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Love Fulfils the Law.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The Genoese Saint Catharine
Once pleaded with our Lord:
"How can I love my neighbor,
O blest Incarnate word!—
How can I love my neighbor,
How make his needs mine own,
When love, and life, and labor,
Are all for *Thee* alone?"

But sweet a Voice made answer:
"God's love, beloved one,
Embraceth every creature
Above, beneath the sun;
God's love is Love's perfection,
For God is Charity,—
And he who loves *Me*, Catharine,
Loves all things loved by *Me*!"

The Predecessors of Columbus.*

This, the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, marks the four hundredth anniversary of the greatest event recorded in secular history. Four hundred years ago there landed on the shores of one of the outlying islands of this continent a man whose name has come down to posterity as that of the finder of a New World. When we see around us the magnificent civilization directly resulting from that man's discovery, when we look back to the times in which he lived, when we contemplate his triumphs, and still more his trials, we wonder at his genius, and we admire his patience and fortitude. Meet it is, and just, that the people of this country, the most prosperous and energetic of the

nations of the New World, should pay a worthy tribute to the one who first opened up these lands to colonization. What more worthy tribute could they pay than that for which they are now preparing? How could they better honor him than by inviting all other nations to join them in a grand celebration dedicated to his memory? It is in honor of this man that these exercises are held this evening that we may add our humble praises to the world's laudations of the great Genoese navigator—Christopher Columbus.

Almost everyone gives due credit to Columbus for his great discovery—and so everyone should; but there are a few who seek to detract from his glory and to minimize any credit. They try to lessen his greatness in the world's estimation by citing the fact of former discoveries of this continent. "Columbus," they say, "found what others had lost, and therefore deserves no special credit." What were these discoveries? Were they, like that of Columbus, the result of long study? No; but rather the outcome of a series of accidents.

There is a legend told of an Irish Monk—St. Brendan—which, if it does not record the discovery of America, at least prefigures it. This legend says that St. Brendan, having set out from Ireland with fourteen companions, to find the land promised by St. Patrick, directed his course straight to the setting sun. After a long voyage and many adventures, he at last saw a vast island. Here he disembarked and travelled inland. After fifteen days' journey, he came to a large river flowing westward, away from the sea. Such a thing had never been known before, and Brendan wondered at it exceedingly. From this river Brendan turned back, and on arriving in Ireland his story was spread far and wide.

It is a fact that most legends are founded

* Oration delivered at the annual Commencement, June 20, by ERNEST DU BRUL (*Lit.*), '92.

upon truth. If such be the case with the story of St. Brendan, we may see in him the prototype of Columbus. His island may be America, his curious river, the Ohio. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that an Irish Saint of that period came hither. Imbued as the Irish monks then were with the spirit of evangelization, they used to push far out beyond the known limits in search of nations to whom they might preach the word of God. St. Brendan, on a voyage of this kind, may have stumbled upon our continent. But whether or not this supposition be true, we have no means of ascertaining.

There was another discovery made before the time of Columbus, of which we are reasonably certain. It is upon this that the objectors base their arguments.

In the latter part of the 9th century, a Norse, Viking, blown far out of his course by a violent storm, was thrown upon the coast of Iceland. Returning to Norway, his account created great excitement, and crowds of colonists flocked thither. Later on, by a similar accident the coast of Greenland was found and several settlements established on those inhospitable shores. In 986, a young Norseman named Bjarn started from Iceland to spend the winter with his father in Greenland. Having but the vaguest notion of the direction in which that country lay, with nothing but the sun and stars by which to direct his course, the young man set out with all the characteristic bravery of his race steering his ship towards the West. Soon after leaving port a dense fog enveloped his vessel; fearful storms impeded his progress and drove his ship far to the South. At last, a rift appeared in the bank of fog surrounding him; the beams of the sun struggled through the mist; the fog lifted and Bjarn was enabled to see whither he was going. Anxiously he scanned the horizon. In the distance he saw an unknown land looming up like a blue cloud. He approached it, and saw that the land was covered with forests and furrowed with small hills. "This," said he to his men, "is not the land we seek, for we are assured that the mountains of Greenland are high, and covered with ice." With this he turned his ship's prow to the North and started to look for Greenland. After a day and night, through the gray of the early morning, he saw a level country covered with trees. His sailors wished to land here for wood and water; but the young Viking was in search of Greenland and his father. They entreated; he refused, and again the vessel sailed to the North. After three days he approached an island covered with glaciers

and passed it by. Then, after two days and nights on the open sea, he saw another land whose towering cliffs, covered with perpetual snow, broke in against a lowering sky. Here at once he recognized Greenland, and his voyage was at an end.

Just about this time the tidal wave of Christianity broke over Norway, sweeping before it all the pagan deities, and carrying off the last remnants of their worship. Filled with the spirit of conversion, the king of Norway, St. Olaf, went with bands of missionaries to all his colonies, bringing the inhabitants the Light of the world. In his court was a young man, Leif Ericson. Leif had heard of the voyage of Bjarn and he, too, was filled with ambition to become an explorer and discoverer. Purchasing Bjarn's ship, he enlisted thirty-five sailors and set out from Iceland in the year 1000. Besides his crew, he had with him a band of missionaries, some of whom he left in Greenland. His voyage, unlike that of Bjarn, was from North to South. Leif not only sighted the lands seen by his predecessor, but went ashore and explored them. After spending several months on this continent, he returned home, his ship laden with the products of the country. Intercourse between Greenland and Vinland, as the Norse named America, now became frequent. No permanent colonies were established, but many voyages were made to it in the interests of commerce and Christianity.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, the Black Death, that terrible plague that swept off half the human race, also attacked the people of Greenland. The settlements were almost entirely wiped out, and the few settlers whom the plague spared, the Esquimaux killed. All intercourse between Iceland and Greenland ceased, and Greenland, together with Vinland, was lost. So complete was the extinction that one hundred years later the memory of these colonies had become but a hazy tradition.

Why, then, did not the Norse follow up their discoveries with permanent colonies? The reason is clear. At that time they were a rude and uncultured race. Little cared they for science or learning. They lived for piracy and conquest; and when they had become rich and powerful by these means, they rested upon their honors and enjoyed their fortune. So it was with Leif and with all the Norse that followed him to this country. Small wonder, then, that their discoveries produced no permanent fruit; small wonder that their colonies, yes, even the memory of their colonies died out.

Another circumstance that seems wonderful to us is that some other nation should not have

begun where the Norse left off. But let us look at the condition of Europe at the time. The feudal system held sway everywhere. Kings were but the creatures of their great vassals; authority was but a name; murder and rapine reigned supreme. Each lord,

"Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen,"

was an absolute monarch in his own little domain. Like Ishmael, every man's hand was against him, and his against every man. Commerce there was none; roads, few, bad and dangerous; Security for life or property was unknown. Woe to the traveller or merchant then! A sudden onslaught by one of these robber barons, and he was despoiled of his all. Might made right; the poor and weak were the slaves of the rich and powerful. How could a people just emerging from barbarism be counted upon to achieve any great scientific work? How could the light of discovery penetrate the darkness of the times? And yet such a light did appear.

In the great commercial republic of Genoa was born the man above all others who was to show the way to the New World. Others had gone thither, but had done nothing. He went, and the wilderness blossomed as a garden. Such was the rediscovery of America. How great the honor, how well merited the glory of the deed, time alone can tell; for since the day that Columbus founded a little colony in the West Indies, the world has witnessed a progress truly marvellous. With each succeeding year we are making such strides on the road of advancement as were never dreamed of before. We are doing in days what it took Europe years to accomplish. What was, four hundred years ago, a vast wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts, and still more savage men, is now the scene of peaceful labor and cultivation; what was then an impenetrable forest is now the site of fruitful farms and green fields.

It is not in material prosperity alone that America excels; for in all matters pertaining to the intellectual and moral welfare of her people Columbia is the first to take the lead. The thirteen small colonies that once were the dependencies of a powerful empire, have now been welded into an inseparable Union, vast, strong, and lasting. This Union is now foremost in the rank of nations. This Union was the first to perfect and apply the principles of liberty, making of an oppressed people a free and independent state. Long may this condition of affairs endure! Long may our country lead the vanguard in the march of

progress! Long may she uphold the principles on which this government is based—the principles of liberty, freedom, and independence.

Christopher Columbus*

The autumn of the year whose dawn marked the fall of Granada and saw the Christian Cross replace the Mahometan Crescent on the domes of the Alhambra, witnessed the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

So thick is the mist of conjecture which the neglect of ages has cast about the cradle of this great man that, until recent years, little or nothing was known of his early life. Born as he was in a seaport town, surrounded on all sides by the stir and bustle of discovery, coming daily in contact with men whose whole lives had been spent on the sea, and who had risen by it to affluence and honor, his natural inclination, fanned by the breezes of romance and adventure, soon burst into a flame of enthusiasm. He tells us himself that he took to the sea at the early age of fourteen; but from this time until his appearance in Portugal, history has been able to catch but a few hazy glimpses of him. When it was that he first conceived the idea of a western route, we cannot say; but we know that once formed, no trial or misfortune, however severe, could for a single moment divert him from its pursuit. Columbus in this work was not animated by mere worldly motives; he cared not for the honor, influence and wealth which success should bring him, only in so far as they served as means to that sublime end, to the accomplishment of which he had consecrated his whole life—the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. With this noble end constantly in view, and recognizing in his theory the means whereby he might attain it, he was too wise a man to engage in it hastily. For years we find him brooding over the conjectures of famous explorers, studying their maps and corresponding with the most noted cosmographers of the age. When he felt himself able to defend his theory with logical argument, he began to look about him for means to prove it. Knowing full well that such a task could be undertaken only in the employ of a monarch, who could rule and defend the discovered lands, he refused all offers of assistance from individuals, and made the first advances to his native state.

Engaged in ambitious projects and petty wars nearer home, Genoa had neither time nor money to devote to such a hazardous enterprise. Undaunted

* Oration delivered at the annual Commencement, June 20, by J. J. McGRATH, '92.

by this rejection, his attention was next drawn to Portugal, whose fame was the talk of all Europe, and under whose banner the valiant Vasco de Gama had but just rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

King John was at first startled at the boldness of the project; but as Columbus, with the eloquence of conviction, laid before him argument after argument, his fears gradually gave way to doubt. First he appointed three commissioners and afterwards convoked his council to pronounce upon the feasibility of the plan. Though both tribunals returned adverse judgments, they were sufficiently convinced to try and rob the poor Genoese of his life-work. Under the pretence of a relief expedition, a ship was dispatched to test the route; but, thanks to the ever-watchful care of an all-just Providence, that ship returned with her frightened crew, who loudly denounced the stranger as an adventurer. Hearing of this contemptible breach of good faith, Columbus turned a deaf ear to all further proposals from a government which no longer deserved to be trusted, and, shaking the dust of perfidious Portugal from his feet, directed his steps towards Spain, whose Christian spirit alone seemed to hold out hope of the aid which he sought.

Tired and hungry, we next find Columbus sitting beneath the shade of La Rabida within whose walls he was at last to find a home and a friend. Father Perez, noting the fatigued condition and noble appearance of this stranger, invited him into the convent where, during the course of conversation, he learned the story of his troubled life. Deeply impressed with the piety and resignation of his guest, the good monk besought him to remain at the convent until such time as he could petition the king and queen.

As every energy and resource of Spain was then devoted to the prosecution of the war against the Moors, Columbus saw that to attempt to present his plan at such a time would avail him nothing; so, gratefully accepting the offer of his recluse friend, he made La Rabida his home. It was here that he acquired that astonishing knowledge of the Scriptures which stood him in such good need before the council of Salamanca.

No chapter in his history so vividly depicts the grandeur of his mind as those eighteen years of weary waiting and hoping against hope; when heaven and earth seemed to conspire against him, and even his sympathizers looked upon him as a dreamer, a lunatic or an adventurer. Not always, though, was it to be thus; soon the last battle-cry came resounding from the favorite seat of Moorish power, and the war was over.

Ere the sounds of rejoicing and revelry ceased, Columbus hastened to Santa Fé, there to unfold

his project. The monarchs listened to him with interest, and submitted the proposal to the Junta of Salamanca, which body, though representing the greatest learning of Spain, failed to be convinced by Columbus. Nevertheless, he had made a firm friend of Isabella who, inspired with the thought of souls to be saved, and confidence in the ability of Columbus to do what he proposed, despite the refusal of Ferdinand to co-operate, took the affair in her own hands, and at last Columbus was happy.

Though sure of royal patronage, his success was yet far from insured. So great and numerous were the terrors with which fancy invested the deep recesses of the ocean that no sailor, however daring, had ever ventured to attempt an outward voyage. Again Father Perez came to his aid until at last all was ready.

On the 3d of August, ere the sun had fairly risen, the three little ships moved down the harbor amid the heart-rending cries of loved ones, and was soon lost in the mists of that boundless expanse. As the last point of land faded from view, the fears of the sailors were again aroused. Columbus, by his courageous example and gentle words, soon inspired them with confidence; but when the news of the variation of the compass became known, their terror knew no bounds; and, gathering about the masthead, demanded an immediate return. One moment's hesitation would have then placed Columbus at their mercy. Calm and resolute, he faced that angry crew; the louder became the cries of mutiny, the firmer his grasp on the wheel; and the fiercer the demand to turn about, the straighter did his prow break the east-bound crest. He had started for the Indies, and, by the help of Heaven, go there he would.

Soon fresh indications of land appeared, and things began to brighten, until, finally, on the 11th of October, 1492, a gun shot from the *Pinta* announced the discovery of land. It was no false alarm this time. The sails being furled and everything put in readiness for attack, Columbus, surrounded by his crew, sent rolling over the waves the first *Te Deum* that ever rose to the Creator from the bosom of the new ocean.

Little sleep was indulged in on that night; and when the darkness began to fade there unfolded to their view a verdure-covered isle far more beautiful than they had ever hoped to see. Clad in all the insignia of his rank, Columbus prepared to land. Stepping from the deck to his little boat, he was borne by sturdy arms and willing hearts to that long-expected shore, and his grateful tears were first to dampen its virgin soil. Rising from the ground, surrounded by the wondering natives, he planted, side by side, first

the Cross and then the banner of Spain, christening the isle San Salvador.

Thus was America discovered. Truly this was a wonderful work! Yet when we look back over the troubled life of this great man, and note how he was rewarded, we can scarce repress our feelings of indignation and reproach. Thrice did he brave the terrors of an unknown sea, and thrice did he become the victim of envy and avarice. Though he had discovered a world, he owned not even a bed whereon to die; but, with that saint-like resignation to Heaven, which so characterized his life on earth, with the chains—his earthly reward—hanging before his eyes, neglected and forsaken by all, he died in a hired bed and in a public inn.

Columbus and Columbia.*

Columbus died at the moment America began to live. With the last expiring gasp which forever closed his earthly career every breeze that ruffled the broad Atlantic carried life and blood to the discovered land. Dying before the full import of his discovery was known, the solitary man of his time yielded up his life of toil and hardship, unconscious of the great benefits he had bestowed upon humanity. America, the fruit of his labors, wild, uncivilized, with her giant forests and mighty prairies became a part of the world. A new page was about to be added to history, a new shore to geography. Thus Columbus died, thus Columbia was born.

Great events happen when the world needs them most. The gods no longer vested with the reverence which the genius of Homer had inspired, had fallen from positions on high Olympus, to be the patrons of debauchery and corruption when Christianity, taught by the humble Nazarene, burst upon the world. Paganism was neither looked to, nor were its gods respected. Their glory had faded before the indifference which accompanies riches and luxury. Christianity came and conquered. The Roman and Greek, not without a struggle, turned from the multiple forms of ancient superstition to the clear conception of the unity of divine power, from the images of brass to the idea of God in the soul. When this true spirit of Christianity had been succeeded by a false and intolerant one, religious hatred and unchristian bigotry caused the New World to be peopled. Flying from the fanaticism of Europe, the hardy Puritan launched his *Mayflower* on the Atlantic, and, coming to America, founded a colony where

he unfortunately denied to others that for which he suffered at home. It is to our honor that we see in Maryland the only colony to foreshadow the religious toleration of the Constitution. Increasing in size and prosperity, the colonies fought for an idea, and the Republic was the result.

Our most boastful Fourth of July orator never stated that our Government was free from defects. What work of human hands is? There are blots upon our history which the crimson blood of thousands could not, and never can, wash away. There are stains which cannot be effaced; which haunt us even when we endeavor to view only the pleasures of the present. But a Government of the people can be neither better nor worse than the people themselves. What was an experiment in 1776, is a reality in 1892.

We can now look back on a century's work of our Republic. It is a century of man's struggles for the rights of man. A century of noble achievements, of grand results which must belie the statement that a popular government rests upon no substantial basis, and must perish. The weak and credulous say: "How is it possible for a government resting on the capricious will of a fickle multitude to exist?" The pessimistic turn from the glorious triumphs of our past and our present, to point to the dust and ashes of Greece and Rome, and say that a like fate awaits this government. They were republics; they were the vanguard of civilization; their achievements even now shed the brightest lustre on the history of man. It is true that where Rome, the mistress of the world, held her imperial sway the bare walls of her forum in studied grandeur reflect, with all the glamor of ages, the instability of human institutions and the final destiny of what was a government of the people. It is true that the glories of Greece live but in the words of her historians and in the songs of her immortal bards. But Greece and Rome were not republics in the sense that the United States is. They were the creations of ambition and conquest. Our Republic is the result of patriotic self-sacrifice amid the hardships of war and the excitement of victory. Their free institutions were the loose confederacy of states where despotism ruled under the name of liberty. Despotism has no place in our free institutions where liberty and passion are subordinate to law.

Absolutism, the chief form of government in Europe, the divine right of kings the only principle of authority in most of the European states, such was the condition of the world an hundred years ago. A conception of the divine right of kings opposed to reason, opposed to the natural sense of justice, found adherents in every land and supporters in every court. One little nation alone

* Oration delivered at the Annual Commencement, June 20, by J. R. FITZGIBBON, '92.

cherished the name of liberty. Picturesque Switzerland, hidden behind the shadows of her rugged Alps, still kept burning the flame which kindled the heart of her mythical Tell. Pure as the snow that enveloped his lofty mountains, the Swiss kept sweet liberty, the only light in a desert of darkness. From out that romantic country there went forth no trumpet call announcing that all men were born free and equal. Europe practically bowed down to her kings. The people were mere instruments, mere puppets; sovereignty of the people, a phantasm. Upon such a foundation was the superstructure of government in the Old World built. Could such a system last? Was the people's will to be forever set at naught? Was the patient sense of a natural right to be crushed out of existence? There was an awakening. The famous declaration of *L'état c'est moi* had borne its legitimate fruit. France awoke to find her government overthrown and her streets red with the blood of her most privileged classes. The people had arisen and swept before them the last vestige of authority. One short month witnessed the downfall of despotic institutions which had been the work of centuries, while over the ruins rising in mighty cadences the Marseillaise—anthem of freedom—burst from the lips of thousands. What a fanatical mob called Reason, was enthroned and liberty, because to them it meant license, deified. Equality—the equality which mankind had thirsted for, for years and years—was purchased by murder and rapine. Equality, not by levelling the mighty, not by exalting the lowly, but by the guillotine.

The French Revolution had its influence. It was the great thunderstorm of the eighteenth century. It was the legitimate outgrowth of a system of tyranny, and after it had spent its force, mankind breathed a more healthful atmosphere. Despotism, in all its awful grandeur, felt the blow. Groaning from its hollow lungs and bloodless heart, it sank carrying with it forever the principle that the community was made for the ruler. Its ghastly form stretched on the sands of time marks the one great accomplishment for which so much blood was shed.

That our newly-established republic had much to do with the French Revolution, all must admit. That it was the cause of the Revolution is not true. It was caused by system old and strong; the American Republic but hastened what would inevitably have to be. The concentrated wrongs of centuries bear with them a force which is irresistible.

By adopting the Constitution, Congress pledged America as the friend of mankind. The heart of the colonists, who themselves had suffered long

and patiently, beat for all humanity—for those of the present, for the generations to come without exception. By the phrase "We hold these principles to be self-evident" mankind, the world over, was touched, strengthened and ennobled. A proposition which is self-evident admits of no exceptions. Liberty bell at Philadelphia did more than announce to the populace below that a free and independent nation had been born; it tolled a requiem over the grave where lay buried ages of servitude and inequality. Its peal, sweeter than music, louder than cannon, shook the despotic thrones of Europe to their foundations and filled with joy the hearts of millions who read that all men were created free and equal. Its glad tidings were only surpassed by those which proclaimed, eighteen centuries before, that He, who had come to regenerate the world, had arisen; the glad tidings pealed forth by the Constitution gave a promise, which is to-day nearly realized, of the political regeneration of the world.

The despised thirteen states have grown to be a nation of forty-four commonwealths. Our Government is more delicate in construction, more sensitive in form than any ever before launched upon political waters. Its course, however, has been one of triumphs. Though checked at times by national evils, though threatened with destruction by fratricidal war, the great heart of the people, enlightened by education, ennobled by virtue, has ever come to its assistance, and our cause has triumphed. The tide of immigration is still kept up. It seeks not the historic land of the Montezumas; not the glowing promises of the South American countries; not the boundless forests of Canada, but the belt of states between the Lakes and the Gulf. This Republic offers a welcome to all, except the outlaw and the brigand. She has no more room for the criminal flying from justice in his own land than she has for the doctrine of America for Americans and the men who advocate it. The one is a villain whose presence is a public danger; the other an insidious foe who would strike down the sacred and free institutions under which we live.

The endless social problems arising every day, growing out of the differences between labor and capital, must soon be solved. Europe, conscious of her weakness, looks to us for a solution. Well does she know that the social problem, unless soon settled, will be to civilization what Vesuvius was to Pompeii and Herculaniun. We have given an answer in theory; let it be put in practice. The application of the principles of the Constitution: "The universal brotherhood of mankind under the fatherhood of God" is the one means to rescue society from its impending dangers. A bond

stronger than patriotism, closer than citizenship, is necessary to unite the luxurious rich with the needy poor. Until the Christ-given principle "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" will direct man's affairs with his fellowman; until the capitalist treats the laborers under him with kindness, with consideration; until he sees in them men and brothers—children of the self-same God—we may expect to witness numerous boycotts, troubles and even bloodshed.

Napoleon, alone at St. Helena, just as his sun was slowly sinking behind the clouds which his heartless ambition had caused, remembering Moscow and its fateful march, gazed with prophetic insight into the future, and said: "Before the end of the nineteenth century the world will be either Cossack or republican." The multiplied evidence of a century shows that he was right. The Cossack is still confined to his bleak and desolate regions, where famine stalks and despotism reigns, but liberty has taken wing and finds supporters in every clime. The world is progressing; mankind is marching towards one common end which is as certain as the fact that there is a pole star in the heavens. Only those who wish to remain blind are ignorant of this. One half the world has already spoken, and its voice has found thousands of sympathetic hearers in the other half. A few short years ago, kindly Dom Pedro, the sole representative of a monarchical form of government, left our shores. It was not against him—the last and gentlest of his race—that the people raised their voice, but against the system which found in him an exponent.

In all civilized nations the change is noted. England still retains the outward form of royalty; but it is the ghost of what it was. The liberty wrested from the palsied hands of John at Runnymede has increased until now no king, no matter how popular, can safely defy the commoners. Where, but two hundred years ago, Louis XIV. proudly said, "I am the state," President Carnot now administers the affairs of a republic. Germany to-day presents a united empire under the limited sway of an emperor, where half a century ago petty despots ruled independent states. Russia still has her czar, but the serf no longer exists. In all has the spirit of 1776 worked its way and upturned mountains. The spark flashed into being by the muskets at Lexington now enlightens the world.

We now see ourselves in the front rank of nations. We are looked to and respected. We must teach; we must lead. Peace must be preached, but preached by example. If fight we must, if battle we must, let it be with right and justice on our side. The standard-bearer of liberty, let us be

the protector of it. Let us guard zealously the sacred heritage which they who have long since gone to their eternal reward gave to us. Let us, as Everett says, "tear our flag from the perilous ridges of battle and plant it on the rock of ages, there to be fixed forever the power of a free people slumbering in its fold, their peace reposing in its shade." Let us be true to the trust imposed upon us; true to the example of our sires; true to the principles for which they fought, bled and died, and we may yet see

"Europe's thirteen monarchies, states
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand federation like our own."

A Deserved Honor.

One of the pleasant incidents of the parade of the Light Guards on the 19th was the presentation of a sword to Captain Louis P. Chute, of Co. "A." After the prizes for proficiency in drill had been bestowed upon the members of the different companies to whom they had been awarded by the judges, Col. Hoynes said that it was peculiarly gratifying to him to be permitted to present to Captain Chute, on behalf of the Faculty, the beautiful sword which Father Regan had just placed in his hands. All concurred with manifestations of hearty applause in his eulogistic characterization of the admirable traits that had endeared the Captain to the rank and file of the battalion to his fellow-students and to the members of the Faculty. In the course of his speech the Colonel stated also that Captain Chute originally entered the ranks of Co. "A" as a private, and, by virtue solely of real merit, gentlemanly deportment, and attention to duty, became successively a corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain and brevet major. During his entire service, covering a period of several years, he had never neglected any duty, nor fallen below the highest standard of soldierly honor and manliness. The memory of his service would be cherished with pride by the battalion, and his example deemed ever worthy of emulation. With the sentiment of God-speed for his leaving and success and happiness in all the activities and relations of life to which the future may invite him, the presentation speech was brought to a close and the Captain ordered forward. He then received from Colonel Hoynes the sword, with its scabbard and appropriate belts. The hundreds of spectators who witnessed the ceremony manifested their pleasure by frequent outbursts of applause.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Letters received during the week give the glad assurance of the marked improvement in health experienced by the Very Rev. Father General Sorin since his arrival at Nantucket, Mass. These good tidings, together with the telegram of congratulation sent by the venerable Founder to the President, Faculty and students on Commencement Day, were the cause of great rejoicing to all at Notre Dame.

—The publication of much that was prepared for this issue has been necessarily deferred to the last number of the present volume of the SCHOLASTIC, which will appear during the coming week, and will contain the Valedictory, Class Poem, List of Premiums, etc., and the complete report of the Commencement exercises at St. Mary's Academy.

—Of the many encomiums with which our esteemed contemporaries honored the "Staff's Special Number," there was none that came home to us with greater power than the kindly notice of the *New York Catholic News*. We gladly reproduce it in another column, and assure the accomplished editor of the *News* that the good wishes so cordially expressed are as cordially reciprocated. We earnestly hope for him and the journal he so ably conducts a long and prosperous career.

—The Forty-Eighth Annual Commencement of the University took place on Monday and Tuesday of this week. As may be seen from the detailed report elsewhere given, it was marked by a brilliancy and variety well calculated to entertain the throng of visitors that greeted the closing feature of a successful collegiate year. Each of the members of the Class of '92, who provided the intellectual feast on the occasion, executed the task assigned him in a manner such as to reflect credit upon himself and the training received from *Alma Mater*. The presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishops Foley and Watterson added greatly to the pleasure of the exercises, while the addresses of the distinguished prelates

were practical and appropriate, and delivered with an eloquence that brought home to the minds of those present the great truths inculcated. We hope in our next issue to give a more complete report of these admirable orations.

Among the recipients of degrees was the Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Scottsville, N. Y., upon whom was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, Lambert needs no introduction to our readers. His crushing replies to the arch-infidel Ingersoll have made him famous throughout the land, and have characterized him as the leading polemic writer of the day. And everyone will acknowledge that in the honor thus bestowed the University pays a deserving tribute to a gifted mind and a devoted defender of religion.

All in all, the exercises of the two days formed a fitting conclusion to a highly prosperous scholastic year. During the past ten months the attendance has been very large, and marked by a great increase in the number pursuing the higher studies. And thus the year '91-'92 forms another glorious period in the history of *Alma Mater*, and adds a new lustre to the brilliant administration of its worthy President, the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.

A Message of Farewell.*

"Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His Justice."
—*Math.*, vi., 33.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Some months ago—months that in the retrospect seem scarcely longer than weeks—you assembled here to listen to a simple exposition of the philosophy of a year in college—a practical instruction on your duties as students. On that occasion, the formal opening of the scholastic year 1891-1892, you were told that, of the edifice of a Christian education, as of all other human undertakings, it was true to say, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." You were reminded that the year on which you were entering was but one portion of a lifetime, all of which you owe to God; that it would be a successful year if during its progress you were faithful in accomplishing God's will; and that His will was that you should devote yourselves to the practice of virtue, to earnest study, to legitimate recreation, and to fidelity in the observance of the University rules.

Kneeling before God's altar on that September morning, we invoked His blessing on the

* Sermon delivered on the last Sunday of the scholastic year, June 19, by the REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

new-born year, and prayed for the grace and strength that would enable us to spend it well. What was then the future has become the past; to the anticipations of September have succeeded the realizations of June; and, gathered again in this holy temple on this last Sunday of the year, you will not deem it inappropriate that there should be said a few words of gratitude and counsel—of gratitude to God, of counsel to you.

Looking back on the months that have flown so rapidly, we would surely be wanting in the living faith that animates all genuine Catholics did we not, from the bottom of our hearts, offer a tribute of thankfulness to our Father in heaven for the manifold benedictions which we have received from His adorable Providence, and to our Blessed Lady—the special patroness of our college home—for the loving care with which she has deigned to preside over its destinies. Our preservation from the multifarious scourges of fire and flood, of electric storms, of cyclones and cloud-bursts, all of which have devastated so many portions of this country during the past few months; our immunity from epidemics, and our comparative freedom from serious sickness of all kinds,—these, assuredly, are blessings which constantly call for, if they seldom evoke, the expression of our heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. Another cause for devout thankfulness to God is His having so palpably aided you during this past year in accomplishing the purpose for which you came hither, His having so abundantly blessed your labors and ours. This is not the time or the place for either flattery or glorification; and I am certainly indulging in neither when, on behalf of the President of the University, I cordially congratulate both the student body and the Faculty of '91-'92 on the exceptional success that has crowned their mutual exertions, on the good will and harmony that have constantly prevailed, on the utter absence of any general disorders, and on the paucity of instances in which there have been even individual infringements of the more important disciplinary regulations. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it"; but when the co-operation of the Lord is earnestly solicited, it cannot but be, as we have found it, that the labor is sweet in the performance, and both fruitful and permanent in its results.

So much for the year that is past. Its work is done, and well done. Now, what of the future—the future which in a day or two will have become the present? College commencements

always remind me of scenes that are of frequent occurrence in seaport towns. Passing along the wharves, on almost any summer afternoon, you will find scores of craft of every description and size, from the tiny sailboat, a yacht in miniature, to the full-rigged ship, all being made ready to slip their moorings. Here half a dozen light-hearted lads jump with noisy clatter into a wherry or pinnace; one seats himself in the stern and grasps the tiller ropes; the others gaily hoist the sails, and with no other thought than present enjoyment, away they sweep, bound for a brief excursion about the harbor.

Before embarking, however, they have received from careful mothers numberless cautions as to their outing; have been warned to be on the watch for sudden changes of wind, to keep out of the wake of ferry-boats and steamers, to guard against possible collision with other craft in the crowded harbor, and, above all, to avoid going outside the bar where the breeze blows fresh and the big waves are rolling. Laughing and care-free, the boys sail away, their little wherry dancing on the waters as if in sympathy with their bounding hearts; and while we watch them, a pilot-boat draws up alongside a stately bark on whose decks busy sailors, hurrying to and fro, are making ready to go out with the ebbing tide. The pilot climbs quickly to the deck, secures his boat, and, taking his place at the helm, gives orders to cast off the cables that hold the great vessel to the quay. In the meantime, standing near the edge of the wharf, a mother and son are bidding each other a fond good-bye, both trying bravely, though ineffectually, to keep back their tears. The bark is bound on a two-years' cruise, and the youthful sailor is about to start on his first long voyage. For years he has looked forward to this event as to one all fraught with bliss; but now that the moment is at hand, his joy, he finds, is dashed with grief. Hope is still beckoning him beyond the bar, adventure still fascinates and bold ambition thrills; but the parting words are hard to utter, and the ties that bind him to his home are stronger in fibre than he had thought them. Hurriedly the saddened mother reiterates her fond advice, bidding him be a sober, steady, God-fearing man; hurriedly he snatches a last impassioned kiss, and, dashing the tears from his eye, springs lightly aboard to front at last, with high hopes and courageous heart, the dangers that await all those who go down to the sea in ships.

I need scarcely point out to you how both these scenes are paralleled at the close of each academic year. To the greater number among

you vacation means but a few weeks' excursion, a brief holiday trip from which you will soon return to the quiet haven of college life. Your thoughts, like those of the boys in the wherry, are all on pleasure bent, and the joys of home-going swallow up the passing regret experienced at the temporary parting from classmates and friends. To others among you Commencement means something more than this—something deeper than mere freedom from books and the restraint of rules. Like the youthful seaman of the bark, your gaze is fixed beyond the harbor's bar; for to you too has come the time when, severing the ties that have long bound you to the friends and scenes of youth, you prepare with a joy not all unmixed with regrets to sweep out on the broad bosom of life's great ocean.

To both classes of her sons—those who will return and those whose career as students is closed—Notre Dame, like a tender mother, would give some words of parting counsel. And first, if I interpret her aright, she would say to the younger ones among you—those whom she expects to greet again in September next—enjoy yourselves during the coming weeks right heartily and well. Enjoyment is the business of vacation, just as study has been the business of the year. Play base-ball, then, and tennis, go fishing and hunting and riding and boating, swim and race and tramp, lie down in the sweet-smelling grass by the brook side and listen dreamily to the drowsy murmur of the rippling water, or watch the fleecy white cloudlets drifting lazily across the blue of the summer sky, and let your fancy chase them whithersoever it will.

If—as I am sure is the case with the great majority—you have diligently applied yourselves during the past ten months to intellectual work, it is perfectly proper that during the holidays your mental faculties should be allowed to rest,—to rest, remember, not to rust from constant inaction. Vacation is to the year what the negative is to the photograph. All that is dark in the photograph is light in the negative, and *vice versa*. Now, if we represent the study of the year by the shades, and its recreation by the lights, of the photograph, you will see that the negative of the year, vacation, should show not only many hours of physical enjoyment, but some hours of mental labor. "All work and no play," says the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy"; but experience shows that all play and no work produces still worse results, tending to make of Jack neither a clever boy nor a good one. Believe me, my dear boys, you will enjoy

yourselves all the better for an occasional hour given up to study; to the reviewing, for instance, of some branch in which at present you are weak; to the reading of some volume of history, biography, or even fiction that is clean and pure as well as entertaining.

Another thing to bear in mind is that there is no real enjoyment, no genuine fun, except that which is innocent. The misnamed pleasure that forces your guardian angel to cover his face with his wings for shame, the sport that you dare not describe at length to your mother or sisters, the so-called "good time" that leaves you the next morning with a bad headache and a worse heart-ache—ah! that, my friends, is not true pleasure or joy; it is dead-sea fruit that turns to ashes in the mouth; it is the earnest of future pain and poignant sorrow; it is weariness and bitterness of heart, vanity and vexation of spirit. Let no shadow of sin, then, overcloud your recreation; shun the seductions of illicit pleasures; and that you may be enabled to do so the more readily, frequent the sacraments with even more regularity during vacation than you have done during the year. The more dangers we have to encounter, the more precautions we should take to avoid them. Prayer and the sacraments are the best safeguards of your virtue; and hence you should be assiduous in employing them frequently. And, apart from the benefit to yourselves, think what a consolation it would be to your parents to see you approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table every fortnight. Do so, my dear boys, and you will surely find that the peace of mind resulting from the practice immeasurably outweighs any slight inconvenience that the effort may entail. Do so, and you will be taking the most infallible means of spending, what we all desire you to have—a truly happy vacation.

And for those of her sons who have attained their majority, who are taking part in their last Commencement, and who, as students, will return to Notre Dame no more, what word of wisdom has their *Alma Mater* to impart as her last lesson? What comprehensive maxim that shall serve as a luminous chart by which these unskilled mariners may shape their course on the voyage of life so soon to begin? Surely none other than the inspired word of my text: "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice." Therein is contained the essence of the best advice that true philosophy has ever given to "the mariner, man, since the world began." Seek *first* the kingdom of God; seek secondarily, seek incidentally, if you will,

wealth and honor and eminent positions; raise yourselves to the height of the station which in God's designs you are called upon to fill; but look to it that these things are sought, not as the ends of existence, but merely as means to accomplish your real end—the salvation of your immortal soul.

The world with which you are soon to mingle, my friends, has set up a number of idols before which it bows down in sincerer worship than that which it accords its Maker. Success is one of these. A successful man is forthwith proclaimed a hero, a king among men. Let not your spiritual vision become so clouded that in this matter you see as the world sees. Recognize rather with keener perception that there is no success, deserving the name, save that which can withstand the touch of death; that the only really successful man is the saint; and that all others are more or less failures according as they less or more nearly approach to sanctity.

Fame, too, extorts the worship of the world to whose anti-spiritual atmosphere you are soon to be exposed; and fame is as false an idol as is success. Mere worldly fame is pleasant enough, perhaps, when it comes unsought; but the man who fixes upon it as the goal of his ambition, who sacrifices to its attainment one iota of his principles, one atom of his self-respect, is the veriest simpleton that ever chased a sunbeam, sighed for the moon, or blew soap-bubbles and wept to see them burst. So with the other idols of the world—wealth and pleasure, and culture; they are false and hollow and worthless all. Seek not any of these, my friends; seek the kingdom of God and His justice.

And, after all, to seek this kingdom of God, you have only to make your practice conform to your beliefs; have only to let your actions be the logical outcome of your principles. For, if you are rational, consistent Catholics, then the subject of your salvation occupies the principal place in your minds. Your life-long pursuits will be undertaken and followed up only in subservience to this, your ultimate end. Your business, your profession, law, medicine, commerce, agriculture, engineering, whatever labor your station in life requires from you, you will look upon only as so many means by which God desires you to work out your eternal destiny. If you are consistent Catholics, you will be men of prayer, soliciting fervently and frequently those graces necessary to sustain you in the constant struggle which you will be called on to wage against the world, the flesh, and the devil. If you succumb occasionally to the assaults of the tempter, your consistency will

display itself in your having immediate recourse to those life-giving fountains of sanctifying grace, the sacraments of the Church. In a word, my friends, if you are consistent Catholics, you will be good, practical Catholics.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice,"—it is the last word of all Christian sages. It is the original of Carlyle's "Love not pleasure, love God." It is the meaning of Sir Walter Scott's dying advice, whispered in broken accents to the nephew kneeling by his bedside: "Be a good man, my boy, be a good man." It is the burden of innumerable texts of Scripture: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" "Martha, Martha, thou art solicitous and art troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary." Yes, it is the old, old story that the patriarchs told and the prophets sang; that the apostles preached in every country of the old world; whose truth the martyrs sealed with their blood in both old world and new. The old, old story which God's saints have vivified in their daily lives, and God's ministers have been preaching year after year and century after century throughout the length and breadth of the Christian world. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice,"—it is the great truth, knowing which your wisdom is worth that of all the schools; ignoring which, you are ignorant indeed. It is the epitome of all that you have learned at Notre Dame; and it is the last message of your *Alma Mater* to all her sons as, watching them set forth, whether to cruise about the harbor, or to sail life's mighty ocean beyond the harbor bar, she wishes them prosperous breezes and sunny skies and the very heartiest God-speed.

[From the South Bend Tribune.]

The Forty-Eighth Annual Commencement.

This year of 1892, being the quadri-centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus, gave Notre Dame University the opportunity to honor the great discoverer by making her 48th annual a "Columbian Centenary." In the exercises each orator took some incident in the life of the daring navigator and amplified it; the musical part of the programme was also devoted to Columbus, and even the Right Rev. J. S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, caught the Columbian enthusiasm, and, as orator of the day, reviewed the speeches of the graduating class and grew eloquent over the achievements of the adventurous Genoese.

It is, perhaps, more fitting that Notre Dame

University should have its 1892 Commencement to the honor of Columbus than any other college in the country. In no other educational institute in America are the events of his wonderful life preserved as they are at Notre Dame. Down the long wide corridor of the University building, on either side, the lofty walls, from the entrance door to where they end beneath the great dome, record them in the masterpieces of the great Italian artist, Gregori. These paintings have made the corridors of Notre Dame as famous for art work as its class rooms are for education. The Gregori portrait of Columbus, standing erect, with a chart in his left hand and his right resting on a globe, with his finger pointing to the outline of the New World he discovered, is the first of the series and has already appeared in the *Ave Maria*, and other magazines. The library of Notre Dame is rich, too, in Columbus literature, and its museum in Columbus relics.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Washington Hall is a comparatively new building with a seating capacity of over 1,000; but it is getting too small to accommodate the commencement crowds. There is, however, so much else to attract visitors at Notre Dame, that the enlargement of the handsome building will be a matter for consideration many years hence. The visitors who do not get seats in the hall pass the time in sight-seeing on the campus, always at its loveliest in June, with its green-sward, magnificent trees, cool fountains, and its works of art. A Yale man said, as he drove up the avenue on the east of the campus: "Notre Dame makes a better impression on a stranger than Yale. The buildings are so modern, so well constructed, the campus so great, the dome of the University so lofty, the church so large that the impression is not only favorable but lasting." It will be more so when the spires on the church, which are each day pushing skyward, are completed.

THE EXERCISES.

The Forty-eighth annual exercises began at 9 o'clock on the morning of Monday with the distribution of premiums to the Minims in St. Edward's Hall. These premiums were the result of the strict examinations which had been in progress for several days. After the distributions came the regattas over the mile course on the lake.

The first race was between the four-oared crews of the *Yosemite* manned by Sorin Hall Seniors, as follows: Bow, L. Chute; No. 2, F. B. Chute; No. 3, J. R. Fitzgibbon; stroke, N. Sinnott; captain and oarsman, J. McGrath, Jr.

The *Montmorency* was manned by Brownson Hall Seniors, as follows: Captain and bow, N. Dinkel; No. 2, T. Flynn; No. 3, L. Conroy; stroke, C. Roby; coxswain, E. McGonigle.

The race was won by the *Montmorencys* in 3.20.

In the six-oared race the *Minnehaha* was manned as follows: Bow, J. McCarrick; No. 2,

F. Arts; No. 3, R. Palmer; No. 4, W. Ellwanger; No. 5, A. Chidester; No. 6, H. Ferneding, stroke and captain; P. Coady, coxswain.

The *Evangeline's* crew was: No. 1, F. Maisen; No. 2, C. Mooney; No. 3, J. Cullen; No. 4, W. Cummings; No. 5, A. Zeller; T. Ansberry, stroke and captain; T. Coady, coxswain.

The *Evangeline* won in 3.22.

CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

After dinner the visitors were entertained by the calisthenic exercises in St. Edward's gymnasium. The exercises were given by a class of about 25 Minims, which went through the various evolutions in a very creditable manner. One end of the comfortable gymnasium had been arranged for the accommodation of the visitors, with rugs, chairs and various decorations.

To the time of piano music the boys filed out of the dressing room, and treated the spectators with an exhibition of their skill in marching and intricate manoeuvres. Under command of one of their number, who acted as leader, the boys were put through a series of calisthenic movements which showed excellent training by the Brothers in charge of this department. The exercises were very attractive, much more so than the usual calisthenic work. One of the most attractive of the manoeuvres was the forming of a pyramid by a class. Out of seeming disorder a living pyramid suddenly rose at the word of command, crowned by the smallest members of the class, while the older boys formed a firm foundation. At the close of these exercises the majority of the visitors made their way to Brownson campus where a game of ball between two picked nines was being played. Mooney and Cohn occupied the points for one team, while Cartier and Gillon performed similar services for their opponents. The game, although well played, showed a lack of interest in the result, and made a somewhat one-sided game.

IN WASHINGTON HALL.

Washington Hall was crowded to its fullest capacity as soon the doors were thrown open at 7.15 p.m. Monday. A little later Bishop Foley, of Detroit, accompanied by President Walsh, and several of the Faculty and visiting clergy, entered the hall by the west entrance, and as he crossed the hall to the seat of honor in front centre was heartily applauded. The exercises opened with an overture from "Martha" by the orchestra. This was followed by a chorus "Columbia, Beloved" by the University choral union, with Prof. Liscombe at the piano.

The Latin poem, "Columbus," by Mr. Joseph Just, had the place of honor, and just previous to its recital by the author, a handsome booklet containing the poem, Gregori's portrait of Columbus, and a bird's-eye view of Notre Dame, was given to each member of the audience, as a souvenir. When Mr. Just finished his poem, which was well delivered, he was heartily applauded, and again applauded when he presented

a handsome copy of it to the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Mr. Ernest DuBrul spoke on "The Predecessors of Columbus"; Mr. J. J. McGrath, Jr., on "Columbus," and Mr. James R. Fitzgibbon on "Columbus and Columbia." The three addresses showed great research into the life and character of Columbus and the results following his wonderful discovery. Between the addresses were musical numbers, a vocal solo by Mr. F. B. Chute, a flute solo by Mr. F. C. Bachrach, and the programme closed with Hamm's concert overture by the orchestra.

President Walsh introduced Bishop Foley in a few well-chosen words. Bishop Foley is a gentleman of commanding appearance, distinguished mien and magnetic personality. As an orator, he ranks high in the Church. Like Depew and Beecher, he never writes or commits a speech to memory. He depends on the inspiration of the occasion, and it never fails him. No graduating class ever received more practical, common-sense advice than this one of twenty-six graduates. He impressed upon them the fact that their college education was but the foundation for their life work, and whatever might be their chosen occupation or profession, it must be built on that. He warned them of the temptations that would beset them, and of the evil of wealth gained by dishonest methods. He paid a glowing tribute to Notre Dame and its Faculty as he closed his remarks.

Conferring of Degrees, etc.

On Tuesday morning, after the reading of the Class Poem, by Mr. Emil F. Neef, the delivery of the Valedictory, by N. J. Sinnott, and an earnest, practical address by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, the Degrees and Honors were conferred as follows:

DEGREES.

The Degree of DOCTOR OF LAWS was conferred on the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, Scottsville, N. Y.; Dr. John A. Ouchterlong, Louisville, Ky.

The Degree of MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on Thomas P. White, M. D., Cincinnati, Ohio; Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, Mo.; Rev. W. J. Kelly, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.

The Degree of MASTER OF ARTS *in honorem* was conferred on Alexander J. Mullen, M. D., Michigan City, Ind.; James Solon, Chicago, Illinois.

The Degree of BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on Alwin Ahlrichs, Cullman, Ala.; Benjamin C. Bachrach, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Just, Notre Dame, Ind.; Nicholas J. Sinnott, The Dalles, Oregon.

The Degree of BACHELOR OF LETTERS was conferred on James R. Fitzgibbon, Newark, Ohio; Frederick B. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ernest F. DuBrul, Cincinnati, Ohio; John J. McGrath,

Chicago, Ill.; Roger B. Sinnott, The Dalles, Oregon; Francis J. Vurpillat, Winamac, Ind.; Hugh O'Neill, Cresco, Iowa.

The Degree of BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on James M. Brady, Quincy, Ill.; Dezere A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Frederic E. Neef, Springfield, Ill.; William M. O'Brien, Caledonia, Minn.; Otto A. Rothert, Louisville, Ky.

The Degree of CIVIL ENGINEER was conferred on Pierce A. Murphy, Vancouver Barracks, Washington; Charles J. Gillon, Milford, Mass.; Owen W. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.

The Degree of MASTER OF LAWS was conferred on Hugh O'Neill, Cresco, Iowa; Dudley M. Shively, South Bend, Ind.

The Degree of BACHELOR OF LAWS was conferred on Louis P. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Patrick H. Coady, Pana, Ill.; Bryan H. Tivnen, Mattoon, Ill.; Patrick J. Houlihan, South Bend, Ind.; Peter M. Ragan, Maumee, Ohio; Orrin Z. Hubbell, Elkhart, Ind.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS.

William S. McDonnell, Des Moines, Iowa; William E. Stanton, Berlin Cross Roads, Ohio; Edward J. Ball, Plymouth, Ind.; John R. Breen, Nashville, Tenn.; William V. Cummings, Chicago, Ill.; John W. Harrington, Memphis, Tenn.; Leo B. Thome, Chicago, Ill.; Francis J. O'Rourke, Kansas City, Mo.; Thomas W. Foley, Anamosa, Iowa; Frederick E. Murphy, Hammond, Wis.; John H. Chilcote, Edgerton, Ohio; Eugene M. Smith, Louisville, Ky.; William Earl Bates, Stuart, Iowa.

CERTIFICATES FOR TELEGRAPHY

were awarded to John H. Chilcote, Edgerton, Ohio; Oscar A. Bergland, Cadillac, Mich.; Norwood R. Gibson, Peoria, Ill.

SPECIAL PRIZE MEDALS.

THE QUAN GOLD MEDAL in the Senior Class, Classical Course, was awarded to Alwin Ahlrichs, Cullman, Ala.

THE MASON MEDAL for the student of Carroll Hall having the best record for the scholastic year was awarded to Samuel A. Walker, Grafton, North Dakota.

THE SORIN GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine was awarded to Joseph A. Delany, Newburg, New York.

THE DWENGER GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine was awarded to John S. Schopp, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(The Breen Gold Medal for Oratory, and the Meehan Medal for English Essays were not awarded.)

CLASS PRIZE MEDALS.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Junior Class was awarded to Michael A. Quinlan, Rockford, Ill.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Sophomore Class

was awarded to Thomas J. Hennessy, Notre Dame, Ind.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

THE ELLSWORTH C. HUGHES MEDAL in the Senior Class was awarded to Frederick E. Neef, Springfield, Ill.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Junior Class was awarded to Edward J. Maurus, Seneca, Ill.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Freshman Class was awarded to Hugh C. Mitchell, Victoria, Texas.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

THE COMMERCIAL MEDAL was awarded to Edward J. Ball, Plymouth, Ind.

SPECIAL COURSES.

THE BARRY ELOCUTION MEDAL in Brownson Hall was awarded to Raymond C. Langan, Clinton, Iowa.

THE ELOCUTION MEDAL in Carroll Hall was awarded to Thomas J. Finnerty, Denver, Col.

THE MEDAL FOR EXCELLENCE IN THE FIRST PHYSICS CLASS was awarded to Frederick E. Neef, Springfield, Ill.

MEDALS FOR CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE in Brownson Hall were awarded to Martin McFadden, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur V. Corry, Butte, Mont.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

THE GOLD MEDAL of the Sorin Association was awarded to Frank B. Cornell, New York, N. Y.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Elocution was awarded to Charles A. Furthman, Chicago, Ill.

THE MEDAL FOR MUSIC was awarded to Wade H. Durand, South Bend, Ind.

(The Gold Medal of the Freshman Class, Classical Course, the Sophomore Class, Scientific Course and the medals for Penmanship and letter-writing in St. Edward's Hall were not awarded.)

FIRST HONOR AWARDS.

[First Honors are awarded to students of Brownson Hall who have attained an average of at least 90 per cent. for scholarship and deportment during the scholastic year. The first honor awarded for the first year takes the form of a diploma; that awarded for two years of satisfactory work is a gold medal. This medal may be renewed from year to year.]

BROWNSON HALL.

First Honor Gold Medals were awarded to John Kearns, Notre Dame, Ind.; Emil Ahlrichs, Cullman, Ala.; Dwight C. Philips, Nutwood, Ind.; William A. Correll, Mattawana, Pa.

First Honor Diplomas were awarded to Arthur V. Corry, Butte, Mont.; James Ryan, Danville, Ill.; George F. Pulskamp, Celina, Ohio; James A. Brady, Portland, Oregon; Louis S. Vinez, Louisville, Ohio; William M. Kennedy, Highland, Wis.; Daniel Murphy, Lewisburg, Pa.; John S. Schopp, Cincinnati, O.; Charles Kunert, Watertown, Wis.; Martin McFadden, Chicago.

DEPORTMENT PRIZE MEDALS.

[Gold Medals for deportment are awarded to pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward's Hall who have spent two full years at Notre Dame, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

CARROLL HALL.

John J. Dempsey, George A. Hagan.

RENEWAL.

W. Earl Bates.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Walter H. Blumenthal, Robert E. Ball, Louis W. Trankle, J. Wendall Hoffman, Frederick P. Ransome, Robert F. McIntyre, Wm. Finnerty, Thomas P. Lowery.

RENEWALS.

Carl Krollman, Garfield J. Scherrer, Thomas D. Burns, William W. Scherrer, Herman W. Londoner.

[Silver Medals for deportment are awarded to pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward's Hall who have spent two full years at Notre Dame, and whose deportment has given general satisfaction.]

CARROLL HALL.

Guy M. Bixby, Archibald W. Leonard, Edward J. Ball, James L. Tong, Joseph A. Brown, Charles O. Teeters, David G. Thornton.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Lester T. Fossick, Benjamin M. White, Walter G. Rose, Aaron S. Everest, Clive J. Nichols, Jacob G. Pieser, Edward H. Christ, Francis S. Cross, Francis Croke, Dudley Oatman.

DEPORTMENT CERTIFICATES.

[Certificates are awarded to those pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward's Hall who have followed the courses of the University at least two terms and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

CARROLL HALL.

Louis Baldauf, Charles T. Cullen, Leigh F. Gibson, George H. Gerner, Austin H. Gillam, Louis G. Garfias, David D. Hilger, John Hittson, Henry Hargrave, Wm. Kreicker, August T. Kegler, Wm. C. Kegler, Benj. F. Sedwick, Fred. H. Scholer, Richard S. Slevin, Edward M. Thome, Sam. A. Walker, Burnett Weaver, Nicholas T. Weitzel, John W. Miller, Wm. H. Mills, Hugh C. Mitchell, Chas. H. Myers, Harry O. Nichols, Burton W. Oliver, Fred. J. O'Brien, Guy Peake, Aloysius J. Rumley, Edward M. Sparks, Barry C. Weitzel, Joseph C. Yeager.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Edward La Moure, Sam. A. Morrison, Rolette A. Berthelet, Norton H. Pratt, Walter F. Gavan, Raymond J. McPhee, Andrew W. Hilger, Roy B. Pursell, Roscoe Brown, Scott J. Donnell, Daniel McAlister, Fedor H. Trankle, Charles W. Girsch, George A. Kinney, William Z. Emerson, Leslie R. Donnell, Volney E. Berthelet, John B. Corry, Frederic F. Emerson, John L. McCarthy, William W. Durand, William Ahearn, Harry R. O'Neill, Joseph A. Coquillard, Alexis Coquillard, Francis P. Curtin.

Personal.

—H. B. Smith (Law), '86, has a lucrative practice in Tacoma, Washington.

—J. S. Hummer (Law and Literature), '90-'91, is head clerk in Judge Prendergast's office, Chicago.

—Captain J. V. O'Donnell (Law), '87, is now a partner of the Hon. John Gibbons and Judge Kavanaugh, of Chicago, the firm being named "Gibbons, Kavanaugh & O'Donnell."

—The Michigan *Catholic*, by request of Prof. Egan, courteously contradicts the rumor, which was without foundation, that he was about to undertake the management of a weekly paper in Chicago.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, were guests of the University on Monday and Tuesday. The Oration of the Day was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley.

—Miss Angela Donnelly, of Michigan City, one of the brightest and most accomplished graduates of St. Mary's Academy, afforded much pleasure to her friends at Notre Dame by making them a Commencement visit.

—Hon. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, attended the Commencement exercises at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. He was accompanied by Mrs. Barry. Their daughters, Kittie and Margaret, who are pupils at the Academy, returned with them to Chicago.

—Henry A. Steis (Law), '86, has for several years been prosecuting attorney of Pulaski and Starke counties, Indiana. He is regarded as the ablest and most successful attorney of his years in that circuit, and his name has frequently been mentioned in connection with the judgeship.

—Frank E. Lane (Law), '91, is regarded as the most successful young lawyer in Concordia, Kansas. His examination for admission to the bar took place last October, and the local newspapers refer to it as "the most brilliant and satisfactory ever conducted by the committee."

—A. P. Gibbs (Law), '88, of Dubuque, Iowa, attended the Commencement exercises. He is doing remarkably well in the practice. He says that his classmates, P. J. Nelson, of the same place, and T. F. Griffin, of Sioux City, Iowa, are also doing well. The success of the latter has hardly been equalled during the past three years by that of any other lawyer in Western Iowa.

—M. O. Burns (Law), '87, is the City Solicitor of Hamilton, Ohio. He has been very successful in the practice, and his clientage is said to be larger than that of any other young lawyer in the city. He has already been several times before the Supreme Court of Ohio, and he writes Prof. Hoynes that he will try his first case before the United States Supreme Court in October next.

—Our reporter failed to secure the names of the members of the clergy who honored Notre Dame by their presence at Commencement; but we were pleased to meet and greet the Revs. J. Crawley, '56, Laporte; John Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind.; E. Byrne, East Chicago; John Foster, Joliet, Ill.; F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; John O'Brien, Stevens Point, Wis.; E. Kelly, Chicago, and others.

Local Items.

—Vacation!

—Good-bye!

—'Rah for the Band!

—All things gone up!

—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, *Nostra Domina!*

—The Classic halls are deserted.

—More locals and personals next week.

—Prof. Hoynes is in Chicago on business.

—The last number will be the boss number.

—The new law diploma of Notre Dame is said to be the handsomest in the country.

—To-day is the Feast of the Sacred Heart—patronal festival of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

—Indications point to an unusually large attendance of law students next year. It has come to be understood that the law course at Notre Dame is nowhere surpassed in thoroughness.

—At the dress parade of the military companies on the 19th, the prizes (gold medals) won in the various competitive drills were awarded to the following: T. Quinlan and J. Doheny, of Co. "A"; D. Hilger, of Co. "B," and H. Hathaway, of the Sorin Cadets.

—On the evening of the 19th inst. the members of St. Joseph's Literary Society of the Manual Labor School held their closing exercises. The meeting throughout was enlivened with good singing and excellent speaking. The parting remarks were a fitting climax to a very pleasant entertainment.

—Mr. Louis P. Chute, Captain of Co. "A," was made the recipient of a beautiful floral tribute on Commencement Day. It was the gift of members of Company "A," and consisted of a large ship designed in a numerous variety of flowers. It was skilfully executed, and revealed the artistic taste of Mr. Treanor of South Bend.

—At the final meetings of the Senior and Junior branches of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin, the members tendered unanimous votes of thanks to the Director, the Rev. W. Connor, C. S. C. These societies were never in a more flourishing condition, and speak well for the painstaking care and energetic supervision of the worthy Director.

—The Very Rev. E. Sorin, Father General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, accompanied by Father Zahm and Brother Columba, of the same Congregation, is making a health visit to Nantucket, Mass. Father General Sorin has been an important factor in the building up of Catholicity in the great West. He founded Notre Dame University over fifty years ago, and has directed it ever since. The *Pilot* unites with a host of friends in hoping that the venerable Father Sorin may find his health greatly benefited by his sojourn at Nantucket.—*Boston Pilot*.

—Good music is always pleasing to the ear. To the student who is about to embark on the ever-changing waters of life's troubled sea, nothing is more pleasing than to hear his college home echo and re-echo with the national airs of his country, bidding him, perhaps, a last and long farewell. These thoughts are called to mind by the excellent playing of the University Cornet Band for the last three weeks. At seven o'clock every evening for the past three weeks the band, under the leadership of the Rev. M. Mohun, played inspiring airs in a style only second to that of Gilmore's. To give a just estimate of the selections and medleys rendered would be impossible for want of space. Suffice it to say that the music was excellent, and that the members of the band richly deserve, not only the praises, but the thanks of the students and guests at the University.

—The Staff of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., who have conducted that admirable college journal for the past year, evidently made up their minds to "spread themselves" on their special number, and they did it. The first page is ornamented with an engraving of Columbus, followed by a Latin poem on the great discoverer, by Joseph Just; then comes a "Staff Social," by James R. Fitzgibbon, who, in the introduction describes a reunion of the Staff at the Hoffman House, New York, in 1902, when the various members of the Staff tell a story, or relate some one of the many experiences that befell them during the ten years intervening since their graduation in 1892. The stories are all cleverly told, and speak well for the imaginative powers of the young men. After giving the regular quota of college news, the last page is decorated with fac-similes of the signatures of the boys who have conducted the SCHOLASTIC so well for the past year, and made it a welcome addition to the editorial table of the *Catholic News* during that time. We bid our youthful contemporaries, Joseph Just, M. A. Quinlan, Alwin Ahlrichs, B. C. Bachrach, W. Houlihan, R. B. Sinnott, H. C. Murphy, L. P. Chute, Hugh O'Neill, E. F. DuBrul, Fred B. Chute, J. J. McGrath, Jr., J. R. Fitzgibbon and F. J. Vurpillat an affectionate farewell with the wish that success will crown their efforts in this life, and that a faithful observance of the doctrine of the Church, inculcated in their *Alma Mater*, will

procure for them eternal salvation, when the trials and sufferings of this life are over.—*New York Catholic News*.

—The exercises of the Forty-Eighth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame on Monday and Tuesday, June 20 and 21, were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

MONDAY.

9.30 a. m., Distribution of Premiums in St. Edward's Hall
10.30 a. m. Regatta
1.30 p. m.—Calisthenic Exercises in St. Edward's Gymnasium.
2.30 p. m. Field Sports on Brownson Campus
7.30 p. m. Exercises in Washington Hall
Overture—"Martha" *Flotow*
University Orchestra.
Chorus. Columbia, Beloved
University Choral Union.
Latin Poem—Columbus. Joseph Just, '92
Address. The Predecessors of Columbus
Ernest F. DuBrul, '92.
Vocal Solo—The Pilgrim. Adams
Frederick B. Chute, '92.
Address. Columbus
John J. McGrath, '92.
Flute Solo. *Tyrolerlied*
Benjamin C. Bachrach, '92.
Address. Columbus and Columbia
James R. Fitzgibbon, '92.
Hamm's Concert Overture. University Orchestra
Oration of the Day—Right Rev. John S. Foley, D. D.,
Bishop of Detroit.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 8.30 a. m.

Quartette. Auld Lang Syne
Messrs. Chute, Harris, Schaack and Murphy.
Class Poem. The History of Faustus
Frederick E. Neef, '92.
Valedictory. Nicholas J. Sinnott, '92
Awarding of Honors, Conferring of Degrees, etc.
Retiring March. N. D. U. C. Band

—NOTE:—Will the person who took a volume of Faber's "Conferences" from our sanctum kindly return the same? No questions asked.

A Letter from Father General.

The Princes of St. Edward's Hall were highly honored by the receipt of the following letter from their venerable patron, the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, now sojourning at Nantucket, Mass. It will be a pleasure to many an older "child" to peruse the lines of the venerable Founder and renew a fervent aspiration for his complete restoration to health:

"MY DEAR YOUNG PRINCES:

"How much I miss you! But I know that you miss me yourselves as much as I do you all here at Nantucket. This reciprocity of paternal and filial love will increase day after day our common happiness. What a delight it would have been for me to crown your noble efforts through the whole year under the eyes of your beloved parents! But I must be satisfied this time to be there in spirit, and to read on your happy countenances the delight of your stainless hearts. Adieu for a few months. Rejoice your dear homes every day more and more.

"Your loving friend,

"E. SORIN, C. S. C."