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Christopher Columbus.*

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou whose way is on the sea,
Make known to me
The path Thy dread archangels keep
Across the awful deep!
Flash o'er the shadowy main,
Light from those stars that wane,
Beyond our welkin's space;
That I, a man, may trace,
Upon adoring knees,
God's highway o'er mysterious seas.

VOYAGE.

Christ, on these shoulders rest,
While I the billows breast;
My only care
Christ and His truth to bear
To shores unknown;
Where God is not;
In His own works forgot!
Queen, on thy starry throne,
Cheer, with thine eyes benign,
This lonely quest of mine!

LANDING.

Glory to God on high!
Thine be the praise
Through length of days!
Fly, royal banner, fly!
Christ to His own is nigh;
For on this flowery strand
The cross doth now victorious stand!
Sovereigns of mighty Spain,
Joy to your reign!
Castile's most gracious Queen,
Await, serene,
Thy future's double crown
Of just renown!

DEATH.

Hush! o'er that bed of death,
Swayed by the failing breath,
A clank of chains!
"Peace to the noble dead!"

With tears, by men is said;
While angels sigh: "God reigns."

FOURTH CENTENARY.

To-day, what pæans sound
The glad earth round!
"Columbo!" chime the bells;
Each breeze "Columbo" swells;
O'er land, o'er sea,
One burst of melody—
"A New World found."

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The Prose of Thackeray.

BY HENRY C. MURPHY.

Thackeray has been dead for over thirty years, and yet his fame shows a vitality that suffers no diminution with the lapse of time. His work has withstood the ravages of time, and has retained its strength and beauty after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The race for the golden crown of immortality has been won; the writers who were famous in the years gone by, but whose works were not enduring, have been left behind. Their popularity was fleeting; it vanished as does the rainbow after the summer storm. The dazzling colors, so beautiful at first, faded away and were lost in the radiance of a brighter sun.

Thackeray's star of fame shines on in its serene and sempiternal beauty. The brilliant coruscations of holiday fireworks in the literary firmament often outshine the heavenly lights for a moment; but the rockets and brief candles soon die out, leaving the stars brighter and clearer than before.

This great man's life was an eventful one. Left without a father at the age of five, he had

* Ode read at the New York celebration.

only the love of a devoted mother to cling to in his childish troubles. That mother's love bore good fruit in after years. The training of youth was not forgotten in the strife of life. His childhood days were passed in a home where peace and love reigned supreme. Years slipped by, and manhood stole upon him. With a man's ambition in his heart he left his happy home to battle with the world. He went to Cambridge, and there appeared the bud of genius which was afterward to burst into an immortal flower. He wrote. It was only a trifle, a few columns in a college paper. Better things have been written by younger men, and "Snobs" was not the best subject upon which to begin. The work showed literary merit, but did not foreshadow the future excellence of his writings. Genius often goes unrewarded, and Thackeray received scant praise. He had dipped into the inexhaustible fountain of literature and met with disappointment, and cold, harsh criticism.

After leaving Cambridge his intention was to become an artist. He studied, but with indifferent success, under the best teachers at Paris. The fates that watched over his futile attempts laughed as they guided his pencil in the wrong direction, making his intended beautiful illustration a hideous distortion. And they were kind to him. Posterity has thanked them for their work. They took the brush and pencil from the unskilled hand, and in its stead placed the pen of might and right. Mankind was then surely blessed; the greatest novelist the world has seen was thus reborn.

Fortune aided the fates in their efforts, for Thackeray's whole inheritance was swept away, and success in the field of literature was his only hope. Necessity compelled him to work, and he soon published "Barry Lyndon"; but with its publication came neither fame nor fortune. "Barry Lyndon" was indeed a great novel; but the world, often cold to those who attempt to win its favor, did not appreciate its worth.

Dickens at this time had reached the zenith of his greatness. All the world was talking of him, and everybody was merry over the jolly Mr. Pickwick and the laughable Sam Weller. His fame was well established, while Thackeray was unknown.

The greater genius sued for honors, but men were dumb to his entreaties. Thrown out on the vast ocean of despair and literary death, Thackeray clung to the little spar of fame that his earlier works had brought him. The waves dash angrily about him and he must drown unless help should arrive ere long. With strain-

ing eyes he gazes over the turbid waters into the distance. And afar off are to be seen the white sails of the lifeboat catching the breeze heaven sent to speed the little craft on its errand of mercy. The good ship plows onward until the name upon her prow can be seen. It is "Vanity Fair" coming to the rescue. She carries with her name, fame and life forever.

"Vanity Fair" has been received with favor. Thackeray's wonderful genius burned so strongly in every line that the ice of criticism had melted before it. Recognized and even courted by both learned and noble, he basked in the warm sunshine of a well-earned fame.

"Vanity Fair" was the foundation stone of all his greatness. "Henry Esmond" "Pendennis," "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians" brought further honors to him; but the glory of "Vanity Fair" outshines them all.

Most interesting is the study of these works. Many years could be spent analyzing the characters Thackeray has created. We have not time for a study of all his works and must leave "Fitz Boobly," "Lyndon," "The Snobs" and "Men's Wives" for another time. Let us now take up "Vanity Fair" and devote a few moments to the good, bad and indifferent people he has made for us. We meet many others like them in the vanity fair of everyday life.

"A Novel without a Hero" are the first words that meet our astonished gaze as we look upon the title page. Surely this is a mistake. Thackeray cannot have left out that wonderful personage whose adventures would surprise and delight us. Has the manly hero of a thousand tales been forgotten? Sad truth, he has. Thackeray has done without him. And the heroine,—that beautiful being whom to read of was to love—is she, too, missing? Yes. The quasi-celestial heroine of our fond imagination has been succeeded by an earthly being, a woman with vices,—Becky Sharp. Upon Becky and her dupe Amelia hangs the plot. The impersonation of intellect without virtue appears in Becky. Virtue without intellect is remarkable in Amelia. Each serves to set forth the other more strongly. Becky, with her cunning and deceit, brings out the amiable qualities of Amelia.

There are women to whom nothing is too low or degrading, either in actions or language, and Becky Sharp is one of them. The penniless daughter of a drunken painter, endowed with noble qualities which she employs for degrading purposes, still possesses courage, industry and self-reliance, but not a woman's heart.

Amelia is amiable by instinct. It is her

nature to love everybody without discrimination. Possessing neither intellect nor will, she still has a heart tender and true. She is never heroic, but her life is pure and even noble.

The wonderful talent which Thackeray has shown in his treatment of these two characters, dissimilar in every way, does not stop here. I have taken Amelia and Becky as examples because I believe they are the most powerful female creations to be found in any novel.

In "Vanity Fair," Thackeray shows the leading characteristics of his genius. We are attracted by the freshness of feeling and variety of expression so well displayed throughout the work. The style is as pure and clear as a crystal spring. It is as if it had been subjected to the closest revision, and every obstacle to its lucid flow had been removed. New images constantly appear, so that the reader never tires of any one creation.

Thackeray's exhibition of the wicked, worldly side of life is not without a purpose. This purpose, so apparent in all his writings, was to make vice odious. He looked on man in his fallen state and his evidence, even when most damaging to life, is told with a sad sincerity which convinces us of its truth. He loved all that was pure and good, but had an abhorrence of everything mean and degrading. In "Vanity Fair" he chose the evil for his subjects, yet we cannot say he did wrong. Nothing can be accomplished by representing good alone. Vice must be painted in all its hideousness to make us hate it.

Thackeray was not a moralist. The lesson of his life and writings is good. He touched the living vices until they shrunk away fearful of his wrath. He saw through the wicked practices of men, and mercilessly drove his pen through them. The world was given the benefit of his investigations through his works.

In "Vanity Fair" vice has been shown to us. It has been painted so as to pain and disgust, but never so as to allure. As we close the book we feel that in all literature we have met with no man so weak as Osborne, and none so noble as Dobbin; with no woman so true as Amelia, and none so vile as Becky. With the exception of Dobbin there has not been a person in the whole book who has excited our respect, and not one that failed to excite our interest.

We have not tired of Thackeray and would go further into the channels of his beautiful thought and harmonious expression. We may wish to forget the evils depicted in "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond" with its elevated thought appeals to us now.

Esmond is a history of life at the time of the later Stuarts and earlier Georges. We are presented with a hero in the person of Henry Esmond, and in the biography of his life. Thackeray has strung a garland of portraits and incidents, conceived with a remarkable fertility of invention and executed with a mastery of color. The fairest flowers in all this chaplet are the Lady Castlewood and her daughter Beatrix.

Thackeray has been accused of being unjust to women. His critics point to Becky and Amelia; to the one as the incarnation of wickedness, and to the other as a silly creature unworthy of a thought. They do not speak of Lady Castlewood or Beatrix. Surely no more lovable, saintly woman than the former can be found in all literature. And Beatrix: has he not made her a woman courageous, sincere, intelligent, if too impulsive? Thackeray has not maligned woman. He has painted her just as he saw her. His artist's eye caught all her defects as well as her charms, and he was only truthful in his representation.

In studying the characters he has created we are apt to forget the style. It is by his wonderful command of language that he attracts us. It is not so much what he says but the way in which he says it. His style, eminently English, is plain but energetic. We cannot but admire the ease and vigor of his dialogue and the effective humor displayed everywhere. We are sometimes surprised that he has said so little; yet that little is all. With him even pauses speak. That which is unsaid is often the most poetical, and a full stop in a passage conveys more meaning than words.

The French critic who held that Thackeray's special powers were those of a satirist and humorist was right. But he was more. He used satire and humor frequently, but only to attain an end—always a good one.

We should not forget Thackeray's command of the element of tragedy. The parting of Amelia with Osborne, and the later life of Beatrix are, in their various styles, perfect. His art reaches the sublime when he describes the death of Colonel Newcome. Even the death of little Nell in Dickens' "Curiosity Shop" is feeble when compared with this grand scene where Colonel Newcome departed this life. The old man sat in the gathering twilight and listened to the shouts of happy schoolboys as they played beneath his window. Night set in, the shouts grew weaker, and the dying man closed his eyes to pain in life. The angel chorus sang the solemn requiem in heaven, while the old

veteran followed his ghastly guide through the dark mists into the heavenly light. How incomparably beautiful it is! How much stronger, grander than Dickens' picture of a child's death!

The world has passed its verdict. Thackeray's fame will be lasting. Out of the rock of ages loving hands have chiselled the niche wherein he shall forever stand, and upon the fair mound in Kensal Green admirers of every generation shall lay sweet flowers in honor of his memory.

The Last Great Poet of the New Renaissance.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CRITICISM CLASS.

II.

The procession of great men that has in the past ten years taken its solemn way through the dread portals of death presents no form more noble and illustrious than the late Lord Tennyson. It is, indeed, true that one has left us, who equalled, if not excelled, Milton and Byron. Although not possessing the power of Milton, he was his superior in culture and art. He was the greatest poet of the Victorian Age, the most exact and vivid of artists, and no one in the history of letters has reigned with such splendor. In his youth he was imaginative and precocious, living where the sturdy palms fluttered in the air of song, where the brooks purled over rocky crests; studying nature in all its beauty. It was amid scenery like this that Tennyson composed his first lines.

The influences which made the poetry of Lord Tennyson what it is were ancestral as well as national. Well may he be styled an artist, for he was the strongest, sweetest and clearest singer of the century. His soul is reflected in all his works, even in the painting of a single flower. All through his poems his thoughts are finished and his word exquisite.

One of the greatest elegies ever written in the English language is the "In Memoriam," the inspiration of which was Tennyson's friendship, and sorrow for young Hallam—a friendship and sorrow unparalleled in the personal history of poets. In its tenderness, sadness of recollection and infinite pathos of feeling mingle their current in a stream of melody.

Another famous poem is entitled "Maud." It is a beautiful story, containing many exquisite stanzas, which impress our memory with them forever, and suggest many beautiful pictures to us. "The Idyls of the King" is the greatest epic of the nineteenth century, and one of the noblest poems in our language. In this great

epic he was influenced, to a certain extent, by Dante; as in the following:

"A sorrow's crown of sorrows
Remembering happier things."

Some critics think that he has made King Arthur too unhuman; but this is only a matter of opinion. He has done more than any one, except Cardinal Newman, to purify our language and to instil respect for womanhood. We have wandered through his gardens, and admired his pretty scenes, and pictures; and well may we say that he was the poetic light of our age, so elegant, so sweet, and so refined.

F. MCKEE.

The poet's earlier poems show his wonderful skill in word-painting; for here he paints rather than describes a scene or action. Take, for instance, "Marianna in the Moated Grange." In Millet's "Angelus" we almost hear the sweet sound of the even-bell, while Tennyson's poem brings a picture of silence before our minds as natural as is in the power of human art to do. His object in this kind of writing was, perhaps, to acquire a fluency in rhythm and expression which would be of great service to him in crystallizing the inspirations of his riper years. It is in his later poems, however, that the poet becomes dear to us, and at the same time the first poet of our age. Now he is polished, finished, deep. Many sentiments of "Locksley Hall" attest his sympathy with the progress and achievements of the present age, whose spirit he breathed and then expressed. The "Idyls of the King" is a deep, thoughtful allegory which shows the supremacy of the soul over the passions and the baser nature. It is, like a pretty string of pearls, a series of poems, both lyrical and epic in their nature, each lending its charm to the whole, and all united in wonderful harmony and unity. But of all his poems none is worthier of the poet's varied gifts than the "In Memoriam," which forever celebrates the memory of his beloved Arthur Hallam. Knowing full well the difficulty of expressing in words the evasive mood of a sorrow in which

"Thought leapt out to wed itself to thought
Ere thought could wed itself to speech,"

he asks indulgence for his shortcomings, his fanciful speculations about the "unknown and unknowable" eternity, and breathes this child-like prayer:

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

Then the poem flows on with the plaintiv

murmurs of yearnings and regrets, of doubts and doubtful questionings, like a stream near its source, babbling on the pebbles. But as the poet's grief sweeps into broader reaches, we catch reflected on its bosom a gleam of Heaven's blue—a gleam of hope in a future life. But this is only a hope, a wish rather, the sum and substance of his belief, if such I may call it. And deeply it is to be regretted that the same living Fountain of all that is pure and true, which moved the master's mind so grandly in the "Idyls of the King," did not win his heart and soul forever.

Tennyson, as seen in his works, is an earnest, deep poet of exceptionally rare qualities of mind and heart. He has done much in the cause of good literature, and to his eternal glory be it said that not one line in all his works savors in the least of immorality. He deserves to rank high among those lights who have made the Victorian age so truly grand.

W. MCNAMEE.

For more than a quarter of a century the hearts of England and America have been beating to the music of Tennyson's verse. Before his death it was hard to determine the position he occupied in the rank of English literature; now that the spell is broken we can fully realize the hold he has had upon the public.

Tennyson seems to have brought poetry to the highest standard of perfection; at least he is the representative of the Victorian age. He shows in all his works culture, thought and great beauty of expression. His verse construction is always adapted to the thought and the sound to the sense.

Tennyson was fortunate in his home influences. This we see throughout his works. Growing into manhood among the children of a noble family, his brothers and sisters, and living his boyhood life in perfect happiness in the quaint and isolated Somersby, necessarily every pure thought and action became second nature to him. He himself said that to the training of those early years he owed his success.

At an early age Tennyson showed signs of poetic power; but it was not until 1830 that his fame was established by the publication of his poems, chiefly lyrical. From that date to this he has been a distinguished character and a recognized force in English literature.

Although Tennyson has given us a great many works, any one of which would merit lasting fame for the author, he is best known and most revered by his great epic, "The

Idyls of the King" and his ode, "In Memoriam." "The Idyls of the King" is a great poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man, and it at once took its place among the great poems of the English language. This work, together with "In Memoriam"—one of the great masterpieces in English literature—makes Tennyson the poet of the nineteenth century, and places him little below Milton in the list of the world's great poets.

F. L. CARNEY.

Only a few weeks have passed away since the English-speaking world was startled by the sad news that Tennyson, the most exquisite, sweetest, clearest and noblest of the Victorian poets, had died. He has left behind him poetry that shall be an immortal record of a life devoted to the cultivation of that divine art which, when properly disciplined and practised, serves as a powerful stimulant to moral and intellectual advancement.

Tennyson the man is dead; but Tennyson the poet shall live forever in his grand and sublime productions, which breathe forth the fire of true Christian love, the ardor of everlasting friendship, and a spirit of noble reverence for womanhood. His work shall last as long as time, or at least as long as there are men who speak and write the English language.

The technical significance of art was never fully appreciated till Tennyson illustrated its importance. From the very beginning of his career as a poet he evidences a scrupulous choice in the selection of his words and a nicety and care in their arrangement, which is only characteristic of true artists. How exquisite his word-paintings are! The following is an example:

"All day long within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about."

P. J. QUINN.

Hermenigild; or, the Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT III.

SCENE II.—(Continued.)

LEOVIG. Now speak! What canst thou say before this royal court that may extenuate thy guilt and thy rebellion?

HERMENIGILD. Rebellion? My royal father, I have been ever loyal to my country and my king, and shed my blood on many battlefields for both. When I renounced the state religion

of Arius I acted from conviction, clear and sacred. This is between my conscience and my God, and earthly power must respect such right.

LEOVIG. You claim—

HERMENIGILD. My liege, forbear. When your ambassadors came to Seville demanding my return to Arianism or resignation I did resign in public and before the nobles.

LEOVIG. What, you did submit?

HERMENIGILD. Count Sisbert, please bear witness.

LEOVIG. Count Sisbert!

SISBERT. Yes, my liege, he did at first; but afterwards—

HERMENIGILD. You hear, O king!

GOSWIN. May it please your Majesty to ask the prince why he withdrew his resignation later?

LEOVIG. Continue, Hermenigild. This pleases me that you submitted. But how about your joining the revolt?

HERMENIGILD. The province of Seville had received the sanction of all its ancient rights and liberties from you; but when Count Sisbert published your demands withdrawing all their rights and liberties, together with my deposition and removal, despair seized on their hearts, and they resolved to die rather than see the ruin of their faith and land. In vain I tried to calm the storm of passion. How your ambassador was killed is mystery to me; but I am innocent, and so are my friends.

LEOVIG. But why didst thou draw the sword?

HERMENIGILD. Because I was judged guilty, doomed to exile without defense. My enemies had all the accusations, I no answer. I found no shelter but within Seville; and when they came to me with love and trust, imploring me to stay with them, I yielded and cast my lot with them to stand or fall—

GOSWIN. And fell, as all deserve to do who draw the sword against the royal majesty.

HERMENIGILD. Count Goswin, I address the king, my father. My father and my king, if in the troubles of my sad condition, in the distress of my poor people, goaded to despair by their oppression, I failed in my allegiance, here I am to ask your royal pardon for myself and my unhappy people (*Kneels*).

LEOVIG. And thus thy pride and stubbornness are in the dust.

HERMENIGILD. I meant to act for the right. For that I sacrificed all I held dear; for that I suffered untold woe and sorrow. Father, if it satisfies your heart to see me thus, here I am. If I have erred, may heaven accept in mercy my deep humiliation!

RECARED (*Throws his arm around HERMENIGILD*). It will, it will, my dearest brother! No one shall say that in this bitter hour thou wast alone. O father, canst thou look upon thy sons and still withhold thy pardon?

LEOVIG (*Softly*). Oh! my sons! Hermenigild has failed by stubbornness and Recared by an excess of tenderness.

ÆGISMUND (*Whispers to SISBERT.*) (*Aloud*). Count Goswin, may it please your lordship to ask his Majesty in our name and all the nobles whether Prince Hermenigild, though banished from the land, has been admitted like a free man upon the strength that he is willing to publicly recant his errors and submit to our state religion?

GOSWIN. Well said, my lord! Your Majesty, a word (*Whispers*).

LEOVIG. 'Tis well! Now, Hermenigild, considering thy pleading, I am willing to pardon thee. Yet I must ask the question demanded by the nobles (*Commotion*).

HERMENIGILD (*Rises*). My king and father!

RECARED. O father, as thou lovest me, as I have ever been thy faithful son, I entreat thee withdraw the question.

SISBERT. The question, aye, the question!

ÆGISMUND. Your Majesty, 'tis meet and just the prince should answer.

GOSWIN. Such is the unanimous voice of all the nobles.

ALL. The question, the question!

RECARED. King, hear me!

LEOVIG. Peace, Recared. I shall listen to you after the answer of Hermenigild.

RECARED. O father, brother!

GOSWIN. The question of the king.

ALL. The question, the question!

HERMENIGILD. The question! Yes, the question of the king, and all you nobles, shall be answered frankly and fearlessly. My Recared, fear not! I have foretold you this would come. My king and father, ye lords and nobles of the realm, I stand before you powerless, outlawed and exiled, my royal father's disgrace upon me, the power of the state ready to pass severest sentence on my head. The question is: Will I renounce my faith because the state demands? My answer is: No, never! I openly profess that Christ is God. There was a night when to this world of sorrow the Son of the Eternal came in human form, and heaven bent in love and mercy down to give the kiss of peace to our fallen race; angels told, with trembling lips, the message. Yes, He is God! All nature rose to witness. The water of the sea became a solid path beneath His blessed feet. At His command the raging storm grew calm; the ills of suffering mankind fled at His touch, and death, the conqueror of all, gave up his prey to Him; and when He died—victim divine for our guilty race—heaven and earth, the very gates of death, proclaimed in thundering tones, with Rome's intrepid soldier: "He was the Son of God!" The dawn of Eastern morn brought the promised test of His divinity to His disciples, Jews and Gentiles; then pagan Rome, the ruler of the world, knelt to adore when Constantine beheld the cross on heaven's brow. The highest aspirations of our race, eternal hope, immortal truth, are based on Him. The greatest minds, the noblest hearts chose Him, left home and country, glory and love, went

to the burning stake and to the gory block, into the lion's den, or to the cruel rack, unconquered heroes. In the face of death, and with bleeding wounds, they proclaimed to the world: "He is the Son of God!" (*Raising his hand to heaven.*) O I have chosen Thee! Farewell to crown and purple, to worldly greatness, glory, pleasure! Thou art my choice forever!

GOSWIN (*Rises and rushes to the throne*). Ha, ye lords! We were informed that this rebel, this traitor and apostate, would come here a humble penitent pleading for mercy. Behold him now in his true character, boasting of his errors, braving the royal majesty, braving the nobles of the realm, the pillars of the state.

RECARED. Goswin, stop! No more!

HERMENIGILD. O demon incarnate!

GOSWIN. Demon! What? Thou outlawed rebel! My liege, you hear how he insults the brother of the queen? Demon! You hear, my lords, and this to me—Prime Minister of our kingdom!—from him, the sentenced and convicted rebel!

ÆGISMUND. This is too much. We will not bear it.

SISBERT. The sword shall speak.

LORDS. Down with the rebel! (*They draw swords.*)

RODERIC (*Draws and steps before HERMENIGILD*). Beware!

LEOVIG. Hear me, the king!

HERMENIGILD. Yes, point your swords at my defenceless breast; I fear not death.

GOSWIN. Back, Roderic, from that rebel! Away, I say!

RODERIC. Not till your swords are down.

GOSWIN. Withdraw, my lords! (*All withdraw.*) Back, Roderic, to your place! Now, by my anger—(*Roderic goes back*). Your Majesty, ye nobles, must we stand here to take insults, to listen to his boasts? Enough, I say, enough! There is no peace, no more security as long as this man lives. Therefore I say his head must fall!

ALL. Down with the prince! His head!

LEOVIG. Hear me, I say. Hear me, the king!

ÆGISMUND. Peace! hear the king! The king will right his insulted vassals.

GOSWIN. Yes, shield your faithful servants against the foul aspersions of a traitor.

LEOVIG (*Angrily*). Ha! thou stubborn, unrepenting subject! Ungrateful disobedient son! Instead of begging pardon at my feet and giving proof of thy complete submission to the state and the king, thou standest before us bragging thine apostacy. This is too much! Forbearance ceases here! Let justice take its course and vindicate the outraged majesty of the law and crown. My lords, your votes!

ÆGISMUND. I vote the penalty of death according to the law of our land on Prince Hermenigild.

RECARED. O merciful heaven!

SISBERT. Death to the Prince!

TEIAS. Death to the Prince!

GOSWIN. The law demands his death.

RODERIC. In spite of this obnoxious law, in spite of all, I say the prince is innocent. I cast my vote for his acquittal.

GOSWIN. My son! (*Both look at each other*).

RODERIC. Well?

ÆGILULF. Death to the prince!

ALL. Death to the prince!

GOSWIN. 'Tis done! The verdict dooms the prince.

RECARED (*Kneels*). O father, father, mercy! mercy for my only brother. There is no voice but mine that will appeal. Black hatred, vengeance and stern justice have all combined against him. Father, king, I do adjure thee, by yonder Throne of boundless mercy, from which we all must hope and beg forgiveness, by the same blood that courses through our veins—in his, in mine, in yours—by our gentle mother, long dead and gone before us, looking down from heaven in unbounded pity on her doomed son,—

LEOVIG (*Touched*). O Recared, stop! Thy words are fire!

RECARED. O that they would melt thy sternness into pity. Think of the day when he sat on thy knee, a tender child, his arms around thy neck. O father, if he must die, my heart will break. Then shall I know that, having lost a brother (*rises*), I lost my father too.

LEOVIG. Recared, my son, beloved of my heart, staff of my age and hope of our house, for thy sake I will relent and temper justice with gentle mercy. Hermenigild, hear your sentence: The law imposes the penalty of death upon thy crime; but by the power so benignly granted to the rulers, I commute thy sentence to lifelong imprisonment in the castle of Otaka. If thou renounce thy errors, full pardon may be granted in due time (*Sits*). Count Sisbert, do your work.

HERMENIGILD (*Kneels and kisses the king's robe*). I thank thee, father, for showing me that much of mercy. My own dear Recared, farewell! I thank thee, brother, for all thy generous love and brotherly affection. In the dark hours of my lifelong prison 'twill be a consolation to remember thee. And what so poor a man as Hermenigild can do by sending prayers to the throne of Grace to bless thee, it will be done. Farewell! My Utolf, faithful friend in all my trials, weep not! My brother will be thy kind protector. Farewell! To you, who look triumphant on my fall, I say may God forgive you all! Yet remember, there is a Providence above that rules in justice.

(*Sisbert approaches and chains the prince. Utolf hides his face in his cloak. Recared embraces his brother. Roderic steps forth to kiss his chains.*)

HERMENIGILD. Nor sword, nor chain, nor height, nor depth, nor thirst, nor hunger, nor exile, nor death, shall part me from my choice, from my allegiance to Thee! (*Looks to heaven.*)

(*Curtain.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Staff.

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H. L. Ferneding,	} <i>Special Contributors.</i>
P. M. Ragan,	
J. M. Flannigan.	

—Notre Dame rejoices in the success of her noble sons—the Hon. T. E. Howard, recently elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and the Hon. George E. Sugg, elected Judge of the Superior Court, Chicago. Faculty and students extend heartiest congratulations with best wishes for long-continued success.

—Among recent publications there is one especially to which must be accorded a first place in the field of scientific and artistic literature. It is the work on "Sound and Music" by the Rev. John A. Zahm, Professor of Physics in the University. It is a work that commends itself to the attention of every professor and lover of science and music everywhere. A notice of it appears in our advertising columns; but we hope in our next issue to present our readers with a due appreciation of its manifold merits. In the meantime we may note that the work has been very appropriately dedicated to "The Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., who has been for more than fifty years the friend and promoter of Higher Education, and who in an eminent degree deserves well of science and art." The "dedication" was happily conceived, and no more fitting subject could be chosen than the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, now rejoicing in the golden honors of his great lifework in the cause of religion and education.

—The nineteenth century is pre-eminently the century of progress; and it is with a peculiar fitness that in its closing decade our own country should furnish an evidence of true progress such as the world had never before seen. Between sunrise and sunset of a single day the government of one political party influ-

encing the destiny of 65,000,000 has been utterly overthrown and made to give place to a government based upon the opposing principles of another political party. Between partisans there will be, of course, different verdicts as to the outcome of result, according to the different point of view taken by each. But, irrespective of party, every thoughtful man must concede that a retrospective of the campaign itself, and the method and means by which the result was achieved furnish the strongest possible evidence of the stability of government of the people, by the people and for the people. Fraud and violence were conspicuously absent; personalities were scorned; the issues of the campaign were placed fairly and squarely before the minds of the voters; and, bowing submissively to the calm and dispassionate decision of the majority of a jury of over thirteen million freemen, the governing body peacefully yield up their power into the hands of their chosen successors.

The business interests of the community have not felt even a quiver. The country stands unshaken, and the verdict of every man, be he democrat or republican, must be that an age has arrived when self-government is an assured possibility. Truly, in a broad non-partisan sense we have seen the day of triumphant democracy.

Dr. Conaty's Lecture.

The second lecture of the regular series was delivered Wednesday night by the Rev. Dr. Conaty on "American Citizenship." Father Conaty is an earnest speaker, and takes his audience on in his thoughts with an irresistible force. The subject itself was potent, and especially where the Doctor warmed into his theme he received round after round of applause. He drew his discourse from the sacred fact that religion and patriotism lie deepest in the heart's affections. That the love of God and love of neighbor—which is the love of country—are powers that gain for man his freedom, peace and happiness. Patriotism appeals to our noblest instincts. To love one's country is to prove one's manhood. And when we read of countries past in a language dead, our souls are moved to admiration of those great men who proved their love of country by sacrifices. They lived, worked, fought and died that we might enjoy our liberty to-day.

Mighty nations existed that we might have a form of government which old Sparta and Rome toiled for in darkness. Their sacrifices did not

merit because they were not worthy of it. Their wars meant the sacrifice of slaves. The dignity of man and virtue were never known to them. Liberty with them meant the freedom of the few, and slavery of the many. The helpless, the weak and woman were ignored because they were slaves to man. Charity meant love of country. A race went with them on its strong warriors. A city containing men that were brave soldiers was high in the estimation of the world.

Their wars were ever for spoils or power; and from this very seed fructified that dread despotism,—where the virtues of a ruler meant simply vices that had never been exposed; where the science of ruling consisted in banishment; where ambitious egoism was a tyrant's only conscience; where he elevated the vilest who took sides with him, and suppressed the noblest who opposed him; where he would rule alone no matter how; indefatigable and pitiless against all men. Here were nations that had strong, well-knitted beings who fought in dust and gore for the pleasure of aristocracy. What more striking picture is there in all history than the "little school-book declamation," where Spartacus speaks to the gladiators, and appeals to their manhood? Yet when they were conquered, Pompey wrote back: "We have reduced the vile slaves to their original nothingness." Then if the passport of such a people was "*Civis Romanus sum*," how much grander is it to say "I am an American citizen!"

In free America no aristocracy is recognized; wealth does not make a citizen. "All men are free and equal" in the eyes of the law. Under her protection independence is taken in its broadest sense, and "carries with it the characteristic American purpose." Nevertheless, the Thirteenth Amendment cost an ocean of blood to our country in breaking the barriers that kept us from being enfranchised. There was blood upon our hands until then; but there is nothing that stains or cleanses like blood. While as we stand to-day, with the best from all the governments that ever were, still in our adolescence, who can tell our limits or bound our possibilities? Carlyle has said: "Give me the making of the young men of a country, and I care not who makes her laws." And if the greatness of a country depends on the citizenship, and the future of America lies in the young men of to-day, they should be men of thought, men of action, and men of determination. To say the truth were it to be your death-knell. To the educated men falls the lot of guiding and making the people. Few

can attain scholarship, but many may obtain its results. Appreciation of our citizens means devotion. Our duty is to be devoted and upright men. The good have against them, both the vicious who combat them, and the just who defend it badly, or not at all. But if we are leaders and follow truth we move in the interests of honesty. "Interest demands order, morality gives it," says Roux.

Here the speaker touched upon the importance of liberality to the working class, and mentioned the dangers there are in buying privileges from the poor. He made a beautiful peroration in which he summed up all the duties of a citizen as regards intelligence, energy and loyalty.

* * *

Dr. Conaty lectured Thursday night on Temperance—a cause in which he is a veteran and a zealous laborer. We hope to give a synopsis of it in our next issue. L. M.

Morality and Civilization.

Theorize as long as we may, there can be no doubt that as the world has become civilized it has become morally better. No matter into what department of morality you go, you will find a steady improvement in it as you trace its history. In political, social, domestic or religious morality you will discover a complete denial of the theory that wisdom has nothing to do with virtue. In the early ages the world was overrun with violence and blood; now it is blessed with peace and plenty. Formerly all nations were at war; now war, although still existing, is almost unknown. History shows us that law was at one time but a series of written tyrannies; now it is, or is gradually becoming, the engraven word of justice. Kings, in ages past, were absolute and uncontrolled; they shed the blood of their subjects like water, plundered without pity, and destroyed without remorse.

Now, kings are little more than other men; they are as much amenable to law and reason, and can do no wrong without accounting for it. What has wrought this change? We answer, civilization. Men know better than they did, and therefore do better than they did. Learning has generated improvement, and improvement has introduced morality. That civilization has introduced vices no one will deny; but we must remember that if there were no good coin there would be no counterfeit; and so in like manner there would be no mock virtue were there no genuine brand to counterfeit.

Turn where we will, we cannot fail to see that the standard of morality is higher than it was, and, moreover, is rising day by day to nobler heights; and though we do not say that the march of intellect is the cause of this, we are nevertheless satisfied that the improvement in mind and in morals ever has been, and is, contemporaneous, and therefore there is a relation, and a very close one, between the mind and the heart.

We do not pretend to say that by making a man wise you are sure to make him good; nor do we affirm that the surest producer of happiness is intellectual cultivation; but we do assert and will maintain that the more a man is civilized, the more he is made capable of being good, the more he will incline to and seek after virtue. King Solomon once said: "With all thy gettings get understanding." And this injunction would never have been recorded in Holy Scripture were there no good to be obtained from the mind's cultivation.

There are, however, some fanatics who proclaim that knowledge is not the precursor of virtue but rather of crime. Now it stands to reason that since God is just, man, as he advances in learning, must receive a proportionate amount of grace to keep him from wandering into one of the many evil paths which his learning has shown him. We know that unless a physician is acquainted with the disease of his patient he cannot cure him. Now immorality is a disease of the soul; and unless a man knows the nature and symptoms of the disorder, it is impossible for him to heal it. Knowledge, both in the physical and moral world, is the first step towards recovery. It is true that great knowledge may be allied to profound immorality: but perfect wisdom must be perfect virtue. The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, it is true; but God was much wiser than the serpent. We do not hold that intellect is the absolute cause of virtue, but rather that it is the forerunner of virtue. It opens the way, sheds light on the path, and removes difficulties and obstructions which would otherwise be insurmountable.

Though knowledge and virtue are by no means mutually affected, yet the causes that advance the one must advance the other. Two needles may be attracted by one magnet, but neither needle helps the other, yet both are drawn forward. In like manner the mind and the soul are both carried onward by civilization, yet neither is indebted to the other for its progress. Far from entertaining any fears that the spread of knowledge which we witness

in the present day is calculated to do harm to the cause of morality, we feel the strongest hope and belief that it is fast preparing the way for a nobler and purer reign of goodness than has ever yet been known on earth.

J. J. McGRATH.

"The Sere, the Yellow Leaf."

Life is a magic circle. The two extremes, the prattling babe and the old man in his dotage, are closely akin. The evolution from infancy to full, glorious manhood and from thence to the imbecility of old age is rapid. Lo! the circle is completed. What thoughts does not the sight of the gray-haired patriarch awaken within the breast! What a picture does it not present of his life! Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, adversity, prosperity, an ever-changing panorama we behold. As the old man looks back upon the years that have silently flown into the irrevocable past, a feeling of indescribable sadness steals o'er him; for,

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at his breast and turns the past to pain."

The faces of friends that were near and dear to him he sees for a time and then they are swallowed up in the impenetrable folds of eternal vastness. Friends now he has none. He is the last leaf upon the tree. Whittier admirably portrays these emotions of an old man in the following lines:

"Oh! time and change with hair as gray
As was my sire's that wintry day,
How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love to still live on."

He stands upon the border line of Time and Eternity, looking backward upon years that perhaps have been spent foolishly, and forward to the dawn of a new life that is about to break upon his spirit. Out of the bitterness of his heart he must cry: "O give me back my youth again!" But his youth returns not. The time for good is short and must be quickly utilized. He is in dread expectation of what is so soon to come and places his reliance in the supreme Judge of our eternal destinies. Through the rifts of the clouds of despair there shines for him a ray of hope. He sees, and joy takes possession of his soul. Faintly comes to him the music of the celestial choir that continually sings Hosanna round the great White Throne. He calmly awaits the summons that shall call him to that heavenly sphere where all his loved ones await him. And as the dark night of death settles down he goes, while resignation gently smooths the way, to meet his Father and his God.

JOS. COOKE.

Books and Periodicals.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. New York: Benziger Bros.

Every year seems to bring increased usefulness and popularity to this charming almanac. This fact is easily accounted for when one remembers what a mass of information, indispensable for every Catholic, is embodied within its covers. Besides the catalogue of fasts and feasts and the usual almanac matter, this issue contains literary articles by the most distinguished Catholic authors in the land. The success of the Home Almanac proves that it offers the people just what the people want.

SIDE-SWITCHES OF THE SHORT LINE. Jointly by Rev. J. W. Dean Book and the Rev. Thos. Jefferson Jenkins. Published by the Authors.

We may as well get over with our disagreeable remarks on the subject of this booklet by remarking that its title is not adapted to attract many warm admirers. Of the work itself, there can be but one opinion: that the authors have done a service of inestimable value for the *bona fide* members of the Christian sects. Such learning, tact and incisive logic as are found in these pages rarely get together within the covers of a book. Both of the reverend authors are men of sound judgment and unusual parts, while their parochial duties admit them to a clear insight into the needs of the cultured non-Catholic of our day. The conversational form which is adopted throughout the volume has many advantages over any other species of controversial composition, one of the chief ones being the assurance of detailed explanation without the danger of obscurity or confusion. The first half of the work is devoted to the "anxious questionings" of a Lutheran, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist who gather round a Catholic priest. They are cultured, amiable people, and one gets very fond of them before the last page. In the last half the questioners are Thomas Objector, O. T. Bee, Lady Wilde Ruskin, Uncommercial Traveller and the Professor, and in this part many of the ceremonies and usages of the Church are lucidly explained. The book is interesting throughout, and will of necessity accomplish much good.

ELEMENTS OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By A. L. Peterman. Cincinnati: American Book Co.

American schools do not devote enough attention to the study of the character of our civil government and the institutions which it has created. It is true that in most cases

parochial schools may be pardoned the fault on the plea that children are not left with them as long as might be desired and that there are more important and more essential matters to engage their attention during the brief school-days of the children of the poor. Yet even in colleges, where this excuse ought certainly not hold good, there is a marked indifference shown this special branch of instruction which deserves to rank at least with geography and history in the curriculum of studies. Prof. Peterman has taken away whatever excuse might heretofore have existed by supplying a text-book which leaves nothing to be desired. His work is elementary, indeed, but for the more ambitious institutions there have never been wanting more exhaustive volumes on this subject. After a passing reference to the government of the home and of the school-room our author proceeds to explain the workings of the municipal township, county, state and federal government. The duties of our chief officers of state are explained with sufficient amplitude and yet with such clearness and simplicity as to render them intelligible to the youngest student. An exhaustive history and explanation of the "Kangaroo" system of ballot is an important feature of a work which should be in the hands of every young American.

A FRENCH GRAMMAR. By the Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S. J. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Teachers of French throughout the land will welcome this little text-book. It has the merit—a very great one—of excluding whatever might tend to discourage or confuse beginners. The book is compiled in accordance with the justly famous "Ratio Studiorum," and the author remarks in his preface that it is intended "to assist the teacher, but not to take his place," and that "it supposes a teacher; it is not a *self-teaching* book." Father Dufour is at some pains to suggest a method of teaching suited to accompany the work and, apart from the advantage of knowing just how an author intended his book to be used, his remarks might be pondered with profit by young teachers. Father Dufour's experience as Professor of French literature in Georgetown University has rendered him admirably fitted for his task. The plan of the work is simple and logical. The first part treats of etymology and the text here is English. After the student has successfully gone through this part, however, he may be reasonably presumed to be tolerably familiar with the rudiments of the language and to have accumulated enough words to make his way through the French text in Syntax. Another

commendable feature of the book is the addition of a "Manual of Pronunciation" showing forth the rules which govern the difficult art of avoiding French "barbarisms." The author's "French Reader," which is forthcoming from the same press, will prove a valuable companion piece to the Grammar.

THE ART OF POETRY. Edited by Albert S. Cook.
Boston: Ginn & Co.

Three great metrical treatises on the art of poetry stand out prominently in literature. These are the didactic poems of Horace and Vida among the Latins and of Boileau among French *littérateurs*. It may perhaps be assumed that Horace's *Ars Poetica* is fairly well known to the ordinary student of the classics; but a knowledge of Vida and Boileau is considered nowadays to appertain to erudition, so little is the college student acquainted with their works. Professor Cook has therefore merited well of his countrymen in bringing these three great poems together within the covers of one book. The translations are by Howes, Pitt and Soame, respectively, and in each case the original text is found on the lower half of each page. The use of rhyming couplets in the translation, while facilitating quotation from memory, has the disadvantage of afflicting the translation with stiffness. The spirit of the original is preserved in every case, however, and the English version is relieved by frequent felicities of expression. Not the least important feature of the work are the editorial notes by Prof. Cook, which are so learned and so well considered as to be almost invaluable. The Yale professor is one of the highest authorities in matters critical of which American literature can boast. The present volume is on a par with his other works, and when this is said, all is said. The dress of the book is similar to that of Genung's "Rhetoric" or Newman's "Aristotle's Poetics," published by the same House.

Obituary.

A telegram received on Thursday night conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. PHILEMON B. EWING at her home in Lancaster, Ohio. The deceased was the mother of Professor John Ewing, of the University, and of Thomas, Neil and Frank, former graduates of Notre Dame, and two daughters, graduates of St. Mary's Academy. She was also the sister of the late Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, and the lamented Mother Angela, Superior of the Sisters of Holy Cross at St. Mary's. She was a lady of gifted mind and

devoted heart, and her life was that of the true Christian. The tidings of her death were received with deep regret at Notre Dame, and all extend their heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved husband and children in their great affliction. They have the blessed consolation, which faith and piety inspire, that the departed will speedily enjoy the eternal reward of a well-spent life. May she rest in peace!

Local Items.

- "Down"!
- 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
- Where are we at?
- 'Rah for Cleveland!
- The urn is immense.
- Crow ye roosters, crow!
- Don't tell society secrets.
- Did you patronize the urn?
- Any news from the Punjaub?
- What a fine game of baseball!
- Hurrah for the American Flag!
- The hand-ball is in great favor.
- The local democracy is jubilant.
- Fatty is the centre of attraction.
- Remenyi next Saturday evening.
- Carroll Hall has now six elevens.
- Democratic principles carried the day.
- Thanksgiving Day is fast approaching.
- What time did you get up this morning?
- The ex-Minims make "themselves heard."
- Was ist los mit Cleveland? He's all right.
- Carroll Hall is rich in footballs and auburn heads.
- The Carroll reading-rooms are much patronized now.
- As Clay Township goes, so goes the country. At least it did this time.
- Our local editors must have been a little under the weather this week.
- A very large delegation from the college approached the electoral urn.
- On Saturday morning the fountains in front of the college contained ice a fourth of an inch thick.
- Messrs. Henley, of Kalamazoo, Mich., Roby, of Chicago, and Coady, of Pana, Ill., went home to vote.
- Rumors are afloat to the effect that the St. Boniface Society will enact a German drama in the near future.
- Where were the Sorin Hall "specials" on Thursday night? That was the time for the unique performance.
- One precinct in Clay Township reports a Democratic gain of 48, the other shows a Republican gain of 2.

—Now the A. P. A's, the P. S. A's, and all other organizations of a—s will sink into ignominious oblivion.

—Remenyi—the Mendellshon Quintette and the St. Cecilia winter entertainment are among the forthcoming attractions.

—There was a grand wheel-barrow promenade around the Campus on Thursday afternoon, in payment of election bets.

—A plebiscite should be taken on that iron bar at the northeast end of the main building. The frequenters of the "gym" might like to have it.

—There is a great demand for illustrated scientific lectures, such as those that were given with so much success during the last two scholastic years.

—Professor M. F. Egan gave two drawing-room lectures in Chicago on Thursday last. "The Realists" and "The Pre-Raphaelites" were his subjects.

—The Rev. J. Miller, C. S. C., left on Wednesday last to assume pastoral charge of the missions at Leo and St. Michael near Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Prof. W. Hoynes will be called to Chicago during the coming week. Law business of pressing importance requires his personal attention in that city.

—Bro. Hilarion has been ill during the week, greatly to the regret of the boys of Brownson Hall. We are glad to state that he is now rapidly recovering.

—The book cases ordered for the Carroll reception rooms are expected daily. Rev. Father Walsh has the thanks of the whole department for the first donation.

—New trees have been planted in the parterre in front of the University buildings, and with the return of spring the landscape will be made a thing of beauty.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin was among the welcome callers at *The Tribune* to-day (Thursday). During this pleasant weather his morning drives frequently extend into the city.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., was a very welcome visitor this week. His lectures on "American Citizenship" and "Temperance" were greatly appreciated by the students and made a deep impression upon all.

—It is well to note, especially in view of possible Cabinet appointments, that W. F. Harry, of the Democratic National Committee, Prof. Egan and B. John were schoolmates and fast friends in youthful days in Philadelphia.

—The great football game between Hillsdale College and Notre Dame will take place on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. The Hillsdale boys will arrive in the morning and will be the guests of the Athletic Association during the day. No doubt they will be right royally entertained.

—The following telegram was sent to our new President:

"NOTRE DAME, IND., November 10, 1892.

"THE HON. GROVER CLEVELAND,

"NEW YORK CITY:

"Accept our congratulations upon your great victory.

"STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:

J. D. MCCARRICK, }
W. V. CUMMINGS, } *Committee.*
W. A. CORRELL, }

—By the way, boys, would it not be well to remember that but little more than five weeks remain of the first term? The examinations are fixed for the 19th and 20th of December. Therefore solid work all along the line must be the order of the day, if the examination averages are to be made to count.

—Football is all the rage on both campuses nowadays. But the Carrolls seem to throw themselves into the game with even greater enthusiasm than their elder brethren. Altogether there is evidence that, with the close of the baseball season, love for athletic sports was not lost, but still remains dominant.

—Rev. John Oechtering's new drama now running through the SCHOLASTIC is well worth reading, and has received many well-deserved encomiums. It will shortly be published in book form, and we bespeak for it a great demand on the part of colleges, academies and schools. It is excellently adapted for stage presentation and is sure to entertain any audience.

—Our lecture committee deserve great credit for the excellent opening of the winter course of lectures. The lectures by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane and the Rev. Dr. Conaty were masterpieces of eloquence and instruction. The next event will be the musical treat presented on Saturday evening by the world-renowned Remenyi and the accomplished artists who form his company. Everybody who is not fit for treason, stratagems, spoils, and other things of that ilk, should attend.

—On Thursday last the Rev. Dr. Conaty and the Rev. President visited St. Edward's Hall as the weekly report was being read. The princes who were on the list of excellence for lessons and conduct were, like Grover, "all right;" but the delinquents felt somewhat like the other party, sore at heart and downcast. In the midst of the gloom a bright idea shot through the brain of one of the dejected nobles, and in a rather diffident tone of voice he asked Father Conaty to please let them out of detention. The reverend visitor replied that he had no power. President Walsh said, "We will give you power." "Then," said Dr. Conaty, "as the Father Rector has consented, I will let you off, but on condition that you will be on the 'List of Excellence' next week." The princes promised, and emphasized their thanks by great applause.

—On Thursday, the 3d inst., the Guardian Angels' Society held its second regular meeting

at St. Edward's Hall. After a few introductory remarks by the President, Mr. Just, C. S. C., the Secretary, Master R. Berthelet, read a well-written report of the last meeting. Then some important business connected with the society was attended to, whereupon the meeting was adjourned. Three new members were admitted.

—The other day an occurrence took place illustrating the old adage: Small causes often produce great effects. In answer to the question: Have you heard from home of late? Johnnie said: "To my unbounded dissatisfaction I must give utterance to the statement, catachrestical though it seems, that I have not as yet been the felicitous recipient of my customary hedomadary, epistolary communication, and that, consequently, I labor under the dolorifical inability to respond to your benevolent interrogatory."

—On Monday the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held a special meeting in St. Edward's Hall for the purpose of electing officers. As the name of each officer was proposed the President called upon some members to speak in favor of their candidate. The speeches made by some of the Sorins showed an intelligence that would do credit to older boys. The officers elected by vote were as follows: Rt. Rev. J. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, and Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. A. F. Zahm, President; E. LaMoure, Vice-President; F. Holbrook, Treasurer; D. Wilcox, Secretary; R. Berthelet, Marshal; A. Everest, Librarian; D. McAllister, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. Langley, 1st Censor; W. Bopp, 2d Censor; G. Scherrer, 3d Censor; W. Scherrer, 4th Censor; W. Gavin, 1st Monitor; F. Roseing, 2d Monitor; R. McPhee, 3d Monitor; L. Wilson, 4th Monitor; J. Flynn, and F. Stuckart, Chargés d'Affaires.

—The Seminarians spent last Sunday evening very pleasantly, through the kindness of the Leonines. The society, under the direction of the President Rev. James J. French, C. S. C., gave on this occasion its first musical and elocutionary entertainment of the season, which proved a very encouraging success. Mr. Jas. Clarke was, as usual, the leading spirit in the musical part of the programme, while Mr. Jas. Leo, in his masterly rendition of "Glaucus in the Arena," fully satisfied the expectations of his audience. Messrs. Duffy and Costello, who ably seconded the latter's efforts, though youthful orators, are adepts in their art. The Rev. President and members who co-operated so faithfully with him deserve great credit for the success they achieved. Rumor has it that the Committee on Programme has completed its arrangements for a series of entertainments which are to follow. May these be as well received! The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Caliph of Bagdad".....Seminary Orchestra
"The Eventful Auction" (Declamation).....E. Duffy

"Pat's Predicament" (Declamation).....M. Costello
"Heaven Hath Shed a Tear" (Baritone Solo) ..J. Clark
"History of the Seminary".....T. Hennessy
"The Last Days of Pompeii" (Declamation).....J. Leo
"Die Dämmerung" (Duet Piano and Violin), F. Miskiewicz. J. Clark.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Crawley, Combe, Chute, Dacey, Dechant, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, Hannin, Kearney, Keough, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, J. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Baur, Burns, W. Brinin, A. Corry, Wilkin, Curran, Chassaing, Cutler, Coady, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Cumisky, Casey, Chidester, Delaney, Devaney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Eyanson, Foley, Fardy, J. Flynn, Feeney, Flanigan, E. Flynn, Garst, Hermann, Hoepe, Hennessy, Hartnett, Hartman, Healy, Hagan, Hudson, Isbell, Jacobs, Karter, M. Kirby, Kearns, Stace, Vignos, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Luther, Libbert, Murray, McFadden, D. Murphy, Meibers, McCullough, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, McCarthy, O'Shea, Priest, Pulskamp, Peak, Perkins, Pomroy, Patier, Quinlan, Rice, Rogers, M. Ryan, Roper, Stanton, Schueler, Smith, Spalding, Whitehead, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

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