

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1893.

No. 28.

## Resurrection.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Some wounds, first deep, are deeper every year,  
Altho' our eyes no longer fill and weep,  
Or watch no more at night when others sleep,  
And find not, like new grief, the ready tear;  
No transient solace touches such wounds here,  
No other hearts can know the anguish deep  
Of hearts that higher hearts in memory keep,—  
Time passes but to show their loss more clear;

The way is weary and the wall is thick  
That keeps us from the waiting souls beyond;  
Ah, sages, poets, have you not, too, lied  
Unto our fancies that are faint and sick?  
For answer, clasp one truth, no dream-phase fond,  
One Man came up from Hell,—the Crucified.  
—*The Independent.*

## The Similes in Longfellow.

As the readiest means of illustrating an object or action is by representing it as *like* to something familiar or easily known, so a writer—especially of imaginative poetry—is frequently called upon to make use of the simile. For as the eye is pleased in gazing upon the beautiful landscape and figures in the painting of the artist, so is the mind of the reader attracted by the picture formed through the imagery of the author.

There is no greater artist in the use of this rhetorical figure than our own immortal Longfellow. Even in his earlier poems—most of which he wrote during his student life at college—he gives evidence of a right to the title—the master of the simile. Whether it be a description of the fields, sky, streams, woods

or seasons, we cannot fail to see the touch of a masterful hand. The pictures of the most celebrated painters are no brighter or softer; nor are they tinted more delicately than his. And these singularly pleasing effects are to be attributed to his patriotism, knowledge of mankind and fidelity to nature, which were as so many motive impulses directing him in forming his contrasts.

We admire his scenes of peasant and home life, of nature in all her glory, the simple village with its honest people, the green fields with the quiet streams flowing through them; and especially do we admire his gentle manner of describing the sufferings and sorrows and the varied emotions of the human heart. In all these, as the critic easily discerns, it is the artistic use of the simile that heightens the effect and attracts and charms the reader.

Where can we find a more true or beautiful description of country life than in that greatest of all American poems "Evangeline"? And where can we find a better picture of honest simplicity, quietude and contentment than in the peaceful village of Grand-Pré? where lived

"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands"—

and where,

"Over the roofs of the village,  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths."

I know of no sweeter or more lovable character than Evangeline herself, whose

"Eyes were black as the berry that grows on the thorn  
by the wayside."

She was so good, pure and kind, and was loved and held in such veneration by these sturdy, warm-hearted people, that she seemed

something more than earthly. The place she had in their affections is best shown in the lines describing her coming home from confession, and how

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Cold, indeed, must be the heart that is not affected by the hardships and trials which these villagers endured, and especially by those of Evangeline in her lonely wanderings in search of her lover, Gabriel. We are much touched by the grief of Cordelia and Ophelia,—two of the sweetest woman characters in all literature,—but it does not affect us so much as that of Evangeline. I know of no more pathetic story of the sufferings of the human heart than hers, into which, after many fruitless searches for Gabriel,

"A secret sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow."

The deep pain and sorrow she suffered is best shown when the comforting words of the good missionary priest fell on her heart:

"As in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed."

Many years have passed since they became separated, and her beautiful brown hair is slowly turning gray; but she has lost none of her celestial beauty; for, while administering to the sick and dying in the hospital,

"Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside,"

she seemed like some good angel;

"For her presence fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison."

At last she has found her lover, dying upon a couch. All is over now, and, kissing his dying lips, lays his head on her bosom.

"Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement."

I think this last, and that in the description of Evangeline returning from confession, are two of the most beautiful similes in Longfellow, and among the prettiest I have ever read.

Thackeray has given us a fine example of pathos in the death of dear old Colonel Newcome, and Dickens in the death of little Nell; I think that the death of Gabriel is just as pathetic as either, and can well rank with both of them.

Longfellow has written some very fine

descriptions of nature in "Hiawatha" and many of his shorter poems. The setting of the sun is likened to the manner in which "a flamingo drops into her nest at night-fall," to "a red and burning cinder," and

"Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the autumn."

His best comparison of the moon is—

"As a pale phantom with a lamp  
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,  
So glides the moon along the damp,  
Mysterious chambers of the air."

In a sonnet on "Autumn" he compares it with Charlemagne, who, upon his throne, gave blessings throughout his vast domains. In another poem he compares it with a faint old man who "sits down by the wayside a-weary." Nature herself, in a most beautiful sonnet, is compared to a fond mother who takes her children by the hand, and gently leads them off to rest.

Longfellow has given us a splendid bit of word-painting in his well-known poem "The Day is Done," which is rendered much more pleasing to us by several beautiful similes, the prettiest of which, I think, is—

"The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight."

How fondly he speaks of what is gone, when he says:

"How like a ruin overgrown  
With flowers that hide the rents of time,  
Stands now the Past that I have known."

What tender affection and dear recollections he expresses for his books in a sonnet written shortly before his death!—

"Sadly as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days."

Longfellow may truly be styled the poet of the heart and nature, and his memory will live forever. By his interpretation of the lives of the poor, whose joys and sorrows he shares, he has endeared himself to our hearts, and has left behind him a monument which shall never crumble away.

W. V. CUMMINGS, '95.

THERE are hours in life when the most trifling cross takes the form of a calamity. Our tempers are like an opera glass, which makes the object small or great according to the end you look through.—*An Attic Philosopher in Paris.*

Sir Walter Scott.

This great man, now numbered with the dead, has left behind him a living monument—a monument, indeed, not made of the richly-carved marble or of the finest bronze, but literary in its character, and immortal in its fame.

His father was born in the year 1729, and at the age of twenty-nine was united in marriage to Anne Rutherford, daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Twelve children were born to him, of which only five survived early age. Of all these Walter was the most distinguished. He was born in the year 1771, and, being a cripple, his early years were spent in reading.

This misfortune came to him in a singular manner. During an illness he had been confined to bed for four days; when he was taken out for his usual bath, he could not walk, and on examining it was discovered that he had lost the use of his right limb. He was attended by the most skilful physicians, but to no advantage. At the age of seven he was sent to school and also had a private tutor at home. While at school the teacher is credited with saying "that there were many who understood the Latin better, but Scott was behind few in enjoying the author's meaning." After leaving school he had access to a large library, and the book that he was most devoutly attached to then was Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." His father wished him to become a lawyer, and from 1789 to 1792 he gave himself to the study of the law.

On July 11, 1792, he received the gown with all the duties and honors of the profession. At the age of eleven he wrote his first lines:

"In awful ruins Etna thunders nigh,  
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky  
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,  
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire."

In these lines there is a good description of a volcano, considering the age of the writer. He was practically a self-educated man. Being a member of a debating club he soon became quite proficient. A lady of this club described him as follows: "He had outgrown the sallowness of early-ill health, he had a fresh, brilliant complexion; clear and well-set eyes, his teeth were perfect, and his elevated brow gave him an air of dignity." It was at this club that he met his first love and his true love; but he did not marry her, whose memory he cherished

through life, and whose portrait he painted in more than one of his novels.

On reaching his twenty-first year he was admitted to the bar, and the first fee of any consequence that he earned was expended on a silver taper stand for his mother. He was married on the 21st of December, 1798, to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, a pleasing but very weak and foolish French girl.

In the year 1799 he lost his father, and in less than a year his beloved mother walked in the footsteps of the first departed. He says that in the same year as the death of his father he made his first serious attempts in verse, and the result was the "Eve of St. John," "Glenfinlas," and a host of others. He wrote a few dramas, not a few lyrics and ballads and two great epic poems. The manner in which he expresses his ideas in "The Lady of the Lake" is very dignified, besides, the meaning is clear and unmistakable.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century he was first introduced to the people as a public writer by the two volumes Cadyou castle and the second book of his Minstrelsy which were published in the year 1802. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was started in 1803, and was completed two years later. No work in the history of British poetry has ever equalled the demand for this book. Scott was not a pecuniary poet; he did not write for the love of money, but for the sake of gaining a reputation.

Scott was introduced to Wordsworth by Sir John Stoddard, and they became intimate friends. The year 1807 found him beginning "Marmion," and on the 23d of February, 1808, he published it. In 1809 he wrote his "Lady of the Lake," and every literary man knows the success that attended it. This poem was criticised by Mr. Jeffrey, who says: "Mr. Scott has not the majestic style of Milton, nor the fine composition of Pope; but he has a medley of bright images set together, and his diction is tinged with the careless riches of Shakspeare."

Scott was a strictly moral poet. Having completed his "Rokeby," he published it with a few others in 1813. In the same year he was offered the Poet-Laureateship, which, after reflection, he declined.

"Waverly" was completed and published in 1814. Scott was a great traveller, and by visiting old cities and ruins he obtained scenes for his works. The publication of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" took place in 1818, and a year later he was made a baronet. "Ivanhoe," which was published in 1819, is, without doubt, the best of all his efforts whether in prose or in verse.

About this time he was elected President of the Royal Society at Edinburgh, a society of good literary talent.

On May 16, 1826, after a lingering illness, Lady Scott died. This was a severe blow to Sir Walter, and greatly impaired his health. He published the Life of Napoleon in 1827—a series of fourteen volumes. Owing to his delicate health his writings were becoming weaker. He was often seized by strokes of paralysis which affected both his nerves and speech. On June 9, 1832, the fatal stroke came upon him and lasted till September 21, when he expired, surrounded by all his children.

In the market-place at Selkirk there is a statue in his honor. At Edinburgh a magnificent monument was erected at the cost of £15,000. His remains were laid by the side of his wife in the vault of his ancestors.

H. B.

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The Legal Profession.

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If there be a class of men who have left their impress on the history of our world, who have made America what she is to-day—the pride and model of popular government—I hold that the credit of this success, this perfection of government, this *imperium in imperio*, is due more to the guiding influence of legal acumen than to any other. The history of America, from the day on which defiance was hurled against England and the lion bearded in his den down to the present day, proves that no class of men have so indelibly and ineffaceably stamped their genius on American history as the members of the legal profession. And yet 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange," that there is no more maligned, no more misjudged being than the lawyer. To the unthinking person who jumps at conclusions, whose habits of reflection are yet unformed, this obloquy of an honorable profession is true and just. But to those whose minds are free from bias, who really know whereof they speak, this censure is not just, is not the true appreciation which should be shown for a time-honored profession. How often do we hear the absurd statement that "a lawyer and a liar are one"; that "the lawyer has no sense of right and wrong." Now, I deny this *in toto*, and brand it as the emanation of a torpid intellect.

Before proceeding to deal with the subject *in extenso* it may be granted that there are men in the legal profession who should never have been admitted within its sphere—who are not

only a disgrace to their profession, but also to themselves and to humanity. But we must not forget that it requires many people to make a world, and we are all less than perfectly just and less than perfectly wise. We must not be unmindful of the fact that the unprincipled lawyer is the exception and not the rule; exceptions never make the rule. It would be a *reductio ad absurdum* to condemn or ostracize ninety-nine lawyers out of every hundred because one of the hundred was degenerate.

To my mind there are three professions or vocations which are closely allied: they are the ecclesiastical state, the medical and the legal. Each has a distinct sphere of its own, and each is independent of the other, and yet there is a resemblance in their work and its results upon society. The priest is the comforter of the afflicted and the dispenser of spiritual balm to wounded souls; the physician is the ministering angel of corporeal ailments; the lawyer is as important in his own sphere. As the first administers spiritual consolation, and the second ministers to the suffering body, so the third ministers in temporal anxiety—counsels, warns, suggests—in the varied material concerns and circumstances of human life arising from the daily intercourse between man and man in the social order.

Who in all justice would cast odium on an honorable profession, but those who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride? A state of civilization in which lawyers would not be requisite would be hard to conceive.

Go back to Rome "whose eagles gleamed in the rising and setting sun"—to Greece, "the seat of learning and the nurse of art," we find that the legal profession ornamented the times in which they lived and labored. Who has not read the orations of Antony, Cicero, and Demosthenes,—bright ornaments in their country's history? So from the time when war was a profession to the present day, when the white-winged dove of peace hovers over civilization, we find that lawyers played no small part in the history of their times. Take the Agrarian laws and the laws of Solon. The laws of Solon were the most perfect that ever emanated from Grecian intellect, and on them many principles of our present laws are founded.

Much of the evil is attributable to the fact that public opinion, and not the opinion of the profession, rates the standard of the lawyer's morals below what it really is. The public in its treatment of the profession do much to belittle the honest endeavors of the lawyer.

Lawyers are said to accept any case that is

offered to them. A lawyer knows but one side of the case before trial. He violates no rule of professional ethics, and commits no wrong to society by defending a criminal. He has no right to presume the man guilty. The *law* presumes the man innocent until *proven* guilty. The client often deceives and misleads his lawyer. To be tried and defended by counsel in open court is a constitutional right expressly guaranteed to every person charged with criminal offense. And where the criminal is unable to employ counsel, the law goes farther, and compels the court to appoint counsel, whose duty it is to defend and use honest endeavors to secure for his client a fair and impartial trial. There is a distinction between legal and moral right. The lawyer has a perfect right, and it is his duty to interpose for his client any legal defense he can avail himself of, although the layman might justly say that, as a matter of moral right, the client has no defense. As an able contributor to the *Century Magazine* says:

"A debt may be barred by statute of limitations. The defendant who is sued is, in a moral sense, still bound as the debt is unpaid; but the statute of limitations having run he has a legal defense, which his attorney is bound as a matter of duty to interpose for him."

And so many other cases arise in which the technical rules of law conflict with popular notions of right and wrong.

The legal career is one which brings to its disciple a happy home and means to sustain it, although it may not lead to wealth. It brings the approval and friendship of those best acquainted with the lawyer's life and work. His duties as a citizen are higher than those of non-professional men, for increase of knowledge brings with it not only power, but responsibility as well.

In conclusion, let me say that the disciples of Blackstone do not shine only as the promulgators of law. They have entered the councils of state; they have added dignity to the presidential chair, and they hold potent sway in the political arena. They have guided the ship of state through shoals and through an unrippled sea. They have held the helm when foes from within and foes from without threatened to destroy every vestige of our glorious nationality. They have checked the impetuous, and cheered the disheartened; and, drinking deep of the Pierian Spring, they have given to the masses their own thoughts on subjects, political, social and economical. In peace and in war, in battle and in storm, for ability and statesmanship, they are unsurpassed.

M. J. MCGARRY, '94.

#### The Romance.

Founded and elevated by the great novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, the School of Romantic Literature is high in public favor. Romances bring one back to the Middle Ages, to tournaments and battles, to feasting and merriment; and so well has Sir Walter Scott done this that, as one reads, his cheek burns, his eye flashes, and his lips are mute with the passions, the thoughts, the deeds of others.

"Ivanhoe," Sir Walter's greatest romance, may well be taken as a type by which all romantic works may be studied. Deeds of chivalry and heroic acts are everywhere met; it seems as if the one object of a gallant's life was to gain honor and renown by feats of daring and of prowess. "Ivanhoe" is, moreover, a graphic history of the trials and triumphs of Richard Cœur de Lion. In it we meet the ideal knight-errant, Sir Ivanhoe, who held love above life; who distinguished himself in the Third Crusade, and returned a warm friend of Richard.

The romance stands high in the ranks of novels. Scott's equalled the social novels of Thackeray. Sir Walter Scott first wrote romantic poetry, in which he was greatly influenced by Goethe's "Götz Von Berlichingen"; but when the "star of Byron" arose, he felt that his days as a poet were over, and, most fortunately for literature, took to prose. In his youth he had commenced "Waverly"; now he again took it up and soon gave it to the public; in a short time it had acquired an extraordinary popularity.

After this, his books were more widely circulated than ever. In "Ivanhoe" he gave the people an ideal romance, and won for himself a name that will never die; but in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," he approached nearer to Henry Esmond than any other writer. In it he united the social and the romantic novel, and showed the world how the intercourse between the noble, the rich, the lowly and the poor should partake of something more than the nature of a mere business transaction between superior and dependant; that between them was a mighty social bond, and that mutual social duties and obligations existed between both classes. This disinterestedness shines forth in all his works, making them more conducive to their end, better liked by all, and highly instructive to the young and the old, the noble and the lowly.

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In the "Bride of Lammermoor," the people are given new scenes; he takes them back to

the times when the Modern and Middle Ages meet; to banquets where the gallants drink to their ladies' health; to hunts through castle forests, over hills and through dales, with the baying of hounds and calls of bugles resounding in their ears, whilst on their fervid imaginations he draws pictures of the noble buck, swiftly crossing the moorland, or slowly climbing the heather hills. Ofttimes the company enjoy an excursion; a clear moonlight night is chosen, and all seat themselves in a number of fantastically ornamented boats, the gayest of them all containing the musicians. They skim over the still waters till a hastily constructed pavilion is reached, where, beneath the many-colored lights, to the music of many instruments, they dance till the eastern horizon becomes flushed with light, when, after an inviting spread, they depart, the oars keeping time with the strains of music from the leading boat.

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There is a marked difference between this period of the Middle Ages and the period immediately preceding it. The same spirit controls the men, the same thoughts actuate the women that actuated them a hundred years before; but social relations are more perfect: neighboring lords are friends; they unite in hunts, come together in great feasting, and the tournaments and coats-of-mail are changed for the chase and coats of velvet. No longer does the baron remain with his followers in his fortified castle, emerging to plunder the neighborhood, or wage war against some neighboring castles—a man like him, the terror of his neighborhood; for the people knew that the robber-baron neither gives nor receives quarter. But now the lords spend their time on the race track, or at great shooting matches, interfilling these with all kinds of gayeties and amusements.

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To return to the times of "Ivanhoe." This period takes its name from the grand deeds of chivalry that were everywhere performed; for this reason it is often called the Age of Chivalry. All over the country, the robber-barons, not content with money and plunder, often imprisoned women and children until suitable ransom was forthcoming.

To punish the offenders and to protect the weak, brave young knights, banded or separate, travelled all over the country and set free captive maidens and imprisoned fathers, refusing reward and continuing on their blessed journey. This contrived to break the power of

the robber-barons and to bring society to that stage of perfection which is so much admired in "Kenilworth."

"Kenilworth" comes nearer to our own times without losing its romantic flavor. Still there are great gatherings; but the lists are now the great ball-rooms, thronged by the nobility, all contesting for the dancer's crown; at all times the air resounds with sweet music, and contests with the sword, if, indeed, there be any, are held in secluded spots with no witnesses save two or four seconds.

The lord's pride are his stables and his kennels; he daily visits both, and spares neither pains nor money that he may excel his comrades in the quality of each. Their records and pedigrees are his boast; he keeps neither less carefully than did Sheik Ilderim the Generous keep the genealogy of his four precious bays. He knows the records and prizes won by others and compares them with his. Under him are many tenants who till his lands and eke out a comfortable existence—where the master and his friends hold their feasting, there the servants have great merry-making.

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Sir Walter Scott's novels are thoroughly permeated with Goethe's "Götz Von Berlichingen." His surroundings were well adapted to his nature. In his baronial hall he collected all those knightly equipments, his descriptions of which are so accurate and so much admired. These naturally gave a peculiar bent to his thoughts; yet we are lost in admiration when we view the beauty and simplicity of his style.

In "Rob Roy" he lays the scene of his romance in a new region; in "Ivanhoe" he takes the reader to eastern England, in the neighborhood of York; in "Waverly" one meets the people of the Lowlands of Scotland; in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" the scene is laid in Northumbria and in the Lothians; but in "Rob Roy" he takes one to the Highlands, and presents to one the lives and consequently the romances of the banded people who claim their barren hills.

It differs greatly from the romance of the English. The Highland's tournaments differ from those of the Lowlands: the picked men of two contending tribes are matched, man for man; and each, armed with his claymore, advances to a miniature battle, witnessed by the two tribes. They fight until all on one side are slain, when the victors are led home in joy, where they are honored by feasts and praised by minstrels.

Like their neighbors, they are fond of the

chase; but, unlike them, they are always united under some recognized chieftain, never being, like the knights errant, single. But if there is any work to be done, any plan to be carried out, a suitable number of men are appointed to accomplish it, though they die in the attempt.

They obtain their living by plundering the Lowlands; they admit few strangers to their hills, and ask hospitality from no one—they take it. Nevertheless, if a stranger is admitted within their domains, such hospitality is accorded him as subjects ne'er gave king. Their chieftain's word is law; no one disputes it; and he is the especial object of their respect and affection; the centre of their hopes, whose interests they must advance, though it be at the expense of their own.

But in Scot or Englishman the spirit was that of the romance, which, acting on two distinct peoples, though the immediate results were different, produced, when viewed through the calm of a half score of centuries, the same final result on human society.

H. MITCHELL, '94.

Suggested by Addison.

I have found expressed in one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator* what I have often thought, but have never been able to express. Thoughts are continually passing through the mind of a boy which at the time he does not heed, but which, a few days later, some one says in a newspaper paragraph. He sees what he might himself have done had he forced his imagination to work instead of letting it languish in idleness.

The substance of this paper is that one who is oddly proportioned may, by jesting on his own peculiarities, attract the respect and even esteem of others who, at first sight, were tempted to ridicule him. This, indeed, is not so singular as it appears. A good-natured, bow-legged fellow, with careless aspect and uncouth manners, is always acceptable to children; and his blood-curdling adventures which excite awe in them are none the less amusing to older persons. One who is able to laugh at a joke at his own expense is seldom without friends.

People often consider their own peculiarities and imperfections; but because they find it rather hard to eliminate them from themselves, they cease to let them disturb their minds.

A man who has ever attempted to subjugate nature will tell you that there is nothing harder to accomplish. The youth who seldom attempts to curb his passions because most youths in

general seek notoriety, and are at the very height of their ambition when, in the presence of their fellows, they may talk boldly to their superiors. Bold talk, which in youth is thought manly, at a later stage of life appears in its true colors. Then the youthful practice has become a habit, as do all practices, and one finds that all the strength of nature is unable to erase it.

There is another habit to which one may attribute much unpopularity: that of frowning. Of all the faults that harrass the countenance of youth this is to be most dreaded; for if a person whose nature it is to frown does not exert every effort to the utmost he will invariably appear old before his time. Furthermore, there is nothing that is more detested by the people at large than a man with a sarcastic countenance. On the other hand, there is, evidently, nothing more desirable and welcome than the company of one whose features are always smiling, and whose thoughts and expressions are humorous.

If a youth is able to correct the faults of temper, and to bring his impetuous nature under subjection, he has excellent grounds to hope for peace in old age.

Everyone has, no doubt, at some time in his life, studied his features and observed the good and bad parts. Some have thought their noses too stubby, others their lips too thick; one has observed this, another that; but in the end it matters little whether we are black, or white, or yellow; attractive, bold, or sheepish; there are good lives for all, and Heaven makes no distinction. It will be observed also that strong ties of affection and love exist not only between the most beautiful and witty, but also between the rough and uncouth; for where is he who would trade his little "red-headed, freckled-face brats" for the most attractive child on earth?

The study of elocution, if carried to extremes in early youth, is as severe on the countenance as the habit of frowning. There is, evidently, nothing better for a boy of seventeen than elocution, provided he has sufficient good-sense to avoid it in everyday life. Nothing can be more disgusting than to see a student with his face covered with most horrible grimaces while he is expressing some trivial occurrence.

It is singular that in a university there are so many more "cracked" tragedians—of whom the writer is himself a member—than comedians. The reason, no doubt, is that in the latter case, one would most certainly be considered a fool, whereas in the former, fools consider one a hero.

One finds among the crowd at college, persons who are popular, not because they have an uncommon amount of good-sense, but because their foolish jest amuses others. While these persons never lack friends, because, generally, they are so good-natured as to offend no one, still they are always considered by many as fit for nothing more than amusement for others.

A. PRICHARD, '95.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 1, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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## Father Nugent's Lecture.

Father Nugent, well remembered from his lecture of last year, appeared again amongst us on the 25th ult., to delight us with his oratory. To an enthusiastic and appreciative audience he delivered his best and most popular lecture, "THE LOST CONFESSIONAL."

The speaker introduced his subject by cleverly contrasting the "Campaign Confessional" and that established by Jesus Christ over nineteen hundred years ago. The one, he said, was issued as soon as a candidate for president was nominated, and went on running for months, saying all it could to blacken his character. It is the negative of the true confessional, or Catholic tribunal of penance. Just as in the negative of your picture all that is white is going to be black, so in it all the white must become black. There is one peculiarity about Christ's confessional: it never grows old. It has always that newness about it which creates interest; and when it is announced for a lecture, it invariably attracts. It gives one solace that nothing else will tender, namely, it raises man from the depths of sin and reconciles him with his God.

It is one of the first institutions the child learns of its Church. At its mother's knee it is taught who must know its sins and to whom it must commend its soul in purity. With perverts it is the first institution that goes; by converts

it is the last taken up. Nearly every priest can tell when a man is becoming unsound by the infrequency of his approach to the confessional. Some hold their pews for a time, others sing in the choir; but they are seen to come less and less often to this institution, and by and by they are missed altogether; but you are not surprised; their palpable weakness has prepared you.

Then there's another question: many Catholics do not know enough about it. They are not able to answer their beliefs, and their opponents put forth all the arguments in the campaign document. Then people say: "All you have to do is to confess and you are forgiven. You may do anything and come forth from that Catholic confessional replenished with graces and purity." Now this is a prevarication, since the Church has never taught that through, in, or by *confession* sins are forgiven. There are six component parts that go to make a confession valid. Of these three belong to the penitent and three are the Church's. Unless all six of these duties are complied with, the confession is null. Just the same as though a child should receive half of a dollar divided in three pieces. The donor keeps the other half of the dollar also divided into three pieces. Now when the child returns with but two of his pieces and tries to make the dollar with the notch in it weigh a dollar, he fails. The same way should the discrepancy be upon the side of the donor, it would not look a dollar, weigh a dollar, and would not be a dollar. This is just the illustration of confession. If one who had injured us should fall down before us and have sorrow would we not forgive him? Then, is the human heart more merciful than the Heart of God?

The complaint again made by non-Catholics is that "Confession is opposed to conscience. You have to give your conscience to the Pope when you enter that Church. When you kneel before the priest it is absolutely impossible to keep your conscience." Now a man may have a five-hundred dollar watch and yet feel no trepidation or humiliation in stopping before the town clock to set it. When he is out in the woods and has no time-piece to compare it with then he is obliged to go by it, be it fast or slow. But when this man, on returning, nears the city and meets children just out from school—four o'clock—hears the four o'clock train whistle, and further on sees the town clock, then that man is bound to set his watch forward or backward if it is wrong until it registers the same time that the town clock



and thousand things about him tell him it is. If he does not this, then he is not an honest man, or else he is out of his mind. You know when your conscience is right or wrong; and when you kneel before a priest he does nothing more than hold up the moral dial to you, and you are to set your conscience by it when you have explained to him how much you are wrong.

Again, "a place in the affairs of this country is not given to a man who gives his conscience to a foreign potentate. What authority has one man, what power to forgive the sins of another? Where is there any such commission in the Scriptures?" In St. Matthew, xviii., 18, we read: "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." Again, in St. John, xx., 22-23, it reads: "And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and He said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." It has been denied that Christ meant any such "charter" for the Church by these words; but the clearest, best English we have is to be found in the Bible.

In article I., Section 5th, of the United States Constitution we read: "The House of Representatives shall choose their own speaker and other officers, and shall have sole power of impeachment." Here is a plain declaration in plain language. There has never stood upon the senate floor a man who asked for the explanation of that section. It means what it says. Notwithstanding the fact that no man denies the lucidity of this Constitution, a large portion denies the confessional. When we ask the Protestants what it *does* mean they say: "It means it has the right to inflict spiritual punishment."

There's no place where the human intellect gambols so near the edge of insanity as when it tries to build up or tear down religion. Here *we* wake up after twelve centuries of ignorance and are told that the Catholic Church has not been reading the Scriptures correctly. Old lawyers say that when a man begins his case with a falsehood he is willing and sure to maintain it all through.

In Germany, in the fifth century, we read that the Council appointed that each regiment of soldiers should have a priest with it to hear confessions. We take the fifth century because it was nearer the Apostles, and the language of the Apostles at that time was the *living* language. In the days of Tertullian, Chrysostom,

Augustine and Clement the children played marbles in Hebrew; women stood at the front gate and criticised other women in the most classical Greek; men drove horses in Latin. But now it is with the aid of a big dictionary that a few difficult sentences are gotten out, and then the Doctors dispute over the root words.

In reading of the Resurrection we learn more from doubting Thomas than from the other eleven. For we meet people who always say they would like to have been there to ask this and ask that. "Well," we say "there is no need of your bothering yourself about that, you were well represented by Thomas." So it is fortunate that so many, in fact all of our doctrines have been denied at times, by doctors, learned men and emperors, for they have been the better tried. We have the infallibility of the Pope as an example in the present age. There was an old man with the light of the 19th century glaring on him, in a country not favorable to us, sitting on the throne of Cæsar declaring himself infallible in matters of faith. A hush came over the world when this was announced. Everyone stood in breathless suspense awaiting to hear the first to answer it. It came at last in the form of a pamphlet from one whose pen was to England what the sword of Goliath was to the Philistines. In the most classical manner Gladstone proved the absurdity of the Papal infallibility. He had all the nations before him. "No one can answer him," was the general cry; "the Papal power will fall." But they had not ceased tossing their caps up in their wild enthusiasm when such men as Newman, Manning and Vaughan shook the subject of their glee with reason strong and clear until it tottered and fell, with every question answered, every false premise shown. In two thousand years from now, when the English language will be a dead language, and our race of to-day will be of the "worshipped past," I believe, said the speaker, that some people, by the aid of a big dictionary, will dig out this question and conclude that the Americans were a too liberty-loving people ever to have entrammelled themselves in those sophisms. They will take from the dusty pigeon holes of some desk manuscripts Gladstone *vs.* Papacy which will support them in the conclusion.

But now let us go back to the fifth century and take from the dusty pigeon holes of Catholic archives old cases: Damasus *versus* Apollinaris; St. Augustine *versus* Pelagian heresy; St. Cyril *versus* Nestorian heresy; this one *versus* some other heresy, and so on. Now St. Augustine had heard of it, for he says: "Let no

man tell me that when I go to confession *in a room*—alone, by myself—it is sufficient, God will hear me. Don't tell me Jesus Christ talked nonsense; He did if this be true; for it was to His apostles He gave the power to forgive sins."

When a sheriff is invested with the power to arrest a man to maintain the public peace, it would appear uncommonly foolish to go to the blacksmith and say, "here, when you see any one disorderly, or violating the laws, you just arrest him, and the Government will back you."

Tertullian said: "The penalty is a heavy one, and confession was never made for pleasure." St. Gregory said: "Confess your sins to a priest." Non-Catholics say too: "You have all your documents in Latin; your theology, your Gospels in Latin; why don't you bring it out so every one can read it?" We do, but the world dare not throw light upon it. There are two points that will always support us: 1st, Christ came on earth to redeem man from sin and establish a church; 2d, He was a Divine person, and must have known what kind of church He wanted.

Among non-Catholics not such good evidence of the difficulty of confession is to be obtained as among bad Catholics. Sometimes we meet young men who have been away to these *non-sectarian* schools, who, when little boys, were pious and regular in the observance of their duties; who knelt before the altar and examined their consciences; now they have allowed the infidelity of their college orators to creep into their minds, and are guided by this Lethe that drips in the flowing cup of pleasure. They are conscious that the sweetness of that drink comes from the loosening of their passions. You meet one of these, and he explains his absence from the tribunal of penance by telling you he has been reading, and has come to the conclusion that one church is as good as another. To your natural query, "Then, why not come still to the Catholic Church?" he informs you that one church is as good as another, but one church is not as easy as another. If Christ were to descend amongst us he could not give us a better evidence of the difficulty of confession. It is an institution that either *makes* young men better, or drives them away from the Church to an easier one. There is not one young man that has left the Catholic Church who will not tell you that confession was at the bottom of the trouble. It is like the smugglers from Oregon to Maine. There is not one who will tell you the Custom House is unconstitutional; but each one concedes it is a nuisance to a man trying to make his living by

smuggling. So the confessional is the death-dealer to any one living in sensual pleasure and evil. That's why it never was popular and never can be.

Take a hospital where suffering human beings are lying in agonies of pain or dying by inches, yielding to some parasitic germ. Let a long-faced charlatan come in and, with a scented handkerchief to his nose; read an extended essay on hygiene. Then some emaciated person, in the last stages of a wasting fever, will rise up from his heated couch and exclaim: "Put out that impostor! Give us a doctor who seeks to relieve us through medicine!" There you have the patient who cries for the *remedy*. He knows not what it is. God knew the infirmities of this world when He came, and to heal them He left this remedy—the confessional.

Imagine a father coming out in the morning, stepping forth upon the veranda, drinking in the beauty of a fresh morning, and seeing three or four ruddy-faced, happy children playing, running about on the lawn, their hearts as light and lives gay with as many bright colors as the wings of the butterfly they chase. He watches them, he praises his God who rewards him with such comfort and bids his home be constantly filled with joys. But, turning to the end of the porch, he sees sitting there his crippled child, in resignation watching its brothers and sisters indulging in their childish mirth. His heart swells with pity and love as he takes the child to his arms. He looks into the pale face and innocent blue eyes with wondrous tenderness and says: "My child, I will give you two things: you shall have all the love that can come from a father's heart, and an iron shoe as strong as your little ankle will bear." The doctor comes and fits the iron shoe, and twists the little ankle until the thin white hands of the child are clutched with a convulsive strength, as its delicate veins swell to a purple fulness about the withered limb, the oozing blood, the wild, pleading look it gives its mother tell of its suffering.

Now when Christ came upon this earth He came to give all He could to His crippled child—man. He gave him the love of a God and the strongest iron shoe his conscience could bear. The world knows this. But yet oftentimes it is forced to testify to the power and efficacy of this institution and the wonderfully salutary influence it exercises. An Episcopal minister said once to his congregation in Boston: "I positively am unable to deter the people from that one sin of child-slaughter. The accursed Church of Rome possesses the only machinery

to grapple with that sin." If these founders and fanatics find a void in society that their efforts towards a new religion cannot fill, let them remember they robbed their adherents of it when they led them away from the true Church. Christ filled this void when He was amongst us. But they think that hand-to-hand way the Catholics have is too much. They would have a preacher who will stand at one end of the church and telephone what is right. They would hear eloquent sermons, meaningless bursts of oratory, an elaborate disquisition on the wood of Aaron's rod—whether it was witch hazel or bamboo.

Sometimes members come to us with papers. "Father, here is an article against the confessional. Why don't you answer it?" We do answer these every day: the number of Catholic churches in a city like Chicago answers it; 50,000 children attending parochial schools, there is an answer. The light in the church all night long is answer. The horny-handed son of toil coming in to confession at the hour of twelve is an answer. The crowded Communion rail on Sunday morning is another answer. All this going from morning until night, like so much machinery, is the answer. We answer our non-Catholic friends so well that they organize against us; it is only our Catholic friends we have to answer verbally.

"Where's the power?" they say. Our enemies say "it's the education of the clergy"; but the laity is becoming equally as well educated. "The Jesuits"; but they are only three hundred years old, and we got along just as well before them. "The ignorance of the laity, domination of the Pope, etc."—such power would have long ago disappeared if it had been vested in man.

But if God endures us when we offend Him why should not we endure Him when He tries us. Says St. Augustine: "No power can absolve you so long as you are not penitent." The confessional is an institution that was never made for pleasure, but it is the iron shoe God left to His crippled world. L. M.

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#### The Man in the Tower.

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We have often heard the wise ones say: "Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are;" but have we ever stopped to consider how false has been the wide-spread application of that bearded adage? Perhaps not; and that is the reason why so many uncharitable persons have clear sailing when they propound their syllogisms to the disadvantage

and disrepute of those who have deviated from the high road of virtue. And on this very point despicable fault-finders have, more than once, worked evil in the very ranks of the "fallen." I have no kind regard for the man who says: "Show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are." And I hold that he is intolerable and should not be listened to if he pronounces judgment against me for the sole reason that I associate with a person of a character more impeachable than mine. On what grounds does he pass judgment? By the very tone of his remarks I am led to suppose that such connections are detrimental to my moral welfare; therefore I must sever these connections. My former companion must leave me and, returning to his kind, go back to that stage of impeccability whence he late had striven to arise. I must pass my days with the upright and respected; he is denied associations that may encourage him in pursuit of the good. No longer can I be a source of edification to him. I have none to influence for the better, no mission to fulfil.

\* \* \*

Oh, no! this is, by no means, the proper spirit with which to look upon such associations. It strikes me as very queer that these inconsiderate fault-finders, or rather spiritual advisers—whose advice is not solicited—never take a point of view favorable to the erring companion. They never stop a minute to think and say to themselves: "So, John spends his spare moments with you! He must have turned over a new leaf. There is something good in him, after all. If he were really bad he would associate only with those who are of the same calibre." That is just the point: the good boy is going with bad boys, but *vice versa, never!* There is a mistake somewhere, and the sooner it is corrected, the better for humanity. *Verbum sapientibus.*

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Horrors! Yesterday I met a genuine *rara avis*—a giggling boy. Did I run away? Nay, nay! I have always given full vent to my curiosity, and, moreover, I take a great interest in the "queer" things of this life; so I followed this fellow around for the short space of two hours and never was I so strongly tempted to break the Fifth Commandment. I heard him giggle and giggle until I wished that he would goggle and gaggle his head off. He went to class and he entered with a giggle; he took a seat and he sat down with a giggle; the teacher asked him a question, and he answered with a giggle. Well, he giggled at the boys, at the

lesson, at the teacher; and when the hour was up, the last we heard of him, oh, my! was a giggle.

I have heard of the giggling girl. She is a fixed institution; but when the boy, the precursor of man, develops into an insipid, nonsensical giggler, we may look to Darwin and say: Oh, illustrious scientist! thou hast not theorized in vain.

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I was once asked the question: "When, during the twenty-four hours, do students make the greatest noise?" Humorously inclined, I answered: "When they are asleep." Afterwards, reflecting on my reply, and calling to mind years of experience, I found that my answer was more serious than funny.

The greater number of our noted six hundred repose nightly in dormitory halls, and it is a pleasing sight, while the gas is burning, to behold the large, airy rooms with row after row of downy beds in snowy linen draperies, and each cot with its resting occupant fast dropping away to the "Land of Nod." The lights are turned out; darkness envelops the scene, and silence reigns supreme. The moments pass. Off in the north corner of the room comes a noise like a summer zephyr blowing from the Orient. Sounds arise in the centre, and gradually rumbling noises resound from cot to cot, and the quiet sleeper is disturbed, then awakened, by this grand, inharmonious snoring chorus. To the suddenly awakened sleeper, it calls to mind a storm, and he looks about but the curtained windows tell no tale. Soon the real cause of the disturbance dawns upon him; and as the long hours drag along and he is kept awake, he prays for no other relief but the dawn of day.

The cruel snorer seems to revel in his fiendish act. Often have I lain awake hours, hoping for something to turn up and end his nerve-grating snores. At times the Angel of Sleep would seem to answer my wishes and the fellow would quiet down for a minute, but to come out stronger than before. There is no hopes where the snorer be, and I can well imagine Hades to be a pit full of sleepy mortals kept awake by snoring devils. The snorer is a fiend of the cannibal type; and in some states a divorce will be granted on the grounds of snoring, and I am tempted to say it wouldn't be against the natural law either. I believe I have put it strong enough for the young men who are matrimonially inclined. If you snore you are handicapped for life.

#### The Columbians.

The report of our drama presented on St. Patrick's Day was far from being as correct as it might have been in justice to all concerned therein. No play was ever gotten up at Notre Dame with such short time for preparation, nor under so many disadvantages; and then, in addition to our annoyances to have our patience tried by the impertinent patronizing of the critic,—really, this was too much!

In regard to the critic's estimate of my own rôle, I can only apply the lines in which Tennyson once answered a critic. They run something like this:

"When I found from whence it came,  
I forgave you all the blame;  
I could not forgive the praise, Fusty Christopher.

And it even seems that in the estimate our production sinned no less against historical accuracy than against the canons of art. In our innocent ignorance we did not know we were presenting that wicked travesty that historians have labelled "Louis XI." We never realized that the "salient characteristic" of this dear departed holy man "really was his broad devotion." How could we know this? There is not even an old shoe of his in the museum. There must be some mistake about his really having been a good man. I fear the critic's historical authorities are unreliable.

But even our scenic artist—poor old gentleman, he is dead!—received his slap at the critic's hands. To have the "chateau scene" described as a "market scene" would have been too much for even his patient soul; and it is well, perhaps, after all, that his spirit has gone where critics cease from troubling him.

It was evident to Mr. Healy's friends that he was *not* at his best, and Mr. Healy himself probably feels the SCHOLASTIC'S "write-up" more than anyone else. He had been ill for some time previous to the play, and with little time for preparation could not, under the circumstances, be at his best. Though he filled his rôle excellently, yet it was possible for him to do much better. Messrs. Ansberry and Dinkel were not even mentioned; both deserve much praise, especially Mr. Ansberry, who was one of the best in the cast. Messrs. Funke, Powers and Stanton, though new to the stage, surprised many of their friends by their acting. Stage manager Schaack and his efficient aids, Messrs. Luther and Schillo should not have been forgotten; for to them is due a great deal of the credit of the glory.

H. O'D.

## Exchanges.

The University of Nebraska is well represented by the *Hesperian*. The literary articles are always worth looking into, and the editorial work is of a high order.

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Speaking of editorial work, the *Dickinson Liberal* keeps fully abreast of the times. There were indications, we think, in the March number that the leaders were all done by one hand; but the quality was good, and the disposition to note editorially subjects of current interest is so rare among college papers as to be doubly commendable in the *Liberal*.

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"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, in speaking of the *Journal* lately, referred to it as from Maryland. Such is fame."—*Georgetown College Journal*.

The inference here is incorrect. The *Journal* is famous and deservedly so (barring, of course, its lack of clothing). When we referred to Georgetown as existing in "the climate of Maryland," we knew, to be sure, that the college was really in the District of Columbia. But we did *not* know that the District had any climate of its own; we thought it wasn't large enough to have any, and that it borrowed the climate of Maryland or the other State, according as the wind blew.

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The *University of Chicago Weekly* makes an auspicious beginning in college journalism by publishing a series of articles by college presidents. Thus far the readers of the *Weekly* have no reason to feel disappointed.

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It is a notable fact that in proportion as our exchanges are readable and intellectual, they are also tolerant and unprejudiced. And in proportion as writers are inferior and illiterate, do they delight in scaring up the mouldy ghosts of such questions as the "Dangers of Romanism" and "Rome and our Public Schools." In its current issue the *Argo-Reporter*, which, by the way, has seen better days, permits a poor freshman to air his views on these imaginary difficulties. Now the *Argo-Reporter* cannot afford to compromise Washburn College by dishing up such filthy messes to its readers. Then there are other considerations. A hundred colleges in the United States have this week received the impression that the student body of Washburn is made up of sickly youths, with neither education nor a mind to receive it. Is that impression to remain?

## Books and Periodicals.

A HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM.  
By Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, A. B. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Through some mischance we have been unable to notice earlier this charming book, written by an *alumnus* of Fordham on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the college. The error was not over-serious, however, since the book is not a mere memento of a memorable occasion but a volume of universal and permanent interest. We know of few more interesting stories than that comprised in the rise of a great institution of learning, and Fordham's is not by any means the least interesting of histories. In a great measure it may be taken as representative of the history of Catholic education in the United States; for there are few colleges that have done more to further the spread of sound Faith and good morals than St. John's. The present work is done by a kindly and appreciative hand, and we are freely admitted into every corner of a spot that is reminiscent of Washington, Bishop Hughes, Father Thebaud, and Edgar Allen Poe. Every forward step that the institution has taken is pointed out so clearly and with such grace of expression as to attract one powerfully. From the first page, wherein the locality about Fordham is described, even to the last, wherein the present prosperous condition of the college is set forth, there is not one dull or uninteresting page, and the illustrations that accompany the work greatly enhance its interest and worth. We have already, at the proper time, congratulated Fordham on her golden jubilee; we now congratulate her on her historian.

THE REAL THING. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Henry James is one of the most consummate literary artists of our day. Indeed, he could not be the successful author that he is were his art not of supreme excellence. He is of the realistic school, from which anything romantic, anything extravagant, even anything strange or unusual, is banished with the utmost austerity. He cannot depend upon his plot for effect so it is necessary that his art be unimpeachable. The present volume shows Mr. James at his best. It is a collection of fine short stories, and differs from most volumes of short stories by the utter absence of sameness in the tales. When one has read a half dozen of Kipling's stories, one usually guesses how all the others will terminate, and half the beauty of the tale is lost. In Mr. James we have no such indication of

weakness. Each new story is an entirely fresh piece of canvas, and not a mere figure purloined from a former sketch to do service over again. The best of these five tales is the first, from which the book takes its name. "The Real Thing" is the story of an artist and of the models he employs to pose in his studio. Major and Mrs. Monarch are drawn with as firm a hand as the best of Dickens' people; and, doubtless, there will be many to say that even Dickens would not have read the hearts of this interesting couple so truly and so sympathetically as Mr. James. He has given us pathos that is not morbid with geniality that is not trivial. Altogether, it is one of the best short stories that Mr. James has given us, and that is saying much.

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Personals.

—Mrs. J. Sherman, of Somonauk, Ill., visited her son L. Sherman, of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. C. O. Patier, of Carroll, Ill., and son Earl, visited Charles, of Brownson Hall.

—Henry Bachman (St. Edward's Hall, '79) called at the University last week. He has a little son three years of age whom he hopes to send to St. Edward's Hall before many years.

—The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, '65, Rector of Annunciation Church, Chicago, and the Rev. J. M. Cassidy, Raphoe, Ireland, were welcome visitors to Notre Dame during the week.

—The speech of the evening at the banquet on St. Patrick's Day in Kalamazoo was that made by Mr. James G. Henley, of the University, who eloquently responded to the toast, "The Day we Celebrate."

—Bennie Morris (St. Edward's Hall, '76) visited his old teachers and friends last Sunday. Mr. Morris formerly lived in Jackson, Miss. He is now located in Chicago, where he is connected with the Pan Handle Railway lines. He informs us that his brother William, who was a student here for many years, is now living in Memphis, Tenn. We hope Mr. Morris will soon call again.

—A party of young ladies from Jackson, Mich., in charge of Sisters Generosa and Benigna, were here on Thursday visiting the University and St. Mary's Academy. The party included Misses Anna Kennedy, Lena Bunbury, Agnes McGram, Kittie Bate, Kittie Barry, May and Jesse McQuellan, Anna Barron, Maggie Brocker, Ella Tyne, Susie McConnell, Bernadette and Blanche Johnson.

—One of the most brilliant celebrations of the festival of the Apostle of Ireland in the West was that which took place at Grand Rapids, Mich. The Oration of the Day was delivered by the Hon. W. J. Onahan, LL. D., '76. *The Michigan Catholic* says:

"The premier Catholic layman of America," as Mr.

Onahan is called, was given an enthusiastic welcome as he advanced briskly to the front of the platform and faced a sympathetic and expectant audience. He is a little man of sixty odd years, though he does not look to be fifty. His face is pale and thin, and his well-shaped head is crowned with a thin covering of light brown hair, which is slightly flecked with silver. His eyes are bright and his glances penetrating. There is much of the student look about him, yet for years he has been wholly engrossed in municipal work, having served for several terms as City Clerk, City Recorder and City Comptroller of Chicago. Mr. Onahan's address was a splendid effort—worthy of the orator and of the occasion."

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Local Items.

—Easter.

—Alleluia!

—Base-ball.

—'Am and heggs.

—Do rosebuds come out April 1?

—Have you joined the "sissy" club?

—Spring's delights are now returning.

—"Pullability" is being well developed.

—The Whitney Mockridge Co. next Monday.

—Sir John thinks he will have to go into training.

—Sandy has taken flight again for an indefinite period. What next?

—The new hand balls make things lively around the numerous alleys.

—The new Manual Labor School will be at the World's Fair for criticism.

—Dick wants to know if the "Man in the Tower" resides in the Observatory.

—Our genial pressman says that Shakspeare was not a printer, but a roller-maker!

—Captain Brown, of the Carroll specials, found it necessary to purchase a No. 18 hat.

—Mr. Thomas Cavanagh has been elected Captain of the anti-specials of Carroll Hall.

—Richard wishes to inform his admirers that hereafter his desk will not be a receptacle for mice.

—Dick claims to have belonged to the Salvation Army. Present indications prove his assertion.

—Messrs. Coady, Kennedy and Kirby had full charge of the Law class study-hall during the past week.

—Mr. Jos. Cooke was presented with a fine book of Dr. Egan's for producing the most musical line in "Evangeline." He was closely contested.

—The St. Joseph's Hall boys have organized a military company, and will give a free exhibition in Washington Hall at some future time. Success to them!

—Mr. P. M. Walker is now a permanent resident of Carroll Hall. Beyond a little limp and unshaved moustache, he bears few traces of his recent serious illness.

—The members of the football team have

had their photographs taken singly by Rev. J. Kirsch during the past week, and will soon be able to exchange with their many admirers.

—A concert by the band is one of the treats in store for the music-loving students soon. Rehearsals are being held daily, and efforts are being made to excel any concert previously given.

—K. wants to inform his friends that his complexion has not changed from violent exercise before meals, as reported, but on account of his being placed between two fires in the study-hall.

—The boat crews are now being selected, with every indication of stronger crews than those of last year. Several have made application for membership, and active training will commence soon.

—Everyone rejoiced to see Rev. Vice-President Morrissey around again during the week, his genial presence enlivening everything as usual. He is now happily convalescent, and has resumed his old-time duties.

—Brother Valerian received, on last Monday, several thousand stamps from John Mulqueen, the son of our worthy mechanic who is superintending the galvanized work on the dome. This makes a total of 2900 received from the same person within a month.

—The game of ball Thursday afternoon between the Whites, C. Roby, Capt., and Blacks, R. Healy, Capt., of Brownson Hall, was a walk-away for the Blacks, who won the game by a score of 14 to 2. Batteries: Blacks—Funke and O'Neill; Whites—Bauer, Duff and Maynes.

—We are pleased to announce that the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, will lecture before the students in the very near future. It is sufficient to mention the name of the gifted prelate to assure all who attend of the rare intellectual treat which will be given them.

—The spring meeting of the Athletic Association will be held on Thursday next, when officers will be elected. It is hoped that the meeting will not be marred by any personal dissensions; and that all will unite in electing the best men for the positions, regardless of halls, factions, etc.

—The competitive drill between Co. C and the Sorin Cadets took place in the Minims' play hall Sunday last, and was won by the Minims, Sergeant Gavin, of the Sorin Cadets, winning both the drill of the Cadets and the combined one, Maternes and Blumenthal carried off the honors of Co. C. Captains Coady and Quinlan deserve great credit for the proficiency shown by the members.

—The first regular meeting of the Brownson Hall Tennis Club was held Saturday, March 25. The election of officers resulted as follows: Director, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. S.; President, P. Foley; Secretary, T. Quinlan; Treasurer, W. Wilkin. W. Freytag and O. Schmidt were

admitted to membership and the work with regard to benches and grounds has been deferred until next meeting.

—Professor Edwards, Director of the historical collection, has sent an order to Italy for a life-size portrait in oil of the late Mother Mary of St. Angela, who was one of the most untiring and self-sacrificing benefactors of our University during its years of struggle with poverty and adversity. Mother Angela's name is indelibly marked on the annals of Notre Dame, and it is fitting that her portrait should be placed in the national gallery of noble Catholic men and women who have labored well for Church and country.

—The ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out with all the solemnity which the beautiful liturgies of the Church require. The services at the *Tenebræ* on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings were very impressive, especially the harmonized *Lamentations* were rendered in a manner perfectly in keeping with the pathetic nature of the words, while the cultivated voices gave skilful interpretation to the sad but attractive music. On the mornings of Holy Thursday and Good Friday Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby officiated at the solemn Masses. The singing of the *Passion* on Palm Sunday and Good Friday was particularly fine. At the repository of the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the altar was richly and harmoniously decorated with myriads of lights and the choicest natural flowers in abundance. All who assisted at the ceremonies during the week could not fail to be deeply impressed and carry with them sentiments that will not soon be obliterated. This (Holy Saturday) morning the solemn ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. P. P. Klein.

—On last Sunday evening the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association met in regular session. The work and subject of the evening's debate was the advantage of the society soon giving a public entertainment in Washington Hall. After a warm discussion it was decided that said entertainment should occur some time in the latter part of next month, and to consist of music and a debate by six members of the society. These young orators' names are Messrs. Bolton, Dacy, McAuliff, DuBrul, Raney and Sinnott. By a motion Mr. Hugh O'Donnell was requested to end the programme with a declamation. A programme committee, consisting of Messrs. Ahlrichs, Flannigan, McGarrick, Correll and Cummings, and an arrangement committee, including Messrs. Joslyn, Dechant, Crawley, Langan and Mitchell, were appointed for the occasion. H. Ferneding, as President of the society, will hold the position of honor and represent the members by an able address. We must remark here that Mr. Ferneding deserves much praise for the interest he has taken in the society and its high degree of excellence which is mainly the result of his efforts. The

Philodemics are doing some wonderfully good work of late, and they are certainly a power,—judging by the cleverness of its members and its prosperity,—toward realizing that which is the end of all students—a practical education.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahrlichs, Bolton, Brown, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, J. Fitzgerald, Jewett, Kearney, F. Keough, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, Powers, Ragan, Raney, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Brinen, Barton, Beck, Brennen, Burns, Brady, Berggren, Baldwin, A. Corry, C. Corry, Covert, Colby, Chassaing, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Chidester, Croxton, Conger, Devanney, Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsev, Delaney, Dillon, Duffield, Eyanson, Eyke, Esgen, Foley, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, A. Flynn, J. Flynn, Foster, Feeney, Freytag, Guerra, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Jacobs, Jordan, Kelly, Kirby, W. Kennedy, M. Kenny, Kearns, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Kuhn, Karasynski, J. Kennedy, Leonard, Libert, Lennon, Murray, McCuddy, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, McCullough, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, McCarthy, Magnus, McGarry, O'Connor, O'Shea, Pulskamp, Prichard, Perkins, Patier, Quinlan, Rice, E. Roby, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, C. Roby, Reis, Stanton, Schueler, Shermann, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Vignos, Vurpillat, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bacon, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, Coolidge, Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Carney, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, DeLormier, Dutt, Freeman, Franke, Fossick, E. Gilbert, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Girardin, F. Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, Harding, A. Hilger, Heizman, Jones, Janssen, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levi, M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, Marre, Mills, Marr, Miles, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, C. Meyers, R. Miers, S. McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, H. Martin, J. J. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reber, Roesing, Sievers, Stearns, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Spiegel, Schaack, Stephens, Sparks, Segenfelter, Sharp, Strauss, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, Yingst, York.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, Barrett, Bourgeois, Brown, Crandall, Curry, Corry, Cross, Croke, F. Campau, D. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corcoran, Cressey, Durand, Devine, Elliott, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Eagle, Egan, Engelhardt, Finnerty, Flynn, Feltenstein, Freeman, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Ives, Johntry, Jones, Rilgallen, LaMoure, Langley, Lawton, Loomis, Lysle, Lohner, Lowrey, Maritzen, Morris, McAllister, Minnigerode, McGushin, McCorry, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, McDonald, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, Pyle, Pieser, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roesing, Rohrbach,

Robb, V. Romero, A. Romero, Roache, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Shillington, Segenfelter, Schneider, Shipp, Trankle, U. Thompson, L. Thompson, Wilcox, Wells.

Watertown Correspondence.

WATERTOWN, WIS., March 19, 1893.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

On the evening of Wednesday, the 16th, the members of the St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Society of the College of the Sacred Heart gave their annual entertainment in the College Hall. With excellent accommodation, the *desideratum* as regards acoustics, a large stage and beautiful scenery, but lately arrived from the World's Fair City, nothing was wanting to render the event as grand a success as the Faculty and the many friends of this seat of learning could desire.

A few moments after eight the curtain rose, and Mr. Ed. Walsh, the orator of the day, stepped forth. He spoke all through in a very manly, forcible manner; his Celtic nature seeming to lend a special charm to the polish of his eloquent oration. A special attraction followed—the Apollo Quartette, who very kindly offered their assistance. Without a doubt, their singing was superb, the rendition of the "Hunter's Farewell" calling forth an *encore*. Nor were their other pieces between the acts of the play any the less meritorious, showing the singers to be real artists and devotees of Polyhymnia.

The drama presented was "The Malediction." The rôle of "Alonzo" was filled by Mr. J. Geraghty, who proved himself worthy to portray the most difficult part. His impersonation of the unhappy son lured away from the joys of home and religion by a wily courtier; of the youth who, cursed by his aged father, wanders aimlessly with blasted hopes; of the penitent prodigal dying in his father's arms, was very effective.

Mr. Ed. Walsh as "Don Vasco de Gomez," showed great dramatic ability; one thought he saw the real "Vasco," who loved his God and native land so dearly.

Mr. J. Stone, as "Tarik," seemed quite at home in the difficult scenes and always made a good impression on his audience. "Pedrillo," was well characterized by Mr. G. Cooper who brought down the house betimes with his salient humor. As "Pedro," M. Hierlihy was seen at his best, doing meet justice to his former reputation in the theatrical line. All were pleased with "Lopez" (Mr. C. J. Wiley), whose crafty dissimulation wrought the ruin of the leading character of the play.

The other parts of the cast were filled ably and everything went off beautifully. Without doubt the entertaining Society and their able instructor, Prof. Donohue, deserve the greatest credit for one of the most successful theatricals ever given by the students of the Sacred Heart College.

MCBOKUM.