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The Reward of Valor.

BY M. A. QUINLAN.

LONG, long ago, when in wild competition
Charioteers rode for glory and fame,
Daring the course with its death pending dangers
All, but for victory's wreath and a name,
Little thought they that their mightiest effort
Won but a prize that should fade with the years:
Honor and glory and earthly enjoyment
Scarcely illumine life's valley of tears.

"Long, long ago" was the time of the pagan;
His was an era of darkness and gloom;
Glory, though earthly, was worth all endeavor;
None caught a gleam from the depths of the tomb
We of to-day have a nobler ambition,
Ours is a lasting, eternal reward.
Life is a contest; oh, let us be zealous,
Striving to merit the gifts of our Lord.

Newman and Wiseman as Novelists.



A FAVORITE saying of Talleyrand, that notorious courtier and diplomatist, was: "Language was given to conceal thought" While no sane person will agree with him in this sweeping assertion, we must admit that it applied perfectly to Talleyrand himself. He appeared and acted before the world as if the one sole purpose for which language was given to man was to provide a veil behind which one might hide his thoughts and purposes from his fellows. His, however, was an exceptional case. If a man speaks much, and, more especially, if he writes much, the bent of his mind must inevitably be disclosed. Not only this, but a man's

character can be read from his literary works, provided these works originate in himself.

Take any author, Shakspeare, for instance. In his plays we can see the workings of an imagination truly wonderful. We can feel the struggles and see the success of a really poetic temperament trying to express its inward feelings. Shakspeare gives us a good idea, in his dramas, of his own personal character; and this idea tallies exactly with historical truth. Now let us consider Bacon. In his works we of course can see that he was a philosopher; but of his own personality we can discover nothing. Whatever we do know of him is derived from history. An explanation is easily found. Character depends on the use, good or bad, to which we put our faculties. Now, imagination is one of the faculties; and when we know how a man uses his imagination we can form an idea of his character. Imagination is nowhere better displayed than in a work of fiction. It cannot be shown in an essay, for an essayist treats but of facts.

This is the reason why we are not able to apply our theory to such a writer as Bacon. He has his facts ready at hand. These facts he proceeds to develop, expand, criticise and examine. His subject is fixed, and out of the bounds of that subject he does not go. He never brings his imagination into play; he never creates anything. The province of the poet, dramatist or novelist lies in the realm of fancy. His production may be founded on facts; but around these facts he so closely weaves the garb of his personality as to make them peculiarly his own. It is in the weaving of this garb that the imagination is used; and it is the difference in the use of the imagination that causes the difference in the works of writers. A novelist may borrow

another's plot; but the two productions may be entirely unlike. It is not the plot but the treatment of the plot that distinguishes one from another. It is by this treatment that we can read the character of the writer.

As an illustration we may take two novels: "Callista," by Cardinal Newman, and "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman. They are stories of the life of the faithful during the early ages of the Church. "Callista" treats of what Newman thought were "the feelings and mutual relations of pagans and Christians of the time of Decius." "Fabiola" deals with the life, manners and customs of Christians during Diocletian's reign. Here, in the very choice of subjects, we see the difference between the two men. Newman was the more subjective and philosophical of the two. His mind was continually engaged with questions of faith, morals and logic, and he has embodied many of these questions in his book. Wiseman was more objective. An ardent student of history and antiquities, he has given us the results of his study in a most pleasing form by writing "Fabiola."

Let us now consider the novels, dividing them up into several components, as Aristotle does tragedy. The first of these is plot. The plot of "Fabiola," though made up of very many incidents of different kinds, is all centred upon one circumstance—the conversion of the heroine. In "Callista" there is a lack of unity in the plot. It is centred upon two events—the conversion of Callista and the reformation of Agellius. Newman's plot suffers not only on account of this twofold subject, but also because it is too regular. It follows a straight and narrow path for the most part. Each event leads to another, except a few which are thrown in and lead nowhere. Such, for instance, is the possession of Juba. With Wiseman we have variety, with Newman, monotony.

As to the second point, the treatment of character, Newman is again outstripped by Wiseman. Newman's characters have a certain likeness to each other that is tiresome. In portraying character one must be objective. He cannot get a variety of characters out of his own inner consciousness. Newman tried to imagine all his characters and as a result we have in all of them a reflection, to a greater or less degree, of himself. Wiseman, on account of his objectiveness, was enabled to portray the most difficult characters to perfection. He shows us an equally good picture of the saint and the hardened pagan. Another thing that mars "Callista" is the fact that Newman uses very little dialogue. Instead of letting his person-

ages speak and tell us their own thoughts, he himself gives us an outline of their ideas. It is not Agellius, nor Callista, whom we hear, but Newman. On the contrary, Wiseman keeps himself in the background. He introduces dialogue wherever possible, and thus adds to the interest of the work. Newman's characters are isolated instances; Wiseman's are types taken from the whole world. The difference is the same as that between Shakspeare and Johnson. Callista is a trait personified, Fabiola is a woman. So it is throughout. Wiseman's characters are typical, each one of his or her class. Agnes is what all Christian virgins were; Miriam is the same as were all Christian slaves; Juba and Agellius are, as Newman himself would say, "anomalies of experience."

The next point to be considered is style. Here, as one would expect, Newman excels. He was the greatest master of English that ever lived, and naturally his style is, on the whole, far superior to Wiseman's.

It is throughout that calm, cool, harmonious style for which Newman was noted. He never seems to grow more eloquent over a great incident than over a small one. He describes with equal fire and vigor how Callista was martyred and how she made images. Wiseman is very irregular. At times he is quiet and cool, again fervid and eager. In many places he is tiresome; but whenever a great opportunity presents itself he always rises to the occasion and does himself full justice. Some of his passages are sublime, while others are again dull and inspid. This irregularity may be accounted for by the fact that Wiseman wrote his story "bit by bit, in all sorts of places and at all sorts of times."

Let us now take each novel as a whole. A novel to be good must be a true and faithful picture of the times of which the writer treats. The truer the picture, the better the novel. To give us such a picture the author must, of course, be familiar with the places and times he describes. Wiseman knew much about ancient Rome and he knew much about the early Christians. Newman knew very little about Africa and very little about life during the early ages of the Church. What Wiseman knew was acquired by extensive reading and study. The knowledge Newman had of the scenes of his story was obtained by cramming up on the subject. On this account we notice a certain stiffness in Newman's work that is entirely absent from Wiseman's book. Besides this, on account of his study of the "Acts of the Martyrs," Wiseman was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of

the early Christians. He wrote "Fabiola" because he wanted to write it. Newman wrote "Callista" because he was asked to do so. Wiseman had his heart in the work, Newman, his head. Still another reason why "Callista" is inferior to "Fabiola" is that Newman does not represent the spirit of the times, but the spirit of at most a year. He does not take the Christians of the world, but a few who had all but lost their faith and who lived in the little town of Sicca. Wiseman takes in a whole period and the whole world. His characters are not isolated examples, but are types of all Christians of that period.

From all these circumstances that have been cited it is evident which of the two is the better novelist. Newman, the critic, poet, philosopher, essayist and lecturer, though in the front rank in all of these branches of literature, as a novelist is a complete failure. Newman's novel is almost unknown; it is so far surpassed by his other works that it is completely eclipsed. But Wiseman's novel will live forever.

E. F. DuBRUL.

Music Hath Charms.

BY JAMES R. HAYDON.



APTAIN ERICSSON, in his name and work, will go down through the ages as one of the men of genius who have adorned the nineteenth century. There are few events of history the occurrence of which was more opportune than the arrival of his "Yankee cheese box," the *Monitor*, in Hampton Roads, on that memorable morning of March 19, 1862.

Men of great genius, however, are not by any means perfect beings; in fact, most of them are eccentric characters. To show that Ericsson was no exception to this general rule, and at the same time call attention to the old truism, "Condemn not that which you do not understand," we relate the following incident.

In the small circle of chosen personal friends with whom Ericsson had surrounded himself, there was one to whom he was especially attached. This man, like the great inventor himself, was a Swede, and, coming from the same part of the country, they had many sympathies in common. Great minds run in the same channel, it is said, and perhaps this was another reason for their singular friendship.

Singular and odd it was; for this Swede was a renowned violonist whose concerts were

attended by the *élite* of musical circles everywhere, while Ericsson possessed a most intense dislike for music in general and the violin in particular. On many occasions he gave vent to his bitterness in terms not at all complimentary; nor could the most earnest and persistent efforts of his friend induce him to attend any of his concerts. No; he simply hated music, was content, and, moreover, determined to continue in his hatred. This being his attitude towards his friend's art, all fair means to overcome it were out of the question; so recourse was had to a clever and, as the event proved, a very successful stratagem.

Ericsson had many times declared that he would demolish any musical instrument that should enter his house; but kind fate spared him the trouble, for his friend unfixing the parts of a violin, put them into a case, and carried them boldly to the inventor, chaffing him by saying that though he could succeed in putting a machine together, yet, with all his skill and ingenuity, a violin would baffle him. The mechanical pride of the old genius was instantly aroused; he could not allow his abilities to be questioned; so, picking up the gauntlet which his wily friend had thrown before him, he agreed to put the dismembered instrument together and have it completed on the following day.

When the musician had departed Ericsson began the task, and after several hours' work had the satisfaction of seeing the violin restored to its original shape. When the owner called on the following day and saw the work completed he gave vent to many exclamations of feigned surprise and apparent astonishment, readily acknowledged himself beaten, and laughingly told Ericsson that he was indeed a genius. This satisfaction and compliment pleased the inventor so much that when his friend expressed a desire to tune the violin, in order to see whether everything was properly adjusted, he made no objection, but simply led the way to his study and told him to proceed.

Now was the supreme moment for the violinist; he had always felt within himself that if he could induce Ericsson to listen, if only once, to his playing the old man would become an easy victim to Terpsichore. Hence in exuberance of joy at the success of his stratagem he could hardly contain himself.

The inventor's study was a large, rather long room. At the opposite end to that in which our friends sat was a door, now open, leading into the workshop, where a considerable force of men were employed. The inventor sat in a big arm-chair beside his desk with his back

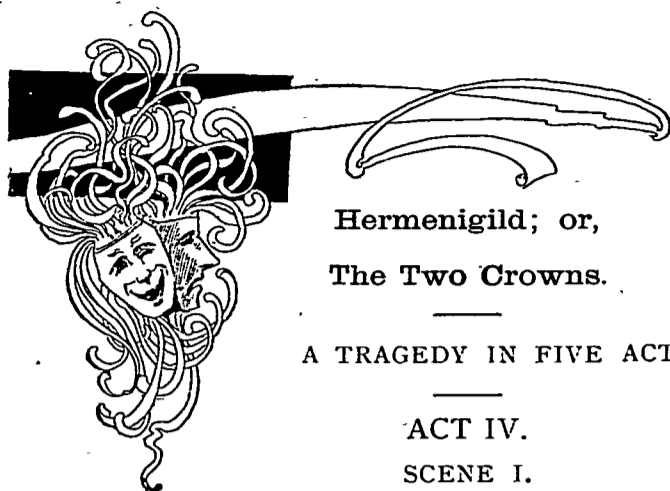
towards the door. His face wore a look of expectant uncertainty, as if he half feared that in putting the instrument together he had not done as well as he had been led to believe. Consequently he was intently watching the operations of his friend who sat opposite him.

This worthy and seemingly artless individual was making many needless changes and imaginary improvements to give the impression that he was intent only upon getting the various parts properly arranged, but, in truth, he had no thought of that, as he had seen upon examining it that the instrument was as perfect as when it had left the hands of its maker. Finally, he seemed to be satisfied, pronounced it well done, and began to play. He played first a jaunty *cavatina*, then a tuneful *allegro*, prolonged the soft and mellow "Bonny Doone," to merge at its close with the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home." At last all the powers of his genius seeming to gather for one grand effort, burst, as it were, from all earthly ties to rise to sublime heights and soar in an atmosphere of ethereal bliss and beatitude, returning with a delicious easy and gradual descent to reality, ending at length amid impressive silence.

The face of the old genius was a study, passing from a look of uncertainty over his work to one of pleasure, changed to surprise as the playing increased; and when the touching strains of that beautiful melody "Home, Sweet Home" stirred up his soul, he looked like a wandering prospector might who stumbles suddenly upon a mine of gold; he seemed to have discovered something of the existence of which he had never dreamed. This look deepened into one of entrancement during the latter part of the playing, and at the close he seemed to have sunk into profound meditation.

During the progress of the music a form clad in overalls and blouse entered the open door at the other end of the room, then another, and another, until that portion of the study was filled with eager hearers. At the conclusion each man reverently tiptoed out of the room, the musician put the violin in its case, said good day, and departed, and the great inventor remained buried in thought. To conclude, let us say that Ericsson was thoroughly converted, and ever after the violin was a frequent and welcome visitor at his hearth.

NOTHING, perhaps, bears on the face of it more appearance of folly, ignorance and impertinence than any attempt to diminish the honor of those to whom the assent of many generations has assigned a throne.—*Ruskin.*



Hermenigild; or,
The Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

(*Antechamber of Royal Reception Room. Door in centre.*
Enter GOSWIN, ÆGISMUND, SISBERT.)

GOSWIN. Count Sisbert, where is Fredegisel?

SISBERT. I left him in the servants' hall ready for summons.

GOSWIN. 'Tis well. Now, friends, the hour has come to deal the last and fatal blow to Hermenigild. His friends are busily engaged in planning his deliverance. Their power with the king and the people increases daily. No more delay nor indecision. Duke Ægismund, have you the letter from Constantinople?

ÆGISMUND. 'Tis here. (*Gives letter.*) Curse on the scribe who wrote it! He charged me one thousand ducats.

GOSWIN (*Reads it*). Now, by the stars! A document well executed. Look, Sisbert (*SISBERT looks over his shoulder*). Read here! Indeed 'tis excellent! "We, the Emperor of Greece, in alliance with the Franks, bind ourselves to force, by war on land and sea, the king of Spain to set you free." What do you think of this?

SISBERT. That sounds like rank high treason. An admirable forgery!

GOSWIN. I ought to know the scribe who wrote it. He shall not lack employment. Now look further (*Reads*). "After your release we shall continue war until the crown is yours; for this service you will cede the province of Bætica to us and our heirs forever according to your promise." "According to your promise." O ingenious scribe! Ha! Sisbert, what thinkest thou? The devil could not lie in better form.

SISBERT. I'll be hanged, Goswin, if—

GOSWIN. And look at this (*Reads*)! "To Prince Hermenigild, the future King of Spain, our sincerest wishes. JUSTINIAN II., *Emperor of Greece*. Given at our capital, Constantinople." You see the seal imperial? Here! Forsooth, this forgery is perfect! Now, friends! (*Holds up the paper triumphantly.*)

SISBERT. Play that into the hands of Leovig, and hang me if the death warrant of Hermenigild does not come forth at once!

GOSWIN. Trust me for that. This will send the hated prince with unrelenting vengeance to the block. Duke Ægismund, this is a master-stroke.

ÆGISMUND. I am well paid if it cuts off the head of Hermenigild.

SISBERT. Amen!

GOSWIN. Now listen to my plan: While I am with the king, Duke Ægismund and you, Count Sisbert, come in pretended haste and hand this document, folded thus, to the king. Say you took it from the messenger of Greece, when he arrived disguised in our port; the rest is easy. You understand?

ÆGISMUND. I see. It cannot fail.

GOSWIN. Away! And do not keep me waiting. (*Exeunt ÆGISMUND and SISBERT. GOSWIN looks after them and rubs his hands.*) Fortune, thou art my goddess, and welcome are thy favors! A master-stroke, forsooth! It cuts both ways—cuts off the head of Hermenigild—Duke Ægismund says so at least, and he is right, completely so. But (*turns*) look to it, Duke, look to it! If I am not mistaken—and I rarely am—it will cut off *thy* head no less (*Stamps*). 'S death! I'm tired of this conspiring Duke; he knows too much, and does but obstruct my path. I'll oust him soon. Now to the king. (*Knocks and enters door.*) (*Enter RECARED, bearing a letter, and UTOLF.*)

RECARED. This letter brings good news. Our good old friend, Count Boso, has returned from Constantinople, where he went to ask the emperor's influence in Hermenigild's behalf. He writes his mission was successful, and that the emperor's ambassador comes with him. Though he is banished, he will brave the danger and stand before the king.

UTOLF. A noble knight! This is indeed good news, my prince.

RECARED. I go to meet them before they enter our capital. Hie thee to Itala and try to speak to Hermenigild. The gaoler is my friend. Here, take my ring.

UTOLF. I go, my prince (*Exit*).

RECARED. This gives me brightest hope to break the prison chains of Hermenigild, and see him reinstated. (*Exit*.)

(*Enter ÆGISMUND and SISBERT feigning haste. Knock at door. Servant enters.*)

SERVANT. His Majesty forbids admittance; he is in council with the Chancellor.

ÆGISMUND. Tell his Majesty that our business brooks no delay; state secrets of great importance. Go!

(*Exit Servant. Door opens. The king discovered at table with GOSWIN. Both come down stage.*)

LEOVIG. Duke Ægismund, Count Sisbert, your message?

ÆGISMUND. My liege, a vessel from Constantinople arrived this morning in our port. A man on board aroused the guards' suspicion, and was conducted to my palace. I had him searched, and we discovered sewed in his garment this letter addressed to Prince Hermenigild.

LEOVIG. A letter to my son?

GOSWIN. From Constantinople? (*Rises.*)

ÆGISMUND. The seal bears the imperial arms.

GOSWIN. An official document, my liege. This looks indeed important.

LEOVIG. Give it to me.

ÆGISMUND. Here, your Majesty.

LEOVIG (*Opens and reads*). Ha! what is this?

My eyes!—my eyes!—Goswin—tell—me! Read this. My eyes must have deceived me. O ye stars! Read, Goswin,—read—there (*Points to the letter*).

GOSWIN. My liege, what sudden horror strikes you, for you look pale and tremble?

LEOVIG. Ha! Ask me not! Read, Goswin, read! I cannot trust my eyes! O treason, monstrous treason!

GOSWIN (*Reads aloud*). "We, Emperor of Greece, in alliance with the Franks, bind ourselves to force by land and sea the king of Spain to set you free."

ÆGISMUND and SISBERT. A plot! a plot against the king!

LEOVIG. Ha! read on, read on, Goswin!

GOSWIN. "After your release we shall continue war until the crown is yours, for which service you will cede the province of Bætica to us and our heirs forever, according to your promise."

ÆGISMUND. Treason, high treason!

SISBERT. A treacherous plot and of long standing (*Stamps*). Down with the traitors!

GOSWIN. Mark, my lords, "according to your promise." These words speak volumes.

LEOVIG. Ha! by all the stars of evil omen and portent!

GOSWIN. Pardon, my liege, worse yet. Hear the conclusion. (*Reads*). "To Prince Hermenigild, the future king of Spain" (*Looks around*). Mark, gentlemen, the "future king of Spain. Emperor, Justinian II. imperial greeting. Given at our capital, Constantinople." (*LEOVIG groans*).

ÆGISMUND. The Greek emperor!

SISBERT. In alliance with the Franks, our sworn enemies!

ÆGISMUND. O treason most foul, unnatural and devilish!

SISBERT. Ha! villainy of blackest hue! If any noble in the land should be discovered involved in correspondence of such a nature, death, quick and thousandfold, would be the penalty.

GOSWIN. O royal master, friend and brother, I sympathize with you. In spite of all your leniency and mercy this thankless prince conspires still against you with enemies of our land to take the crown from you. Unnatural!

LEOVIG (*Looking at the letter*). It is the seal of state. 'Tis true, too true! too true! (*Grasps his hair*.) O Hermenigild, thou false, ungrateful son, conspiring against thy father, thy too lenient father! O heavens! can ye see this and withhold the thunderbolt that should fall on his guilty head. There! (*He flings the letter to the ground and stamps on it*). Cursed instrument and proof of ingratitude! base witness of a monstrous crime! I crush thee as I shall crush *him*—that smooth-tongued viper of unnatural, unmitigated falsehood.

GOSWIN. Your Majesty, this is a matter of impending danger. Our enemies have doubtless prepared in secret for war.

LEOVIG. I fear not *them*! Am I not Leovig, the *Iron King*, who never left an enemy till he

was crushed? But that my own, my flesh and blood, my son, should turn traitor to country, to me, his father, ha!—(*Pauses.*)

GOSWIN. Your orders! Good, my liege, we bide your orders.

LEOVIG. Orders? What sayest thou?

GOSWIN. Shall this conspiracy of so long standing go on? Shall we remain inactive?

LEOVIG. Well asked! No, it shall *not*! No, by the stars! This letter is his doom—his irrevocable doom. Write me—the warrant—for the traitor's death!

GOSWIN. I obey your Majesty. (*Sits down and writes.*)

(ÆGISMUND and SISBERT exchange triumphant glances and whispers; the king stands pale and silent.)

GOSWIN. 'Tis done, my liege. Please to write your name here (*Points out the place*). The pen, may it please your Majesty.

LEOVIG. The pen? Ha! you call it pen? Call it the sword—the sword of Brutus, who doomed his son to save his country. (*Sits*). There's something rising around my heart. It makes me dizzy (*Leans his head on his hand*).

GOSWIN (*Stands behind him, pointing to the place*). Sign here! Here, your Majesty.

LEOVIG. Here?—(*Breaks pen.*) The pen is broken. Give me another.

SISBERT. Here, your Majesty (*Hands pen*).

LEOVIG. My hand will not be steady. O Hermenigild! Hermenigild!

GOSWIN (*Points*). Here. Leovig—king—of—the—Visigoths.

LEOVIG (*Writes*). There! (*Flings the pen away*). 'Tis done! Duke Ægismund, take it! (*Rises and walks slowly to the door*). But (*Turns around*) when—you—execute it—have it done—so—he may not suffer—long. (*Turns away, then looks around*). He—is my son.

ÆGISMUND (*Bows*). Your orders shall be obeyed, your Majesty.

LEOVIG (*Turns to the door, enters and looks back*). Forgive, my lords, the weakness of your king. I am his father—an old, heart-broken—man. (*To servant*). Astulf, let no one in. I want to be alone. Come, give me your support.

(ASTULF leads him. Door closes.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Last Great Poet of the New Renaissance.

III.

Every century has its great poets. Beyond all doubt the greatest poet of the present century was Lord Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson was born in England in 1801. He attended college at a very early age. It is easy to see that he was destined by Providence to be a poet. Poetry was born in him, for while yet a child he would surprise people by his verses. He was a great admirer of Byron.

Tennyson is the poet of the people. He is read and admired by the poor as well as the

rich. One of the principal characteristics of Tennyson is his great simplicity. His poetry is musical and at the same time it makes good sense. At present Tennyson is admired by the people, but in future he will be much more considered.

GEORGE SCHLINK.

It is scarcely possible to realize that the great master of poetic art of the nineteenth century has passed away. True, many say he has ceased to be a force in literature. Not in literature considered as a whole, comprising all the masterpieces of centuries; not even the literature of a quarter of a century ago; but in the literature of to-day, of the last twenty-five years. Tennyson the poet stands supreme as the one man who took the rough diamonds of our language and polished them as no other poet has done, not even Shakspeare. The great eminence attained by Tennyson as a poet is due to his polish and color. He uses his art as a poet, similarly to that in which the artist uses his brush, namely, to deceive the senses as far as possible in order to make the picture appear the more natural to life.

In Tennyson we find the first examples of real color—that color which seems too exquisite to be described. The description of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," and of "Godiva." In the former he approaches as near to color as possible; so close, that the phrase "word painting" seems to describe it exactly. But Tennyson is musical also. This being one of the requisites of the poet, we can scarcely conceive his poetry without it. "Locksley Hall" furnishes examples of his music, as does also the "Bugle Song."

Tennyson has also taken the "Legend of Good Women," sung long ago "by the morning star of song," "Dan Chaucer," and transforms its unpolished mass into a Corinthian column of unsurpassed beauty. "The Dream of Fair Women," is a series of portraits in which Tennyson uses much of his skill as a painter, and the result is a series of poems whose beauty will proclaim him the master of the poets of the nineteenth century.

His "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King" are monuments in themselves. In the latter Tennyson is unmistakably influenced by the traditions of the Catholic Church. Are not the words he puts into the mouth of the dying Arthur those which proclaim the Catholic belief in purgatory? "If thou shouldst never see my face again, pray for my soul," "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Tennyson, like Shakspeare and Longfellow, saw that in the Catholic Church and in her doctrines there lay a mine of beauty and poetry.

Tennyson will live in literature because of his power as a master; as the exponent of the beautiful in nature and art; and, last of all, but not by any means the least of these, because he aided materially in moulding and polishing the English language.

JOHN A. DEVANNEY.

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—We take pleasure in presenting our readers this week with sketches and portraits of two distinguished sons of *Alma Mater*, the Hon. T. E. Howard, '62, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and the Hon. George F. Sugg, '81, of the Superior Court, Chicago.

—Next Sunday, the 27th inst., will be the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Very Rev. Father Sorin and his little band of religious on this spot, or the Golden Jubilee of the Founding of Notre Dame. The anniversary will be celebrated in a somewhat private manner, though at the same time solemnly and joyously as befits the occasion. The public and more solemn celebration will be deferred until Commencement in June next, when friends of Notre Dame and its venerable Founder will gather from far and near to share in the great rejoicings upon the golden anniversary—not forgetting the World's Fair.

—In the note to Miss Starr's beautiful ode, which appeared in our last issue, a mistake was made in speaking of it as having been "read at the New York celebration." It was *sung* on that memorable occasion by fifteen hundred voices accompanied by an orchestra of fifty pieces. There was no money in that ode, notwithstanding its high literary merit, as there was in Miss Monroe's for the dedication of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. But Miss Starr's poetical gem, with its musical setting, will ring through the voices of many a boy and girl in our land, and will long live in the hearts of the people.

Hon. T. E. Howard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana.



NOTRE DAME always follows with pride and pleasure the honorable career of her devoted sons after they have left her fostering care and gone forth into the arena of life's great work to realize the truths inculcated and apply the practical lessons impressed upon their youthful minds. The success which they attain in life's struggle and more especially the high esteem in which they are held by their fellow-citizens, may well indeed be the source of justifiable pride to their *Alma Mater*, for they thereby prove themselves her best representatives before the world; and, like the noble Roman matron of old, she glories in them as her priceless jewels.

Frequently, indeed, has Notre Dame had occasion so to rejoice; but in no instance more than in the result of the recent election in our State of Indiana, when TIMOTHY E. HOWARD, '62, of South Bend, was chosen to fill the most honorable position in the gift of the people of the State, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He was always a favorite son of *Alma Mater*. His great gifts of mind and heart—being endowed with exceptional knowledge, having a tact peculiarly his own of gaining the affection of all with whom he has any dealings; in a word, possessing in a high degree those refined qualities which render intercourse most pleasing and instructive—make his election to his high office in the Supreme Court, a well-deserved tribute to honorable manhood and integrity of character. We think it not amiss, therefore, to lay before our readers a short sketch of the life and work of Judge Howard.

Timothy E. Howard was born near Ann Arbor, Michigan, January 27th, 1837. His childhood and early youth were passed in the healthful exercises of farming, with but little facilities for education till his seventeenth year, when he attended school for two terms in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. Howard entered the University of Michigan as a student, where he remained till he had commenced his sophomore year; but before its termination he was obliged, in consequence of sickness in the family, to return home and assume the responsibilities of head of the family, a position which he had occupied since the death of his father, some years previous. In the following year, having placed the family affairs on a firm

footing, so as not to require his constant superintendence, he engaged as a teacher in the public schools, in which occupation he continued for two years.

On reaching his majority, Mr. Howard was elected School Inspector, which office he filled, during a one year term, after which he resigned, his aspiring mind urging him to seek a higher degree of culture than it had as yet attained. Accordingly, in the spring session of 1859 he entered Notre Dame for the purpose of completing his collegiate studies, at the same time engaging as a teacher in the preparatory classes.

He enlisted in the Twelfth Michigan Infantry soon after the outbreak of the war. He was severely wounded at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and



HON. T. E. HOWARD.

lay for two months in the Marine Hospital at Evansville, where he was discharged as unfit for further service.

After his discharge the wounded soldier returned to Notre Dame, and, as he had completed the required studies before entering the army, received his first degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University, at the same time engaging in the study of the law. Two years later he received his second degree of Master of Arts.

In July 1864, Mr. Howard married Miss Julia A. Redmond, of Detroit, Mich., and for a number of years lived in the enjoyment of domestic felicity close by Notre Dame, where he was

constantly employed as professor of different branches, but especially of English Literature Mathematics and Astronomy. During this time he wrote and published a number of works which were received with great favor by the public. Among them we may mention, a "Grammar of the English Language" for the use of beginners; "Excelsior" or essays on Politeness and Education; a small volume of moral tales for the young, entitled "Uncle Edward's Stories," and many excellent poems which appeared from time to time in various journals and periodicals, not to speak of his valuable contributions to the SCHOLASTIC.

In 1878 he was elected a member of the Common Council of South Bend; was re-elected and served three terms. In 1878 he was elected Clerk of the St. Joseph Circuit Court. In 1886 he was elected to the State Senate from St. Joseph and Stark Counties, and was re-elected in 1890. He is the author of the Momence bill for the drainage of the Kankakee Valley, and was chairman of the special Senate committee in charge of the school text-book law. He secured the extension of the new election law to township and city elections and drafted the new revenue law. He also introduced the bill for the establishment of the Appellate Court. He had charge in the Senate of Indianapolis's city charter, also of the suburban street railway bill. He has been for several years city attorney of South Bend, and county attorney of St. Joseph County.

During his service in the General Assembly of Indiana, Senator Howard's work attracted wide attention and general approval. The following may be given here:

The *New Albany Ledger* said:

"The passage of Senator Howard's appellate court bill is one of the good acts of the present legislature. If there had been more Timothy Howards elected to the legislature last November the record of the general assembly would have stood much better than it does at this writing."

On this the *Indianapolis Sentinel* commented as follows:

"The *Ledger* is right. Senator Howard's record is without a blemish. He is one of the ablest, safest and wisest men in the Legislature. He is a broad-gauge Democrat who believes that he serves his party best when he serves his people best. There ought to be more Timothy E. Howards in the Legislature."

The *Evansville Journal*, one of the ablest Republican papers in the State of Indiana, spoke of Mr. Howard as follows:

"Senator Timothy E. Howard of St. Joseph County, is without question the most influential member of the upper house of the legislature. He is tall, spare, with

a mild and rather sad mien. His strength lies in his great fairness and liberality, coupled with a keen discernment of motives behind actions. He himself never hesitates to explain fully his reasons for any line of action, and when he has explained there is always a large following of senators who find that they may agree with him exactly. He is a Christian gentleman, mild, courteous, patient, unresentful, a fine illustration of the oft-disputed fact that a man of lofty character and unyielding principle can succeed in political life. He is a Democrat, but never hesitates to oppose his party (associates) when principle requires it."

During the late election canvass the *Indianapolis News*, an independent Republican newspaper, earnestly supported the candidacy of Mr. Howard, as appears from the following extract:

"Timothy E. Howard, the Democratic nominee for Supreme Judge from the Fifth district, is a man whom independent voters can support with a good conscience. As a member of the State Senate he always stood for the right. Throughout Northern Indiana, where he is best known, his reputation is that of a man of scholarly attainments, and unimpeachable character. He was the champion in the last State Senate of the new charter for the city of Indianapolis, and the suburban street railroad bill in which this city was interested. In the face of the strongest opposition he was able to bring about the enactment of both the bills. He is a man who would be an honor to the Supreme bench."

So spoke the people, irrespective of party, and they gave practical expression to their sentiments of admiration of true worth at the polls on the 8th inst. His old-time associates, pupils and friends at Notre Dame—for which he has ever retained warm feelings of sincere affection—extend to the Hon. T. E. Howard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, their heartiest congratulations and their best wishes for health and long life to wear the honors he has so well deserved. C.

Hon. George F. Sugg.

NOT many years ago a young man, refined and agreeable in manners, and characterized by his gentlemanly conduct, was enrolled as a student of the University of Notre Dame. After six years passed with credit in the study of all the branches of a thorough collegiate course, he was graduated in '81, and the degree of Bachelor of Science conferred on him. He went forth from the hallowed precincts of the University to compete for the coveted crown of success in the great, broad world without. He left Notre Dame with a complete education, and with most exemplary habits, with which to win his way successfully in the

world. In a word, he left as a model representative of his *Alma Mater*, which he loved so well. And she to-day extends her heartiest congratulations to the Hon. Geo. F. Sugg on his election as Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago.

A large city has a peculiar fascination for a young man of energy, and especially for one with a collegiate training. There he meets and competes with men of his intellectual equality, and necessity requires him to bring into play all the strength of his mind. To be successful in a city one must have either influence or true worth. The latter is recognized everywhere. In the long run it is bound to win. That quality Hon. Geo. F. Sugg possessed when he numbered himself as one of the bar of Chicago.



HON. GEO. F. SUGG.

Soon after his graduation at Notre Dame he entered upon the study of Law in Chicago. In 1883, after passing an honorable examination, he was admitted to the bar. Settling in Chicago, he devoted himself to the practice of his chosen profession. His ability was at once recognized. And this, coupled with his pleasing personality, gained for him a wide circle of friends besides placing him in public favor. Hardly had he begun the practice of law when he was nominated by the Democratic party for Senator. The Republicans, in his District, outnumbered the Democrats by many votes; but Mr. Sugg, in an active campaign, reduced their majority to a minimum. In 1889 he was elected City

Attorney of Chicago by a large majority. This, truly, testified to his popularity. He filled the duties of the office so well that this Fall the people raised him to the dignity of Judge of the Superior Court.

In political life there are few positions more honorable than a judgeship. One may rightly consider the election to that office as a public testimonial of the esteem and confidence in which one is held by the people. The responsibilities of the position are many. The judge is called to pass sentence on his fellowman. The life of the prisoner often hangs on his decision. The fate of a family frequently rests on the verdict of the jury over whom the judge presides. It is, therefore, obvious that the man who is called on to fill the duties of such an important office should be of the highest type of manhood. And we feel assured that the people have acted wisely in choosing Mr. Sugg for the office.

As a student of Notre Dame Mr. Sugg had an enviable reputation. He was alike brilliant in the class-room and on the athletic field. During the hours of recreation he was one of the foremost to encourage out-door exercises. When the time for study came he was found diligently engrossed in class-work. He received several class medals, and a "First Honor," which was renewed each year of his stay at Notre Dame. He excelled in literary work, and was an active member of the SCHOLASTIC STAFF. In debates, on the stage, and wherever his eloquence and wonderful persuasive powers might be effectually used, he was assigned a prominent part.

Mr. Sugg's success in life is the result of his exemplary habits and the proper employment of the time at his disposal. He has ever been a student. Knowledge has been his glory, forethought has guided his actions. Since the day he entered public life his star has been in the ascendant. And when his zenith of earthly glory is reached, we feel assured that he will possess in full perfection, the qualities which have ever distinguished him in life—honesty and true worth. L.

Dr. Conaty's Lecture on Temperance.

THE REV. DR. CONATY delivered his second lecture on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. His subject was "Temperance," and he began by remarking the difficulty there was in giving it a new dress, and what made the task still harder for him was the fact that he was accustomed to speak upon it so frequently. However, he

pleasantly proposed to put it in the form of a tariff speech. This idea was suggested by the theories put forth in the political columns of the newspapers of the day, and he had every reason to maintain that a *very high tariff* should be placed on intemperance. He referred to his lecture on "Citizenship," and recounted the three essential qualities that go to make up a good citizen—intelligence, energy and loyalty. Intelligence is placed first because it raises man above the brute, and its degree may make him great or low. It gives him insight into the beauties of nature. It is the foundation of his relation with God, as his works, when good, move him towards heaven. It makes him the guide of society; it makes him the poet, the sage, the hero or the saint. Then, is it not a formidable enemy that would weaken the God-like in him, and shackle the freedom of will? For when besotted with alcohol one can have no thought of the secrets which reveal the magnanimity of God, or the greatness of His work, man.

True it is that often splendid efforts have been made by certain men while under the control of drink. They were men wonderful in ability, powerful in intellect and thrilling in eloquence. "But I hold," said the Doctor, "that those men would have been *greater* men, were they without the influence of intemperance. I believe there is no man who will not be stronger, more eloquent, or full of greater energy, if he be free from the influence of drink." We should imitate superior men, but lay aside that *one* habit wherever we find it in them; for it destroys the nobler part of man and leaves him fettered and incapable of good, either to himself or his fellowman. Keep that intellect always quick to grasp what is held out to it. What a blessing it is to be able to judge with a clear head, or listen, with a retentive memory, to a scholar and take his thoughts, that have cost him so much labor, into your mind, and so sift and analyze them, and so develop them and realize their practical application as to make them your own.

The second danger is to energy. Why is it given us? Why do we always love to see the man of strong limb and steady hand? The well-built athlete, nimble of body, quick of eye, fleet of foot, always wins applause. The strong man is ever looked up to with admiration. They go to the frontier, plough the fields and first scatter the seed. Our railroads represent generations of their energy. Our large factories show what energy can do. Yet what makes a man unfit to labor more than drink? The sober man has a vaster power of endurance.

Accidents are least injurious to the temperate. When one is injured, stimulants are generally given to accelerate pulsation. An inebriate will not respond to a stimulant when his body is torpid from its poison. The mind is sympathetic with the body and "*mens sana in corpore sano*," as the grand old proverb runs. Then "a little will brace you up." But do you think the speaker who talks night after night, or the thinker in his study—the one in his oratorical efforts, the other in his native strength of thought—would be helped by it? No, it is only excitement that lasts while the poisonous potion lasts.

Again in the same way might be shown the analogy between loyalty and temperance. Intemperance is an excrescence on mankind wherever we find it, a fault to society, and a stumbling-block to religion and the Church. It severs our connection with humanity from the child to the aged, and places us like the ferocious beast behind prison bars.

There are days when college men must come together, and college days must have their reminiscences. Be able to look back with a feeling that while there was fun, or little violations of rule, there was no violation of God's Commandments. Here the speaker referred back to the men he knew. Boys they were at college with him, who led in their classes, were recognized by everyone as having all that predicts a bright future; and while some of them are now professional men, some ministers of God, there are some of them who dropped on the wayside from drink. Some, indeed, who were most admired, best of heart and mind, have fallen so low that to day there is "no man so poor as to do them reverence." "So when you, young men, in after-days are called upon to do your duties as citizens, go with a clear intellect to promote the welfare of your country. Have the courage of your convictions, and though men may taunt you because you will not drink with them, they *must* in their hearts respect you because you are *not afraid to say No!*"

The Doctor then spoke of the great pleasure he experienced during his visit to Notre Dame, a university that has the reputation of turning out such perfect young men, and the greater pleasure he had in the privilege of speaking to them. "Learn all you can. The world needs men filled with all the knowledge the college can give them." He concluded by saying if they would assimilate the words he had spoken to them he would feel in his heart and rejoice

that his mission had been happily accomplished.

On the part of the students, we may say that the visit and lectures of the Rev. Dr. Conaty were enjoyed and highly appreciated by all.

M.

Observations.

It is a well-known fact that there are many ways to attract attention, and "THE OBSERVER," though by no means an adept in the art, finds himself falling into the trap. By merely keeping himself in the background he has caused observant readers to ask the reason why. Many reasons might be given to account for his so-called "laziness," but he begs to be excused from testing his imagination too severely. The fact is he didn't have enough to say. Nevertheless, he jotted down a few notes, and, as a consequence, some of the remarks bear reference to events that took place at least a couple of weeks ago.

Have you ever noticed, gentle reader, how inconsiderate some people are? Not long ago the students had occasion to assemble in front of the main building to listen to the customary address of welcome tendered to those whom the University wishes to respect and honor; but a few, evidently uninterested in the proceedings, and far from being attentive, made themselves quite conspicuous by openly indulging in unnecessary talk. There is generally time enough given before the programme is commenced to find a comfortable position, and after that, especially when the attention of all should be turned to the speaker, any audible conversation or shuffling of the feet causes a disturbance that good manners, at least, should dispense with. Don't make unnecessary noise. Everybody else wishes to hear what is said and will be obliged for favors received.

"Chauncey's" sideburns are things of the past, but they should not be allowed to drop into oblivion "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." History longs for an item by which she may remember them. Like everything else they had their rise and their fall; but this is all we know. The rest is left to conjecture. "Chauncey" came forth one fine morning, an *imberbis juvenis*, with two triangulated patches of down situated on either side of his cranium. He felt himself in the prime of life, and the regular routine of class work was getting along all right until he came to Greek. Here he met a snag. Business

was on a stand-still, and even the professor "struck" for time to inquire into the matter. "Chauncey" was questioned, but to no avail. The assembly at length came to the conclusion that it was an unfinished job, and the barber had refused to continue on account of a lack of pecuniary resources. A collection was immediately taken up to the amount of ten cents to defray the necessary expenses. The Class then admonished him to act accordingly and as soon as possible. The next day came and "Chauncey" came, still he was the same. The Class saw their advice was of no avail, and accordingly procured a razor which then and there would have been put into use but for the timely arrival of hostile recruits. The opposing factions drew up a treaty of peace, and "Chauncey" was left to meditate on the folly of his ways. However, we cannot look on his case otherwise than in the light of suspicion when we consider that the very day which told of Harrison's defeat tolled the knell of "Chauncey's" departed. Perhaps it was a case of necessity, for which the elections are responsible.

THE OBSERVER.

Obituary.

On Tuesday last the sad news reached us of the death of an old-time friend of Notre Dame, MR. ROBERT P. WILSON, who departed this life on the 14th inst. at his residence in Trenton, N. J. The deceased was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was highly esteemed by his many friends and all with whom he came in contact. He was imbued with a deeply religious spirit; and since he became a convert to Catholicity, about thirty-five years ago, he had rarely missed daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. His two sons, James and Lawrence, were educated in the University, and one of his two daughters graduated at St. Mary's Academy and became a Sister of Holy Cross. His visits to Notre Dame, in company with his amiable wife, were always the source of great pleasure to the Faculty and Religious. He was of a kindly, genial disposition, charitable in act and spirit that endeared him to all. He was the father of a family of five children, one of whom, a son, and his wife, who died a little more than a year ago, preceded him into eternity. The numerous friends of the deceased at Notre Dame extend to the bereaved family their sincere sympathy in this great affliction; but they have the happy consolation that their departed father was well prepared to meet the God whom he had served in spirit and truth. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Thanksgiving.
- Remenyi to-night.
- The rooster crows.
- How are you, comrade?
- Notre Dame vs. Hillsdale.
- Thanksgiving next Thursday!
- Fur caps are coming into fashion.
- Did you write in "his" album yet?
- Don't miss the great football match.
- FOUND:—A fountain pen. Call for it at the Post-office.
- It is said that G. O. P. now means "Get out promptly."
- Don't fail to hear Remenyi and his company of artists.
- Three new seats were added to the law room on Thursday.
- Morris' side defeated Wright's in a Rugby game. Score, 8 to 4.
- There was a meeting of old "vets" in the Brownson gym Thursday evening.
- Thomas Cavanagh, of Chicago, is Captain of the Carroll special Rugby team.
- We have been obliged to defer until next week the "Book Reviews" and "Exchange Notes."
- Look out for the great comet hurrying this way. It can be seen from the Niles road on the 27th.
- LOST.—In the Brownson gym on Sunday a black overcoat with velvet collar. Finder will please return to F. O'Neill.
- Prof. Maurice F. Egan has commenced a course of lectures in St. Edward's Hall to the great delight of the princes.
- Bro. Paul gave a banquet to the members of the Athletic Association Thursday evening, and it proved a grand success.
- The Carrolls are so enthusiastic about handball that they occupy not only the four alleys in the gym, but also six outside.
- We are obliged to postpone to our next issue an extended review of Father Zahm's new book on "Sound and Music."
- OFFICIAL: The following stamps have been collected up to date, Nov. 17: Brownsons, 43,500; Carrolls, 35,300; St. Edward's Hall, 6,900.
- The SCHOLASTIC is requested to convey thanks to Mrs. Clement Studebaker for a beautiful rose tree and some choice plants she has sent for St. Edward's Park.
- On Monday afternoon Jones of St. Edward's Hall ran against Fisher of Carroll Hall for a distance of seven miles. Fisher won the race and the barrel of apples.
- A very successful Mission for the people of the parish of Notre Dame has been con-

ducted during the week by the Rev. P. Klein, C. S. C., and the Rev. M. Lauth, C. S. C.

—The members of the composition class are making a special study of the masterly oration delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Paul on the occasion of the Columbian celebration in Chicago.

—The second reception given by B. Paul to the members of the Athletic Association occurred Thursday evening, and was enjoyed by all present. Prof. Edwards acted as master of ceremonies, while Monarch, Chassaing, Barton, Schmidt and Coolidge furnished the music.

—"Steve" Fleming, of the Preparatory department of '90, is playing football this year with the Fort Wayne G. M. C. A. team. In a game against the Cincinnati G. M. C. A. team at Fort Wayne last week, the Cincinnati team was defeated by a score of 14 to 0, Fleming making 12 of them.

—A gilded cross of galvanized steel, more than five feet in height, now surmounts the steeple of the church. The whole is the realization of something that was long wanting to the exterior beauty of the sacred edifice. The church towers, with their graceful, tapering spires, are the admiration of the beholder.

—The Director of the Library is indebted to Rev. Father Stoffel for a valuable Greek dictionary published in 1550; to Professor Egan for a contribution of books and periodicals; to Mrs. C. Rudd for several interesting works in the French language; to General Rosecrans for seven sacks filled with pamphlets and documents; to Rev. Vice-President Morrissey and Rev. Father Kelly for recent publications.

—Last Thursday afternoon the students were amused to see twelve Republicans dejectedly hauling twelve Democrats in a cart before the main building. They were paying an election bet. On the return to Sorin Hall, Ferneding was called on for a speech. He said a few words on the present administration and what the people may expect from the Democrats in the next four years. The wheelbarrow rides then took place which closed the afternoon's pleasure.

—The seventh regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Saturday, Nov. 12, with President Hoynes presiding. The question for the evening was: "Resolved, That compulsory education laws unlawfully invade parental rights and should therefore be abolished." Messrs. Feeney and Ferneding spoke on the affirmative, and Messrs. Ragan and Gibson on the negative. After complimenting the young gentlemen for their deep research and their manner of delivery the chair decided in favor of the affirmative. The following was given out for debate two weeks hence: "Resolved, That the logic of the late election points to absolute free trade as the economic policy of this country." The disputants are: Messrs. Ansbery and Cullen for the affirmative, and Messrs. Sinnott and Chute for the negative.

—Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, who lives in Bloomington, the home of the Vice-President elect, and is somewhat acquainted with Mr. Stevenson, sent him this message:

"NOTRE DAME, IND., Nov. 9, 1892."

"TO A. E. STEVENSON.

"PARK ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

"Notre Dame students, myself especially included, heartily congratulate you on your merited triumph. 'Rah for Democracy! 'rah for Bloomington!"

"HUGH O'DONNELL."

The following reply was received:

"BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Nov. 11, '92.

"TO HUGH O'DONNELL,

"NOTRE DAME, IND.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind message. None has given me greater pleasure.

"A. E. STEVENSON."

—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association held its sixth regular meeting on the evening of the 5th inst., Mr. H. L. Ferneding presiding. The principal part of the programme consisted of the debate on the question whether or not the World's Fair should be opened on Sundays. The participants were well prepared, and, as a consequence, the discussion was heated and interesting. Mr. W. Cummings opened the debate for the affirmative in a manner which showed no little preparation, and his delivery was marked by a spirit of earnestness and conviction. He was followed on the negative by Mr. J. McCarrick whose paper showed equally as much study. Next to take the floor was his colleague, Mr. H. O'Donnell. His delivery was strong and his arguments numerous and to the point. The affirmative side of the question was again taken up by Mr. J. Kearney who had already given evidences of talent as an extemporaneous speaker, and proved that, with a little preparation, he could manage his subject with ease. Besides advancing a few new arguments in favor of "Sunday opening," he refuted some of those set forth by his opponents. The debate proper was now over, and the Rev. Director congratulated the society on the success of the meeting, and offered a few words of timely criticism.

—At the twelfth regular meeting of the Columbians Mr. Whitehead was admitted to membership. Mr. H. O'Donnell delivered a short and graceful oration on "The English Drama and its Influence on Modern Literature." A short essay, replete with original, poetical passages, was then read by Mr. F. Powers. With a view to an extensive discussion of a matter of great importance to the nation at large and to visiting foreigners, the question, "Resolved, That the World's Fair be closed on Sunday," was debated. The selection of telling arguments had been entrusted to Messrs. J. Kearns, J. Murray, N. Dinkle and F. Bolton for the affirmative, and Messrs. D. Murphy, R. Healy, Shaw and Keough for the negative. The broad-mindedness of the American public

was never more faithfully portrayed than on this occasion; but, sad to relate, the extremists held the balance of *powers*, and unless the Mock Congress interferes with this encroachment on our rights, we shall have to stay in church all day Sunday. The criticism of the preceding meeting was very delicate, and will, we hope, stimulate in the members a desire for greater accuracy. The exercises closed with a vocal selection by the society quartette.

—One of our professors had occasion the other morning to become acquainted with the full purport of the old saw: "Save me from my friends." As he was just getting ready to go to one of his classes, three youthful friends paid him a morning visit. The genial host entertained the callers as well as he was able for a short time, expecting that they would soon leave; but as they manifested not the least inclination to do so, he excused himself and went to his class-room to unravel the intricacies of Schiller's blank-verse to his ready-witted disciples. All this while he had not the slightest intimation of the surprise which awaited him on his return to his den. Ah!—*horribile dictu!*—what a doleful state of affairs in his apartment! In the middle of it stood the wardrobe, his favorite arm-chair upon it; against the wall leant what at first sight seemed to be some gray-haired, vagrant musician, but the professor, a close student of physiology, discovered after a few minutes' anatomical examination that the individual standing there so pensively was not a thing of flesh and bone, but a manikin artfully constructed of a broom, a pillow, an overcoat, a pair of trousers, a pair of rubber boots, a gray linen duster bundled up so as to represent hoary locks, and a hat on which the tooth of age had fiercely gnawed. The face was made up of a sheet of paper upon which the traits of a human visage had been rudely outlined. The scarecrow's teeth held the teacher's long German pipe, while one of the hands grasped an umbrella and the other an antique, unstrung guitar. The disorder into which the library had been thrown is indescribable; and a faint conception of it may be had from the consideration that it took the professor fully an hour to restore his "lettered friends" to their former places. The lamp, tightly wrapped up in a towel, graced the top of the book-shelf; the lamp-stand supported the spittoon; the wash-basin was anywhere but in its proper domain; and a pair of Indian clubs, the only athletic implements in the room, had been suspended outside of the window in such a manner that the bewildered professor, in trying to take them down, shattered two panes of inoffensive glass. *Experientia docet.* The victim of this "huge joke" solemnly vows never again to give his "friends" an occasion of displaying their ingenuity in ill-timed trickery during his absence. But, relying on the strength of his brawny arms, he would like to be present the next time the desire for mischief overcomes his amiable callers.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Burke, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Schopp, Crawley, Chute, Dacey, Dechant, DuBrul, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald,* C. Fitzgerald, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Sinnott, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schillo.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Baur, Brennan, Burns, Brady, Brinen, A. Corry, Curran, Colby Coady, Cooke, Cumisky, R. Corcoran, Crilly, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Delaney, Devanney, Donahoe, Dempsey, Eyanson, Francka, Foley, Fardy, R. Flynn, J. Flynn, Freitag, E. Flynn, Farrell, Garst, J. Hoffmann, Hermann, Hennessy, Hartman, Healy, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Isbell, M. Kirby, Kearns, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Luther, Libert, Murray, McCuddy, McFadden, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, McCullough, Moxley, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff. McCarthy, Magnus, O'Connor, O'Shea, Priest, Pulskamp, Peak, Patier, Perry, Quinlan, Rice, M. Ryan, Ring, Roper, Reis, E. Roby, Stanton, Schueler, Shermann, Spalding, Stace, Schmidt, Tinin, Vignos, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Welsh, Prichard.

CARROLL HALL.

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* Omitted by mistake last week.

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One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

[Essays, society reports, and items of general interest regarding the Academy, appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, issued monthly by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per annum.]

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Second Senior Class.—Misses Higgins, Healy, Dillon, Gibbons, Ruppe, McLoughlin, Carico, Hellmann, M. Nichols, Stuart, Duffy, N. Keating, McGarry, Morehead, A. Ryan, Call, Pumpelly, Kenny, Guggenheim, Holmes, Hutchinson, Kennedy, McCune, O'Mara, M. Wagner, Wurzburg, Barrett, Brady, M. Byrnes, Clifford, A. Cooper, Griggs, M. Moore, Sanford, E. Seeley.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Bogart, Coady, Hunt, O'Sullivan, Miner, Meskill, K. Nicholson, Zeiger, E. Wagner, Murphy, E. Barry, Cooney, Jacobs, Kelly, B. Nichols, Whitmore, M. McCarthy, C. Barry, Coffin, Hammond, Griffith, A. Seeley, G. Cowan, Kieffer, Welker, Franke, Allen, Boyle, S. Smyth, Garrity.

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PHONOGRAPHY.

First Class.—Misses G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellmann.

Second Class.—Misses M. Miner, M. McGarry.

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BANJO.

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