-

tiful, owing to the combination of a series of poetic words, which chains the reader's attention, and makes a most charming effect. Mark these lines:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime—  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

The death of a man in the morning of life is always pathetic, and friends and relatives feel such a death keenly. Just as the rose, having opened its petals to the warm, sweet wind and morning dew, and some ruthless invader tears it from its thorny home, so Lycidas was torn from the thorny path of life, and carried in a golden chariot to the home of his Father.

While reading this great elegy we are kept in a state of mingled excitement to the end, as the contrasts of sorrow, hope and glory are marvellous. Everything that enters into the composition of the poem is poetical, fresh and picturesque. Genuine grief, hopeful and glorious, although melancholy, is portrayed here.

## II.

"Thou wert the morning star among the living,  
Ere thy fair life had fled;  
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving  
New splendor to the dead."

This beautiful translation of Plato was quoted by Shelley upon the death of John Keats, the sweet poet with whom he deeply sympathized. "Adonais" was awakened in Shelley not only by his sympathy with Keats, but also by the resemblance of the fate of Keats to his own. The two friends had natures in no way like each other. Shelley was quick, impulsive, fiery; Keats, quiet, tranquil, sensitive.

The undeserved and unjust criticism which both received help to form the bond of sympathy and love between them. Keats' "Endymion" was the brunt of most savage censure, and Shelley's poems fared little better. Keats never rallied from the effects of this criticism; while Shelley, like Pope, ridiculed it, and bitterly attacked its authors.

It is strange to look back nearly seventy years, and to think that when Shelley died scarcely fifty people cared to read his poetry; and even these did not understand it. "Adonais" was shunned. Its abstract spirituality and philosophy removed it from the ordinary apprehension. But now it is given the appreciation it deserves; for, as Shelley himself said, "it is a highly wrought piece of art." It does not appeal to the heart

as many of Longfellow's poems do, yet its wild self-sorrow is touching in the extreme.

The poem is remarkable for its treatment of the different spirits. The Dreams which hover around Adonais, the Splendors and Glooms, Spring wild with grief, Echo singing in the hills, —Shelley has given them all being. He creates these impalpable personages, and describes them in such a way that the reader is almost made to believe in their existence. This description of the dreams is very beautiful:

"And others came, . . . Desires and Adorations,  
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies;  
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies;  
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream."

But with this work Shelley's book of life was closed. No more were his sweet warblings to be heard by man. Echo alone can repeat them. From river, crag and forest she alone must whisper back the sweet songs of this wearied bard. Shelley loved the wind, the storm, the sea, and in the latter's hoary breast he sank, never more to rise. The sirens snatched from his lips the music of the soul; and as the angry waves of ocean roared and dashed over his lifeless body, all Nature wept. But the sea gave up its dead, and all that was left of poor Shelley was buried in a dark nook of the Aurelian wall in sunny Italy. So deep is that last resting-place that the violets blossom later there than over the mound of daisies and forget-me-nots which shuts from the view of an unfriendly world the dust of poor Adonais.

## III.

"In Memoriam" was written in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, one of Tennyson's nearest and dearest friends, who died far from home, friends and native land. Hallam and the Laureate had been close friends since their college days, and the cheering words of the former greatly encouraged the latter when the keen, unkind knife of criticism had left his heart torn and bleeding. Tennyson mourned the death of Hallam sincerely, and in the elegy shows his love and veneration for his deceased friend.

From a literary point of view, "In Memoriam" is the greatest elegy ever written. In it are concentrated all of Tennyson's best reflections on life and death. "It is," as an eminent critic has said, "the poem of hoping doubters,—the poem of our age. It is the cry of a bereaved



Psyche into the dark infinite after a vanished love." The poet looks at the world through the glass of a philosopher, finding both good and evil in it. The noble mind yearns for the truth of the supernatural, and still the curtain remains down, hiding from his eyes that which he so earnestly seeks. He trusts blindly in the goodness of the Giver of all, and battles with unbelief; and from the agony and the strife, Faith comes forth scarred and maimed, yet bearing aloft the proud emblem of victory. But what a battle was this! Doubts and fears harassed him, and he knew not which way to turn. In the labyrinth of despair he looked for escape, and there in the distance he beheld the bright beacon of Faith lighting him home. God had answered his prayer. He had responded to the despairing cry of the noble soul who wailed in darkness and unbelief. Only,

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry;"

but an infant with the germ of immortality in his soul. One hundred and thirty "swallow flights of song" go to make up this most perfect of all elegies. The reader is bound in the silken meshes of a web of enchantment, and listens with delight to the sweet music of the poet.

Tennyson is a wonderful lyrist. As he touches the strings of his magic lyre the sweet music of his soul bursts forth in entrancing melody. To be unmindful of these captivating strains, one must, like Ulysses of old, close his ears to the plaintive melody of the siren. The exquisite rhythm and harmony finds its way into the secret places of the soul, and we drink in the sweet words of the poet with "pleasure not unmixed with pain."

We remember in Grecian mythology the story of Pandora who was given a box by Jupiter, which contained all the evils and miseries of life, but with hope at the bottom. "In Memoriam" is like this box; for, while the pain, the unbeliefs and the miseries of life are all portrayed, hope still triumphs.

The verses on the death of the old year are strong and poetical:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

What a depth of meaning is contained in that last line! It is the cry of a believer in mankind; a friend of good, and a hater of evil. Let the refrain of that mighty thought go down with the ages to come! Let it live, and let every true man join with a true and noble poet in crying,

"Ring out the false, ring in the true!"

While the poems I have considered are *ne plus ultra*, I have yet to treat that work which is perhaps more widely and better known than any other—Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The works of Milton, Shelley and Tennyson do not appeal to the hearts of men in the lower paths of life, and are not read by them.

They concern a higher sphere of life than theirs, and are too difficult for their comprehension. Gray's elegy, on the contrary, touches the hearts of the poor and lowly. Gray, as he himself said, may have written better poetry, but no work of his ever touched the sympathetic chord of the reader as his elegy does. Dr. Johnson, who frequently criticised, but seldom praised, said of it: "Had Gray written often thus it would have been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

Thus we see that in the eyes of the pompous Johnson this poem of Gray's had no fault. The great master was charmed with the delicacy, sweetness and beauty of the production. Few, if any men, surpassed in beauty of expression or grandeur of thought this charming poet. This work is without a flaw. It is a difficult matter to choose one precious stone among a thousand others; and it is almost as hard to select from this elegy one verse more beautiful than another. While the whole poem is a constellation of most beautiful diamonds, each line is a sparkling *solitaire*, dazzling the reader's eye with its glare. The sorrow and pain in the heart of the reader is melted like snow beneath a July sun.

These lines are to me most beautiful. For beauty and finish they are unsurpassed:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed cave of ocean bear;  
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

As long as the deep blue waters of the angry ocean foam and dash on the shores of bonny England, where Gray lies buried deep, as long as the sweet warblers of the air make music for the angels, so long will this elegy live to be read and wept over by man.

### The Bishop's Chair.

A TALE OF FORMER DAYS.

Rumors of a fast approaching civil war were floating o'er the land, causing young blood to course rapidly through patriotic veins, while filling maternal hearts with forebodings of sorrow and grief. A group of merry boys were gathered in the quaint little parlor of Mater Dei College, Notre Dame, discussing the consequences of Lincoln's election to the Presidency. Many of the boys were sons of the sunny South, some came from the great East; but most of them hailed from comfortable homes in the rugged West. It was late in December, and a stormy night. The wind howled and raged, while large masses of drifting snow were dashed against rattling windows, and chilly drafts made lights flicker and flare, and caused the boys to cluster closer around an oakwood fire raging in a huge, old-fashioned iron stove. The discussion was growing warmer and warmer, when Howard, one of the larger of the young men, fearing consequences, exclaimed:

"It is time enough to fight, boys, when war is declared. Let us drop politics and talk about the weather. I fear that we shall be snow-bound to-morrow morning."

All were prepared to take the early morning trains to celebrate Christmas with parents and friends.

"If the two a. m. train is not on time," said Vaughan, of the South, "I can't make connections at Chicago, and then it will be impossible for me to get home in time for Christmas eve. I wish the Faculty would give us a week before the twenty-fifth, and at least two weeks afterwards. Don't you?"

"I tried my level best," said Riopelle, "to get home the sixteenth on the strength of my grandmother's marriage; but the President said he had received no cards announcing the happy event; the story didn't take, so I had to remain. Just think of it, only three days until Christmas and we are still here!"

"Well, if you can't get home in three days," said Dave Buist, a bright lad from the City of Brotherly Love, "come East with me. Two days and a half will take us to Philadelphia in time to hang up our stockings on Christmas eve."

"Let it storm," said Armstrong, "if we can't get home Christmas eve, why we'll get there Christmas morning. Take the world easy. What's the use of borrowing trouble? Now, to kill time, let us have a story."

All clamored for a story, something exciting, blood-curdling, thrilling. Just then the parlor door opened, and Captain Lynch, the student leader of the college military company, entered, holding by the hand a little blue-eyed golden-haired lad, the smallest of the Minims. The Minims then, as now, were the special favorites of dear Father Sorin, the loved Founder of Notre Dame. The pair were greeted with clamorous applause, and all cried out:

"Lynch is the man to tell the story!"

The Captain laughed, good-naturedly, and looked around for a resting-place for himself and little Frank Edmonds. All the seats were occupied, except a large Gothic throne, known as "the Bishop's Chair," because reserved for the use of the Ordinary of the diocese, or visiting prelates when pontificating in the church on solemn occasions. Dave Buist, whose bump of veneration was not highly developed, said:

"Who cares if this is the Bishop's chair? Were the Bishop here he would give it to us himself. When he was here last, didn't he play snowball with us? You bet he made the snowballs fly!"

Good Bishop Luers took great delight in enjoying the games of the students. Dave gave his own seat to the Captain, and then, with the assistance of Pinkerton, drew the ponderous chair near the charmed circle and sat in it with all the dignity of a judge. He called little Frank to sit beside him, and said: "Now, Captain, tell us a good, long story, a regular buster!"

The Captain kindly consented, and was in

the middle of a most thrilling Indian massacre, when a side-door, facing the episcopal chair, opened and an aged priest, with the assistance of a cane, hobbled into the room. His long, gray hair, shaggy brows, piercing eyes, pale, pain-pinched face and low-bent form made him appear like an apparition from another world. He had come a few months before from Cincinnati to Notre Dame to end his days, after nearly a half century of toil on the missions of Ohio. For some weeks previous to this evening, rheumatism had confined him to a little room adjoining the college parlor.

The unusual noise, followed by a prolonged, death-like silence, made him curious to learn the cause. He glanced at the group, said a kind word to the boys, and was about to leave the room, when he caught sight of the unlucky occupants of the pontifical throne. Immediately the benignant smile faded away, and his countenance became sad and severe. Raising himself with difficulty to his full height, he said, in accents never to be forgotten:

"What, boys? sitting in the chair reserved for use in the sanctuary by a high priest of God's Church? Boys, it is wrong, very wrong, almost a sin."

The culprits moved quickly from their positions, and one of them, little Frank, felt he was the guiltiest of wretches, the most wicked of mortals. The old priest, with trembling gait, moved slowly from the room; but from the parlor walls, Father Badin, Father Moreau, Pius IX., and other ecclesiastics, looked sorrowfully and sternly at him, and as they looked and looked, little Frank felt guilty and more guilty, and wished that he had not been so wicked as to sit in that venerable chair. Never afterwards could he look at that pinnacled and cross-crowned throne without experiencing a feeling of awe and reverence for the chair itself and for the holy prelates for whose use it was reserved.

No one felt inclined to hear the end of the story; all were hushed to silence by the rebuke of the aged missionary. Just as tongues were beginning to loosen, another venerable form, in the person of punctual, good old Brother Benoit, head Prefect of the larger boys, came to the door to announce that it was a quarter to nine o'clock—time for all to retire. Frank went to his bed to dream of bishops and chairs and Indians and priestly portraits looking sadly at him. Early next morning, in spite of snow and storm, belated trains carried boys East and West to happy homes and waiting friends.

When war was declared a few months later Captain Lynch and several of that happy group enlisted in their country's cause. Some of them shed their blood on Southern battle-fields. The old chair is still at Notre Dame, where it is reverently preserved as a souvenir of a Purcell, a Kenrick, a Spalding, a Timon and a score or more apostolic men who have pontificated in the College Church of Our Lady's University.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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Notre Dame, December 19, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We extend to all the readers of the SCHOLASTIC our cordial greetings:—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—We are requested to announce that classes will be reorganized for the long term Saturday January 2. Absence in the early part of a session is a serious detriment to the student, and consequently the authorities of the University desire that parents and guardians insist on the prompt return of their sons or wards.

—Mr. Augustine Daly (LL. D. '90) has presented a magnificent marble altar to St. Patrick's Cathedral, in memory of his two sons who died some years ago. The altar is one of the most beautiful ever set up in any church in America. Mr. Daly deserves his recent most wonderful success.

—Letters from the Rt. Rev. A. Louage, D. D., Bishop of Dacca in Eastern Bengal, and the Rev. J. A. Boerres, C. S. C., were received last Saturday. From the tone of these letters one can easily infer that much good is being done and great activity displayed by the zealous missionaries of Holy Cross in far-off India. An account is given also of the safe arrival of

the four priests of the Congregation—the Rev. Fathers Adelsperger, Bourque, Garand and Langelier—who left Notre Dame in September last. They are actively engaged in their new mission, and their zeal knows no bounds.

—A painting lately received at Notre Dame is destined to become the object of more than ordinary admiration, and direct, in a particular manner, to the Mother of God, the pious veneration of the faithful. It is an exact copy of the celebrated Madonna of Cheustocofa in Russian Poland, which has a marvellous history, and for many years has been the great attraction for the piety of the Polish people. The oil-painting was executed on cedar-wood by a Polish artist at Cracow and, like the original, is four feet in length and two and a half feet in height. It represents the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Child, and expresses in the most striking manner the significance of her title "Mother of Mercy." The copy was secured through the kind offices of the Superior of the Carmelite Sisters in Rome, whose uncle, a Polish count, ordered it made and presented to Very Rev. Father General Sorin. This is explained in the following inscription underneath the picture:

"A Sororibus Pol. Carmelitanis Discalceatis a SS. Sacramento Sanctæ Birgittæ in Alma Urbe per liberalitatem Illmi. Viri Stanislai Corvini, Comitis Szlubowski, hæc Madonna de Czeszochowa Rmo. E. Sorin, Sup. Gen. Congregationis S. Crucis, in signum amicitiae mutuae sempiternæ oblata et grati animi sensu acceptata fuit."  
A. D. 1891.

## The St. Cecilians.

Last Wednesday evening the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association gave its annual entertainment, complimentary to Rev. President Walsh, in celebration, by anticipation, of his patronal festival, Saint Thomas. A large audience of Faculty, students and many friends from abroad assembled in Washington Hall to do honor to the worthy President of the University, and greet the artistic representatives of Carroll Hall. The programme is printed entire in our local columns, and to say that it was excellently carried out in every particular expresses the great pleasure experienced by all present, and reflects the greatest credit upon the talent and skill of the youthful performers and the painstaking care of their Reverend Director, Father Morrissey. It was, indeed, one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given on the stage of



Washington Hall; and the play, though often presented here before, never, taken as a whole, met with a better portrayal than on the present occasion; the players were perfect in their lines and entered into the spirit of their rôles; the stage-setting was brilliant and effective, and the costumes were well-designed and appropriate.

The exercises were opened by the University Orchestra with one of *Kaula's* overtures—"The Roman Emperor"—and when they had concluded, the Glee Club charmed the audience with one of their choruses.

Mr. A. A. Ahlrichs, although this was his first appearance before the public at the University, surprised most of his hearers with his speech to the President in the name of the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls. He spoke as follows:

"It is, indeed, a difficult task to express devotion and admiration to one who abhors the empty compliments of society. We know that you would prefer to see us show our admiration for you in our acts rather than in our words—by following your example and precept rather than by using those fine rhetorical phrases that are heard year after year. And in this we, the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls, are preparing to please you; and we hope that, allowing for such defects as are the result of the carelessness of youth rather than of an evil intention, we have pleased you. Still, on an occasion like this, we must express, even if inadequately, our affection, our respect, our gratitude. It is a delight for us to see you among us on this, the feast of your patron saint. We are so sure of your interest, so sure of your sympathy and your friendly kindness, that your presence to-day, even more than usual, deepens the glow of love in our breasts.

"If we are hero worshippers, we recognize your heroism. If we possessed all the gifts that we admire in you—the talent, the tact, the art of commanding, of persuasion, all those qualities which make you a chief of men—I doubt whether we should dare to imitate your self-denial, and cast from us all the worldly honors which eagerly wait on such gifts. Do not believe, however, that your example is lost; we are dumb only because we have not the supreme grace of speech in which high praise of you ought to be set; we are silent because we can scarcely yet speak so eloquently as we wish; but, dear Father, we, the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls, kindly ask you to accept our hearts and our acts."

The greetings of the Juniors and Minims likewise brought forth much applause. The address of the latter appears on our first page. It was read with clear, distinct articulation by Master Frank Cornell. A pleasing interlude was the presentation of a basket of roses by Master Jasper Lawton.

Carroll Hall was well represented by Mr. Jos. A. Delany, who spoke as follows:

"As fleeting time speeds onward, the days come, one by one, on which our little college world pauses in the pursuit of knowledge to pay a tribute of respect, to offer tokens of filial love, and to extend congratulations to those who, like guiding stars, have directed its onward march under the unfurled banner of 'Excelsior.'

"And on this your thrice happy festal day of '91, dear Father, the sentiment which inspires your children of Carroll Hall to gather around and offer you a token of their esteem and love is a sentiment kindred to that which inspires affectionate children to set apart some special day as an occasion on which they may give full

expression to the love entertained cher forished parents; for a tender father you have been to us, offering your consolation in our little trials.

"While bidding adieu to this present year, which has witnessed the gaining of many bright laurels for Notre Dame, and eagerly looking forward to the first gleams of the dawning new one, which has every indication of a brilliant future, your feast-day has once again returned. It marks the close of another year of your administration in the important rôle of President of this institution, whose history has been one continual succession of triumphs. And in taking a retrospect of your admirable career as President, what you have accomplished stands witness to the fact, that the links which you have added to Notre Dame's chain of success are stamped with the seal of advancement. Your recognized ability, keen discernment and progressive zeal have ever directed her onward march, and have succeeded in placing Notre Dame upon the pedestal where she now stands—a pride to Catholic America and a living exponent of the principles of true education.

"On this joyful occasion of your feast-day, while reflecting on incidents of your administration, it is evident that the years of the last decade constitute a golden epoch in the annals of Notre Dame. We can scarcely find words to express our admiration of your life's work, much less to dwell on your many merits. 'Who deserves well needs not another's praise;' and your worthy deeds speak for themselves. They seem to tell us that we are indebted to you for much, and to command our appreciation, fidelity and obedience. You have plainly manifested that your interests are those of this institution; and with a coincidence of both, you have reaped in fruitful harvests from the field of knowledge for us, and won many victories for Notre Dame. And in accordance with this important fact, dear Father, we beg leave to dedicate to you this entertainment; and we do so with warm expressions of gratitude. It is a privilege that is dear to us, and one which we value highly. Our society has witnessed the lapse of a third of a century, and to celebrate your paternal feast-day has always been one of the most distinguishing features recorded in its history. May our successors, for many years to come, continue to add more roses to the garland of the St. Cecilians, which the celebration of your feast-day affords.

"And now, when this golden opportunity presents itself before we say farewell to *Alma Mater* to spend our Christmas vacation elsewhere, I, in behalf of the students of Carroll Hall, and the St. Cecilians in particular, once more offer you tokens of our esteem and friendship, extend to you our heartiest congratulations, and express the fervent wish, that for many years to come you may continue to guide the destinies of Notre Dame—Notre Dame, whose motto always has been, and always will be, 'Excelsior.'"

Then the Orchestra played the Intermezzo from the Opera "Cavalleria Rusticana." The Quartette, as usual, distinguished itself. The "Santiago" waltz closed the first part of the programme.

In the play which followed—"The Hidden Gem"—Mr. L. Monarch, was easily the star of the evening; the manner in which he rendered the rôle of "Euphemianus, the Patrician," was remarkable for an amateur. Mr. E. DuBrul also excelled in his part of "Gannio" the beggar, and the part of "Alexius" was well carried out by Mr. F. Carney.

At the close of the play the audience and actors together listened to an address from the President who, after thanking the several speakers for their courtesy, and likewise those who contributed to make the entertainment

pleasant by their music, both vocal and instrumental, congratulated the St. Cecilians on their performance, and also their director, who had taken so much pains with them. Then he congratulated the students, remarking that the work of the session just completed had been the best for a number of years; that the University was proud of them, and concluded by wishing them a pleasant vacation. B. B.

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#### Douglas and the Dred Scott Decision.

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Stephen A. Douglas, at the beginning of the year 1857, was the foremost champion of the united all-powerful Democracy. Chairman of the most important committee in the Senate, and author of the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty"—the incorporation of which in the national democratic platform he had but just triumphantly witnessed,—he had been a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination of the preceding year, and had contributed more powerfully than any other individual to Mr. Buchanan's election. The Dred Scott Decision came, and in the two years following a startling change was wrought in the fortunes of the "Little Giant." Forced into an illogical position, driven from one inconsistency to another, abandoned by friends, and stripped of the fullness of his power, he is found at length struggling single-handed, with an energy truly worthy of a giant, against the hosts that clamored for his political destruction. Let us glance at the causes that operated to bring about vicissitudes so fraught with interest for the student of history.

Mr. Buchanan's election, as I have said, was due in a large measure to the efforts of Douglas. The Democratic party had adopted the principle of "Squatter Sovereignty," and the new Executive had pledged himself to its practical enforcement in the Territories. The gist of the doctrine was that the right of determining the question of slavery within a Territory appertained to the people of that Territory alone. The Southern leaders had indeed acquiesced in this doctrine, but more from expediency than principle. They were far from being satisfied with it. They were convinced, by the rush of "free" immigrants into the new Territories, that Douglas' great principle was the feeblest of props for slavery. Fresh measures for its support were therefore being passionately devised, when an event occurred that set the nation ablaze with excitement, and revolutionized the whole bearing of the burning issue. This was the

memorable Dred Scott Decision. The Supreme Court of the United States, through Chief Justice Taney, declared that slaves were but a species of property, and that therefore neither Congress nor the inhabitants of a Territory had power to exclude them from the same.

To a man of Douglas' keen foresight this judgment must have appeared, under the circumstances, in the nature of a personal political calamity. If masters had a right to carry their slaves into the Territories, then, plainly, the people of a Territory had no right to exclude slavery. Thus, "Popular Sovereignty" was declared unconstitutional, and the doctrine was at once abandoned by Buchanan and the leaders of the South. The only logical alternative left was either to stand by the decision in good faith, or to advocate its reversal. For Douglas, the alternative was a bitter one. To uphold the decision and its practical effects was to ally himself with the extreme pro-slavery party, with the certainty of losing the support of most of the Democrats of the North; to advocate its reversal, on the other hand, was to join hands with the "black" Republicans; and turn his back upon the work and spirit of his whole former life. Moreover, Douglas was pledged to abide by the decision; for a few weeks before the final judgment was given, being publicly questioned in the Senate as to his opinion on the celebrated case, he had unhesitatingly announced his intention to be guided by the dictum of the Supreme Tribunal.

For more than a year, however, he observed a discreet silence regarding the effect of the Dred Scott Decision on "Popular Sovereignty." There were stormy debates in Congress, meantime, on the proposed admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Douglas and the President quarrelled over the matter; but the quarrel, outwardly at least, had reference only to a question of fact, and but for subsequent events might easily have been repaired. A gentleman very near to Douglas in those days, and now a member of the religious Community at Notre Dame, often spoke to me of Douglas' anxiety at that time for a reconciliation with the Administration; and it is a matter of history that in his public speeches he more than once made honorable overtures to the Chief Executive with that end in view. During all this period, however, in his speeches in as well as out of Congress, the Senator from Illinois carefully avoided reference to the great point covered by the Dred Scott Decision. And he doubtless would have persevered in his policy of evasion, had not the genius of an adversary,

till then unknown, forced him to an explicit avowal of his sentiments.

Douglas' term in the Senate was about to expire. He was, of course, a candidate for re-election. Abraham Lincoln was nominated by the Republican State Convention early in June, 1858, as his competitor. A series of seven joint debates on the all-absorbing question of slavery was agreed upon; and the attention of the entire nation was drawn to a canvass that must remain ever memorable in the annals of our political history. Lincoln detected his adversary's weakness, and directed his earliest blows accordingly. In their second encounter, at Freeport, Ill., Lincoln addressed to Douglas a series of carefully-worded questions, chief of which was the following, to which he demanded an explicit reply:

"Can the people of a Territory of the United States, in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?"

"If Douglas answers that question in the affirmative," said Lincoln, the evening before the debate, in a spirit of prophecy, "he can never be President." Bear in mind that the Supreme Court of the United States had already decided that slave-owners had the right to carry their slaves into the Territories without forfeiting authority over them, and listen to Douglas' answer:

"I answer emphatically that, in my opinion, the people of a Territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution. The people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local legislature; and if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will, by unfriendly legislation, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its extension. Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a slave Territory or a free Territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska Bill."

For a man who had himself once sat upon the Supreme Bench of Illinois, this was certainly extraordinary ground to take. It is difficult to see how a member of the Territorial Legislature, after taking an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, could lawfully give his consent to legislation expressly designed to deprive a citizen of something guaranteed him, according to the Dred Scott Decision, by that Constitution. The doctrine was no less illogical than lawless. As Lincoln, truthfully, but rather forcibly, put it:

"When all the trash, the words, the collateral matter was cleared away from it—when all the chaff was fanned out of it—it was a bare absurdity: *no less than that a thing may be lawfully driven away from where it has a lawful right to be.*"

As Lincoln had predicted, this reply made Douglas' presidential aspirations impossible of fulfilment. He was at once bitterly assailed by the leaders of the Southern wing of Democracy for the sentiments embodied in his Freeport speech. Caught between two fires, he endeavored, with all the resources of his brilliant mind to extricate himself. "His explanations explanatory of explanations explained are interminable," an opponent humorously said of him. It was all in vain, however; the breach was too great to be reparable. In December of that same year 1858 he was removed by his Democratic colleagues from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories—a post of peculiar power in those days, and one he had illustrated by his extraordinary ability during the thirteen preceding years. Then came the Charleston Democratic Convention of 1860 and its familiar events—the impossibility of agreeing upon a platform, the determined efforts of the friends of Douglas in his behalf, the secession from the Convention of the extreme pro-slavery delegates; the sectional after-convention at Baltimore, and the hopeless race of Douglas as the candidate of the Northern half of the disrupted Democratic party.

B.

#### A Visit to Notre Dame at Xmas.

Once more, sweet chimes, one other time,  
Ring out some jocund strain,  
And make me think of my young days  
At Notre Dame,  
Dear Notre Dame,  
Too grand for my poor praise.

Ring forth, I say, ring forth again,  
And bring to memory dear  
Some gladsome thought, that will remain,  
Of joy and peace  
That will not cease  
My lonely heart to cheer.

Peal out, I pray, your melodies  
By me these years unheard,  
For ne'er did I beyond the seas  
Your equals meet  
With tones so sweet  
That yours were not preferred.

So, then, peal forth your harmonies  
Upon the joyous Christmas air;  
Perchance such matchless symphonies  
In coming years  
My longing ears  
Shall never hear elsewhere.

K.

### Personal.

—Mr. Robert O'Hara, a former Commercial student of Notre Dame, is engaged in prosperous business pursuits at Missoula, Montana.

—Mr. H. L. Prichard (Com'l), '90, occupies the responsible position of Cashier of the Charleston National Bank at Charleston, W. Va. Mr. Prichard's numerous friends congratulate him on this merited promotion, and predict for him a successful career in mercantile life.

—Rev. John E. Hogan, '75, is the esteemed and zealous Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Harvard, Ill. On the 10th inst. the new and splendid church erected through his energetic efforts was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Feehan, assisted by many members of the clergy from several states in the presence of a large concourse of people. Father Hogan has the congratulations of his friends at Notre Dame with best wishes for long-continued success.

—The friends of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame—and they are legion—will learn with pleasure that his physician pronounces him wonderfully improved, and declares that he has every reason to believe that Very Rev. Father General Sorin will soon enjoy better health than he has had for years. May Heaven grant it! May the presence of the venerable Superior gladden the hearts of his children and his friends for many years to come.

—Mr. George Comerford died at his residence in Minooka, Ill., on the 3d inst. He was highly esteemed and honored as an upright citizen and a model Christian, and his exemplary life was fittingly crowned by a peaceful and happy death. He was the father of Mr. N. J. Comerford, of the Class of '83, to whom the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame is extended in this great affliction.

### Local Items.

- MERRY CHRISTMAS!
- Blue and Gold!
- The music was excellent.
- The cork broke off short.
- Good for the St. Cecilians!
- 'Rah for the yellow and the blue!
- How the landscape flies past! Eh?
- Elmer did not whistle loud enough.
- The darkies were a notable feature.
- How strange it is out here in the world!
- He forgot his limp when engaged with the schemes.
- The examination reports will appear in our next issue.
- Chase made 100 yards in  $9\frac{1}{4}$  Wednesday. N. B.  $9\frac{1}{4}$  minutes.

—The Old Settler and the Burgomaster make two very efficient stage managers.

—Lost.—A pair of gold-rimmed nose-glasses. The finder will please leave them at SCHOLASTIC office.

—A play that passed off without a hitch. No wonder that we are proud of the fall session of '91!

—There is a certain revenue collector who wears blue trowsers with a black stripe. They are issued twice a year. We know all about revenue collectors.

—Who talks of athletics being dead here? There is a man in Brownson Hall who rivals Jewett in running, to say nothing of playing stroke on the Rugby team and pulling left guard in the boat crew.

—We understand that Mr. B. Tivnen is delighted with the handsome gold medal lately sent to him in recognition of his ability as a musician by the students of Brownson Hall and the Director of the Crescent Club.

—The Rev. Editor of the *Ave Maria* has kindly presented to the Laymen's Gallery in the Bishops' Memorial Hall a fine crayon portrait of the late champion of Catholicity in Germany, Herr Windthorst, whose life deserves to be studied by every true lover of God, Church and fatherland.

—Last Thursday was "President's Day." The progress of the examinations prevented all the festivities usual to the day, but—the banquet was there! The Seniors' dining room was brilliantly and tastefully decorated and the tables laden with a bountiful spread. A drill by the companies and a serenade by the band were given during the afternoon recess, and joy—everywhere. Long live President Walsh!

—An old friend in a new dress, and an article that has come to be one of the indispensables of an editor's desk, comes to hand in the "Columbia Daily Calendar for 1892." The Calendar is in the form of a pad, containing 367 leaves, each  $5\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{5}{8}$  inches, one for each day of the year, to be removed daily, and one for the entire year. The stand is an entirely new departure, being made of sheet metal finished in ivory black, and is very compact.

—Our next number will appear on January 2, 1892. How suggestive the thought that the material for our little paper will be in type this year, but will be printed next year! Of course, it is understood there can be no issue next week. The excitement of the examinations, not to speak of other ex's, and the bustle incidental to going home for the holidays, together with the time necessary to find out how many of us are left, would alone suffice as a reason therefor. But we can do something for the week following. It is a memorable week, too, as intimated by the philosophic reflection previously made. We will unite in this number the old and the new, the close of the old year and the beginning of the

new. Well, let what's left of us see what we can do. Happy New Year to you!

—MOOT-COURT.—The case of *Crawford vs. Smith* was concluded in the Moot-Court on Saturday last, Attorney Whalen for the plaintiff finished his argument which aimed at the overthrow of the position taken by the defendants on the technicality of pleading, brought up by them on the Wednesday before. He was followed by Attorney Raney for the defendant, who still held to the same line of argument as that pursued by his colleague, Attorney O'Neill. The arguments being closed, the presiding judge, William Hoynes, reviewed the case on its merits and according to the pleadings; he decided that Burchard took the note under such circumstances as should lead a man of ordinary prudence and caution to make inquiry as to whether or not the note had been paid; consequently, that there was privity between him and Smith, and that both might have been sued jointly; but that, the case being one involving tort, either could have been sued separately, and that it was not error on the part of the plaintiff to sue Smith in malicious prosecution. The demurrer was accordingly overruled and the case appealed.

—LAW.—The Law class has done excellent work during the present session. In his notes Professor Hoynes has treated the different subjects in a very masterly and comprehensive manner, and has made them such as will prove invaluable, not only to the student, but to the professional man as well. The afternoon lectures comprise notes on Torts; the portions bearing on the subjects of assault and battery, and libel and slander are particularly valuable and fully stated, as are also those on the law of nuisance. Negligence is the subject now being considered, and after the holidays the same will be resumed. The morning lectures have covered the subject of international law, and at present notes on constitutional law are being taken; the latter will also be concluded on the return of the students after the holiday vacation. It has been the object of Professor Hoynes to get as much work from the boys as possible. In this he has well succeeded, by the adoption of a course which gives the students opportunity to consult and thoroughly familiarize themselves with the various law reports and text-books to which they have free access. The next session, it is expected, will be a very busy one for the Law students.

—To the delight of the Minims and all at St. Edward's Hall, Very Rev. Father General assisted at the examination part of the time on Thursday and Friday; Rev. President Walsh was also present and Rev. Fathers Granger, Franciscus, Connor, Mr. W. Houlihan, C. S. C., Bros. Marcellinus, Leander, Julian and Ephrem. Very Rev. Father General gave the Minims three rather difficult problems in arithmetic, which greatly puzzled them; but, with a little aid from the President, they succeeded in solving

them. He also examined them in Grammar, giving them several sentences to parse and correct, in which they succeeded so well that the venerable examiner expressed great pleasure. The Rev. President examined the first class in arithmetic, grammar and orthography. He told the Minims he was well satisfied with the result, adding that if they do as well for the next six months of the scholastic year as they have for the last four, many of them will be prepared to enter the first class in Carroll Hall next September. The examiners of the other classes were equally well pleased, and said the Minims showed that they are workers, as well as manly, polite little gentlemen. Very Rev. Father General, who has always regarded the Minims as the most precious portion of his flock, listened with the deepest interest and pleasure to the intelligent answers of his "princes." He had an encouraging word and a smile of approval for each as he presented his slate for inspection. His venerable presence lent a charm to the whole, and crowned the examination with success.

—THE COLUMBIANS.—On last Sunday evening the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held a special meeting to do honor, before their adjournment for the holidays, to the Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, and to give the Faculty and their friends a specimen of the work they have been doing during the past few months. Mr. M. J. Cassidy, of South Bend, presided. Mr. Langan, of Clinton, Iowa, gracefully delivered an interesting and well-written address, setting forth the aims of the society, acknowledging the kindly interest taken in its progress by the Faculty, and bidding the invited guests a generous welcome. A comic reading by Mr. H. Carroll, of Cleveland, received well-merited approval from the audience. Mr. Carroll is a good reader, and knows what will entertain. But the great feature of the evening was the rendition of "Ben Hur's Chariot Race" by Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, of Bloomington, Ill. As the gentleman stepped on the stage he was greeted with a storm of applause. The subject is considered by all elocutionists as the most difficult of selections, but he handled it with the ease of one who has spent years in the study of his art. This was, indeed, the crowning of his hitherto brilliant success at Notre Dame. The debate "Resolved, That the annexation of Canada would be beneficial to the United States," was participated in by Messrs. Murphy and Devaney for the affirmative, and Messrs. Kearns and Healy for the negative. In the expression of their views the young men exhibited great depth of thought combined with skill in the treatment of their subject. The fluency of language displayed, and the ease and grace of their delivery cannot be too highly commended. This entertainment is generally conceded to be the most successful given by any of the University societies for several seasons. The Rev. guest of the evening, being called upon at the conclusion of the programme to say a few words,



warmly thanked the members for the pleasure they had given him, congratulated them upon doing such excellent work, and gave a word of warning to the other societies to look out for their records that are beginning to be eclipsed by the spirited Columbians under the leadership of Prof. Neil.

—The annual Christmas exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, on Wednesday, December 16, were conducted according to the following

## PROGRAMME:

- Overture, "Roman Emperor".....*J. Kaula*  
University Orchestra.  
Grand Chorus, "The Yellow and the Blue"—University  
Glee Club.  
Festal Greetings from the Senior Students—A.A. Ahlrichs  
Quartette, "The Sailor's Glee"—Messrs. Harris, F. Chute  
E. Schaack, H. Murphy.  
Greetings from the Junior Students.....*J. A. Delaney*  
Grand Selection, "Opera Cavalleria".....Orchestra  
Greetings from the Minims.....*F. Cornell, V. Berthelet*  
W. Scherrer.  
Quartette, "We'll Call All Hands up on Deck,"  
University Quartette.  
Selection, "Santiago"—Spanish Waltz.....*Corbo*  
Orchestra.

## PART II.

## "THE HIDDEN GEM."

## A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

## Characters.

Euphemianus, a Roman Patrician.....	L. Monarch
Alexius, under the name of Ignotus, his Son, F. Carney	
Carinus, a boy, his Nephew.....	M. Prichard
Proculus—his freed man and steward.....	F. Thorne
Eusebius, {	J. Delaney
Bibulus, {	C. Flemming
Davus, {	S. Walker
Ursulus, {	W. Ball
Verna, {	O. DuBrul
Strigil, {	J. Dempsey
Fumatus, {	A. Funke
Gannio—a Beggar.....	E. DuBrul
Chamberlain.....	C. Fitzgerald
An Officer.....	J. Tong
Latrones {	1st, { J. Rend
	2d, { H. Egan
Slaves, Robbers, etc.	

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Fitzgerald, Flanery, Langan, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, Quinlan, Rother, Sanford, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, R. Sinnott, N. Sinnott, C. Scherrer, Vurpillat, Monarch.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Alnsbery, Burns, Brennan, J. A. Brady, Baldwin, T. M. Brady, Brookfield, Beaudry, Corcoran, Corry, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, J. Cummings, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Cushing, Cole, Chearhart, Cook, Carroll, Case, Dinkel, C. Delaney, Davis, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Funke, Ferneding, P. Fleming, Flynn, Foley, Frizzelle, Griffin, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, R. Harris, E. Harris, Hesse, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Jacobs, M. Jewett, Krost, F. Kenny, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Kunart, E. Kelly, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kintzele, Kearns, Layton, Mulcahy, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, McClure, Maloney, D. Murphy, Magnus, F. Murphy, Mc-

Kee, Mattingly, McCarrick, G. W. McDonnell, Murray, McCullough, McDermott, Nockels, Nester, O'Donnell, Olde, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Pulskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Sabin, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, Burkert, Burns, F. Brown, G. Brown, Carney, Casey, Corry, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Connell, Crawford, Covert, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, DuBrul, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, Falk, G. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, L. Gibson, Grote, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdas, Gerner, Gerlach, Gillam, Glass, Garfias, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Johnson, Kindler, Kreicker, Kinneavy, Kountz, Kerker, W. Kegler, A. Keglér, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, Luther, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Mitchell, Major, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Minor, McCarthy, Marre, A. McKee, J. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Connor, Oliver, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Regan, Rumely, Ratterman, Rogers, Rupel, Renesch, Rend, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, Strauss, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Stone, Scholer, Slevin, Stephens, Smith, Shirk, Thome, Thorn, O. Tong, J. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Trunball, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Wensinger, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Christ, Coulter, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Crawford, Curry, Cross, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, Curtin, Crandall, Chapoton, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, S. Donnell, C. Donnell, Everest, Elliot, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Willie Gregg, Walter Gregg, Gilbert, Gavin, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Holbrook, Higginson, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kern, Krollman, Kuehl, Keeler, Kinney, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Loughran, Londoner, Langley, Lowrey, Longevin, Lysle, Lawton, Lonergan, Lounsbery, McIntyre, McPhee, McCarthy, McAllister, Morrison, Maternes, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, Oatman, Pieser, Platts, E. Patier, Pursell, W. Patier, Pratt, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Smith, Stuckart, Steele, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Trujillo, Thomas, Tussner, White, Wolf, Wilcox, Weber, Wilson.

## The Wherefore.

Which he came to Notre Dame,  
Did Sam,  
Quite resolved to loaf, then cram  
For "exam";  
But his scheme has proved a sham,  
For his facts were all a jam,  
And he feels just like a clam,  
Plucked Sam.

Which he came to college, too,  
Did Hugh,  
All intent the best he knew  
Just to do,  
So he worked with courage true  
While the weeks so swiftly flew,  
And with honors not a few,  
He's through,  
Is Hugh,—  
What of you?

R. EUBLOUGH.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The General Judgment, together with its necessity, formed the subject of the last conference given by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., wherein were vividly set forth the circumstances attending that great day, when at the sound of the angel's trumpet the earth and sea shall give up their dead.

—The customary election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and resulted as follows: President, Miss L. Norris; Vice-President, Miss J. Zahm; Treasurer, Miss H. Nacey; Secretary, Miss L. Nester; Librarian, Miss Fitzpatrick; Sacristan, Miss Robinson.

—The Feast of Loreto was a day rich in spiritual blessings, especially for the Children of Mary, whose privilege it was to receive Holy Communion at the early Mass. The beautiful little Chapel of Loreto was the shrine to which St. Mary's "pilgrims" directed their steps, and there, in the "dim religious light" of shaded lamps and twinkling tapers, re-echoed the oft-repeated Angelical Salutation.

—The poets speak of "Winter seated in the lap of Spring"; but the situation was reversed on last Sunday, when the weather proved so bright and balmy that extra recreation was kindly granted to the pupils. For an hour the halls were deserted, and merry laughter, mingled with the tread of many feet, broke the silence, as the promenaders kept up the line of march on the cement walks of St. Mary's.

—The last academic meeting was presided over by Very Rev. Father Corby, who, in his usual happy manner, spoke golden words of counsel for the benefit of his young hearers, pointing out the advantages to be derived from accuracy of expression, and attention to the forms of politeness in daily intercourse. A German selection was presented by Miss Louise Nickel, and was read with ease and correctness; while Miss Imelda Grace gave a graceful and effective rendition of the poem "Mary Stuart."

—A rare treat was afforded the lovers of music, on Monday 13, by the violin recital of Professor R. Seidel, of the Chicago Musical Conservatory. In expressing the emotions of the soul, the superiority of the violin over all other instruments was plainly evident, when, under the skilful bowing of the player, it seemed instinct with life. Now dashing into a gay and sprightly measure, it awoke the spirit of gladness; again, one seemed to hear the trilling of many birds, or, with its deep and pathetic tones, so like the human voice, it stirred the tenderest feelings of the heart. To hear the Professor's artistic playing is to be convinced that the recently organized Thomas Orchestra of Chi-

cago has secured in him a violinist of more than ordinary talent.

—All who have felt the spell of Sir Walter Scott's prose and poetic works could not fail to enjoy the lecture given on this subject last Tuesday evening by Prof. M. F. Egan. Under the influence of the lecturer's words, the thoughts sped to bonny Scotland—that land of crag and glen and heather-covered hills—until, thoroughly in touch with the subject, there rose before the mind those masterly characters called into existence by the commanding genius of Scott. In the analysis of his works it was shown that the occasional distorted pictures of monks and nuns, which offend Catholic readers, were not deliberate misrepresentations, but, in a great measure, due to the poet's having followed the lead of Goethe. While the purity and sweetness of his verse was adverted to, the lecturer showed that the Waverly novels, wonderful in their scope and treatment, form the monument which his genius raised to his memory.

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### Gratitude.

BY LOUISE NICKEL.

The dainty blossoms lift to heavens blue  
 Their fragrant cups, with hearts of sun-kissed gold;  
 The minstrels of the wood their wings unfold,  
 And in sweet melody their praise renew;  
 The emerald sward, from every sphere of dew,  
 Reflects the stars, by hand of God controlled,  
 Which radiantly their maker's power uphold;—  
 All nature is to heaven's law e'er true.

If all things turn to God in grateful praise,  
 Shall man, creation's masterpiece, be last  
 To proffer thanks to Him whose wondrous ways  
 Have touched with love the windings of the past?  
 Ah, no! our hearts to Heaven we humbly raise  
 And votive garlands at His feet we cast.

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### Anniversaries.

Silently do the footfalls of time move on;  
 Scarcely have we realized that what has so long  
 Been future to us is present, when the morrow  
 Comes, leaving only memories of pleasures and  
 Pains. We are ever looking forward to coming  
 Days; we live on hopes, and all, young and old,  
 "Borrow from the morrow's sun" radiance for  
 To-day. Yes, the future is bright to us, and even  
 Though we feel that expectation and realization  
 Are two different things, happiness is added to  
 Our life by thus striving to look beyond the veil  
 That hides the future from us. But while casting  
 Eager glances forward, do we forget the past?  
 Ah, no! the past is sacred to us, and true, indeed,

are the words of Father Ryan, the poet-priest:

"The dust of the past some hearts higher prize  
Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright  
skies;  
And the dead hearts of yesterday cold on the bier,  
To the hearts that survive them are ever more dear."

The celebration of anniversaries is one of the tributes man pays to the days that are gone; and that all nations keep them, shows that the sentiment which actuates mankind is a gift from Heaven. Anniversaries may be classed under three headings, namely: patriotic, social and religious celebrations. To the first class belong such days as awaken the martial spirit within us, and call forth noble deeds of heroism. History is impressed upon our minds by the annual commemoration of battles which have accomplished much for one's country, and the celebration of the birthday of the heroes who gave to the world an example of self-sacrifice in the cause of right.

Nearer to the heart are those anniversaries kept in the home circle. The memories of birthdays, when in childhood all around us sought to make us happy, the thoughts that arise as the festival on which we received our first Holy Communion draws near, the tears that flow on anniversaries which mark the death of a loved one,—all are tributes to the past, and, sad though some of those commemorations may be, we would not for a moment wish them to pass by unnoticed. The celebration of home anniversaries serves to strengthen ties of affection; and how much they are to us is better appreciated when we are away from home on such occasions.

Higher than even the days sacred to the heart are the anniversaries set apart by the Church for the commemoration of the mysteries of religion, and to keep before our minds the life and death of our Divine Lord. Without these reminders, faith would grow cold, and the salutary influence of the example of the saints would be dissipated.

Without the annual celebration of national festivals, patriotism would die out, and love of country would be a mere name. Man would lose much that serves as a spur to his ambition, and little would be accomplished in the world of progress. All anniversaries should be to us what Brownson says birthdays should be—"rounds of the ladder leading upwards." Further he says: "If, as we mount, we do not find the atmosphere purer and more invigorating, the prospect fairer and brighter, it is because we turn our faces downward and refuse to breathe freely, or look about us."

AGNES LYNCH.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, K. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Bogart, Charles, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Field, Farwell, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gilmore, Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Haitz, Hess, Hellman, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kaufman, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, S. McGuire, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Payne, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, A. Smith, Schmidt, Sena, Shaw, E. Seely, A. Seely, Thirds, Tod, Tietgen, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, Wagner, Wolffe, Wurzburg, Whitney, Zahm, Zucker.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Curtin, Coady, Crandall, B. Davis, A. E. Dennison, Ford, A. Girsch, B. Germain, L. Holmes, Hickey, Kasper, Londoner, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, N. Smith, Tormey, Tilden, Williams, White, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, A. McCarthy, Palmer.

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses T. Kimmell, Clifford, Dempsey, K. Ryan.

3D CLASS—Misses Jewell, E. Dennison, Robbins, Evoy, Pengeman, Girsch, Charles, E. McCormack, L. Kasper, Doble, Byers, Garrity, Palmer, Schmidt, M. Burns, M. Hess, Schaefer, Williams, B. Londoner, Hopper, Kinny, Boyle, Tietjen, Curtin, Loker.

##### PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

##### OIL PAINTING.

3D CLASS—Misses Plato, Marrinan, Dieffenbacher.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Marrinan, McCune, Bassett, Churchill, Black, Kirley, G. Cowan, E. Seely, A. Seely, McGuire, Murison, A. Ryan, Dieffenbacher, Johnson, Wolffe, Roberts, McCormack, M. Hess, Kelly, R. Butler, Wurzburg, Kingsbaker, Klingberg, M. Brady, Morehead, E. McCormack, Whitmore, Kaufman, Welter, Augustine, M. Wagner, Payne, Van Mourick, Hopkins, Pinney, A. Butler, Leppel, Jacobs, Crilly, Ludwig, Hammond, D. McDonald, Daley, M. McDonald, Higgins, A. Moynahan, Lancaster, Benz, Hittson, Hunt, Duffy, Robinson, Groves, Kemme, Zucker, Cooper, Byers, Lennon, Kieffer, Goodell, Hanson, Agney, La Moure, Dingie, Lantry, Shaw.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, S. Meskill, M. Davis, Baxter, Adelsperger, Ebert, S. Smyth, A. E. Dennison, Coady, Wolverton, Garrity, L. Holmes, O'Mara, Cowan, Pfaelzer, M. Dennison, Cooper, Culp, Londoner, Kline, J. Smyth, White, Tormey, Wheeler, Whittenberger, Crandall, Mills, Kingsley, L. Tilden, Ford, N. Smyth.