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## The Immortal Spirit.\*

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

### I.

The sphinx and age-worn pyramid still stand  
Where Nilus, swelling high,  
Rolls forth at times to bathe the fields of sand  
Blistering beneath the sun—  
And they who gave those marvels to the land,  
Beholding them mount upward in the sky,  
Are dead to us; but that which they have done,  
Vanquishing time, not voiceless is, nor e'er will die.

### II.

"Great Pan is dead," the reeds in plaintive strain  
Sang, shaken by the wind,  
When Janus' gates were closed and first did reign  
Christ, the great King of kings;  
Great Pan is dead and dead the Jove-born train  
Of deities in pagan hearts enshrined:  
Yet lives Religion through all change of things,  
Born of no age or nation, unto none confined.

### III.

Theocritus is gone, yet echoes still  
The music of his song:—  
The murmur of the wildwood's purling rill,  
Dancing from morn till night,  
Still answer makes to crested birds that trill  
Among the leaves—the spirit of that strong,  
Greek-tongued Sicilian has not taken flight,  
Mute though he be, and lost amid death's silent throng.

### IV.

Hushed is the Trojan battle cry, and hushed  
And sleeping in his grave  
Is he who with his steel-tipped javelin rushed  
Fierce through the clashing fray;  
No trumpet sounds his fame though horror blushed  
What time he fell his fatherland to save:  
"How glorious 'tis to die!" might he not say,  
Breathing the language of another country's brave?

### V.

The spirit lives forever, not the man;  
The spirit 'tis that breathes.  
Behold proud Conquest, with her peerless van,  
Leading the world to war!  
See you ambition's fallen Corsican?  
Or his great prototype bedecked with wreaths  
Who, seated high on his triumphal car,  
Thirsts for unconquered worlds, and naught to  
man bequeathes?

### VI.

Behold them all; brave heroes see you there—  
One, only one remains,  
And he has scorned ambition, though her glare  
Fain would have blinded him;  
His foeman's sword he claimed, but not the chair  
Of tyrant king who long had bound in chains  
The land he freed; ne'er grows his glory dim:  
Mortal, indeed, is man; his spirit always reigns.

## Our Nation's Idol.\*

BY ALBERT E. DACY, '93.

There is in man an inborn sentiment which leads him to preserve from oblivion the remembrance of great events. As far as history can penetrate into the darkness of antiquity it relates the various ways in which the memories of famous conquests, the courage of heroes and the tyranny of kings were perpetuated. The archives of all nations show that monuments emblematic of renowned achievements have been erected. The imposing monoliths of the Assyrians and the lofty obelisks of the Egyptians tell the tale of forgotten civilizations.

\* Oration of the day delivered at the Washington Birthday celebration, Feb. 22.

\* Read at the celebration of Washington's Birthday.

Once the pride of ancient architecture, their ruins now convey the one thought of the power of the throne and the servitude of the people. Enthroned in the stately Pantheon the Olympian Jupiter expressed the awful reverence in which the Greeks held the king of the gods. England laurelled bravery in raising monuments to her Wellingtons and Nelsons. France displayed her devotion in building triumphal arches in honor of Napoleon.

But America, foremost in the march of human progress, is not contented with constructing shafts of brass, marble or granite in memory of her hero. She has set apart a day to renew her pledges of patriotic devotion to him whose one thought was his country; whose one desire was her prosperity, and whose only ambition was to obtain her freedom. To-day gratitude unfurls the starry emblem of our nationality to the four winds, inspires all Americans to join in this celebration, and causes every chord in the loyal heart to vibrate at the words: "Washington, Father of his country."

If the science of astrology, as practised by Babylonians, had been believed during the primeval days of our race, what an incredible tale would the horoscope have revealed to the sturdy colonist at the time of the birth of Washington? Vividly pictured in the distant heavens are thirteen states suffering under the oppression of tyrannical England; taxed without being represented in parliament, and obliged to bear the sneers of insulting deputies. Fleets, armies and bloodshed are the answers to their petitions and remonstrances. Each day new iron bands, forged by British authority, are riveted on their powerless limbs; and they are threatened with the condition of feudal serfs. As time passes on the sky becomes dark and hazy, and signs of an approaching storm are manifest. The nation sees the impending danger, but is like a man with the nightmare struggling and unable to awaken. When grim war appears there rises from the ranks of private life an apostle, sent by God and guided by the light of freedom, to emancipate his countrymen—one of the greatest spirits that Providence ever chose to perform miracles of human heroism. At his appearance in public life the heavens thunder, the earth trembles, and the air becomes filled with the smoke of battle. Amid the roaring and flashing of cannon, the flames of devastation, and the whizzing bullets of the enemy he is the central figure. Calm as the star of Bethlehem, which guided the Wise Men of the East, he leads his country to liberty and independence. Then from the chaotic mass he

builds a nation that knows neither a master nor a slave.

If such tidings had been proclaimed what millions of the world's oppressed would have watched his every action! But no such prophecies heralded his approach. And not until the report of the farmer's shot fired at Lexington had echoed through the land, not until the news of the shedding of American blood had thrilled every nerve in the colonists, did our strong, tenacious patriot come forward to command an undisciplined army, to throw back the insults heaped upon his country, and to force the storm-tossed Atlantic to lash the shores of a land of freedom.

Often has the story of that dreadful war been told; yet it never fails to awaken interest and emotion. On this day, when all our thoughts are of our country, we recall some of the incidents of her bloody struggle for existence. With patriotic pride we admire the self-sacrificing devotion of our martyred dead. With feelings of love we point to the wisdom, foresight and bravery of Washington on the battlefield; to his magnanimity in his treatment of those who conspired against him, and to his unselfishness in all relations of life! With strained ears we almost hear the bells ringing out the joyful news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and imagine the spreading of the flames of liberty which its exalted ideas kindled. As the momentous ordeal progresses, the more hazardous the undertaking, the more enthusiastically does Washington embrace it. Each new crisis seems to bring out a new feature of his character; and the destroyers of nations stand abashed at their majesty. The rays of his example dispel all clouds of discord; the dignity of his presence strengthens many a despairing heart, and the colonists are incited to honor with an animated fervor one who proves himself indeed the mighty herald of liberty.

The winter passed at Valley Forge shows the vassalage by which he held his soldiers and the veneration in which they held him. No record of purer devotion than was displayed by those patriots is recorded on history's page. The courage of all battlefields, the fortitude of Hannibal's army crossing the Alps, the bravery of Napoleon's guard at Waterloo dwindle into insignificance before the sublime heroism of that suffering band. In the midst of frost and snow they fight disease and privation. Half clad, without shoes or blankets, they bear the tortures of hunger and thirst. Conquering despair, they merge love of self into love of country. The fierce north wind howls through

their camps, the bitter cold benumbs their limbs, the snow drifts in upon them, and the hail patters against their tents; but all this raging of the elements cannot extinguish the fire of patriotism which keeps alive those weary bodies. When we see such sacred devotion by these men whose victories are landmarks in our history; when we think of the anxieties that tortured the mind of Washington; when we view the cause of freedom through the smoking incense of a thousand battle altars, and on the steps of every altar the loss of a myriad of lives, God-given, blood-bought, tear-bedewed land, how can we fail to love thee?

For a striking example of stratagem we need not read of the capture of Troy by Ulysses, but recall those wonderful retreats of Washington at Long Island and New Jersey. For an illustration of bravery it would be foolish to go back to the battle of Thermopylæ, because our hero displayed as great valor at Brandywine. For the most brilliant achievements ever recorded in military annals it is not necessary to peruse the details of that extraordinary accomplishment of the Athenian army under Miltiades at Marathon, but to remember that miraculous movement of Washington on the Delaware. Yet during all this period, interwoven with dexterous manœuvres, valorous attacks and heroic victories, complaints were often made of Washington's want of success, and the hearts of the people often sank within them. But after six years of unequalled misery by freezing and starving camps, of marches over snow by barefoot soldiers, and of despair with an unpaid army, God sets the crown of victory on the side of liberty and nationality: and the most brilliant of all planets in the firmament of freedom appears—America.

Independence has been obtained; the sword has been put in its scabbard, and the soldier has returned to his home. The country is in a deplorable condition, without credit or government. Opportunity presents itself for the exercise of ingenious statesmanship. And he who was first in war now proves himself to be first in peace. Again coming into the service of his country he breathes union amidst elements of discord, inspires hope where all hope seems to have turned to sadness, and for a second time saves the Union from annihilation. A constitution must be framed. All learned statesmen engage in its formation. But none labor more assiduously, or minister more perseveringly to its construction, than our architect of freedom. Strong opposition greets him. The theories of state and national rights are ably supported

by Jefferson and Hamilton. Rising above all colonial and state lines, he grasps firmly the conception of forming a nation from the thirteen jarring colonies. Under his benign influence the waves of faction are dispersed. Out of a halting confederacy he builds a national, complete and representative government upon the indestructible foundation of morality and religion. The paladium of liberty is rescued; and America rises the purest, firmest, freest nation in the world.

Mt. Vernon now welcomes her restored hero. The pleasures of home, the solitude of the woods and the invigorating air of the fields seem to attract him more than the vicissitudes of public life—happily, his rest is of short duration. Soon the cries of "Washington will be President" call him to duty for the last time. On the steps of Federal Hall, with his hand upon the Bible and his eyes lifted heavenward, he swears to defend the Constitution, and assumes the most important civil duties ever delegated to man. The experiment is launched, and the judgment of mankind is invoked upon this great effort of a free government under a written constitution. The dangers which now threaten the young nation are as striking as his abilities to surmount them. The French Revolution rekindles the spirit of '76, and only his steadiness, foresight and reflection save the infant republic from being drawn into the vortex of that horrible struggle. After eight years of service as President he leaves his farewell address as a legacy to guide the course of the nation. Heaven now claims his presence, and a mourning people water his grave with their tears, and waft his soul to God with their gratitude.

Were I asked, what has America given to the world? I should answer, the example of Washington. If she had presented nothing else, her name would never be forgotten. His character needs no eulogy; word-painting, with all the arts of rhetoric, cannot portray his virtues. Let the historian proclaim the glories of the great Grecian Alexander and Roman Cæsar; let France those of Napoleon; but they all fade before the brilliant rays of his splendor. Does Plutarch delineate his equal? No; he stands the one patriot without reproach—Mt. Blanc among mountains. O Washington! you lived to see that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished; you saw your benignant ideas of elevating man put in practice; yet your heart was pierced by many taunts and bitter criticisms, and you died before your efforts were fully appreciated. Look down this moment

on a grateful people, and you will be consoled by seeing them lauding your name to the skies. O patriots, who poured out your blood before you knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or bondage, listen to the anthems of a thankful nation extolling your valor! Let Washington sing the melody of the Rebellion and the Constitution; then all you revolutionary fathers, all you early statesmen, join in this chorus with him:

America, thou land unfettered, free,  
Home of the staunch, the true and noble heart,  
Live on, and bravely meet thy destiny;  
Grand Government, we made thee what thou art.

To-day America leads the race in which nations, like the chariot horses of Apollo, draw abreast the car of civilization. The task Providence assigned to her has been performed with a rapidity before unknown. We have a government suitable to our land and adequate to our destiny. We have demonstrated the capacity of man for self-government, and the enlightening influence of popular institutions, raising the poor immigrant and his children to the full stature of manhood and to all the powers of citizenship. Our prosperity surpasses the wildest pictures of the romancer. At peace with all nations, our ships are welcomed upon all seas. But this wonderful outgrowth did not culminate until the nation God had destined for liberty was rebaptized in blood. The tremendous problem of slavery was submitted to her for solution. For a second time war spread his dreadful pall over us. Yet when that battle between brothers reddened our land, and the Potomac flowed between hostile camps, each steamer tolled its bells as it passed Mt. Vernon, and during all that sorrowful period no shot was fired by soldier of the blue or soldier of the gray within those hallowed grounds where rest the ashes of Washington. Such reverence shows how sacredly his memory has been cherished. The question now confronts us: Shall this day forever be observed? Yes! In memory of the blood of Bunker Hill, of the undying spirit of our forefathers, of the consecrated dust enshrined at Mt. Vernon, it shall be kept sacred. And until our palaces shall have crumbled into dust, until our annals shall be obliterated from history's page, until the human heart ceases to throb to the inspiration of liberty and independence will Americans commemorate the name of George Washington.

THEY who by the light of faith recognize the sovereignty of God in all things will not fail to realize it in the daily and hourly details of their own personal life.

### "Light of All Lights."

FOR THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

Poet and Bishop and King,  
Oh! sweet are thy songs and serene;  
Flights of the eagle they sing  
That faces the sun in its sheen,  
And flights of the dove from its nest;  
They sing of the friends of past youth  
Who followed the Love that is Best  
In praise of Religion and Truth.

Pontiff and Poet and Man,  
Oh! blest beyond all sons of men;  
Poet of Christ, not of Pan;  
And Italy echoes again  
With strains of deep music and love—  
Love, love of the just and the true,  
Where lives of the lion and dove  
Are mingled like fire and like dew.

Bishop, we hail thee to-day,  
With soul and with heart and with voice;  
O Light, in thy beams we rejoice;  
O Shepherd, in thee we are free;  
Yet, Shepherd, by thee we are bound  
In faith:—and from over the sea  
Hear'st thou now our plaudits resound?

Ah, threaten, apostates, and swear!  
Jingle your shackles, ye slaves!  
We pray, and the dawning is fair  
O'er the earth that will cover your graves.  
Threaten, false statesmen, but fear;  
For that God who is Ruler of all  
Holds Leo His own—He is near—  
The glory of evil must fall!

Monarch and Bishop and friend,  
O Father and Ruler as well,  
Faithful art thou to the end,  
Though threatened by servants of hell,  
Who dance where the martyr-blood flowed,  
Who jeer at the foot of thy throne,  
Where the Light of Martyrdom glowed,  
In Rome of St. Peter—thy own!

—*Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.*

### Pollio.

No writer worthy the name undertakes to treat of a serious subject without have a special end in view, and without knowing, at least in general, the progression of the ideas which he has to develop. Now what special end did Virgil have in view in writing his fourth eclogue? Was it to celebrate a religion which did not exist in Rome at that time? Was it to present, in a poetical manner, the traditions of a people to which he did not belong? Why should he

have done so, whilst at home he found sufficient matter to exercise his poetical genius? Rome at that time was just about to be the theatre of great historical events; the hero was a familiar friend and the protector of the poet; hence it was not strange to see friendship and gratitude pay a public tribute of homage to the great benefactor of the Roman empire. Pollio, as terrible on the battlefield as firm and prudent at the oar of the Republic in time of peace, had gratefully contributed to the peace which Italy enjoyed after a long period of war. A general joy and happiness filled all hearts. The Golden Age was about to revive, according to the predictions of the Sibylline songs. Pollio's memory was to be perpetuated in a son, who was about to make his appearance in the world. The great year, foretold in the Sibylline verses the year of the world—*annus mundanus*—was also at hand; for, since a few years the last period had begun, and *jam regnat Apollo*. At the occurrence of this year, as Cicero says in his "Somnium Scipionis," all the stars and the heavens would return to their first position; everything would begin anew; the Golden Age would drive away all tyrannical dominions.

But, knowing Virgil's great respect for religious traditions, why should we not admit that this eclogue is a kind of *résumé* of all the traditions concerning the Messiah? Here is the answer: Although we acknowledge in Virgil great respect and reverence for religion, although we admit that he was perfectly versed in, and acquainted with, sacred writ, the traditions and prophecies of the Jewish people, and bear witness that his chaste mind, heart and Muse have made him an author who can be read with profit by young and old, we cannot—bringing together and comparing all the documents which reveal to us the real state of the Roman affairs at the time of Virgil—admit that his primary object was to relate traditions unknown to the greater part of the Roman citizens. Because, had Virgil's poem been understood by his contemporaries as predicting the arrival of the Messiah promised to re-establish the kingdom and power of the house of David, it would have produced a very bad effect on Roman pride, and would have been rebuked instead of receiving great applause at the court.

"A new progeny is sent down from heaven. Cherished offspring of the gods, he shall partake of the life of gods."

What then does this mean, if not that his origin is divine? Here again is the answer: That he be said to be of divine origin, or even called a god, matters little. In the first eclogue, too, we find the title of god bestowed on Augustus:

*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit; mihi semper Deus; iste Deus qui sit;* not, however, because the poet considered him a god, but because he found in him virtues of so high a degree that they would not have been despised even by a god.

"Bounty." Here the poet, full of enthusiasm, is already transported in mind to that happy age; he admires, in the lyric exultation of his mind, the great changes as really before him, and concludes that the one who produced, or under whose guidance such wonders were produced, must be possessed of abilities, dispositions and virtues worthy to be claimed by a godly offspring. And Varro, the most erudite of all the Romans, according to St. Augustine's testimony, although not believing much in the fables about the origin of Rome, says: "It is good for a Republic that superior men, namely, men in high offices, should, even without having any reason for doing so, think themselves offsprings of a divinity." Moreover, Virgil does not just say that this child will be the author of all those things; no, he is but a favorite; he finds everything prepared to spend a happy life among a happy people.

And here a word about the Sibylline songs would not be out of place. Little remains of them, yet enough to show that they are copied from the books of the Jews. It is a well-known fact that the Jewish traditions were spread all over the world, and known at least by the learned of all nations. These traditions, going from age to age, from one nation to the other, have been used with great profit by the pagan authors. They were reproduced and fashioned according to each one's fancy, and changed and altered in order to make them more pleasing to the people. This is the origin of pagan mythology; this is the origin of the Sibylline songs.

Now, following the poem from beginning to end, we find three parts well distinct. All the predictions, stated in the book about the destiny of Rome, are to be fulfilled in the progeny of the consul. The poet immediately seizes upon the analogy between the first age of the world and this new period; and as in the beginning God conversed with men, so it would not be unworthy of a divine offspring to govern at this time. The happy mortal for whom destiny had reserved this great honor must needs be in good relation with all the heavenly inhabitants: "He was to be favored from the beginning of his existence."

In order to keep minds in suspense, the poet announces some further troubles, but they are not to last long. Meanwhile, the hero grows up into the full vigor of manhood. He sees



the prosperity of his people—prosperity and happiness which, although not coming from him alone, are attributed to him by his people, and he is loved. Great things will he perform—things which correspond to his dignity, and which, elevating him on earth above the common level of mankind, will deserve for him hereafter the exceptional honor of an apotheosis.

In conclusion, the poet regrets but one thing: that he will not have the happiness to see all these wonderful actions of his hero, and to perpetuate them by his writings. He feels sure that these acts would inspire him, and elevate his mind so much that all the other writers, hitherto considered as great masters, would bow before him and declare that they were overcome. Not because of his own personal merit and superiority in the art, but on account of the great and most surprising events which he would have to record—events such as no one had ever heard of before.

We did not enter into all the details of the different parts; but unless one proves that Virgil was inspired; that his fourth eclogue has to be taken in a mystical sense; that he was a prophet, writing under the dictate and influence of the Spirit of God; that the Roman people were well acquainted with those prophecies, and that the general mind was to apply them to an offspring of the house of "Romulus" instead of that of "David"—which is absurd to suppose even for a moment,—we cannot reasonably admit that Virgil's primary object was to announce to the Romans the arrival of the Messiah who was to come forth from a nation subjected to them. Much less can we suppose that the proud Romans would have found great joy in such tidings. And finally we reject altogether the idea that Virgil, whose exquisite taste is proverbial, has made so great a mistake; has had the foolishness to fill the ears of the Roman authorities with the clamor that an Omnipotent King of the Jews was to make His entrance into this world—a King who would throw down that empire which Rome had conquered with such great pains and toils; a King who would bring under His sway all the nations of the earth.

A.

#### A Study of the Ghost in "Hamlet."

Although the Shakspeare school is ended, and Shakspearean scholars are wending their way wiser, we will not say sadder, men to their respective Hecademes, Chicago has not entirely relapsed into its wonted contemplation of vulgar entities like the almighty dollar. Professor

Maurice Francis Egan's lecture on "Hamlet," delivered in St. Patrick's Academy, Oakley and Park avenues, to the students, Sisters and invited guests, proves that we have one Shakspeare scholar left. The interpretation was as original as it was interesting.

"Every man has his own style," "like his own nose," says Lessing. Every man, he might have added, has his own interpretation of Hamlet. Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Goethe, Hazlitt, Halam, Mrs. Jameson—these are but a few of the critics who have dissected the melancholy Dane, and have sought to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Mr. Egan's interpretation, although in the main coinciding with his great predecessors', differs from them in some very important points, chiefly in his analysis of the character of the ghost, which determines the underlying purpose of Hamlet.

"I am sick at heart," says Francisco, the guard, at the opening of the play, when he is relieved by the night watch. In those words, "sick at heart," lies the keynote of the whole. They are the first entrance of the theme which swells into so terrible a symphony in this tragedy of thought. The ghost has already begun his nightly visitations; the shadow has fallen upon Denmark, and is to deepen more and more until it settles into abiding gloom. Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the scholar and dreamer, type of the modern subjectivist, when called upon to act, finds himself tortured by doubt, rendered powerless by indecision and the ruling of an adverse fate. Coleridge has pointed out the skill with which Shakspeare manages the appearance of the ghost: first it is to the night watchmen, who are ignorant and superstitious; then to Horatio, the well-balanced man of the world; lastly the *crescendo* of effect is reached by the appearance to Hamlet himself.

Ghosts are eerie things to handle even in print; and when one attempts to decide whether the ghost be a spirit of health or a "goblin damned" the undertaking is, indeed, a hazardous one. Mr. Egan, however, is a brave man and is not easily daunted. The spirit of Hamlet's father is a spirit from purgatory, he says, who seeks not revenge but justice. He who even touched the garment of a king offensively was a traitor; he who did him injury deserved to die. In those days there was no such thing as trial by jury. The state has been slain in the person of the king; therefore, to counsel the killing of Claudius is not to counsel murder, but justice. This is an answer to the argument often brought forward to prove that the ghost must be an evil spirit,

because he urged Hamlet to crime. Mr. Egan proves all this by the words of the ghost, although to quote from Hamlet seems a bit like quoting from the Lord's Prayer:

"I am thy father's spirit,  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd:  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head."

Again, "Taint not thy mind," says the ghost. These are the words of a good spirit and not of a devil.

Mr. Egan's reading of "Hamlet," on this point, is not, indeed, a new one; but it serves to throw a strong side light on the question of Shakspeare's Catholicity. The religion of Shakspeare has been the subject of endless discussion. "I do not claim he was a practical Catholic," says Mr. Egan. "I do not even claim that he would have been but was deterred by the troublous and dangerous times in which he lived—times in which priests had their hiding places, and Mass was said in barns and cellars. I do claim, though, that he was thoroughly versed in the doctrines and the practices of the Catholic Church."

The words of the ghost prove this most clearly. Shakspeare falls into many anachronisms on other subjects, such as sending Hamlet to the University of Wittenberg at a time when the university did not exist; but when he deals with the beliefs and customs of the Catholic Church he never blunders—he is thoroughly at home. "I'll cross it though it blast me," says Horatio; a speech which the majority of actors—Booth, Barrett and all the moderns—interpret by walking across the path of the ghost on the stage. Fletcher interpreted the meaning correctly, and in true Catholic fashion. He made the Sign of the Cross over the apparition.

The question of whether ghosts foresee has not been settled by Catholic theology—one of the few things which have not,—although Adelaide Procter, in her beautiful poem, "The Faithful Soul," seems to be of the opinion that they are entirely oblivious of what goes on on the earth. Shakspeare therefore committed no solecism when he made the ghost quite human in his ignorance.

The ruin of Hamlet lies partly in his doubt, his indecision; but inherently in his allowing a personal desire for revenge to dominate over a lofty demand for justice. Therein Hamlet fails. He follows his worse, not his better, self. He will not slay the king at his prayers, because he wishes to send him to hell by dispatching him when he is in sin.

Of the character of Ophelia Mr. Egan remarks that it is a singular fact that the majority of Shakspeare's heroines are motherless girls. "The catastrophe of every play," says Ruskin, "is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman; and failing that, there is none."

"I loved you not," says Hamlet, and the answer is like a despairing sigh: "I was the more deceived," from this most piteously lovely of Shakspeare's heroines.

If literature is merely, in the words of Mr. Egan, "a point of view," all who by the courtesy of the hospitable Sisters of Mercy have had the pleasure of hearing any of these lectures must acknowledge that it is a point of view which opens to us a bewildering prospect, a vista as wonderful as that which lay before Wordsworth as he gazed upon St. Mary's Lake from the summit of Helvellyn.—M. J. O. in *Chicago Post*.

#### In Court.

I stood in justice' halls. An air of gloom  
And melancholy o'er me crept; an all-  
Pervading sense of some impending fate  
Possessed my heart, and made it culprit seem  
Against itself. In lounging attitudes,  
About the room, men stood in groups or strolled  
Uneasily about as if pursued  
By haunting dread or fear.

But one there was more pale than all the rest  
Who sat apart and vacant stared like one  
Preoccupied. Ashamed, he hung his head.  
A prisoner, this man; a criminal,  
At least, so charged by cold, relentless law,  
Which he admits by self-confessed plea.  
Young and handsome he, with looks ill-suited  
Such morbid scenes to grace; unhardened, too,  
By life to crime allied.

But soon  
The judge appears. Respect and Awe  
Close follow in his wake and take their place  
Beside him where he sits. Of grave demeanor,  
A hasty glance those traits of mind discern,  
Which closer scrutiny, kindly eyes belie.  
Now at the bar the young man trembling stands,  
And by his side a youthful advocate,  
A sympathetic friend of boyhood days,  
Who speaks, in measured words a mournful plea,  
And begs for mercy at the judge's hands.  
To grey-haired father he makes reference,  
And aged mother now bereft of him,  
The prop and stay of her declining years.  
On hearing this, the accused most bitter weeps,  
And tears course down his cheeks in copious streams,  
A piteous spectacle for men to scan.  
Aye, e'en the judge, accustomed as he is  
To witness sorrows of poor sinful men,  
Is moved to deep compassion by the scene.

The plea is done,  
The sentence of the court pronounced; the law  
Severe has been avenged, and that young man  
In grief retires, the convict's garb to don.  
Our Lord, when on the Cross of Calvary,  
In His last agony forgave the thief,  
Who, dying as Himself, was penitent.  
But human law, like all things human, weak  
And faulty at the best, weighs but the crime,  
Blind to the subtle workings of the soul.

MICHAEL JOSEPH DONNELL.

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—The anniversary of the death of the ever to be lamented JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D., was the occasion for calling forth renewed and fervent prayers on the part of his numerous friends at Notre Dame. The Divine Sacrifice of the Holy Mass was offered for the repose of his soul by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Fathers O'Connell and Fitte. Later in the day a eulogy on the deceased was pronounced before the men of the department of history by Professor Edwards, who spoke feelingly of the many Christian virtues, great literary attainments and deep researches of Dr. Shea, and of his unrivalled services to the history of the Church in America. Special attention was called to the labors of Dr. Shea on his greatest and last work, the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States" in four volumes, written at the urgent request of eminent prelates, priests and laymen. The final pages of this monumental work were written while the dew of death was beginning to moisten the author's brow. With the last line Dr. Shea laid down his pen and his lips murmured *Nunc dimittis, Domine*. A day later, and his soul had winged its flight to its Creator. A poem, "In Memoriam," was read by Mr. Barrett, of Carroll Hall, after which the students were invited to inspect portraits of Dr. Shea made at different periods of his life.

## A Day of Honor and Tribute.

Where is the American who is not aroused, by a spirit of patriotism, love of country and liberty, upon hearing the immortal words: "Washington, the Father of his Country?" They thrill the heart and stir the soul. Who is not proud of him who led a few poorly-armed soldiers against the greatest and most tyrannical power in the world, and by his genius and prudence conquered it?

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, all loyal sons of America celebrate, with one accord, the birthday anniversary of him who is justly called the "Father of his Country." The nation puts on holiday attire, and seeks to do honor to the memory of her greatest hero.

One who witnessed the celebrations at Notre Dame, on the 22d inst., could not fail to realize that patriotism is a marked characteristic of the young men; for, from the smallest Minim to the most sedate Senior, all entered with their whole heart and soul into the spirit of the day.

Notre Dame is not backward in fulfilling her obligations. Both in teaching and in examples she clearly portrays the national spirit, and instils into the minds of her children the principles that made Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson illustrious. On the various national festivals, celebrations are held wherein is given, by suitable dramas, orations and music, fitting expression of esteem for those whom a country honors for their heroic deeds and great self-sacrifice.

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And thus the celebration of Washington's Birthday on Wednesday last will certainly be long remembered. The flags and bunting decorating the college buildings, the soul-inspiring strains of music with which the Band enlivened the morning air, the spirit of joyousness and festivity prevailing everywhere, made the occasion an impressive one, the influence of which will not soon be forgotten.

The exercises began at 8 a. m. when, in the corridors of the main building and Sorin Hall, the University Cornet Band, under the efficient and able leadership of the Rev. M. Mohun, rendered the national anthems in a manner that speaks highly for both the leader and the members.

## IN THE EVENING

the exercises held in Washington Hall were appropriate and reflected great credit on Pro-



fessors Clarke and Liscombe, under whose skilful direction the various parts of the interesting programme had been prepared and were carried out. The programme is given entire in our local columns.

The musical programme was opened with a "Medley" of "National Airs" by the University Orchestra, under the able directorship of Prof. Paul. The Mandolin and Orpheus clubs contributed the most highly appreciated numbers of the evening. The two clubs have been lately organized, and give us reason to hope that some of the talent, so long suffered to remain unemployed, will be developed for the mutual benefit of the fortunate possessors and their fellow-students. Mr. M. A. Quinlan, of the Class of '93, read a well-written poem, entitled "The Immortal Spirit," in which, in beautiful metrical lines, he cleverly treated the instructive subject of comparative greatness. The poem appears on the first page of this issue. The oration of the day, by Mr. Albert E. Dacy, '93, was a speech often interrupted by the applause of his appreciative auditors. His oration, which is given entire in the first part of the present number, was delivered with good effect; his attention to elocutionary details serving to enhance the merits of the composition.

#### THE PLAY.

The tragedy of "William Tell" was rendered by the Thespians. It was a happy selection; for the play speaks of one like unto Washington in love for his country, of a people as inoffensive as the Americans were in the days of English oppression; and it tells of liberty—the grand word liberty—that recalls to our minds the early history of our nation, and the triumphs of our nation's Father.

The curtain rose on the mountains of Switzerland. The play was opened by Mr. F. B. Chute with the part of "Henry," the father of Tell. M. A. Quinlan made his appearance as "Gesler" in the second scene. A strong voice and good enunciation made his mountain soliloquy effective, and the applause of the audience seemed to testify to their appreciation. The character of "Melctal" was taken by R. B. Sinnott in a manner well worthy of his natural aptness at acting the part of an old man.

The companion characters of "Erni" and "Verner" were well represented by Messrs. DuBrul and Fitzgerald. The rôle of "Albert," it must be said, was carried out with an admirable degree of naturalness by Master George McCarrick. The young man deserves very high praise for his successful effort, and certainly

there are none who will deny him the encouragement which he has so justly merited. Mr. H. Lamar Monarch as "William Tell" was the Edwin Forrest of the evening. Beginning easily and calmly in the first Act, he gradually threw himself into the play with more and more eagerness and passion until the climax of the play was reached—the court scene where he recognizes his son Albert and holds him in his arms. A soft and clear voice, together with all the arts of elocution, enabled him to bring out the effect of pathos and contempt in a most striking way in his speeches, and, on the whole, made his personation of the "strong, pathetic and eloquent" William Tell deserving of the highest commendation. *Palman qui meruit ferat.*

\* \*

The Thespians and their worthy Director may well congratulate themselves upon the success which attended their presentation of the great historic play. The immense audience—the hall was filled with such an audience as one sees only at commencement time—was well pleased, and testified their high appreciation of the entertainment provided for them. All in all, Washington's Birthday was honored at Notre Dame in a worthy manner, duly commemorating the event itself and reviving and strengthening in every breast those sentiments of true patriotism which should animate every loyal American citizen.

N. F.

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#### Side Lights on College Life.

#### III.

#### COLLEGE SPORTS.

It was Juvenal who first said: "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," but in those five words he embodied the spirit of the course pursued for centuries in the education of the Roman and Greek youth. It was such a course of education that made a Homer, a Thucydides, a Plato, a Virgil, a Horace; it was such a course that developed models for the Apollo Belvidere, the Farnese Hercules, or the Mercury of Praxiteles; and it is such a course that is bringing America to be the Greece of the modern world mentally and physically. As the Greek youths were educated in the Gymnasia, so are our youths educated in our colleges. The antiquated idea that a student must needs be a lean and sallow person, with no health, and devoted entirely to his books, has died out, and Americans, above all others, realize the necessity of a good physical, as well as a good moral and intellectual development.

A college of our day is considered as lacking much, should a well-equipped gymnasium be wanting from among the number of its buildings. If such a "gym" be not in existence already it is the cherished plan of students and faculty to bring about its existence as soon as possible. It is this spirit and this love of athletic exercises that is making the magnificent race of vigorous men and beautiful women for which America is noted.

The gymnasium is a most important factor in college sports. It is in the "gym" that the muscle and brawn must be evolved before it can be used on the field or in the boat. The base-ball or football player, the oarsman and the athlete must "train down," or "harden up" before he goes into practice with his fellow-players or oarsmen, or before he attempts to "make time" or distance. It is in the "gym" that he secures this preparatory training, and a well-equipped "gym" is the only thing that can give it. It is the first step towards college sport, or physical culture of any kind. This fact is recognized in many places, and attendance at the "gym" is made compulsory for a certain number of hours each week. Some students never go any further for their exercise. The real worth of the training, of course, lies in this attendance; but it is greatly aided by the various sports to which students are given. College sports are those in which colleges take a general interest. They are field and track athletics, base-ball, rowing, and football. In Canada, cricket and lacrosse may be added to the list, and base-ball taken from it.

Of all these there is in reality but one that can be called a college sport pure and simple. This is football. In its very nature football cannot be otherwise. Strange as the statement may seem to one not thoroughly acquainted with the game, football is a contest for gentlemen only. The tough, or the rough, has no business in the game. When regulated by a college athletic club, football is an exhibition of manly science and strength; but once let it go outside of college precincts and it descends to the level of brutality. The game in itself is rough, but not brutal; and should anyone but a gentleman play it, he cannot but make it brutal by unnecessary roughness. It is a game for men of nerve and courage, but not for those who resort to brutality to make up for their lack of the other two qualities. Football cannot be successful unless it be made a game of gentlemen and for gentlemen. If it should ever become otherwise it will lose its popularity, as boxing has done, and gain an evil reputation.

With base-ball, rowing and field sports the case is different. There is room for professionalism in these sports on account of the lack of room for out-and-out brutality. These, therefore, are not confined exclusively to the colleges, but are indulged in by every athletic club in the country.

Many people have an unreasonable, and it may be said an entirely unwarranted, prejudice against legitimate college sports. This shows a deplorable narrowness of mind. Such people have not rid themselves of the ancient and worn-out idea that a student should have no more life in him than the books over which he pores. They do not imagine for a moment that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They do not seem to think that a healthy body is necessary to sustain a sound mind. And yet college statistics show that those who are the most active athletes are the brightest students. The ground on which this prejudice is based is that the sports take up too much time. Not so; for there is not a college in the country that allows the students to go to the extreme of neglecting his studies to cultivate his muscle. There are very many, however, that do allow students to kill themselves at their books, and yet there is no such prejudice against that class of institutions.

It is not the faculty alone that discourages neglect of study for sport, but the students themselves. In the constitutions of many of the athletic associations clauses are found which provide that no one shall compete for field-day prizes, or become a member of team or crew, unless he has attained to a fair percentage in his class work. What ground, then, remains for this prejudice?

An athletic spirit, then, is a most desirable thing, not only for young men but also for young women. There are female colleges in this country—Smith, Vassar, and Wesley—with boat clubs and other athletics of a light nature, suitable to the students of the gentler sex. Here at Notre Dame there seems to be a lack of this spirit. Why it should be so no man knows. Let anyone read the field day records of different colleges and see how unfavorably the most of them compare with our own. How many colleges have turned out such athletes as Jewett, or such ball-players as Anson, and the galaxy of base-ball stars who learned the game here? And yet, in spite of all this, it is the hardest kind of work to pick out a base-ball or football team on account of the disinclination of the students and their lack of spirit. Why is this? There is but one answer: We have

no outside competitions. They would be very desirable. Instead of having the boys in the smoking-room doing nothing and lounging listlessly about, they would bring out their latent energy and bestir themselves. Lounging about doing nothing is not very good preparation for hard study; nor does it beget a liking for work of any kind. There seems to be now no incentive to work; and without an incentive of some kind, no one, whether man or boy, can be prevailed upon to do any work. Now outside competition, of course, can be made too much of. There is a happy medium, however. Why could we not have at least four or five games of football and base-ball with other colleges? It would give the required incentive and yet be within reasonable bounds. With such an incentive to physical exertion the boys would bestir themselves more, and who can deny that better class work would result from it?

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

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#### The Man in the Tower.

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Boys, ye are little men, and character in you is just as interesting to study as in the aged. Nature shows a more diversified being in her child, and especially so in young America; yet I look not for an enjoyable observation of human nature, but seek to find a few types vulnerable to criticism.

Take, for instance, the boy who still retains the influence of home training. Not one of those goody-goody chaps with a Fauntleroy collar around his neck, we currently hear about, but a boy who knows what is right, and, despite the jeers of his companions, has the courage to stand up for it. Such an one is a hero. Much more commendable, indeed, is he than the vacillating person who would like to do right, but forgoes his duty through fear of being ridiculed.

Then there is the miserable tough, the professional bully, who strives at popularity by domineering over the small boy. You all know him. The crank who shows his disregard for the pleasant amenities of life by spitting tobacco juice over one's clothes.

Yet, as undeserving as he is of our consideration, there is one still less worthy of it—that is the sneaking, slimy, contemptible villain who occasionally frequents the senior departments of some of our universities. Hating morality and virtue because it is pure and ennobling, he desists from open revolt, because he fears being

caught. Fiend-like, he encourages dissatisfaction, and rejoices when he has led others astray. This serpent bites the hand of him who strives to educate his darkened mind.

It seems the only apology offered for such a wretch is that he was intended for the four-footed species, and only became a biped by an oversight.

\* \*

That there is some disturbing noise in a certain "house of study" a number of my readers will admit; but when I inform you that this disturbance has become a nuisance, you may lift your arched eyebrows in surprise and curl your fuzzy lip in doubt. Such is the case, and the *slight* departure from the rules consists mainly in the vibrations of air waves—I think that is the theory—caused by the contact of the human voice with these waves and by the contact of various athletic appliances with the floor.

A serenade is the usual thing about 10 p. m., when the vocalists raise their piercing screeches to the accompaniment of Indian clubs and dumb-bell twisters. For the poor, deluded fellow that desires to study, songs and Indian clubs clashed together are not the most nerve-quieting things on earth; and even though the athletes (?) desire to improve their already great strength, they should bear in mind that there are a few other people besides themselves who have an excuse for living.

I hope the offenders will catch the drift of these words. The Man in the Tower never says anything beyond the reach of human reason, although he himself is a mysterious mystery.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

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PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM. By Brother Azarias. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That Brother Azarias has merited well of the American reading public by the publication of this volume is a fact beyond peradventure. It is many a year that the humble Brother of the Christian Schools first burst upon the world as a new prophet in Israel; and since then the world has ever judged him worthy of the name. Whether in the field of philosophy or in the domain of pure erudition, Brother Azarias has shown himself a safe guide—one who may be trusted not only to lead men clear of pitfalls, but to direct them towards the richest fields and the most bounteous harvests as well. His present work betrays no falling off in power;

unlike many other authors, one never fears that he will "write himself out," or that the shrine will outlive the oracle. "Phases of Thought and Criticism" is a series of ten essays, each with a certain fulness of its own, yet all so closely united in tone and spirit as to make but one complete effort. The author never wrote a dull book—he could not if he tried,—and therefore one is not surprised to find every page teeming with thought, and every sentence pregnant with meaning. His style is not of the sort that "catches one by the neck," but it has the advantage of being easier and more equable. Altogether, the book is a lasting charm, and a new jewel in the crown that adorns the brow of this gentle Christian Brother.

A BOOK OF FAMOUS VERSE. By Agnes Repplier.  
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Compilations of "famous verse," favorite poems, etc., are not always the most satisfactory. The critics complain that so many old friends have been bidden to the feast, and the people chafe because so many strangers have been thrust in upon them. It is therefore true that the compiler's work, otherwise a task of no great difficulty, becomes a serious undertaking, and many there are who fail therein. Miss Repplier, however, who seems to be able to do everything well, is one of the few editors of compilations who have been able to satisfy, in any reasonable degree, both the critics and the public. The songs that have soothed a people's sorrow and the songs that have set thousands of mailed men upon their brothers are here found side by side without challenge as to previous condition of servitude. And if we are at first inclined to grumble because an occasional old friend has been excluded, let us speedily change our dirge into a pæan of thanksgiving that so many of our favorites have been offered.

—In the *Popular Science Monthly* for March Prof. C. Hanford Henderson completes his illustrated account of "The Glass Industry," describing the gradual advance of glassmaking in America from 1800 to 1880, and the immense stride it has taken since the introduction of natural gas as fuel. Considerable light is thrown upon the problem of irrigating our Western lands in an illustrated article on "Artesian Waters in the Arid Region," by R. T. Hill. A strange phase of life in colonial times is exhibited in Colonel A. B. Ellis's paper on "White Slaves and Bond Servants in the Plantations." An explanation of "The Decrease of Rural Population" is attempted by John C. Rose. Under the title "An Agricultural Revolution," Prof. C. M. Weed describes, with illustrations, the operation of spraying fruit trees with insecticides and fungicides. Grant

Allen's study of "Ghost Worship and Tree Worship," concluded in this number, is marked by an anti-Christian spirit, or stupid ignorance, or both. Edith Sellers tells "The Story of a Colony of Epileptics," which gives excellent testimony to the beneficial effect of steady occupation in nervous diseases. "The Brooklyn Ethical Association," is described by Dr. Lewis G. Janes.

#### The Age of Electricity.

This is truly the age of electricity—an age in which that mighty element that had so long lain dormant has suddenly, and with enormous strides, advanced to the first place in the scientific world. It is not known what this mighty power is; in fact, no definition can be given of it. Yet, man knows its uses and it is in full subjection to him. He has tamed the fiery monster of the clouds, and it has become as plastic to his touch as clay under the guiding hand of the potter.

It is true the ancients possessed some knowledge of electricity, but they made no practical use of such knowledge. So late as a century ago electricity was regarded as a subject of mere curiosity and amusement. It was not until the discovery of Benjamin Franklin that lightning and electricity were identified, and the subsequent invention of the lightning-rod excited attention to the uses to which this fluid could be put.

The present age is remarkable for the manifold applications of electricity. It is fast superseding all things else as a motive power. It is used for illuminating purposes, casting its purifying rays in every direction. We have the telephone and the telegraph—that wonderful invention which has bound two continents together as one. It is hard to imagine the conditions that would prevail at the present time were it not for the telegraph and the telephone. If we were required to do without them it would amount to a drawback of at least fifty years in the onward march of civilization. What was formerly an expensive luxury, used at rare intervals by the wealthy, has become familiar to all, and is employed upon a scale and with a success which would have appeared impossible to our ancestors.

Inventions in which electricity is the main point involved are being made day by day. The possibilities in this direction are unlimited. Man has not reached the term of his capabilities in the electrical field, and, doubtless, the future will far surpass the efforts and results of to-day.

J. J. COOKE, '95.

Personals.

—Rev. James Clancy, Woodstock, Ill., made a pleasant visit to the University on Monday.

—Mr. M. V. Monarch, of Owensboro, Ky., visited his son Lamar, of Sorin Hall, during the week.

—Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame on Wednesday last.

—Rev. J. Crawley, '58, of Laporte, Rev. John Bleckman, '67, and Mr. J. Lemke visited Notre Dame on Wednesday.

—Mrs. Captain Schaack, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Maggie, visited her sons at the College on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

—Hon. Denis E. Hogan, '74, the worthy Mayor of Geneva, Ill., visited his *Alma Mater* on Thursday, to the great delight of his numerous friends.

—Mrs. French-Seldon, the distinguished African traveller, accompanied by Mrs. Carlyle, of South Bend, paid a very pleasant visit to the University on Friday.

—Edward J. Darragh, '87, is a successful and prominent lawyer of St. Paul, Minn. A recent issue of the *St. Paul Daily Globe* speaks of the eloquence and skill which characterize him in the practice of his profession. A poem—"In the Court"—reprinted elsewhere refers to Mr. Darragh and a case which he conducted a few days ago. His many friends at Notre Dame are pleased to hear of the success which is attending him.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, the founder of the Notre Dame University, and one of the most widely known Catholic prelates of America, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, much improved in health, and with perfect command of those remarkable faculties which have made him a power in the educational work of the Catholic Church in the United States. Notre Dame was founded by this priest at a time when Indiana was inhabited by the red-man. Under his fostering care it has exerted a great influence in the cause of education.—*Catholic Columbian*.

Local Items.

—Snow!

—What is success?

—"Success is luck."

—Look out for the thaw!

—"That I was asleep is true."

—He called it *quotation* marks.

—Beware of the "missionary."

—Tim is an expert at hand-ball.

—Do you smoke cigarettes, Oscar?

—"Waltah, the deah fellah," says he isn't 21.

—"Albert" took the cake—and the apple too.  
—Hast observed the professorial look on Michael?

—E. Coolidge won the last competitive drill in Co. C.

—What has become of the famous Fire-brigade?

—"When I reached New York I saw the distant sea."

—Letters postmarked Cincinnati are getting very numerous.

—Sleighting was quite generally patronized during the week.

—Military suits seem to be greatly liked by the "brick-yard blondes."

—"Si" says it does not pay to take two hats when you go sleigh riding.

—Loud-voiced Patsy was found too long-tongued for further service.

—J. W. says that if his skates were sharper Al. would not be able to catch him.

—"Bruin" has done much service to several of his friends by his recent nightly prowls.

—The Columbians are determined to lose none of the glory of their efforts of last year.

—Spring doses are now in order. Papa has already administered several to Baby Charlie.

—The "interpreter" of Brownson Hall has been doing a "rushing" business the past week.

—Raymond C. Langan, '93, will be the Orator of the Day at the celebration in honor of St. Patrick.

—Rev. J. French, C. S. C., left on Wednesday for the East, where he will spend some time on business for the Community.

—Anyone having a copy of the *Catholic Quarterly Review* for July 1892 will confer a favor by sending it to the library.

—Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., went to Ft. Wayne on Thursday to attend the "month's mind" *Requiem* services for the late Bishop Dwenger.

—The Columbians have agreed upon a programme for their entertainment on March 17. Louis XI. will be produced with Donahoe in the title-rôle.

—Bro. Albert has just completed a magnificent copy in oil of Carlo Dolci's famous painting "Ecce Homo." It is now on exhibition in the students' office.

—The Temple Quartette, the celebrated vocal organization of Boston, will appear in Washington Hall on March 10, under the auspices of the Lecture Bureau.

—The magnificent statue of the Sacred Heart, ordered from France for the parterre in front of the main building, has been shipped. A suitable pedestal of American granite has been ordered, and will arrive during the coming week. The solemn dedication of the statue will take place on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

—The snuff-box seems to answer the purpose.



of the calumet among a certain circle of our friends.

—It is very difficult for the students to keep silence while the band plays patriotic airs on the outside.

—The other night M. L. made desperate attempts at subverting the modern systems of musical composition.

—At a recent examination the "Rector" prefaced all his responses with a cough and a careful adjustment of his wig.

—"Spike" is going to act as "guide" in the World's Fair grounds; but refuses to enter the dime museum profession as yet.

—There has been some talk of late about organizing a special post-office for the use of the Seniors' First Grammar class.

—The latest in the valentine line is said to be a brick, which was received by an auburn-haired youth of St. Joseph's Hall.

—Timsays that they have a horizontal street in Detroit; which leads "Spike" to remark that it must be travelled on by balloon only.

—And still he sang. No, not *still*; but, as he wended his way westward, he looked back to see whence the sounds of reproach had come.

—The Shakspeare Club and the young ladies of the High School, South Bend, attended the Thespian entertainment on Washington's Birthday.

—About twenty Brownsonites, under the guidance of B. Hilarion, enjoyed a sleigh ride to St. Mary's and South Bend on Sunday afternoon.

—The decided hits made by the array of valentines were those representing the "football player," "the masher," "mamma's pet" and the "tin soldier."

—The Carroll ice races, which were to be held on Thursday, February 16, were indefinitely postponed on account of the poor condition of the ice.

—The Blackstonians have decided that procrastination is the burglar of time, and several Sorinites can testify to the efficacy of their remedy for the evil.

—With all their foster care he was removed from their fold, and they now remember the old adage: "Court not thy neighbor's patience, or thou shalt follow."

—In accordance with a suggestion made by roguish Nick, our friend Tom accused the ancient Helvetians of excessive gallantry at one of the last meetings of the Cæsar Club.

—It is now the "Salvation Army," and members become somewhat delirious during the initiation. The fee for admission is not so large but that all can afford to become members.

—The music by the band, especially the delightful serenades, with which the denizens of the various college buildings were greeted, formed a notable feature of the festivities on the 22d.

—Burnett Weaver, of Brownson Hall, was appointed by the county clerk a delegate to represent Montgomery County, O., at a World's Congress of the College Fraternity to be held in Chicago during the Fair.

—Commenting on the advantages derived from wearing a wig, our umbered friend said that however great the "preponderating influences" of fear, they will never affect the hair to the extent of causing it to stand on end.

—Wednesday afternoon the Sorin Cadets held two competitive drills, F. Holbrook winning both. The young cadets showed a noticeable knowledge of the manual-of-arms, and it was some time before Capt. Coady could decide on the victor.

—Last week one of our reporters overheard the following short dialogue:

DICK: "See here, Nick, what right had you to that competition in Latin?"

NICK: "Oh! excuse me, that was a mistake. I'll let you have it next time."

—Yesterday (Friday) morning, a solemn Mass of *Requiem* for the "month's mind" of the late Bishop Dwenger was celebrated in the college church by the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., assisted by the Rev. Fathers M. Lauth and J. De Groot, as deacon and subdeacon.

—There were two exciting games of hand-ball played in the Carroll gymnasium yesterday morning between P. Wellington, an ex-Junior, and A. Kutina, a Carrollite; the latter winning both games. M. McCullough was also defeated by J. Hack; while Tim Smith won from W. Gerdes. Return games will be played in the Brownson "gym" to-morrow.

—The girls at St. Mary's were much surprised to see their brothers on Sunday last. It was reported that there were fifty cases of diphtheria here, and of course they at once put on "long faces," as it would deprive them of their brothers' monthly greeting; but were highly elated on receiving the customary visit, and are now hunting for the instigator of the falsehood.

—At the organization of the Carroll hand-ball association the following officers were elected, J. Hack, President; G. Gilbert, Vice-President; J. Rend, Secretary; A. Lynch was elected to the responsible position of treasurer; but that gentleman, noting the nearness of Canada, and not wishing to place himself under so great a temptation, declined, and in his place was elected O. Bergland, Treasurer.

—The regular program of the Carroll Hand-ball Association on the 21st resulted in:

I. Ludwig defeated Allen. Score: 15 to 3.

II. Connell, Kindler and Lowrey defeated Tong, Dion, J. LaMoure. Score: 22 to 9.

III. J. Maternes was defeated by W. LaMoure. Score: 15 to 11.

IV. Levi, Maternes and Trankle *vs.* Breen, Wright and Langevin resulted in a victory for the former. Score: 22 to 17. These were followed by the principal contest of the day:

—The entertainment given in Washington Hall in honor of Washington's Birthday by the dramatic and musical societies of the University on Wednesday afternoon was conducted according to the following

**PROGRAMME:**

## PART I.

National Airs..... University Orchestra  
Introduction..... University Mandolin Club  
Poem—"The Immortal Spirit"..... M. Quinlan, '93  
Song—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," F. Chute, '92  
and Orpheus Club.  
Overture—"Wedding March" (*Mendelssohn*) University  
Orchestra.  
Oration of the Day..... A. E. Dacy, '93  
Song—"I'm Waiting an' Answer," (*Shelley*) E. Harris, '95  
and Orpheus Club.

"WILLIAM TELL."

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS. BY THE THESPIAN  
ASSOCIATION.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

Gesler.....	M. A. Quinlan
Sarnem (his lieutenant).....	E. F. DuBrul
Rudolph, }	{ F. Singler
Gerard, }	{ J. Flynn

William Tell.....	L. Monarch
Albert (his son).....	G. McCarrick
Melctal (Erni's father).....	R. B. Sinnott
Erni	T. Brennan
Furst } Patriots in league with Tell	P. Crawley
Verner }	J. Fitzgerald
Michael }	C. Patier
Pierre } Peasants.	O. Schmidt
Theodore, }	T. Hartnett
Henry (Tell's Father).....	F. B. Chute
Savoyard.....	F. A. Hennessy
Austrian Archers, Soldiers, Savoyards, Villagers, Citizens and Mountaineers.	

—THE SEMINARY.—On Sunday last the Leonines gave a literary and musical entertainment in honor of the Holy Father's Golden Jubilee. The following was the

**PROGRAMME:**

"The Angel's Dream" (Organ Solo).....F. Miskiewicz  
 "The Fate of Virginia" (Declamation)... B. Swaczewski  
 "Only a Dream of Home".....Seminary Chorus  
 Oration—"Pope Leo XIII".....John Gallagher  
 "When the Swallows Homeward Fly".....Duet  
 "The Book Agent" (Declamation).....M. Leonard  
 "Der Alpenjäger".....Tenor Solo  
 "The Countersign" (Declamation).....E. Duffy  
 "My Gondola Awaits Thee".....Seminary Chorus  
 "The Soldiers of Austerlitz" (Declamation).. M. Oswald  
 "Die Lorelei".....Duet  
 "The Young Man of Maine" (Declamation) J. Gallagher  
 "The Menu".....Seminary Chorus

The rendition of the musical part of the programme impressed the audience very favorably. Mr. Miskicwicz interpreted the difficult pieces he had selected for the occasion with a precision that gave proof of the high degree of proficiency he has already acquired in the use of the organ. From beginning to end he held the audience spell-bound; and when he had struck the last chords, a thundering burst of enthusiastic applause showed how charmed the listeners had been with his performance. The singing was good throughout. The various parts were well sustained, and all the voices blended perfectly. The singers owe a great part of their success to Mr. Julius de Tatrày who had the kindness to give them much valuable assistance in the preparation of some of the pieces. Mr. John Gallagher's oration on Pope Leo XIII. was one of the chief features of the evening. It was well worded and delivered in the speaker's usual happy style. As regards the declamations it will be sufficient to say that Father French teaches elocution at the Seminary to convince everyone of the masterly manner in which the several young gentlemen acquitted themselves of their parts. All the pieces were spoken in an admirable manner. If, however, preference may be given to any particular one of the speakers, Mr. Joseph Gallagher must be mentioned as the one who delivered his selection in the best and most natural way. Among the distinguished visitors present were Rev. Fathers Kelly and Mohun of the University. At the end of the concert Father French thanked those who had taken part in making the evening so pleasant, and in a few well-chosen words he complimented the Leonines for maintaining their society in such a flourishing condition.

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Cummings, Correll, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Heer, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, R. Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Baldwin, Barrett, Barton, Burns, Berggren, Brinen, A. Corry, Chassaing, Colby, Cooke, Cullen, Casey, Carter, J. Corcoran, Conger, Devanney, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dillon, Douglas, Duffield, Esge, Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, A. W. Funke, Feeney, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Freytag, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Healy, Hesse, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Jacobs, Jordan, Kearns, Krembs, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Kuhn, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Luther, Leonard, Libert, Laux, Murray, D. Murphy, T. Monarch, Maynes, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, A. Marckhoff, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, McCarthy, McGarry, Newton, O'Connor, J. O'Shea, Pulskamp, Prichard, Perkins, Pomeroy, Quinlan, Rice, E. Roby, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Reis, Schmidt, Stanton, Schueler, Sherman, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Vurpillat, Vignos, Wilkin, Welsh, Patier.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cullen, Cavanagh, Crane, Carney, Dorsey, Dion, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Freeman, Fleming, Franke, Fossick, Funke, Finnerty, Ford, G. Gilbert, E. Gilbert, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Girardin, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hoban, H. Hill, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohnér, Langevin, T. Lowrey, Loser, Louie, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levy, M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, May, Mengis, Marre, Mills, Marr Moss, Moore, Monaghan, Martin, C. Meyers, R. Miers, McDermott, S. McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, W. Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Renesch, Reilly, Reber, Roesing, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Stephens, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, York, Yingst.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, G. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bopp, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Brown, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, F. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cressey, Corcoran, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Eagle, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, Ives, Jones, Kilgallen, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lohner, Lowrey, Lysle, Langley, Maritzen, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Morris, McPhee, McGushin, McAllister, McDonald, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Pieser, Roesing, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, V. Romero, A. Romero, Robb, Rohrbach, Roache, Swan, Snyder, Shipp, Shillington, Stuckart, Segenfelter, U. Thompson, Trankle, Wagner, Wells.

## Catholic College Students.

Mr. George T. Angel, the Boston philanthropist, and President of the American Humane Education Society, makes this striking observation in the January number of *Our Dumb Animals*: "We find in the *Boston Herald* for December 4 that the whole Freshman Class—the whole Freshman Class of Yale—celebrated their football game with Harvard by going Saturday night to the opera house, hurling torpedoes at the ballet girls, letting loose a flock of pigeons, etc., etc. A large force of police ejected the ringleaders, and after some of the students had been arrested the play was hurried to a close. In the same paper we find this: 'Two Harvard students, who gave the names of Herbert A. Ross and Otis C. White, occupy cells at Station 2 as the result of an attempt to steal the sign of "The Bible Society" from the rear entrance of the Press Club on Bromfield street. There are now quite a large number of Roman Catholic universities and colleges in this country. Will our readers kindly inform us if they have ever known a single instance in which the students of these universities or colleges have been guilty of the outrages which are constantly being perpetrated by the students of some of our leading Protestant universities and colleges, and which are a disgrace to American civilization? If these things cannot be stopped, we do most sincerely believe it would be better for the country that some of these leading Protestant institutions of learning should have their buildings burned to the ground and their students properly educated in other institutions which would not send them out educated devils. Whether a reform can be wrought in them by co-education of the sexes in our Boston University, as mingling with their present foulness a stream of purity, we cannot say; but we see no prospect of immediate relief, unless the power of the Protestant Christian women of America can be brought to bear. We have no objection to prayers for the conversion of the foreign heathen, but we know of nothing that can be more properly prayed for at the present time in our Protestant churches, prayer meetings and homes, than that the Almighty will be pleased to convert to civilization and humanity the far more dangerous heathen now being educated in some of our higher Institutions of Learning to curse their country and the world."

This tribute to the gentle training of our Catholic colleges, coming from such a high source, is most gratifying. May we ask Mr. Angel to consider that our institutions do not have recourse to co-education, yet succeed in turning out refined and courteous gentlemen. —*Catholic Review*.