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The World-Givers.*

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

All genius is a light that comes from God,
Its glory is His glory,—His its calm
That broods in silence until high its palm
Of victory it raises,—though His rod
Fall heavy; it arises at His nod,
And He who made it fills it with the balm
Of His own sweetness; and its loving psalm
Rings glorious above the mouldering sod:
All men are kindred joined by genius thus,
All men are bound, Columbus, by your deed
That draws them nearer, though an ocean rolls
Between our lives and theirs;—a part of us
Are all great acts,—they answer to the need
Of mortal hearts and of immortal souls!

God sent three men, true, patient and serene,
Who found new worlds through tribulations sore,—
One, earliest, for all a new cross bore
And taught his race what Christian love can mean;
He found a world new, glowing, fresh and green,
Where avarice and pride had dwelt before,
And the vile monsters chased he from the door
Of God's own temple; so the light was seen:
This was St. Francis, in Assisi born,
Who gave the world a world of charity,
Who found the poor hid by the lust of gain,
And covered with the pall of deadly scorn;—
He tore it off, and in its verity
Showed this new world fed by Love's gentle rain.

Another epoch, and another man,
To change the world by giving it a world,—
A Titan he! whose very locks seemed curled
By breath of flame, whose thoughts tumultuous ran,—
Nay, leaped like fire into the glowing van
Of human progress; and he, chanting, hurled
Himself to farthest Hell, the Cross unfurled
Upon the flag he bore where no man can:
And this was Dante; worlds of peace and fire,
Wide and sublime, he opened to our eyes;

Precursor of Columbus in the faith
That gilds no thing with flash of mere desire,
But makes our acts as flames that Godward rise,
"By Him made pure," as word of Scripture saith.

St. Francis lived by love, and he loved well;
And full of faith great Dante held his heart
Torn by dire tortures, bitter was his part;
Then there came one, but not to look on Hell
And freeze mankind with horror;—in a shell,
A speck on ocean did Columbus start,
To save Christ's Sepulchre, not to give mart
For grasping men, or in earth's joys to dwell:
O great Columbus! as the world you gave,
And as your Hope must our hope ever be,
As great our thoughts, not soiled by sordid lust;
Your Faith and Hope our caravels can save!
Come gloom or storm upon our country's sea;—
The cross of safety shines above your dust!

The Columbian Centenary.*

This is a day of rejoicing to our country,
and to all civilized nations as well; for to-day
we celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of
the discovery of a new world. It is also a
day of triumph for the holy Church of the
living God, for it reminds us that the discoverer
of America was a citizen of Catholic Italy who
came on the ships of Catholic Spain to bring to
our shores the light of the Catholic faith. But I
may well say, my friends, that this is a day of
more than ordinary glory and happiness to all
the inmates of this Catholic University, because
we have been the first to pay, by the skilful
hand of a Catholic artist, a signal tribute of
admiration and gratitude to the great man
whom we are now called upon to praise and exalt
in this magnificent basilica. Therefore may

* From the discourse in the College Church, Notre Dame, on Sunday, Oct. 16, by the REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

* Read at the Dinner of the Columbus Club, Chicago, Oct. 12, 1892.

we well borrow the words of the sacred Liturgy: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice." Let not only our voices but still more our hearts and souls exult in commemorating this grand historical event to the honor and glory of Christopher Columbus.

Do you remember your first impression when you first visited Notre Dame? At the end of this stately avenue, do you remember seeing, high up in the skies, a colossal statue? Its feet seemed to rest on a golden carpet all resplendent with the dazzling rays of the sun, whilst its head at night shone far and wide crowned with brilliant diamond-like stars. This is Notre Dame, Our Lady. Ascend the steps: She it is who will present you to the Holy Cross of her Son. You see *O Crux, ave! spes unica!*—"our only hope," engraven above the main entrance. She it is who will introduce you to Columbus, the intrepid discoverer, and to Isabella, his gentle protectress. Then you will see how, after years of doubt and privations, of rebukes and persecutions, he at last embarked full of confidence, strengthened by the prayers and blessings of a friar, a Franciscan, a priest; how he, the devout client of Mary the Mother of God, calmly confronted envy, mutiny, discouragement and despair; how he successfully landed and boldly planted the holy cross on the blessed shore of a new land; how he was presented at court to Ferdinand and Isabella with strange fruits and birds and still stranger natives; how he patiently allowed his noble hands to be loaded with the chains of treachery, and finally died almost unknown, his fetters hanging before his eyes and his sons weeping at his bed side, while the rites of the last Sacraments were performed over his emaciated body. She, our sweet Lady, the Star of the Sea, will tell you that Columbus was a man of extraordinary faith, and that all he did was for the greater glory of her Son and the spreading of His Gospel. But now you stand amazed in the centre of a gorgeous cupola. Look up, and see and think and pray, for lo! here you behold Divine Wisdom surrounded and glorified by all the fine arts and sciences: a masterpiece of painting, as radiant as poetry, as true as history, as harmonious as music. And if you have eyes to see, a heart to feel and a mind to admire; if, above all, the spirit of divine faith animates the soul, then you will exclaim, in spite of yourself: "Now I understand Notre Dame! Now I see that Mary, the Virgin Immaculate, the Mother of God, has led me to the cross of the Man-God. Cross in hand, I fully realize the stupendous genius of the great

navigator, whose life and learning, whose sufferings and virtues, brought me to the pure knowledge of the Divine Word, Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour."

This, my friends, is indeed the only standpoint from which the wonderful mission of Columbus can thoroughly be understood. And if, instead of being simply a visitor to Notre Dame you have come to remain as a student, and ask me what was the character of Columbus, I shall answer: Columbus was a dreamer, but he dreamt of new worlds to be found and conquered; he was a poet, but his ideal was the conversion of pagans to Christianity; he was a learned man, but his learning was guided by divine Faith; he was an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm aimed at the recovery of the Holy Places; he was a navigator, but his compass was made by the hand of piety rather than by that of science; he was persecuted that the crown of martyrdom might be placed on the brow of genius. Christopher Columbus was admiral of the seas because he was destined by Divine Providence to carry Christ across the ocean. Poor, slighted, disgraced, he died at Valladolid, but his glory is immortal, not only because by discovering a new world he deserves to have his name engraved on the tablets of history among the greatest benefactors of mankind, but still more because his mission was heavenly, his genius deeply religious, his sufferings sanctified by Christian patience and resignation. A Catholic hero was Columbus, whose work, linked forever with the Church of God, can no longer be severed from the world-wide influence of Catholic civilization. For Protestantism was unknown when through him America was made known to the nations of the old Continent.

Let students, scholars, poets, historians, philosophers search the archives of Spain and the libraries of Europe: the deeper the research, the brighter will shine the diadem of learning which adorns the brow of the old mother Church of Rome. Yes, it was a Catholic, a devout Catholic, who first conceived the grand thought of a new continent. It was when, foot-sore, wearied and down-hearted, he knocked at the door of a Catholic convent that hope began to dawn upon him. It was a monk who saved the son from starvation, and the father from despair; it was a Roman Cardinal who pleaded his cause before the sovereigns of Castile; it was a Catholic king who fitted his ships, and a Catholic queen who pledged her jewels for his expedition. It was the Catholic Columbus, with a Catholic crew, who sailed away for months upon an unknown sea and sustained the courage

of his companions by his gentle firmness and indomitable confidence. It was with the sweet song of the Blessed Mother of God that captain and crew closed the labor of the day and buoyed themselves up with fresh hopes for the morrow. It was the Holy Cross, the standard of Catholic faith, that was borne from the ships to the land and planted on the shore of the new-found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first, and for over a hundred years the only, Christian worship offered to God on the Continent which was, later on, after another Catholic Italian, called—America.

Truly, "Great and wonderful are the works of God in His saints! but at the same time the power of God is visible also in men of great genius," says the Prophet. And if I were asked what was the influence exercised by Columbus and his discovery? I would answer in the words of Humboldt, a Protestant: "Columbus was the giant who stood between the Middle Ages and modern times." Living at the dawn of a new era, his grand figure dominates the century that is about to close, and announces the stormy but fruitful ages to come. An epoch-making man he was, who, in spite of all the obstacles accumulated by narrow prejudices and fierce passions, became the most powerful instrument in the hands of God. A providential man he was; who doubts it? A leader, to guide his successors in the vast field of discoveries; a conqueror in the peaceful crusade of Christian civilization over barbarism; an Apostle and a missionary! Infidels may sneer at his mission; pygmy writers may strive to diminish his worth or tarnish his glory, his character ever remains spotless in the judgment of fair-minded historians. Columbus shall go down to posterity noble and pure, shedding even upon his revilers the light, love and life of his gentleness, integrity and disinterestedness. His influence shall never fade away, for the spirit of his enterprise was the spirit of faith, the spirit of the Catholic Church, the Holy Spirit of God.

Look around and try to realize all the wonders wrought for the last four hundred years both in South and North America: Do you not feel that the same spirit which inspired Columbus is still living? First of all *a spirit of discovery* began to take possession of the whole world as soon as Columbus had "broken asunder the old chains that bound the waves and opened the dark gates of the ocean." The four expeditions of the successful Genoese were, so to speak, the spark that set all Europe on fire; from Spain to Italy, from Italy to France, from France to England and Scandinavian countries

an ardent passion for adventures, for new lands, for gold and for fame invaded the hearts of the rich and the poor alike, and, exciting in all classes the spirit of invention, gradually enlarged public and private fortunes. Thus it is that economical relations being changed, credit increased, trade learned new routes, and with the foundation of innumerable colonies the amazed Ocean soon became an immense lake for mercantile transactions between the Old and the New World.

But yet more swiftly and boldly grew the *missionary spirit* under the sudden impulse of Columbus. Who will ever be able to count the thousands and thousands of priests and religious who sailed for the new Continent? Who will ever point out their numberless missions to the West Indies and Central America, to Florida and California, to Mexico and Columbia, to Peru, Brazil and Paraguay? Who will ever describe the endless wanderings of those indefatigable pioneers of the Catholic faith penetrating, with cross and axe in hand, into virgin forests never before entered by white men? What historian will ever relate all the labors, what poet will ever sing worthily all the marvels of your zeal, O saintly children of Francis of Assisi, Dominic or Ignatius? Who will ever know here on earth the angelic virtues and sacrifices of those heroes of Christianity whose lives equalled those of the early Christians, and whose deaths rivalled those of the first martyrs? Long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the Catholic priest had visited the poor Indians on the banks of the Mississippi, and long before the English settled Jamestown "a black gown" had administered the Holy Sacraments to the red skins. Even though history were silent, the soil itself would bear eternal testimony to the sacred foot-prints of Catholic missionaries, and cry out to heaven the sweet names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph and all Saints, everywhere re-echoed from the bleak coast of the Maine and the forests of New York to the delightful banks of the Sacramento and the shores of the Golden Gate, from the wilds of Texas and the groves of Florida to the sandy hills of the Great Lakes and the majestic valley of the St. Lawrence. Yes, still the same spirit breathes now as well as four hundred years ago, a spirit of religious enthusiasm and self-sacrifice—the spirit that discovered America, the spirit that created Notre Dame, the spirit that gave birth to our *private and public liberties*.

Assuredly neither Columbus, when planting the cross on the little Island of San Salvador, nor the Catholic pioneers of a savage land,

when preaching the Gospel to the wild tribes of Indians, ever dreamt that they were laying deep the foundations of a republic mightier than Rome in the height of her glory, freer than Athens in her palmy days. And, it is under the shadow of the same cross that more than sixty millions of free men have found peace, security and happiness; it is the best teaching of the same old religion that is embodied in our American Constitution—that immortal monument of liberty, equality and fraternity cemented by the hand of Christianity. The same spirit of sacrifice and devotion, of justice and benevolence, of gentleness and toleration which came forth from Calvary and permeated, as it were, the whole life of Columbus has united in an immense body nations of all climes, creeds and nationalities under the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America.

The little seed of the Catholic faith sown by Columbus at the foot of the cross has developed into a gigantic tree that covers the new Hemisphere. It has been watered by the blood of the early missionaries; it may at times be shaken, but it cannot die. It must grow, adorning with its fragrant blossoms home, state and school, uniting more and more the city of man and the city of God, and bringing forth on all sides the golden fruits of patriotism and charity.

Hail to thee, O Holy Cross! our light, our hope, our consolation! Hail to thee, O Columbus! Thou art the cross-bearer of Jesus Christ, and thy work can no longer be separated from the Son of God. The world may change, and men also with the world, but thou, O Cross, shalt remain the same forever!—"Stat crux dum volvitur orbis!" And Thou, O Divine Crucified! do Thou teach these young men, the pride of Notre Dame and the flower of the land, never to be ashamed of Thy Holy Cross, but, carrying in their warm hearts the love of Christ and the love of country, to live always, and, if needs be, to die with these words on their lips: "For God and Columbia!"

O SON, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all;
For when the Lord of all things made Himself
Naked of glory for His mortal charge,
"Take Thou my robe," she said, "for all is Thine;"
And all her form shone forth with sudden light,
So that the angels were amazed, and she
Followed Him down, and like a flying star
Led on the gray-haired wisdom of the East;
But her thou hast not known; for what is this
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself
As Galahad.

—Tennyson.

Tennyson.

A soul that thrills from morn to setting sun
Last poet-soul with many laurels crowned,
First of bards in the hearts that thou hast bound,
Replete with wealth of honors justly won,
Endowed with that pulse-quick'ning fire, which shone
Down ages past, and cast its glory round;
Thou master of the Muse's garden ground,
E'en Dante's self, nor Wordsworth, Tennyson!

Nor Byron, grand, sublime, could peer with thee!
No bard may claim a place in such high state:
Yet thy great heart would to a lesser cede
Such lasting fame,—yet it will never be,—
On him no laurels fall, though laureate—
Now shall the poet feel the poet's need.

F. T.

Hermenigild; or, the Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE II.

(Seville. Hall in the Governor's palace. HERMENIGILD and UTOLF discovered seated.)

HERMENIGILD. The king's ambassadors have set this hour to read the royal edict in public audience before the nobles of the province.

UTOLF. It bodes no good! Your father, Leovig, bears not in vain his title, the Iron King.

HERMENIGILD. O blame him not; he is misled by Goswin and the Queen, my deadly enemies. What do you know of Sisbert?

UTOLF. Sisbert is a soldier, savage and full of pride, a tool in Goswin's hand. I fear me he plays us foully.

HERMENIGILD. How so?

UTOLF. Since their arrival yesterday they have spread rumors of threatening import about your deposition.

HERMENIGILD (*Rises*). What? Before I am informed?

UTOLF. 'Tis out among the people. You know what love they bear you, what fidelity! 'Twill cause a revolution. Large crowds have been gathering through the night and throng the streets with threatening looks and bitter words against the king, your father. Look there! (*Points to the street below*.)

HERMENIGILD (*Looks*). True, indeed! This will incense the king still more.

UTOLF. That is intended. See you not the plan of Goswin to provoke an outbreak and throw the blame on you?

HERMENIGILD. This must be stopped; I'll go among them. (*Enter servant*.)

SERVANT. Your Highness, the royal ambassadors and the nobles.

HERMENIGILD. Admit them. (*Ambassadors and nobles enter*.) Welcome, ambassadors, to the capital of our province! Our nobles of Seville,

descended from the race of ancient Rome, have never swerved from their allegiance to the crown, nor to me, their Governor. We are at peace. I trust, your message will prove you the same.

SISBERT. Prince Hermenigild and nobles! King Leovig, your father, has charged us to read this document before you.

HERMENIGILD. Proceed.

SISBERT. Leovig, King of the Visigoths, to Hermenigild, the Governor of Seville, and to the nobles of the Province. With sorrow and indignation have we heard that Hermenigild, our once beloved son, to whom we gave in trust the government of our newly-gained province of Seville, has publicly renounced the religion of Arius, by law established in our states. This open disloyalty to our government is a most dangerous example to the people, the more so as it comes from one who ranks nearest to the king as his son and as the Governor of this province. In vain have been our fatherly admonitions, our royal threats. Stubbornly he persists in his newly-gained opinions. Hence there remains but one alternative: either Prince Hermenigild must give up his faith, or he is hereby deposed from his office and banished from our country till he repents.

UTOLF. Good heavens! This is cruel!

NOBLES. O cruel! (*Noise.*)

HERMENIGILD (*Motions for order*). Is this all?

SISBERT. All that concerns your Highness. Here is the document (*Hands it to him*). The king instructed us to bring your answer.

HERMENIGILD (*Looking at it*). There is no other charge against me but this—that I forsook the sect of Arianism.

SISBERT. But Arianism is the religion of the state, by law established.

HERMENIGILD. Religion of the state? O Sisbert! Religion is the child of heaven, the gift of God to man. It is divine; one in its truth, like Him who gave it, and universal in its mission to all the world. Behold the golden sun in yonder sky, the one great centre of our firmament whose heavenly light illumines all the world; you cannot make that light a state affair defined by law, subject to national sway. God's light for all! So his religion is world-wide for all; not national, but universal; above the state, above race, language, color. It loves and blesses all, like Him who gave it. Thus did my eyes behold it, and, entranced, I chose.

SISBERT. But your allegiance to the state—

HERMENIGILD. Remains unchanged. As I shed my blood for it before, so would I now. But let the state beware lest it assail the higher allegiance which I owe to my own conscience and to that eternal Ruler before whose sovereign power all kings are naught.

SISBERT. Then you refuse submission to the demand of Leovig, your father and your king?

HERMENIGILD. My father and my king! (*Looks to heaven.*) Yet it was said: "He that loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Sisbert, my filial love is due to

Leovig, my father, my allegiance to my king, my soul's conviction to my Creator. I cannot accede to your demand.

SISBERT. Then, by the power and in the name of Leovig, King of the Visigoths, I here declare Prince Hermenigild as deposed from office and banished from the land.

HERMENIGILD. The orders of the king must be obeyed. I submit.

CLAUDIUS (*Angrily*). Most noble Prince, submit? submit to such outrageous tyranny? No, never! Oh! ye Nobles of Seville, does not the Roman blood within your veins tingle with indignation and protest? Submit? Will *you* submit to see our generous prince crushed, deposed and exiled?

SISBERT. This is not at your disposal.

CLAUDIUS. Is it at yours?

SISBERT. I am empowered by the king.

COMMUNIUS. Dare you try our courage, sir?

SISBERT. Dare? I dare you all, proud Romans though you be! 'Tis scarce a year since, on the field of Pisa, our swords laid your ambition low! (*Nobles murmur.*)

CLAUDIUS. What, blustering Visigoth! *Your* swords?

SISBERT. Yes, Roman, *our* swords!

HERMENIGILD. Peace, gentlemen.

CLAUDIUS. Ha, Visigoth! Hast thou forgotten that when the battle stood, the traitor Evaric, King of the Sueves, who fought on our side, turned suddenly against us?—Your swords!

HERMENIGILD. Peace! Claudius, Comminius; Count Sisbert, forbear!

CLAUDIUS. O Prince! Shall this ambitious courtier fling vauntingly into our very teeth our misfortune? heap wanton insult on our sorrow? O Prince, do not submit! There is a limit where honest men rise up against the tyrant, and boldly strike for right and truth and freedom.

SISBERT. This is rebellion!

CLAUDIUS. You call it so! (*To HERMENIGILD.*) O Prince! command our swords, our blood, our lives! We strike for Hermenigild and right.

NOBLES. For Hermenigild! To arms! To arms! (*Enter a servant; noise outside.*)

HERMENIGILD. Dear friends and nobles of Seville, this must not be! (*Noise outside.*) What noise is this?

SERVANT. Your Highness, the people throng the place before the palace and demand a hearing.

HERMENIGILD. Methinks I know the cause! There is foul play (*Looks at SISBERT.*) Well, let them come. O Sisbert! 'twas neither wise nor fair to spread these rumors among my faithful people. (*CITIZENS enter.*) You are welcome, friends, as ever, to the presence of your prince!

BLACKSMITH. O Prince, the people of Seville have been disturbed by rumors of the king's disgrace and anger against your Highness! They sent us here.

HERMENIGILD. The king, my father, has decreed my deposition and banishment.

CITIZENS. O Prince!

BLACKSMITH. And so the worst is true. Our noble, mild and generous prince is doomed? O see the people crowding to your palace; they sent us here to kneel (*kneels*) and pray you not to forsake us; leave us not victims to our Arian oppressors! We will fight for you, our homes and altars unto the last. O stay with us!

CITIZENS. Yes, leave us not; stay with us!

NOBLES. Oh! do not leave us; stay with us!

HERMENIGILD. Oh, 'tis sweet to be beloved so well by those we rule! But do not urge me on to draw my sword against the king, my father. Let me depart in peace, for, blessed are those who endure the wrongs of persecution for justice sake. Thus spoke the Son of the eternal King of kings. And I, the son of but an earthly king, will bravely choose His path.

SMITH. O noble Prince! (*General commotion.*)

CLAUDIUS. O Prince, this breaks my heart!

HERMENIGILD. My own heart bleeds in bidding you farewell. Count Sisbert, I commend my people to the forbearance of my royal father and my successor. And now, you may depart.

SISBERT. There's one word more!

HERMENIGILD. More yet?

SISBERT (*Unfolding the second letter*). The king demands and orders as follows: First, that the keys of all the cities of this Province be handed over to the ambassadors. Second, that Leander, the Archbishop of Seville, be banished. (*Commotion, cries of "Leander!"*) Third, that all the churches of the Province be transferred to the Arians.

NOBLES and CITIZENS. Tyranny! Intolerable tyranny! (*Great commotion.*)

SISBERT. Silence, in the name of the king! Fourth, that the nobles shall appear to-morrow to swear allegiance to the new governor, Duke Ægismund, by order—

HERMENIGILD. O just heavens!

NOBLES and CITIZENS. No, never! Ægismund? What, Leander banished, our churches robbed!

SISBERT. Even so, the king demands. (*Uproar.*)

CLAUDIUS. This is too much, Prince. Fellow-citizens, Romans, friends! you hear this sneering, overbearing Visigoth! You hear his proud, intolerable "the king demands!" You hear this despicable minion of a tyrant king!

SISBERT. (*Drawing his sword.*) I charge thee, traitor!

CLAUDIUS. I hurl the traitor back into thy teeth!

NOBLES. To arms! Down with the tyrant!

HERMENIGILD. Forbear, gentlemen; hear me—

NOBLES. No! No more submission! To arms!

SMITH (*Through the window*). To arms! to arms! (*Cries of "Hurrah" outside.*)

CLAUDIUS. Traitor! You banish our prince, rob our churches, drive our priests and bishop from the land by your blasphemous "the king demands"! Must we yield up our faith because "the king demands"? Must we swear allegiance to the bloodhound Ægismund, who ruined our land with sword and fire? Must we, because "the king demands"? Ah! Romans, you hear

his infamous, his arrogant "the king demands"!

ALL. Down with the king! Down with the ambassadors! To arms! to arms!

HERMENIGILD (*Steps before the ambassadors*). Stand back! Respect the sacred character of the ambassadors.

CLAUDIUS. O prince!

HERMENIGILD. Only over my corpse.

CLAUDIUS. Fall back! friends, down to the streets! out upon the walls! arm the people! close the gates! Follow me!

NOBLES. To arms! to arms! Revolt! revolt! revolt! (*Exeunt.*)

HERMENIGILD (*To SISBERT*). You sowed the wind and reap the storm. The evil is at work. Beware!

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.

(*Street in Seville. Evening; noise of approaching riot. Enter FREDEGISSEL.*)

FREDEGISSEL. Where the body is, the eagles gather. The city is in revolt, and angry crowds run through the streets, threatening destruction. This is the time to reap my harvest. (*Draws his dagger.*) This little piece of steel may yet do some service to-night. Only the chance must— (*Enter SISBERT, steps behind him and taps him on the shoulder.*) Ha!

SISBERT. Hello! you rogue! Such ugly playthings fit not the peddler. Leave them to warriors, man.

FREDEGISSEL. Oh, how you've scared me!

SISBERT (*Laughs*). Ha, ha! It's a bad conscience, friend, there's the rub!

FREDEGISSEL (*Angry*). Yes, yes, laugh on! It's you who know how to make devilish good use of our bad consciences to benefit yourself.

SISBERT. Oho, sirrah! Be not so hot.

FREDEGISSEL. Leave me alone!

SISBERT. listen, Fredegisel, I've a job for you.

FREDEGISSEL. With a bad conscience in it, I warrant.

SISBERT. Tut, tut, my man! Money! plenty of it. One hundred pieces of genuine gold!

FREDEGISSEL (*Comes back*). One hundred ducats! Ah, say, sweet Lord Sisbert, how do you call that job?

SISBERT (*Laughs*). Ha, ha! No more bad conscience now; the golden calf is coming into view.

FREDEGISSEL. Confound your jokes! Your job, my lord, your job!

SISBERT (*Looks around*). Come here! Psh! There's to be war; our army is going to besiege this city. Now some dark and stormy night you might set fire to some houses in different parts, and—

FREDEGISSEL. I know a secret entrance through the wall.

SISBERT. The very thing! You let a number of our daring men into the city, while the fire is raging, to force the gates. Meanwhile we will attack from the outside. One hundred ducats—

FREDEGISSEL. I'll be ready, sir.

SISBERT. Look out for the signals flung from the walls.

FREDEGISEL. Right, my lord.

SISBERT. I go, lest our meeting cause suspicion.

FREDEGISEL. Fare thee well, Lord! (*Aside.*) I hate this proud and arrogant lord's talk about bad conscience! Betwixt his and mine where's the difference? Bah! Only in the gold lining. (*Noise comes nearer.*) They are coming. (*Hides.*) (*CITIZENS come on the stage with clubs, axes, etc., crying: Revolt! to arms! etc.*)

SMITH. I tell you friends, a prince like Hermenigild has never lived before.

1ST CITIZEN. He is good to the common people and kind to the poor.

SMITH. And such a prince they drive away into exile? Shame!

2D CITIZEN. And send us Ægismund!

3D CITIZEN. We don't want that murderous bloodhound.

4TH CITIZEN. We will not stand and let them rob our churches.

5TH CITIZEN. Yes, and drive our Bishop into exile.

SMITH. Down with Arian tyranny! Fellow-citizens, I will fight as long as I can wield this hammer.

1ST CITIZEN. So will I, let them come!

2D CITIZEN. And I will stand to you.

3D CITIZEN. And I.

4TH CITIZEN. And I.

ALL. Down with the tyrant! Strike for liberty! Ring the bells!

1ST CITIZEN. Ha! There are some of them that come from the capital.

(*Enter AGILAN and two servants with torches.*)

2D CITIZEN. So you are one of them that want to oppress us.

AGILAN. Hands off, you rebel! (*Draws*) Gas-tolf, Agilulf, draw! (*They draw.*) Stand back! make room for the ambassador of the king!

1ST CITIZEN. Look, he draws his sword! We are not afraid of your iron!

2D CITIZEN. Upon them! beat them! let them feel our clubs!

ALL. Knock them down! Upon them! (*Scuffle in which all, except FREDEGISEL with AGILAN, leave the stage.*)

FREDEGISEL. You bleed, my Lord, rest here awhile. Your servants have drawn them on a false track.

AGILAN. Only a scratch! (*sits down.*) What a desperate fellow that was who hit me with his club. I killed the dog. Now upon my honor, I wish—(*FREDEGISEL has gone behind and stabs him.*) Otreacherous villain! I am slain. Slain by a vile peddler! O—merci—ful—heavens—(*dies.*)

FREDEGISEL (*Looks around*). Well and quickly finished! He is dead—dead as a mouse. Now yield up your money! (*Searches his pockets, and takes his money; then finds the golden chain and locket.*) This is worth the trouble! Genuine gold. Confound it! they're coming again. (*Exit.*) (*Enter crowd of citizens followed by HERMENIGILD, CLAUDIUS, COMMINIUS, etc.*)

ALL. Long live Prince Hermenigild, our Governor! Hurrah!

HERMENIGILD. I thank you for your good will, my friends; but I must insist, disperse!

CITIZENS. We will! Long live our Prince!

UTOLF. Stop! What is this? There lies a body! I fear there has been foul work.

HERMENIGILD. What? murder in the streets! Who is it?

COMMINIUS. Gracious Heavens! O Prince, the king's ambassador, Count Agilan!

HERMENIGILD. The king's ambassador slain in our city?

CLAUDIUS. O wretched deed! Cursed be the hand that did it!

HERMENIGILD. A fearful crime has been committed. Oh, ye blind, senseless, furious men! Ye dared lay riotous hands upon the sacred person of the king's ambassador. Away! begone! (*The crowd withdraws a little.*) O Utolf, Claudius! My heart is heavy. This crime is destined to cost a sea of blood and tears.

SISBERT. (*Comes with servant.*) I sought my brother through all the streets of this revolting city, but find him not.

HERMENIGILD. O Sisbert!

SISBERT. Why stand you there aghast and silent and stare at me with faces pale and fearful? (*Sees the body.*) What is that? O just heavens! My brother murdered! O Agilan! Agilan! (*Throws himself on the corpse.*)

UTOLF. This is a sorry sight!

HERMENIGILD. Count Sisbert, we all do mourn with you for this sad loss.

SISBERT. Who calls me? What! Prince Hermenigild? Ha! you! You—you—I charge with this bloody deed.

HERMENIGILD. What, me?

SISBERT. Yes, you!

CLAUDIUS. Count Sisbert, shame!

SISBERT. Yes, you, Prince Hermenigild! you! 'Tis in *your* city this murder was committed. My brother's blood upon *you*!

HERMENIGILD. Count Sisbert, your boundless grief makes you unjust. May God forgive you. Would I speak what I do know I could point out by whom these riots have been instigated. But this is not the place nor time. I reject your accusation with a calm conscience.

SISBERT. What do I care whose murderous hand has struck the fatal blow! You are the cause of this revolt. You, yes, you! The blood of my slain brother cries to heaven for vengeance. (*Draws and points to heaven.*) Revenge! Yes, bloody revenge! Revenge upon Seville! Revenge upon its people! Revenge on you, its ruler! Revenge!

HERMENIGILD. This is the raving of a man maddened by grief. I do not fear your threats; I spurn your accusations with an unspeakable disdain. I have a sword to prove my unstained honor, and a clean conscience that fearlessly appeals to an all-seeing Judge.

(*Curtain.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—It is pleasing to note the popularity accorded Gregori's paintings of Columbus in the main building of the University. Reproductions are to be met with on all sides; but, sad to relate, as a general thing, credit is not given where it is due.

—The great Columbian centenary at Notre Dame met with the calm yet expressive dignity befitting the institution which is the pioneer in the Nation in honoring the great Discoverer. Saturday and Sunday last were devoted to the celebration. On Saturday afternoon an oration was delivered by Mr. George E. Clarke, '84, of South Bend, in the midst of a choice musical entertainment. Prof. Egan's beautiful poem was read amid great applause by Fred Neef. At Solemn High Mass on Sunday morning the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., delivered an eloquent sermon which we are glad to reproduce in this number. Mr. Clarke was highly commended for his oration. Among other things he said: "That which Columbus accomplished silences his eulogist, as the voice of the ocean overwhelms its praises on the shore." Then were told the different theories as to forms of the earth and what was thought of the ocean. In that age of cosmographic ignorance Columbus was born. He was looked upon as a dreamer. Only the intervention of a monk and the believing heart of a woman rescued him. The morning of his departure, in the convent of La Rabida, he received the blessings of the religious, and as he boarded his vessel curses were heaped on him by the people who thought he was risking so many lives in an Utopian undertaking. The incidents of the voyage form a thrice told tale. The fears, the clamors of the crew were described, but stern and unyielding was the fearless navi-

gator when occasions demanded, yet lenient and forgiving when his superiority was established. By his discovery a new creation was accomplished and the slumber of ages broken.

—Now that Tennyson is dead, the attention of the literary world is drawn to the subject of the laureateship. The daily papers, though touching on the merits and demerits of nearly all real or probable aspirants to the post of honor, seem especially to favor the appointment of either William Morris or Algernon Swinburne. The others mentioned are Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin and Robert Buchanan. In his tribute to the dead poet, the latter says:

"He drew aside from friends and foes
To hush his soul apart."

Though these lines are on a par with any written by the other competitors, yet even they are not great. It can be truly said that the master-bard chanted his own death dirge with more soul-stirring inspiration than shall any of his successors. What a descent is there from the sublime effort of his genius in "Crossing the Bar" to the soulless lines of his mourners!

Here are the names, but there is a problem to be solved: who will be chosen? William Morris is considered by some the greatest living poet, next to Swinburne, for whom, it is stated, the Queen has a determined dislike. But both these men are friends, and one of the main objections to the former is his inclination to socialistic principles. With such prospects the laureateship is in a very poor condition; but the public seems to be ignorant of the fact that the man who really deserves the office is none other than Aubrey de Vere. It is not because he is the world's greatest poet after Tennyson, for he is only ranked among the first, he does not stand pre-eminent; but his equals are objected to on certain grounds, while he remains unblemished.

Observations.

Not long ago we read the official report of a certain ratification meeting held by the "O. S. M's" of Sorin Hall. The proceedings were stated with the utmost precision; but still there is one point which has caused a considerable amount of discussion in local gossip circles, and it is this: What is the meaning of the three initials by which the organization is known? Some, judging by facts disclosed at said ratifi-

cation meeting, believe that the letters stand for the "Order of Sausage Mourners"; others who were favorably impressed by the spectacular exhibitions of "active" membership, claim for the association the honorable title of "Old Show Men." Then we have those who were forcibly ejected at the last regular meeting, and, wishing to vent their spleen, scornfully distinguish the society as the "Order of Sanctified Mortals." It is quite evident that these people are erratic in their judgment. The organization is by no means inflated with self-conceit, and it certainly debarred no one for the reason implied in the spiteful title here ascribed to it.

* * *

Speaking of the "O. S. M's," it might be well to remark that its sister society, "The Iroquois," is still in a most flourishing condition. The war-whoop and ghost dance are no longer things that we read about. They have become, in the words of the poet, "a stern reality." Indian Summer seems as natural to them as it ever did. There is only one point in their customs, which seems to demand an explanation; I cannot account for it. We have all heard of the Red-Man's achievements as a horseman or archer, as a sprinter, or even a ball player, but we never knew for certain that he played tennis. Perhaps the *gens Iroquois* is an exception to the rule.

* * *

It is true that the Kodak fiend should keep his eyes open; it is equally advisable that other mortals should practise that virtue also. But we know of a few who didn't. The man who presses the button seems to have a particular liking for people who don't like "dorgs"; perhaps it is because they fill up space better than anyone else. At any rate, the camera is said to have made a fat haul on St. Edward's Day. Several pictures were taken. The fiend is reported to have aimed at four together on one occasion, but under the circumstances only half the number were taken. Interested parties will understand.

* * *

By applause we generally signify welcome, pleasure or approval; but on certain recent occasions it has developed into meaningless nonsense. One should consider the time and place before beginning to make a racket. Clapping the hands is not exactly what one would call applause. There is a refinement in everything, but in this case it is woefully absent. Oh, yes, that's all right indeed; every Tom, Dick and Harry who enters the exhibition hall should

be applauded! Every time a number of the programme is well rendered stamp your feet, and clap to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"; or, if you mean it for an *encore*, imagine you are in a grand march, and bang your hands together for every step. Do this in harmony: it produces a wonderful effect, and some, by a great effort, may be able to endure it.

* * *

Not long ago I heard some persons discussing the philosophy of Hamlet; shortly after they commented on his personal appearance. It was the general impression that he was a fat man, and that he himself was thoroughly convinced of the fact when he said:

"Oh! that this too-too solid flesh would melt."

One of the party declared it was his conviction that "'Omlet was a sprinter, and had been practising to harden his muscles." This theory seems very probable; but a more stunning interpretation was that proposed by one who certainly proved himself to be a genius by stating that "the hero was kicking about the toughness of his beefsteak." It is sincerely hoped that this reading be handed down to posterity with due reverence to its author.

Now, that I am well into the subject I would like to remark that Hamlet's language does not differ greatly from that used in our own day. Hamlet is not a stranger to us—at Notre Dame, at least—far from it! And, what is a revelation to the public, I have been personally informed, by people who claim to have seen him, that he has not changed one iota in the lapse of centuries. Yes, you too may have seen him; but as my knowledge on the subject is quite limited, I must refrain from any lengthy dissertation for the present, humbly hoping that this may serve as a clue in your Shaksperian studies.

THE OBSERVER.

Exchanges.

We are glad to note in some of our exchanges a feature which all students should hail with delight. It is the giving up of a portion of each issue of the college paper to the discussion of local geology. The importance of this movement can hardly be overestimated. Besides the training which such discussion affords to students of geology there is another advantage of even greater import. Text-books on this science will be invested with a new glory and a new significance in the eyes of students to whom geological problems have become prac-

tical, tangible questions through the medium of lighter literature. The *Concordiensis* of Union College and the *Denison Collegian* are the pioneers in this work so far as we can learn. They are among the brightest papers that reach our parlors, and have on more than one occasion comforted our editorial heart.

We trust the foregoing item will rouse a spirit of emulation in the hearts of local geologists. Few American universities offer better opportunities for a thorough practical knowledge of geology than does Notre Dame. On the other hand, nothing can interest the true student more than the doing original work. Lastly, the honor of *Alma Mater* is concerned, and this is an appeal which has never been allowed to pass unheeded. Let us have original essays on local geology.

Speaking of the *Collegian* reminds us that Denison must be a very active literary centre. Four flourishing publications already hail from the college and a fifth is announced under the style and title of the *Denison Quarterly*. The *Quarterly* will represent the faculty of Denison, and will work on lines similar to those of the *Yale Review*.

Otterbein College displays activity of a different sort, and yet we are not prepared to say that it is of inferior worth. Though not over-inclined to conviviality, we have always had a most tender regard for that unique species of literature, the distinctively college song. The flurry of professional life may gradually blot from memory our Greek odes and our Latin orations; philippics and heroics alike succumb to the spirit of commerce, but it can safely be said that no alumnus ever really forgets the college glee club. The college song is so delightfully inane and so nonsensically melodious as to haunt the mind of the college man forever. Now, the *Ægis*, which so worthily represents Otterbein, offers a cash prize of \$10 for the best college song, and we trust it will receive musical answers in abundance. Suppose we were to offer ten — but who ever wrote for sordid gold!

The *Polytechnic* advocates a mode of recreation but one step removed from bear-baiting. It may be legitimate to hunt the hare in his native haunts, or to "bag" wild game of any kind. But that hares should be purchased and turned loose for the pleasure of hounds and

college students, for no other reason than that these youths may be stimulated to cross-country running and chest expansion, is a proposal that leads us back to barbarism. This "pointer" is gratuitously offered the Troy Humane Societies.

Harry Jewett.

It is always with pleasure that the SCHOLASTIC notes the successful progress of the sons of *Alma Mater*. Much, indeed, could be written of the great good accomplished by the men who have gone forth from the halls of the University since its foundation, fifty years ago. But changes of time, place and circumstances in this great country of ours cause many an interruption in the associations of friendship and affection. However, Notre Dame seeks ever to keep in view the children of her heart, and whatever contributes to their honor and praise is the source of pride and glory to her; therefore do we record the praises of one who seeks to represent in himself the type of the educated man—a physical, mental and moral manhood.

Harry Jewett entered Notre Dame University in 1885. Being partial to the study of mathematics he elected to follow the Civil Engineering Course. He was graduated in the Class of '90, receiving the degree of C. E., and in addition to this was awarded the medal for the student having the highest percentage in his course. This, truly, was a high honor, as the class contained an unusual number of brilliant mathematicians; but Hal led them all.

Hal, as he is best known at Notre Dame, is of a striking personality. Standing six feet one inch in height, weighing 164 lb, when in trim, and having a chest measure of 39 inches, it is easily seen that he possesses a wonderfully well-developed physique. But his personal qualities even excel his physical powers. On meeting our subject one feels an acquaintance of a life time rather than that of a few minutes, so affable and open is his disposition.

Success has always seemed to follow in his pathway, whether in class work or in athletic pursuits. Still this compliment is due him: he has never made a god of his achievements. This frequent fault has blighted the future bright prospects of many a young man. It leads to overestimation. Then he goes beyond his bounds, and, like Icarus with his waxen wings, soars too near the sun, with the natural result.

Of a diligent nature, Harry might be found in the University Gymnasium when not engrossed with his studies. He practised athletics system-

atically. The result of his labors was to be seen on Field Day. Always an easy victor in whatever he entered, he was finally prevailed upon to venture into broader fields of exploits. The first contests into which he entered, outside of the University sports, were at Ann Arbor, in May, 1890. Here he met and competed with Owen the 100 yard champion of the Detroit Athletic Club. The impression that he made on the Detroiters was so favorable that they then and there elected him an active member of their club.

In August of the following year Mr. Jewett again entered the contests of the club. And this time he not only defeated his opponent, thus winning the Western 100 yard championship, but he also swept everything in jumping as he did the first time. But his ability was not to be hemmed in by such narrow bounds. So he ventured amongst the Eastern cracks. Cary was the acknowledged master of the turf in the East. The champions met on the course a year ago, and Cary defeated Hal by *six inches*. But Hal did not consider it a disgrace to be beaten by a good man.

Defeat was not to blast his future bright prospects. He continued to devote his leisure moments to training for future events. Finally the opportunity to cover himself with glory came. The Manhattan Club called a meeting to occur on October 1. The date was anxiously awaited for by both runners. At last the time came when their respective merits were to be tested. The admirers of Jewett wore his club's colors, while Cary's supporters expressed their enthusiasm similarly. The contestants came forward, and perfect specimens of manhood they were. Cheer after cheer arose as Hal, never looking handsomer passed the amphitheatre. The ladies expressed their interest by waving their handkerchiefs, and the men by tossing their hats. Finally the time came. After a few trial heats the final 100 yard contest was called for. Quick as a flash the men were off. Cary led, but Jewett soon passed him and easily won the race. The result of the 220 yard final was the same. And our Hal was then and there declared the *world's* champion of 220 yards, and its equal in 100 yards. The following are his records: 100 yards, 9 4-5 secs.; 220 yards,

21 3-5 secs.; running broad jump 21 feet 5 1/2 inches; running high jump, 5 feet 10 inches; hop, skip and jump, 44 feet 8 1/4 inches; putting 16 lb. shot 39 feet 10 inches.

Hal is now engaged on the staff of the *Detroit Times*, and has made remarkable progress in his chosen profession. Since his graduation he has frequently returned to his *Alma Mater*. And that his former popularity has not diminished is attested to by the cordial receptions



that always characterize his visits.

We trust that the victories achieved by him, who received his early training under the blue and the gold, are but the forerunners of future successful competitions, whether they be in the sanctum of the editor or on the athletic field.

The records of the past have vanished into oblivion, the younger element of the athletic contingency is supreme, and Jewett is king.

Personals.

—Roger B. Sinnott spent the week in Chicago.

—Dyera Cartier, '92, was welcomed by many friends this week.

—Prof. Ewing went to the celebration in Chicago on Wednesday.

—W. Lahey (Com'), '89, has a good position in a grain and fuel company in Duluth. But, Will, when you write, sign your name.

—Mrs. Captain Schaack and daughter, of Chicago, were the guests of Ed. Schaack this week. Mrs. Schaack was a welcome visitor.

—Henry C. Murphy, '92, is still rambling through the cities of the Old World. Word from "Hank" says he is having a glorious time.

—Miss Jessie Foster, of Minneapolis, and the Misses Wells and Holt, of Mishawaka, were the guests of one of the Staff on Wednesday.

—A pleasant and most welcome visit to the University and friends was made last week by the Misses Anna, Lizzie and Daisie Devine, of Chicago.

—It was with great pleasure that we greeted on Thursday last the Messrs. Walsh and Lacy, brother and cousin, respectively, of our esteemed Rev. President.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were: Messrs. Hunt, Kleis and McGushin, Chicago; C. E. Krüger, Mora, Mo.; and Mr. and Mrs. Mock, Oak, Cal.

—William P. Devine, (Com'l), '88, is in the Real Estate business, Oxford Building, Chicago. Will dropped in to see his many friends at the University last Thursday.

—James A. Devine, '85, accompanied by Mr. Roy and Mr. J. E. Wagner, of Chicago, spent Sunday at Notre Dame. Mr. Wagner entered his son Louis in the Minim Department.

—Mrs. W. Gerdes, Mrs. A. Reis and Miss Krehnbrink, of Cincinnati, spent a few very pleasant days at the College this week. Mrs. Gerdes visited her son in Carroll Hall, and Mrs. Reis placed her son in Brownson Hall.

—Rev. F. Gleeson, of Northfield, Minn., surprised his friends at Notre Dame on the thirteenth, and made us a very short call. However, we will see him and his cousin, Father Boland, on their return from New York in the near future.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr, ever welcome to Notre Dame, made a brief visit on Thursday last. The beautiful ode with which her gifted mind and devoted heart graced the Columbian centenary celebration in New York was a masterpiece of poetry.

—Owen Sullivan, '92, has already a very lucrative position. He is one of a corps of engineers working on the Illinois Central RR., and he has rendered that company valuable services since he accepted the job. Three cheers for "Smiler!"

—And now we hear from Willie O'Brien, '92. This young man is editor and part proprietor of a very flourishing newspaper in the great city of Caledonia, Minn. *The Spring Valley Register* is the name of the daily. We wish our contemporary good luck and much success.

—On Monday a short but pleasant visit was received from the Rev. Fathers Clark and Otis of the Paulist Order, New York. The reverend gentlemen and Father Elliot, '59, had just concluded a mission to the congregation of Kalamazoo, and were accompanied by the Rev. J. Culinan, '82.

Local Items.

—'Rah!

—Walking!

—Competitions!

—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

—'Rah, 'rah, Columbus!

—That fruit was delicious!

—'Rah, 'rah, Columbia, 'rah!

—The kodak fiend is abroad.

—Did you find your "pony"?

—Geh', oder ich gebe dir eins.

—Practise the goal kicks, boys?

—Ample apologies, *n'est ce pas?*

—Columbia the gem of the ocean!

—Where did that horse come from?

—Take that mouse out of your pocket.

—FOUND.—A fountain pen. Call at students' office.

—A tournament is promised by the Brownsons in the near future.

—The Philadelphians, Capt. Gerdes, won the Minor League Championship!

—There is nothing, spiritually or otherwise, like having an aggressive personality.

—The Juniors' Gym is crowded after supper with football players. The Philadelphians boast of some big players.

—Bro. Emmanuel entertained the Brownson Hall boys on Tuesday morning with some fine selections from his music box.

—The yell of the football team Wednesday showed that their lungs were well developed from the little training received.

—The president of the athletic association was heartily cheered by the boys when he appeared on the field Wednesday.

—The Chicago *Tribune* is all right when it wants America changed to Columbia; but as regards political matters, it's not in it, so to speak.

—The game Wednesday brought out excellent material for a first-class Varsity eleven. Keep up your practice, boys, and you will conquer all comers.

—"Texas" gave a fine exhibition of horse-

manship in the Brownson campus Monday morning, and was loudly applauded by the tenderfoot element in the hall.

—Our Chicago friend proved himself an expert at sprinting on Monday evening, from the south-east corner of the campus to the Gymnasium. His spirit would beat Jewett.

—On Wednesday the Frankforts were defeated by the Crescent Citys; score, 10 to 4. N. Weitzel's three-bagger, and Captain Cullen's all-around playing, were the features of the game.

—The Brownson mustache club have added several members to its roll during the past week. Some of them are inclined to lean forward already on account of their heavy burden.

—A very interesting and exciting game was played last Monday between the M. L. S. and 1st nine Junior special. The score being 5 to 7 in favor of the former. "Oh! the Carroll boys think they can playball. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

—Mrs. Sophie Shea has given Brother Celestine, the genial Secretary of our University, the watch carried for twenty years by her lamented husband, the late Doctor John Gilmary Shea. Brother Celestine feels proud of the honor conferred upon him and through him upon Notre Dame.

—Bro. Sylverius has completed the oil pipe line from the M. C. R.R. to the large tank in the rear of the College—a distance of one mile. On account of needing the boiler for other purposes, he was obliged to place the steam-pump more than a thousand feet farther from the oil supply than was intended. Should it not give satisfaction where it is now stationed it can easily be removed to the place first designed.

—The members of the Guardian Angels' Society held their first meeting in their society room, St. Edward's Hall, on Tuesday evening, and elected the following officers: Mr. Wm. Houlihan, C. S. C., President; C. Girsch, Vice-President; F. Holbrook, Treasurer; R. Berthel, Secretary; G. Scherrer, Corresponding Secretary; W. Scherrer, Librarian; D. Wilcox, 1st Censor; M. Otero, 2d Censor. Fifteen new members were elected.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Boniface Literary Society was called to order on Friday evening, October 14. The members proceeded at once to the election of officers. Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., was unanimously chosen as Director and President of the society; J. Schopp, Secretary; E. Maurus, Treasurer; F. Neef, Literary Critic. A neat impromptu program followed then for the evening. The favorable opening of the society is an evidence of the interest taken by the members to make it successful. Let it be continued throughout the coming year. Hereafter the regular meetings will be held on Wednesday evenings.

—Oct. 13 was the golden jubilee of the founding of Notre Dame in the then wilderness near this city, and the occasion was made one of celebration and great rejoicing by the com-

munity and students that gather at the magnificent outgrowth of the little log church in the forests of fifty years ago. Its venerable founder, Very Rev. Father Sorin, was spared to be with them on this great anniversary, and most hearty was the greeting to the aged priest from everyone. The students were feasted and naught was left undone to make the occasion a memorable one in every way. May Notre Dame continue to grow and flourish, and may its venerable founder long be spared to witness its prosperity and progress!—*South Bend Times*.

—Speaking of Founder's Day, October 13, at Notre Dame, the *Fort Wayne Journal* says among other things: "Fifty years ago this autumn this pioneer of western education arrived on the site of Notre Dame from France. He was under command from the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross (an order then recently founded, which he had joined in Paris,) to establish a school or college. As ways and means for this ambitious project Father Sorin had \$5 in money. Other visible resources were a dilapidated log hut, some Indians of doubtful friendliness, and an unencumbered expanse of virgin land just then buried in snow. With the help of his Brothers and of the Indians the hut became a chapel, and the beginning was made of what is now the largest and most important Roman Catholic educational establishment in the United States."

—The other night (Thursday) the inmates of Sorin Hall were aroused from slumber by an unearthly sound like the creaking of a coffee-mill. Investigation proved that the noise came from room No. 32, where the unhappy occupant had been frightened by the ghost of a dog whose real fate had heretofore been unknown. Some thought that the building had been raided upon by thieves, and in a instant a crowd of inquirers rushed down the dark hall to the place whence the noise had proceeded. There was great confusion for awhile until Schaack issued from his room with a police-lantern to throw some light on the affair. The P. G.'s present were asked to investigate the matter owing to their deeper knowledge of science, and of the phenomena in its range. After awhile Mr. Pat P. G. came forth at the head of Company "A" "big as a dog," and commanded the sandy chief of the Iroquois to raise a war-whoop in the room. The order of the P. G. was instantly obeyed; and, to the horror of all, the half-annihilated ghost of the canine Judy appeared and flew a-rattling down stairs with a whole set of dissecting tools stuck in his skeleton.

—LAW:—The following officers of the several courts in the Law Department were appointed Wednesday. *Moot-Court*:—William Hoynes, Judge; J. Henley, Clerk; F. Chute, Deputy Clerk; T. Ansbery, Prosecuting Attorney; E. DuBrul, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; A. Chidester, Sheriff; E. Linehan, Deputy Sheriff;

P. Coady, Coroner; L. Gibson, Bailiff; J. Feeney, Reporter. *Court of Chancery*:—Wm. Hoynes, Chancellor; E. Brown, Clerk; J. Cooke, Deputy Clerk; A. Chidester, Sheriff; R. Sinnott, Deputy Sheriff; J. Kelly, Bailiff. *Justice Court*:—P. J. Ragan, Justice of the Peace; J. Cullen, Clerk; M. D. Kirby, Constable. *United States District Court*:—William Hoynes, Judge; A. A. Heer, Clerk; M. McFadden, District Attorney; E. Roby, Marshal. *United States Commissioner's Court*:—P. Coady, Commissioner; F. Hennessy, Clerk; R. Corcoran, Deputy District Attorney; C. McCuddy, Deputy Marshal.

—FOOTBALL.—On Wednesday last a 'bus full of hopeful football players entered the grounds and were unloaded on the campus. A short while afterwards they again got into their 'bus, looking rather disconsolate and dilapidated. These youths hailed from the South Bend High School, and engaged in mortal combat with the college 2d eleven, who were under the efficient generalship of Captain Flannigan. And a combat it was, although nobody was hurt. When the teams went out upon the field the difference between the two was immediately seen. Notre Dame's men were bigger and stronger in every way, while those of the High School were much smaller. In spite of their size, they put up a very plucky game, and were admired for their tenacity. The game opened with a rush by Notre Dame. By a little clever scheming McDermott secured the first touch down without any difficulty, others followed quick and fast. At the end of the first half the score was 22-0 to Notre Dame's credit. The second half began, and a larger and larger score was chalked upon Notre Dame's side of the board, while that of the High School was a perfect blank. At the close of the game the score was 56-0. Touch-downs were made as follows: Brown, 5; McDermott, 1; Dinkle, 2; Cullen, 2; Henley, 2. The High School boys play a very fair game for a team of their size and weight, but Notre Dame's eleven was too heavy for them. The score would have been much larger but for the fact that the team was organized on short notice and could not get very much practice. This game shows that there is good football blood here and it should be worked up. There is no exercise more healthful and more manly than good football. The game is one that develops all the manliness there is in a boy, and is therefore popular among college students.

**

Football is now in full blast. The captains of the sides have chosen their teams, and exciting games are promised for the rest of the season. There is also a prospect of some more games with outside teams, but there seems to be lack of enthusiasm among the candidates for the 'Varsity eleven. This, indeed, would be deplorable; but probably the "rec" day games will stir up the football blood and we shall yet have a 'Varsity team.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Jewett, Kearney, Langan, Maurus, J. McKee, F. McKee, McCarrick, Mitchell, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

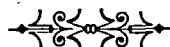
Messrs. Ansberry, Barton, Beck, Baur, Burns, Brady, C. Corry, A. Corry, Curran, Colby, Cutler, Coady, Cook, Cullen, Cumisky, R. Corcoran, Devanny, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Eyanson, Flanigan, Foley, Fardy, A. M. Funke, R. Flynn, A. Flynn, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Feeney, Garst, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Hartnett, Hartman, Healy, Hagan, Henley, Isbell, Karter, Kelly, M. Kirby, Kirker, M. Kenny, Kunert, Kearns, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Linehan, Luther, Libert, Leonard, F. Murphy, Murray, McCuddy, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, McDermott, D. Monarch, O'Connor, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Priest, Peak, Pulskamp, Prichard, Patier, Quinlan, E. Roby, Riordan, Rice, C. Roby, M. Ryan, Ring, Roper, Stanton, Smith, Schueler, Spalding, Vignos, Walker, Wilkin, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, J. Brown, R. Brown, O. Brown, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Creedon, Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Conrad, Clendenin, A. Coolidge, Connell, Cochraue, Cullen, Dorsey, Durand, Dion, Druecker, Ducey, DeLormier, Dannemiller, Dillman, Dempsey, Franke, Fischer, E. Furthman, Fossick, C. Furthman, Funke, Ford, G. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Garfias, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hoban, Hathaway, Hargrave, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet, Johnson, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kelliher, Kindler, Kahn, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, Lee, Lambka, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, G. Lowrey, Langevin, T. Lowrey, Loser, Lynch, Lippman, Lane, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maternes, E. Murphy, Maguire, L. Murphy, Mills, Medalie, J. Miller, L. Miller, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, Meyers, Marre, McDermott, McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, McCarthy, F. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, Oliver, Priestly, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Renesch, Sievers, Sweet, Straus, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Sharp, Strassheim, Todd, Tong, Towle, Trankle, Thome, Treber, Tempel, Thornton, Tobin, Wolf, Wagner, Wensinger, Walde, Welty, Waterman, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, O. Wright, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, Ball, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Burnham, Barrett, Bopp, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corry, Cross, Cressey, Durand, Drew, F. Emerson, Everest, W. Emerson, Egan, Elliott, Flynn, N. Freeman, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, W. Higgins, Hudson, J. Healy, W. Healy, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emit McCarthy, R. Morris, F. Morris, McDonald, McAlister, McCorry, McGinley, Ninneman, O'Neill, Otero, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, F. Roesing, B. Roesing, Roache, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Segenfelter, Stuckart, Swan, Thompson, Trankle, Wilcox, Wilson, Wagner.



Notre Dame and Queen Isabella.

En route to Chicago from the East, in the interest of the World's Fair matters, I chanced to stop at South Bend, Ind., and there learned for the first time that twelve historical pictures of the discovery of the New World were immortalized on the walls of Notre Dame University.

A visit to this famed institution turned the proposed trend of my thoughts on the Columbian Exposition away from its description, and the later intelligence that the Isabella statue, now being executed in Rome by Harriet Hosmer, and its proposed building, whose architect is Minerva Parker, of Philadelphia, had been denied space on the grounds of the World's Fair, decided me to sound a clarion note for the immortal patroness of Columbus—Queen Isabella.

These notable pictures adorn the walls of the vestibule and main corridor. The work is the product of eleven years of patient toil by one Luigi Gregori, an Italian artist, commissioned by the Pope in 1881 at the request of the venerable Father Sorin, the founder of the University, who donated the pictures as a debt of gratitude and devotion in return for the privileges which he, with others, enjoys in the New World.

They are painted directly on the walls in large and heroic figure, yet the background closely resembles canvas, and the simulated frames are of great beauty and delicacy of composition. The coloring is rich, varied and harmonious throughout, both of figure and surroundings, and the *tout-ensemble* is doubtless the result of careful study by the artist of original material, to which he must have had especial access, owing to the character and position of his patron, the Pope, and the advantages which foreign education and training evoke.

This last opinion may be deemed heretical to American egotism; but thoroughness in foreign training is fully emphasized by the fact that the best artistic work on the Columbian buildings is almost wholly the work of foreign sculptors, artists and students.

But whatever may be the judgment of the *connoisseur* respecting the artistic merit of the group, it is a grand education for the youth who comethither to be greeted at the entrance to this gateway of knowledge by these two personages—Isabella to the right, Columbus to the left in the vestibule—to whom both continents owe a debt of priceless gratitude, and around whom centre all the interest, the honor, the glory and

the sentiment of this great jubilee of 1892. It is a noble inspiration to the students, as they come and go to their studies, or from play, to thus receive the vitalizing imprint of the entire group, imperceptible as the air they breathe, yet focusing as a composite picture on their minds the faith and hope of Isabella supplementing the belief of Columbus in axiomatic truths.

To thus daguerreotype the sorrows and sufferings and toil which the discoverers of great truths invariably experience is an inestimable training in itself which the walls of every university in our land should offer, that our boys and girls may grow to the full stature of manhood and womanhood with a realization of the transcendent gifts which they enjoy as a heritage from those who, in self-sacrifice and devotion made this land a possible refuge for liberty of state and religion, freedom of speech and of press.

As you enter the grand vestibule the majestic figure of Queen Isabella greets and thrills you as the first inspiration to the historical review. She occupies the post of honor to the right, as is her due. The Founder of the University and the artist thus paying loyal tribute alike to historical truth and justice.

Gregori pictures Isabella at that supreme moment when the fate of nations and the hope of Columbus (after seven years of patient wait and toil) hangs tremblingly in the balance—the final conference at Santa Fé in February, 1492, between the King and Queen, wherein Ferdinand absolutely refuses his aid, while Quantanilla, the Minister of Finance of Castile, and Sant Angel, the Treasurer of Ecclesiastical Funds, sustain the Queen.

Arrayed in royal robes of purple, yellow and ermine, a loop, chain and gold cross about her neck, with the historical box of jewells in her hands, Isabella steps from her throne, uttering the immortal words:

"Be mine the privilege. I have jewels, which I now pledge to raise the necessary funds, and as Queen of Castile, in my independent sovereignty, I assume the whole burden of the cost and prohibit further delay, lest the expedition be jeopardized."

Her beautiful face and figure tally faithfully through the artist's brush with the pen portrait of Washington Irving, who has eloquently drawn her from the historical archives, the compilation of M. Navarrete, a Spaniard, of the Royal Academy of History, to which Irving had access at Madrid in 1825-26, through the invitation and courtesy of the Minister

Plenipotentiary of this government, Mr. Alexander Everett:

"She was well formed, of middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair, her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing as it did a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied sovereign. She far exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius and in grandeur of soul."

Such was the picture that I looked upon in this lovely transcript of the great Queen—the only tribute, the only recognition, so far as is ascertained, throughout the length and breadth of this Republic.

A descendant of the French Huguenots, with the blood of those old martyrs coursing through my veins, I stood within the walls of a Catholic University of the nineteenth century, filled with varying and peculiar emotions, to read a lesson of tolerance and justice, to behold America with her boasted assumption of leadership in thought and liberality of ideas indebted to the loyalty of a foreign priest, a foreigner potentate and eleven years' devotion of a foreign artist under pontifical patronage for this sole illustration on its soil of the gratitude and justice he owes to the one great spirit of our quadro-centennial; to find this University alone preserving to posterity the memory of this incomparable Queen, from whose presence and circle radiated all the liberal tendencies and the generous impulses of the Spanish court in literature and science, in education and art, in civil liberty and religion, in the equality of woman, in freedom for man, four hundred years ago; to whose patronage, zeal and efforts the whole civilized world owes tribute for that portentous voyage out into the unknown world!

And lo! after the procession of four centuries from the propelling hand of Isabella, the President of the United States in the year of our Lord 1892 summons the Spanish crown and the Italian hierarchy, with all the world to join hands and hasten to the shores of Lake Michigan to witness the affront and to place a crown of adulation on a Republic in the New World which thus throws a sop to the bigotry of the Dark Ages, pays tribute to ignorance and stupidity and commits violence against justice and truth.

Here, too, I was shown by the kindly courtesy of the President of the University the standard history of the discovery for the library, a review by Francesco Tarducci, an Italian historian, translated by Brownson and illustrated with lovely pictures.

A noble supplement to Gregori's object lesson for the student it is, marvellously free from sectarian bias and harmonizing in all essential points with the compilations of Navarrete and Irving. It is recorded in these histories that several suits of armor "cap-a-pie" worn by Isabella and

preserved in the royal arsenal at Madrid, battle-scarred and punctured, show that she united with moral bravery a personal valor which she did not hesitate to exhibit by fearless exposure to personal danger on the field if conscience called or duty summoned. In these days of modern republics we fight our battles having on the breastplate of righteousness and the sword of truth in our hands, with the tongue for a weapon and the pen for a lance.

So I leave the classic and honored precinct of Notre Dame with a volume of Irving beneath one arm and Tarducci under the other, and start for Chicago, filled with zealous enthusiasm for our lovely Isabella, to break a lance in her defence or spear these errant knights abroad in the nineteenth century who have dared to hoist their banners and uplift their standards to the breeze of two continents without paying tribute to our royal queen.—PHOEBE W. COUZINS in the *New York Herald*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, Agney, Bassett, E. Barry, Bogart, A. Butler, Brady, Bartholomew, E. Burns, R. Butler, M. Burns, M. G. Byrnes, C. Barry, Bassett, Charles, Call, Carico, Coffin, Crilly, Coady, Culkin, Cunningham, Cahn, Caldwell, Cahill, Carter, Culp, Clifford, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Cooney, Chauvet, Davis, Dillon, Doble, Dingee, Dempsey, Duffy, L. Dale, B. Dale, Ellett, Furlong, Foulks, Field, Franke, Gallagher, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Gibbons, Guggenheim, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Holmes, Hittson, Hazlitt, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, Higgins, Hunt, Hopkins, Hoban, Jacobs, N. Keating, Kimmell, Klemm, E. Keating, Kennedy, Kelly, Kaufmann, Kieffer, Kline, Kinney, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lancaster, Lodewyck, LaMoire, Lillyblade, Marrinan, Moynahan, McLaughlin, Morehead, Meskill, Miner, B. Moore, E. McCarthy, McDonald, Marshall, McDermott, Mitchell, N. Moore, E. McCormack, McGarry, Murphy, A. McCarthy, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, K. Nicholson, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Patier, Pumpelly, Payne, Pfaelzer, K. Ryan, Ruppe, G. Reid, B. Reid, Robbins, Russert, Roberts, A. Ryan, Riese, A. Richardson, Riffel, Stuart, A. Seeley, E. Seeley, Schoolcraft, Sachs, Schultz, Sanford, Schaefer, Thirids, Terry, Tong, Thompson, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, Welker, Werst, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Wright, E. Wolverton, Wehr, Welter, Wilkinson, Zeiger.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Binz, Beck, Campau, Cowan, Crandall, Casanave, Coddington, Dreyer, Dent, E. Dowling, I. Dowling, L. Dowling, Ford, Feltenstein, Flynn, Girsch, Garrity, Graffe, Grub, Garst, Hammond, Kasper, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, McGuire, Morgan, Murray, McKenna, McPhillips, Otero, Pendleton, Riordan, Richardson, Ryder, Reiley, S. Smyth, J. Smith, Seeger, Sargent, Tormey, Tilden, Trask, Wheeler, Wellington, Welter, Whittaker.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Brown, I. Brown, Buckley, Bourgeois, Crocker, Dugas, Degnan, Egan, Finnerty, Fisher, Girsch, Murray, McCormack, McCarthy, McDonald, Myers, L. Smyth, V. Smyth, Titsworth, Wolverton.