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Trial and Last Hours of a Queen.

BY JOSEPHUS.

This year records the one hundredth anniversary of a crime, the foulest ever committed in France; a crime of revolting cruelty; a crime which has stained that beautiful land with an ineffaceable blot—the execution of Marie Antoinette.

On October 15, 1793, at nine o'clock in the morning, the disconsolate widow of Louis XVI. is summoned before the tribunal of the blood-thirsty Fouquier Tinville to answer for her life. Accompanied by two lawyers she appears—she, the amiable daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa, once the well beloved and beautiful queen of fair France, the wife of the murdered Louis, the mother of the unhappy Dauphin now called Louis Capet. Her hair, formerly so blonde and the wonder of all Paris for its beauty, is of snowy whiteness, though she has lived but thirty-eight years. Her noble face is pale as death on account of the torments, physical and moral, the starvation and the brutal treatment she has had to endure in the Conciergerie—that strong citadel whose gray towers still frown over the waters of the Seine. To this prison an ungrateful people had confined her, and here she was watched by day and by night like a dangerous animal by brutal officers of justice. Her countenance is furrowed by deep lines, but these serve to heighten the dignity of her features. She wears the black dress in fashion among the *citoyennes* of the Revolution. Her shoulders are covered with a coarse neckerchief

of white color. She sits motionless in an arm-chair, only her fingers are observed to move restlessly. Her attitude is as erect and majestic as if she sat on the royal throne clad in her ermine mantle. The spectators, awed by her noble bearing, whisper to one another their admiration for the afflicted queen.

Marie Antoinette promptly answers all the questions addressed to her, and defends herself bravely against the charges proffered by men whose very faces bespeak crimes of the most abominable nature and countless in number. One question, however, she does not answer. She is accused of having committed an execrable action with the Dauphin in the Temple, the castle where she had been imprisoned before her removal to the Conciergerie. A brute remarks that madame has not yet replied to this charge, and she is questioned a second time.—“Ah, messieurs,” said the sorrow-stricken lady, “I answer not because nature forbids a mother to heed such a charge.” Then, raising her eyes to the galleries where many women witnessed the trial, she exclaims: “I appeal to all mothers present!”

The mock-trial had lasted a day and a night. It was now four o'clock in the morning of the 16th Oct. The jury pronounced her guilty of deeds she never dreamt of, and she was sentenced to die at noon of the same day. She was guilty, however. Was it not the greatest crime one could perpetrate in those days to be wealthy and of noble birth? And Marie Antoinette was an empress' child and the queen of a vast realm. “Has madame any objection to raise against the decision of the jury?” one of the judges queried. A proud shaking of her head, indicative of negation, was her only reply.

Ah, blinded France! Ah, blinded nation! what a curse you load upon your shoulders for the sake of misunderstood Liberty! The blood of this noblest of women be upon you and your children! Know ye not that your victim is the fairest and best and noblest of queens?

Despite some petty failings, Marie Antoinette was a great and noble character. She had never knowingly vexed or wronged anyone; she had heaped benefits upon many of those who now sit in council against her; she had rescued from the horrors of famine many of those *sans-culottes* and *pétroleuses* who now clamor for her life.

Upon re-entering her damp prison, where a continued sojourn alone would have ruined the most vigorous constitution, she begged for pen and ink, and wrote her last letter and will to her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth. This message was never forwarded to the princess. It is still preserved. Every word of it bears testimony to the grandeur of the soul which animated the queen's beautiful form.

One of the priests who had sworn allegiance to the republic was sent to Marie Antoinette; but she refused to admit him, saying she had already confessed to God. Then the poor sufferer laid her weary frame to rest, but only to awake in time to mount the cart of the doomed which was to convey her to the Place de la Révolution. At seven o'clock the executioner Samson entered the queen's apartment. All Paris was astir, and thousands of eager eyes were fixed upon the door of the Conciergerie to see the royal martyr mount the cart. Finally Marie Antoinette appears, dressed in a wretched white garment and a black waist. Her snow-white hair is cut short; for she has already prepared herself so that the executioner may not touch her. Her head is covered with an ordinary cap which she was forced to wear, though she desired to go to the place of doom bare-headed. Her tender hands are bound behind her back with a coarse rope, but her form is stately and majestic. Sitting on the filthy cart she looks like a queen upon a throne. She seems absent-minded, and does not take notice of the howling mob, nor hears she the insulting cries which the blood-thirsty revolutionists utter against the "infamous Austrian." Where are her thoughts? Do they roam through dear Vienna and her imperial mother's court where she spent the happy days of her childhood? Are they in the parks of Trianon, or at the gay festivals in Versailles? Are they with her poor child, now in the hands of a brutal cobbler? Or does she

think of Him who suffered upon the cross for her, and of the happier life into which she is about to enter?

The cart has reached the scaffold. Marie Antoinette ascends the steps rapidly and casts a glance of satisfaction at the blood-stained guillotine. That knife has ended the life of her spouse and of her most intimate friends. Soon it will free her also from the tortures of body and the smarting pains of heart which had fallen to her lot during the latter part of her stay on earth, and which she has so patiently borne. She looks at the Palace of the Tuileries opposite the Place de la Révolution, at the Temple where she was kept under arrest so long, at the surging throngs of raging wolves about her; then delivers herself up to the executioner. She is fastened to the block; the heavy steel slides, and loud cheers of *Vive la République!* rend the air as Samson shows the bleeding head to the assembled mob.

Thus died the best of queens on the same scaffold where, on the 21st of January of that year, her royal spouse had been murdered by the lovers of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

The Utility of Knowing Several Languages.

In the Sacred Text we read that, when after the Deluge men again delivered themselves up to evil ways and attempted in their pride to build a tower whose summit should pierce the skies, God punished them by confusing the tongue which until then had been universally spoken. It is to remedy to some degree the mischief caused by the building of Babel that we study languages.

The advantages derived from this study vary according to the social position and the business relations of a person. Thus the knowledge of French may be extremely useful to one, and of less worth to another to whom Latin and Greek would be of the greatest benefit. The revolution of time has brought the original tongues into disuse and substituted others in their stead. Hence the distinction between dead and modern languages.

To the ordinary man of business in our country a knowledge of Greek and Latin can be of value only to develop and perfect his acquaintance with his mother-tongue, and to cultivate and broaden his intellect. To such a man familiarity with several modern languages

would be of use in this cosmopolitan land of ours. The Germans, the French, the Poles comprise a notable part of the population of the United States. Although, when they step upon our shores these people soon learn to love the land of their adoption and to cherish its language, still they carry in their hearts a natural attachment to the speech of their mothers, and seek the man, both for business and for pleasure, who has interested himself in them and has learned to converse with them in their native tongue.

If acquaintance with modern languages is of such moment to the merchant, it must be of value to the commercial student who intends to seek employment in business pursuits. Salesmen who are able to speak several languages are in demand with every large mercantile establishment to fill positions from the least important to the most responsible.

The traveller also will be more benefited by familiarity with modern than with ancient tongues. Nevertheless, a knowledge of Latin, the source of numerous European languages, would be a help to him for the rapid acquirement of new languages. Acquaintance with the native tongues of the countries through which the traveller passes ensures him the sympathy and good-will of the people, and enables him to study their institutions, arts and customs more closely and with better understanding.

The scholar and in particular the student of literature, considers the study of languages a necessity. The writings of the eminent thinkers of former times and of different nationalities can be duly appreciated only in the original. Demosthenes loses his force when read in any other tongue but his own. Goethe, when translated, becomes distorted and homely. St. Thomas of Aquin can be rightly understood only in Latin. It is thus with every language, even our own; for the beautiful rhythmic verse of Tennyson loses its music when robbed of its English.

To the general reader a knowledge of the ancient languages will prove of wondrous utility. Modern writers have brought into their work many words, phrases and epithets taken from the classics of martial Rome and artistic Greece. In order to read these modern writings with advantage it is necessary to have some knowledge of the masterful productions of the ancient authors.

The philologist and historian must have a knowledge of languages both ancient and modern; for by tracing tongues back to the

parent stock they obtain an insight into the primitive history of man and the conditions social and moral of periods so remote that concerning them no records are extant. History is not a mere narration of events. It teaches also the connection between these happenings, and explains the laws of human progress, the purpose which has run through all ages.

The few instances which I have cited will suggest others to the reader, and will convince him of the importance of studying languages—the ancient, or dead, for the affinity they bear to our own tongues, the modern for immediate and practical use in every walk of life.

L. C. WURZER.

Mrs. Parr's Novel—"Can this be Love?"

Books have ceased to be a luxury. It is not the question to-day whether one can afford a library; the difficulty is in selecting the books. Literature is now so overcrowded with men and women, each anxious to catch the public ear, that books in endless number and variety are monthly poured upon the reading public. From out this literary deluge it is certainly a bewildering task to find the few books that really merit one's attention.

Mrs. Parr's novel, "Can this be Love?"—recently published by Longmans, Greene & Co., New York—is a book worthy of study. The work is full of interest, and the characters are in many ways true to life. It is a simple story prettily told.

Mrs. Parr gives us a charming girl in the heroine, Stella Clarkson. She is not the usual idealistic, supremely good and absolutely perfect creature one is wont to find in novels, but rather a simple, tender-hearted young girl, full of goodness and sympathy and, above all, of a truly loving nature. The constant and fervent love of all for whom she would naturally have affection is her chief charm. Enjoying from childhood all that money gives, growing into womanhood amid refinement and luxury, with plenty of leisure to indulge individual tastes and inclinations, and surrounded by people who are anxious that she should forget her former self and her family—which is of the middle English class—yet she never loses for a moment her love for her father and mother, for her sisters and brother. She is separated from them socially, intellectually. There is nothing in common between them save this one bond,

love; and for this tie she sacrifices all, even her marriage engagement. Her devotion to her mother and family alone would make her the noble, pure-hearted girl she is. But not only in this relation does she show her charming personality; in her love and gratitude to her guardian, Mrs. Stapleton, in her courtship with Vivian, and finally in her marriage with Maynard Rodney, she is ever the same simple, tender-hearted, loving girl.

Vivian Stapleton, the æsthetic young man, an ardent student of art, and the idol of an over-indulgent mother, is, perhaps, a little beyond the natural. His egotism and its results, however, make him an interesting study. "In reality Vivian Stapleton was not far removed from being in some ways a clever man; but his talents were weighted in the beginning by being heir to a large fortune and by a super-abundant amount of maternal devotion, and later on all but obscured under a carefully masked vanity and an overwhelming wish to make a figure in the world. His wonderful talents had for years formed the topic of Mrs. Stapleton's conversation. As of yore, she was never weary of singing the praises of her wonderful son; and she had so thoroughly educated Vivian in the same belief that the bare idea of measuring this gifted being by the standard applied to other mortals would have been looked on by them both as nothing short of heresy."

Mrs. Stapleton, the mother of Vivian and the guardian of Stella Clarkson, is a slave to all that is conventional—a woman of the world. Amiable, gracious, very sympathetic and motherly, her "originally large nature had been dwarfed by the conventionality of her training, which taught her to measure all she said and did by one standard—good breeding. To offend the custom and taste of the set in which she moved was more unpardonable than a sin: the latter could be forgiven, the former you could not forget. In spite of this weakness—and it was by no means her only one—Mrs. Stapleton was a very lovable woman, with a keen appreciation of many of the higher qualities which she knew she did not possess."

Maynard Rodney, the original heir to his uncle Briggs' fortune, is a character both interesting and original, and at the same time true to life. Thrown upon his own resources while still a boy, without a relative or friend to whom he might turn for sympathy or assistance, the future for him is certainly rather dark and discouraging. Beginning life, however, with all

the enthusiasm and ambition of his young years, with a determination to succeed, he struggles on year after year, until at last, by dint of persistent study and untold labor in the field of literature, he suddenly steps into public favor. "Fame sat very becomingly on this young man, who at heart was as modest and unassuming as a child. In addition to the loss of the money, he had been brought up to suppose himself heir to, fortune had aimed at him many a venom-tipped 'sling and arrow.' There are few royal roads to success, and Rodney had gone through the disappointment and bitterness of having some of his best work returned to him rejected and unopened. Of his family there was not one in sufficient sympathy of mind with him to even understand what it was that cast him down. He was very miserable. Suddenly, by a lucky turn of the wheel, he awoke one morning to find he had caught the public ear, and found his way into its favor. Since then he has been rapidly mounting the ladder, and is now one of the most popular writers of the day." Good-hearted, honest and upright, a thorough gentleman and a man of the world, acquainted with life in all its conditions, and a slave to his idol, literature, Maynard Rodney is a man as different in character, disposition and temperament from Vivian Stapleton as it is possible to conceive, and we cannot but admire him.

The novel is indeed an interesting, well-written book; the story, a picture from life as one often finds it, and the style, clear, easy and graceful.

S. D.

THE death of the late Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., founder of Notre Dame, Indiana, has cast a deep gloom over the Catholic world of America. A real patriarch has been called from the scene of his life's labor to the reward that undoubtedly awaited his good and great works. A venerable figure in the army of the Church Militant has disappeared; but he has left a glorious monument behind him. The great and flourishing institution over which he presided shall perpetuate his memory for long years after the present generation shall have passed away, and his name shall be enshrined in the hearts of thousands who loved and appreciated his many virtues and his grand characteristics. In joining the fervent prayer of the Church that his "soul may rest in peace," we desire to extend to his friends, associates, pupils and relations the sincere expression of a true sympathy.—*True Witness.*

After Darkness Cometh Light.

IN MEMORY OF THE VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,
FOUNDER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
AND SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS.

THE twilight creeps across the path of day
And sunset hues are lost in mists of gray:
The dewdrops tip with stars the trembling
leaves,

The night winds mourn, as one whose spirit grieves;
And o'er the darkened world a sadness clings
As Night the requiem of Day low sings:—

'Tis night, 'tis night,
The radiant light
Shall hold no longer sway;
'Tis Darkness now,
Whose star-set brow
Hath claimed the crown of day!

But as the night-songs louder rise,
The heralds of the morning mount the skies;
The darkness trembles, and the dewdrop spheres
Shed light, as 'twere a shower of radiant tears;
And lower sink the voices of the night,
As Day bursts forth to sing the praise of light.

'Tis day, 'tis day,
And far away
The sceptre of the night is cast;
And bright and clear,
The day is here,
And Night's dark sway is past.

And so the shadows of the grave drew near,
To darken life's sweet day of one held dear;
The kind eyes closed, the loving heart was stilled,
The voice was hushed that erst our soul-depths thrilled,
And mournful requiems the great bells tolled,
As far and wide their notes of sorrow rolled:

Give o'er, give o'er,
No more, no more
Shall brightness bless the way.
Farewell, farewell!
We toll the knell
Of every gladsome day.

But through the song of sorrow low, we hear
A voice of hope that rises soft and clear:
With listening hearts we catch its joyous strain,
That blends sweet comfort with our bitter pain;
And lower sink our sobs, as prayers arise
To mingle with hope's song in dawn's fair skies:

Rejoice, rejoice,
With heart and voice,
The darksome night is past;
Eternal day
Is his for aye,
And rest is his at last!

—Ave Maria.

Tributes to the Memory of our Departed
Father Founder.

We reproduce herewith additional tributes to the memory of our departed Father Founder. Among them are some which were unavoidably omitted from our last number, others have been received during the week. They serve to express, to some extent, the widespread sorrow caused by the death of Father General, and bear testimony to the wonderful measure of good deeds and noble services which filled the period of his devoted life. He has truly deserved well of religion and humanity, and the spirit of the lamented dead will live amid the scenes of his labors to continue and perpetuate his great work and make it an enduring monument to his memory.

TELEGRAMS.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1.

Have read with sincere regret the account of Father Sorin's death. His life's work was a great one. I desire to tender my sympathy to the Community over which he so long presided.

ROB'T A. PINKERTON, '64.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOV. 1.

The sad news just reached me. I share your grief. Our loss is heaven's gain. Father Sorin's memory will never die.

P. L. GARRITY, '58.

CHICAGO, OCT. 31.

While we know his joy, we grieve with Notre Dame in the loss of a beloved friend.

MARK M. FOOTE, '72.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., NOV. 1.

Accept our most heartfelt sympathy. Father General's death is a personal loss we deeply feel.

FRED B. CHUTE, '92.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., NOV. 2.

Heartfelt sorrow at Father Sorin's death.

FELIX BACA, '80.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., NOV. 4.

Surely Father Sorin's death must touch every heart. I beg you to accept the sincere sympathy of a former student.

FRED E. NEEF, '93.

OWENSBORO, KY., NOV. 1.

Notre Dame has our sympathy in the great loss of her venerable Founder, and will pray for the repose of his soul.

MR. AND MRS. M. V. MONARCH.

CHICAGO, OCT. 31.

Accept our sincere regrets and heartfelt sympathy. Sorry business engagements render it impossible for me to be present at funeral.

WM. P. DEVINE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOV. 1.

Saw the fatal illness of Father Sorin yesterday's *Ledger*, to-day his death. Join in your sorrow.

PATRICK COLL.

CHICAGO, NOV. 1.

We deeply sympathize with you in your great loss,

H. C. and C. DURAND.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.

I sincerely sympathize with you and Notre Dame in this second affliction and loss of your Very Rev. Founder, Father Sorin.

PATRICK CAVANAGH.

LETTERS.

"ROME, Nov. 1, 1893.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"When I wrote to you yesterday I was very far from thinking of hearing so soon of Notre Dame, and especially in so sad a manner. Your cablegram reached me at eight o'clock this morning. I transferred it as soon as possible to-day to His Eminence Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, whom I could not see on account of this day being a holyday.

"Of course the great loss was expected to happen some day or other. But we could hope that God would wait until another year to call to his reward our venerable Father, this present year having been for your Province marked with so many dark and lamentable dates. But who can penetrate the adorable designs of God? Let us humbly submit to His holy will, and look for consolation in His merciful goodness by fervent prayers. We shall accomplish immediately the suffrages required by the Rules, and many more.

"Uniting our profound grief to yours, we, the five religious of this House, offer to your Reverence and to the other members of the General Council our most sincere condolences. In the love of Christ,

"Your devoted Confrère,

"G. A. DION, C. S. C."

"ROME, Nov. 1, 1893.

"MY DEAR PROF. EDWARDS:

"The cable has just brought the sad account of the departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin from this world. I can well imagine what must be at this moment the state of you all at Notre Dame, and certainly your loss is a great one and is not so easy to be repaired. One thing will comfort you: and this is that it was the will of God, and the time was come when the Lord pleased to give the merited reward of heaven to His faithful servant. I unite with you in your present sorrow, and already in this morning's Mass I have prayed for the dear deceased.

"Truly yours in Xto.,

"MGR. G. STRANIERO."

"LOUISVILLE, O., 14 Nov., 1893.

"CHER AMI:

".... Cette mort n'est pas une surprise; vous vous y attendiez tous depuis longtemps. Le brave et saint homme a fourni une belle et méritoire carrière; c'est une grosse perte pour votre communauté avec celle du père Walsh. L'année 1893 sera dans vos archives une année inoubliable marquée en caractères de deuil. Je suis sûr que toute la communauté est triste; vous en particulier en qui il avait tant de confiance....

"REV. L. HOFFER."

"CINCINNATI, Nov. 9, 1893.

"MY DEAR FATHER FITTE:

".... My deepest sympathy and condolence at your loss. Though Father Sorin was ailing and scarcely able to cope with the work about him, yet I know he was a

ministering angel in your midst. The presence of this great man was like a Moses whose uplifted arms, sustained by willing hands, decided the victory for the children of God. May God give you all the necessary resignation to bear your loss! I was very sorry not to be able to be at the grand and solemn occasion of his funeral, but duties which I could not put off to another day prevented me from coming.

"Your dear friend,

"REV. AUGUSTINE M. QUATMAN."

"SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 10, 1893.

"VERY REV. FATHER:

"It was with deep regret that I have heard of the death of Very Rev. Father Sorin. As a relative of Sister M. Elizabeth, as well of the late Rev. Edward Lilly of your Congregation, I write you. The eminent work of the Founder of Notre Dame University was felt in every part of the land, and the great good achieved by him will be a living monument to his memory. Many will be the Masses offered for the eternal repose of his soul.

"Wishing you many favors from on high, I remain,

"Kindly yours in Xto.,

"VERY REV. JOHN J. LILLY."

"SAN DIEGO, CAL., Nov. 9, 1893.

"MY DEAR FATHER CORBY:

"I have learned with most sincere regret the death of our good and great Father General Sorin. He has gone to his reward after performing wonders for our good God; and now doubtless is enjoying the reward for the great labors done for Him.

"Notre Dame has had a year of great losses: first Father Walsh, then Father Granger, now your much-loved Father General. But God's ways are not our ways. He knoweth what is best. May his name be ever blessed! Please extend our sympathy to all our numerous friends at the University.

"Sincerely yours in the S. H.,

"COL. and MRS. OTIS."

"CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 5, 1893.

"DEAR BRO. LEANDER:

"You must know how we all feel about dear Father General's death—the grand old man in every sense. Truly his was a perfect life. How much we all owe to him! Arthur would have attended the funeral, but he was not at home. Your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH NESTER."

"NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1893.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"It is with sincere regret that I learn of the death of good Father Sorin, the patriarch of your Community. Surely his long, useful and saintly life was but the prelude to life eternal.

"Very respectfully,

"JOSEPH A. KERNAN."

"MONTREAL, Nov. 15.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"Will you allow my mother and myself to unite in expressing our real sorrow for the death of your grand old Father Sorin—a man of so truly apostolic a life, of such commanding qualities and heroic virtues, which had made him a very tower of strength, not only in your

great West but throughout the Continent. None who have watched the progress of the Church in the United States can fail to be aware how vital is the loss of such a life and such an influence.

"With renewed expressions of sympathy with you and your Community,

"Ever sincerely yours,
"ANNA T. SADLIER."

"GALESBURG, ILL., Nov. 13, 1893.

"DEAR COL. HOYNES:

".... I was sorry to hear of Father Sorin's death in common with all friends of Notre Dame who learned to admire him for his work and his kind and genial disposition....

Sincerely,
"GEORGE H. CRAIG."

PRESS TRIBUTES.

Though not unlooked for, we are pained to hear of the demise, Oct. 31, of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and founder of Notre Dame University. Born in France, he belonged to the famous clan of the Vendéans, true to their God, their country and their king. In America, to which he emigrated as a young priest, he became an apostle of Catholic education and an American of the Americans. Soon after the breaking out of the late civil war he sent out of the few priests at his disposal some to act as military chaplains, and of the Sisters under his charge a detachment to minister to the wants of the sick and dying soldiers. Son of the Cross, his path was beset with many tribulations. Under the most trying pressure he ever remained kind, gentle, the pink of politeness and Christian forbearance. As a monument of his zeal and ability, he leaves an institution famous all over the world and religious families to keep alive his grand spirit. The secret of his success lay in his well-known devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. In her honor he started the *Ave Maria*, a publication well worthy to serve as a model to the Catholic press. *Requiescat in pace.*—*Catholic Monthly*, Bunker Hill, Ill.

It is not too much to say that the death of few or no priests or bishops in the United States will cause deeper and more widespread sorrow than does the death of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, founder of the University of Notre Dame and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Ordained a priest in France upwards of fifty-five years ago, and laboriously discharging the duties of his sacred office in

this country for upwards of fifty-two years, his name has become a household word throughout the land.

Beginning his career as an Indian missionary, he soon changed it to that of an educator, and founded a school that has had abnormal development in his own lifetime. This is none other than the University of Notre Dame, which is one of the most distinguished and firmly-established colleges in our country, Catholic or non-Catholic. From its halls have gone forth countless devout Catholics, ecclesiastics and laymen, remarkable for their learning. Father Sorin had been carefully educated and possessed all knowledge necessary to enable him to faithfully discharge his sacred functions. But, beyond this and above it, he was possessed of rare prudence and sagacity, of an indomitable energy and zeal in the cause of his Master, and of extraordinary executive ability.

Very Rev. Father Sorin needs no epitaph or monument. The University of Notre Dame and the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of which he was one of the most distinguished members in the United States and Superior-General, are at once his most eloquent epitaph and the most splendid monument that could be erected to perpetuate and honor his memory. May he rest in peace!—*Catholic Standard*.

The long, active and useful life which has just been brought to a close in the West forms in itself a great portion of the history of a zealous religious congregation, and it has been spent with more than half of the present century in these United States. When Rev. Edward Sorin, after refusing the bishopric of Bengal, landed in New York in September, 1841, a little more than fifty years had elapsed since the establishment of the American hierarchy. There were then in this country two archbishops, namely, in Baltimore and New Orleans; and fourteen bishops—those of Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Charleston, Detroit, Dubuque, Louisville, Mobile, Nashville, Natchez, Richmond and Vincennes.

Fifty-two years have passed since then; and how marvellous has been the increase in the Catholic Church in the second half, compared to that of the first half of the century! Against two archbishops and fourteen bishops in 1841, we have now fourteen archbishops and seventy-four bishops, including five vicars-apostolic. In 1841 there were about a million Catholics in the United States to a population of seventeen

millions. Thus in the first half century of its existence the Church had increased from only 30,000 to one million; in the second half it has witnessed an increase of nine millions. In 1790 there were between thirty and forty priests in the United States; in 1832 there were about 500. From 1820 to 1840 there had been an average increase of half a million in ten years in the Catholic population in this country. Proportioning to this increase that of the priests, we may reasonably suppose that in 1841 there were over a thousand priests dispersed over the country in its sixteen dioceses; thus giving an average of sixty-two priests to each diocese. At present we have over nine thousand priests, an increase of eight thousand since 1841, which has nearly kept pace with the increase of population, giving an average of more than one hundred priests to a diocese.

When Father Sorin arrived in Indiana the diocese of Vincennes possessed about thirty churches and nearly as many priests. It embraced the State of Indiana and western Illinois. The lot of the zealous man was cast with Indiana; there principally his influence has been felt, and thence it has radiated to various parts of the United States and Canada and even to the distant Indies beyond the great Pacific. The little log cabin at Ste.-Marie des Lacs, on the St. Joseph's River, has grown up to be the flourishing University of Notre Dame.

His work consisted principally in the direction of his Congregation, an institute the establishing of which was brought to a happy issue at Le Mans, France, about the year 1835. Through his disciples, their apostolic labors, their literary efforts and the education of youth, the influence of Father Sorin has been felt to the farthest extremities of the land, and it may even be said of him what has been said of other great men: *Defunctus adhuc loquitur*—"Though dead, he speaketh still." His voice is hushed in the silence of the tomb, but the works that he has left still speak for him.—*Catholic Mirror*.

* * *

Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, died at Notre Dame, Ind., last Tuesday. His death was not unexpected, for the burthen of his years pressed heavily upon his labor-wasted frame of late; but his death will, nevertheless, bring sorrow to the hearts of thousands and hundreds of thousands whose earnest prayer had been, "God stay the day." His life went out quietly like the undisturbed taper that has

spent itself in giving light. The light no longer burns upon the mountain top, but it will linger for many years in the valley where the multitude lives and moves and struggles.

Father Sorin was a typical priest, a typical superior, and a typical American. If he thought of himself at all, it was after he had fulfilled the duties of religion and those he had imposed upon himself for the good of others. He lived up to the highest priestly ideal; he did not consume his time in praying for a regeneration of the world, but he got up and went to work at regenerating it. He saw what a priest might do for souls in the new country of the West, and he proceeded to do it with a will and a rare intelligence.

Though Father Sorin came from a foreign country in his early manhood, he soon became an American of Americans. The principles of our Government won his love from the first, and he never neglected an opportunity of giving practical expression to his ardent affection for the American Union. In the dark days of our civil war, at a time when Catholic chaplains were much needed at the front, Father Sorin sacrificed six of his little band of priests for the benefit of his country. Brave nuns from convents which he had founded went forth to nurse the sick and wounded and to teach mankind that true religion is the very pillar of patriotism. Father Sorin's Americanism appeared in a different form some years later. When the Holy Cross Congregation insisted on making him Superior-General, he stipulated that he be allowed to remain in America. He taught his subjects and his pupils the necessity of cultivating the virtue of patriotism, and established a system of education thoroughly American in spirit. For these outward marks of a great soul and for his more hidden virtues, thousands of American citizens will pay tribute to his memory. But more touching than all this, more touching to behold than the sorrow of his children in religion, will be the grief of the tiny tots at St. Edward's Hall over the loss of their beloved Father. May the lessons of his life produce fruit in season!—*Northwestern Chronicle*.

* * *

The death of Father Sorin, of Notre Dame University, removes a man who has been prominent in educational circles for fifty years. He founded the great University on narrow foundations fifty years ago; narrow only because of the means at hand; while the system of educa-

tion which he established was as broad as the universe. From Notre Dame University have gone out thousands of students who have left their impress, have exerted their influence in the upbuilding of the great West. It was a university in the scope of the education which it imparted; it was more than a university in the morality and religion that went hand in hand with its teachings. From this small beginning it has extended to be materially one of the greatest schools of the country.

More than half a century ago he came to this country and pitched his tents and established himself near South Bend, Indiana. Six Brothers of the Holy Cross Congregation accompanied him. To-day that Community has more than four hundred members. He became the Superior-General of his Congregation; he founded convents and branches throughout the country; he prosecuted his ideal work of Catholic charity and Catholic education. He was a true, loyal, energetic American. He sent six of the priests of his community as Catholic chaplains to the front during the war of the Rebellion. . . .

His monument, lasting and enduring, is the better lives of those who were educated under his supervision, who sat in his kindly presence, and learned the lessons of truth and virtue. These lives are the magnificent fruition of his life's mission, which others will take up and carry on unto the end for the benefit and growth and progress of true manhood and true citizenship.—*Iowa Catholic Messenger*.

NOTES.

The Chapel of St. John in St. Edward's Hall, where Father General loved at times to say Mass for the Minims, will remain draped for a month. In this chapel the Minims will pray daily for the repose of the soul of their dearest Father, so that he will know how sincerely they loved him and how deeply they appreciated the great affection he had for them. And while they pray for him they will pray to him to obtain that they may meet him one day in a happy eternity.

The Minims, the special favorites of Father General, when they heard that the end was at hand begged to be allowed to see their beloved Father, but it was feared that the presence of so many would disturb him. They, therefore, repaired to St. John's Chapel, and remained there reciting the Rosary until the soul of their saintly friend was in the presence of God. During the time his precious remains were lying in state they went daily to pray and performed for him the Way of the Cross composed by himself while in the Holy Land. Victor Steele, in the name of the Minims, placed an immense floral crown emblematic of the one God had placed on his venerable brow as a reward

for a long beautiful life of victories. The Sorin Cadets, dressed in their uniforms, held a place of distinction at the funeral.

The shells which at one time adorned St. Edward's Park—the Minims' parterre—have been transferred to beautify the grave of their loved patron, Father General. Indeed his grave will ever be kept green, and enduring his memory.

Resolutions of the Holy Guardian Angels' Society in Memory of the Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to leave us orphans by the death of our revered Founder, and

Whereas, The Princes of St. Edward's Hall, and especially the members of our society, have lost in him a wise preceptor and tender friend; therefore, be it

Resolved, That our love for our saintly Father will never die, and that we honor his memory by living up to his kind words of advice; and, moreover, be it

Resolved, That we cease not to offer our prayers in union with those of our Guardian Angels for the repose of his precious soul.

CHARLES GIRSCH,
RAYMOND MCPHEE,
HENRY POLLITZ,
CHARLES MONAGHAN,—*Committee*.

Letter from the Very Rev. P. Lemarie, Provincial of France, to Very Rev. Provincial Corby.

"NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE, le 7 Nov., 1893.

"MON TRÈS RÉV. ET BIEN CHER PÈRE:

"Notre très digne et très bon Père Général s'est donc éteint à l'heure où nous espérions en France que Dieu nous le conserverait encore de longues années. Nous avons appris en effet avec joie dans le courant de l'année que sa santé était meilleure, et que, grâce à sa forte constitution et aux soins tendres qui l'entouraient, il avait retrouvé sa vigueur d'esprit et son activité première; c'est ainsi au moment où nous étions tout à la confiance qu'il a plu à Dieu de le rappeler à Lui, et de le couronner. Quel vide il va faire parmi vous, mon Rév. Père! Mais c'est vous surtout qui allez ressentir le plus vivement l'absence de cette grande âme. Il y a si longtemps que vous viviez de sa vie. Vous étiez plus que son collaborateur, vous étiez son bras droit, et le confident dévoué de tous ses desseins. Aussi, mon Rév. Père, c'est surtout vers vous que se reportent ma pensée et mon cœur en ce moment.

"Je vais prier Dieu de nous apporter à tous, et à vous particulièrement, le courage et la consolation dont vous avez besoin au milieu de ce deuil si touchant; afin qu'il plaise à notre Seigneur de bénir de plus en plus vos travaux.

"Courage et confiance, mon Très Rév. Père; Dieu aime son œuvre: Il ne l'abandonnera pas; et ceux qui ne sont plus ici-bas sont là haut, et ils nous bénissent toujours. Croyez plus que jamais, mon Rév. et cher Père, à mon entier et respectueux attachement en N. S.,

"LEMARIE, C. S. C., *Provi.*"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 18, 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 has entered upon the TWENTY-SEVENTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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FRANCIS L. CARNEY, '94.

—Many cities are complaining of the rude and boisterous conduct of the college students when attending the intercollegiate athletic events. It is unfortunate that the good reputation of the majority of the students and the college often suffers from the unbecoming conduct of a very small minority. In all cases the manly majority with reputations to preserve should disown the acts of the hoodlum, in order that they may not share the odium of such acts. It is but natural for the students to show their enthusiasm at the games; but it should never overreach the bounds of gentlemanliness.

—It is certainly a shame and disgrace that the practice of hazing is carried to such an extent in some of our colleges. Only a few weeks ago this element in one great institutions maltreated and abused some Freshman in a manner most brutal and cowardly. The faculty of the institution ought, in the name of justice, pass its severest sentence on the offenders; and it is about time that the law should take its

course in cases of this kind. It would be well for the reformatories to be opened for a certain class of collegians. In our opinion the average college hazer is nothing more than a "bully," and should be ignored by every young man of gentlemanly instincts.

What Does a College Diploma Mean?

While reading something or other a few days ago I came across the following expression: "College graduates have no market value whatever. You may sell your services as a bank clerk, but you will find no bidder for them as a college graduate." Here was the very embodiment of the sentiment of a great number as regards a college education. They ask: "What good does your degree do you? Can you sell it, or pawn it, or rent it? Will Latin make you a better machinist, or will Greek cause the fickle goddess of fortune to come to you any quicker than if you knew it not?"

To answer this reasoning we must first obtain a correct idea of the use of an education. True, it is not a commodity. There are professional classes of lawyers and doctors, but there is no such class as that of professional college graduates. The education acquired by a college graduate is not supposed to open the gates of fame, wealth or happiness for him. His diploma was not given to him with the understanding that it was a sure passport to success. The degree represents something different. A college education is not a career; but simply the foundation for a career. The broader and more substantial this foundation, the better and loftier the career that can be built upon it. One could hardly sell the foundation of a house without the house atop of it. The degree is nothing but a builder's certificate as to the soundness and strength of the foundation that was laid in college. It implies that the student has, besides a certain amount of learning, the moral and intellectual qualities to fit him for an exalted station. The diploma shows that the college authorities put full confidence in the graduate, deeming him a man worthy of trust and honor. Until he commits some act showing him to be unworthy of their confidence the college faculty should never do anything that might imply the lack of the trust that the degree is supposed to show. The student too should remember that any discreditable act of his reflects discredit upon the college he

attended, and he should show himself worthy of the certificate of good character that is given him on Commencement Day. The mutual relation between the college and the alumnus should be kept inviolate by both. Neither should ever give cause to suppose that the degree is anything other than what it seems to be on its face.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

Journalism.

A REVIEW OF MR. DANA'S LECTURE.

It seems to me that the greatest advantage the university extension system gives our young men is derived from the introduction of carefully prepared lecture courses in our colleges. Students who can enjoy the rare privilege of listening to such a distinguished man as Charles A. Dana, giving his personal views on his own specialty, journalism, as the students of Union College, New York, recently had, are, indeed, fortunate.

His life-work is an ideal worthy of the admiration and pursuit of all doers of public good, lovers of benevolence and of literature in its best form—the form which most exactly fulfils the true aim of real art—the elevation and betterment of the common people. If the profession of journalism is a new pursuit in life, as the great editor tells us, then Mr. Dana is certainly the first and most talented man this new-found profession has so far produced. No matter what aim anyone may have in life, the first quality he must possess, to hope for success, is the confidence of those who know and support him. But knowing him, we honor the grand old scribe of the *New York Sun*. To see an old man like Mr. Dana, the personification of culture, perfected in every branch of learning which might raise his profession to a higher degree of merit—to see this man, a dear old fatherly sage, with his ready outstretched hand, trying to help the young men of our country to honors in the literary field, is indeed a beautiful picture. But I am digressing.

As an example of a perfect lecture, in form, thought, style of expression and an exquisite choice and use of English words, I could not do better than refer to Mr. Dana's lecture on "Journalism." Clear, graceful, full of instruction and invaluable advice to newspaper men, thoroughly characteristic of the man who spoke it, teeming with good humor and wise sayings,

it leaves the reader hopeful and enthusiastic, with a higher aim in life, ambitious not only to aid himself but all men, and determined to take all the means in his power to attain that end. Mr. Dana has a large, generous heart, and seems to be interested in everything which is good. "If there is anything in life that is delightful to an old man it is the opportunity of meeting intelligent and earnest young men, and telling them something out of his own experience that may be useful to them." And the good, great editor kindly invited anyone who might not clearly understand everything which he would say to get up and question him.

The profession of journalism is but half a century old. Before one could read every morning an entirely new and later edition of the world's history, he had to wait for the inventions of the telephone, telegraph, improved printing presses, and such indispensable machines. "But the most essential part of this great mechanism is not the mechanism itself: it is the intelligence, the brains, and the sense of truth and honor that reside in the men who conduct it and make it a vehicle of usefulness or, it may be, of mischief." To prevent it from becoming the latter in journalism, we must make proper preparations, and make them in time. "The boys who begin at the bottom come out on top." Not a high but a broad education the newspaper man wants. The technicalities found in the curriculums of universities is not what he needs to be taught; but to judge correctly, to think seriously for himself about the things he sees in the world around him, and frequently give to his observations the answer to the question "why?"

No one can be taught how to manage "the great civilizing engine of the press." It calls for too much. One can only give the young journalist a few suggestions and by practice let him work for himself. It is a great calling—a life work, which is of so much importance because so much depends upon it. The journalist teaches the world. He preaches every day to two hundred thousand, half a million, a million, and some times more. "He reiterates, says it over and over, and, finally the thing gets so fixed on men's minds from the mere habit of saying and hearing it; and, without criticising, without inquiring whether it is really so, the newspaper dictum gets established and is taken for gospel; and perhaps it is not gospel at all!"

Some of our colleges are branching out too much in their curriculums. Journalism in their

courses of study is out of place. A liberal education, with the good old-fashioned, common-school training in Latin and Greek, is the only preparation for the newspaper man. "I had rather take the young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles and who has read Tacitus and can scan every ode of Horace; I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling-match, for instance, than to take one who has never had these advantages. I believe in colleges; I believe in high education; but I do not believe in scattering your fire before you are in the face of the enemy." Our college days is the time to cultivate and bring out the critical faculty; to judge coolly and calmly; to acquire accuracy in learning, fidelity and exactness in recitation, and to strive to be able to tell in the best manner what we do know. "The man who can do this is a very well educated man."

For the expression of ideas, clearly and simply, there must be no negligence in the opportunity of acquiring skill in the use of the writer's only tool—the English language. The study of the ancient languages, as a preparation, cannot be overestimated, because they lie at the foundation of our own language. "Certainly, without Greek and Latin no one knows English; and without Teutonic no man's knowledge of English is perfect." They go a great distance in helping us to attain a good style. "I suppose it is in the combination of humor with the entire command of the word resources of the language all applied together in the construction of sentences." Never try to acquire another man's style. Imitation is the bane of all true art. Literary style means personality; and it is the author's own characteristic peculiarities which make his style charming to the reader. To write as we talk when we speak correctly is the only law of style. When we hear the very sound of his voice, see his very features and personality between the lines, then that style is very near akin to perfection. Clear, pure, delightful styles, such as is Dr. Channing's in his essay on "Napoleon Bonaparte," or the admirable, easy expression found in any chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, were not acquired in a day; it took infinite pains and unceasing labor. A new sense and the real meaning is always given to familiar words. New thought is thus called forth, and its suggestiveness is perfectly clear to the reader.

It is useless to go into any profession and hope for success without a great ambition and the intention to use one's energy in steadily

pushing onward to the front. But no man can become proficient in journalism, in the broadest and truest sense of the term, without a knowledge of the history of his country, its constitution, where it came from, what will be its effect; in a word, to have a true understanding of American politics. This is a difficult task. "It requires very careful study and a very elevated impartiality to make your analysis at all satisfactory to yourself as you go through the work. Still, it is indispensable to a man who means to fill an important place in journalism, and all who begin upon it certainly have that intention."

You must be a politician; not merely knowing the theories and doctrines of parties, but also the practical politics: what true statesmanship is, the history of nations and parties, with an unprejudiced love for what is good on either side, and the feeling that your own nation is the greatest that history has ever known; for "an American who thinks another country is better than his should not go into journalism." Besides the Constitution of the United States, it is well to know the constitution of all the states, especially the state in which you live. "The man who knows the Constitution of the United States, of his own state and of all the principal states, is well-fitted for conducting a newspaper, or even a government." But the American Constitution is rooted in English principles and English history. "You want to go into the garden where the seed was first sown and watch the growth of this great product of wisdom and beneficence which we call the American Constitution." The history of human affairs, in which we learn what men have done, is the best guide for human action; and this is what the politician deals in.

What books ought the young journalist to read? There are about twenty-five books in the English language worth reading, and a few of these are indispensable to the newspaper man. The best, most necessary and most useful of these is the Bible. "There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned." Apart from its religious value, considering it as a manual of utility and professional aid to the writer, I know of no book which is equal to the Bible. "There is, perhaps, no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you can open

and lay down with such reverence. . . . What is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?"

Then, everyone should know Shakspeare. He is the first and greatest master of English in our literature. A writer of excellent diction, a poet and a philosopher, "he is a high literary treasure, a mighty storehouse of wisdom, the great glory of the literature of our language." The journalist should also read John Milton's immortal essay—unfortunately too little known in our day—"Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." In it is the best doctrine ever given in regard to the freedom of the press and the philosophy of English history. It is an essay "of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments and of the greatest instruction."

All that now remains is to put in practice what is learned. A well-written newspaper article can really be made a piece of literature. An excellent reporter can command his own salary. But excellence here means that "he must learn accurately the facts, and he must state them exactly as they are; and if he can state them with a degree of life, a little approach to eloquence, or a little humor in his style, his report will be perfect." Any sincere, earnest, unselfish man, with ordinary talent, can do this.

The exchange reader, whose duty it is to read and make extracts from other papers, holds a difficult but well-paid position. He requires a great deal of judgment, however, and lasting energy to read from two to three thousand papers regularly. And the manuscript reader, his, also, is a trying work. The recipient of all correspondence, he must examine, correct, edit, prepare it for the press, clarify it, improve the rhetoric if necessary, and give the proper turn to phrases in poorly-formed sentences. "Masses of matter are paid for in a large newspaper office that are never used. So you see he is a very important profunctionary, and it requires a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of judgment, a great deal of literary cultivation to be able to fill the position." The scientific department must also be filled by a man of special cultivation. One who knows electricity and chemistry, understands the inventions of Edison, and who can tell what is going on in the scientific world, where so many great thinkers are bringing out and developing new things, is the man who is wanted. "That is a department of news of supreme consequence."

The editor-in-chief comes into his place by his natural push and perfection in his profession. "The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual, it is *moral*. It is in the character; and the people believe in him because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so."

The people want to know what has happened in the world, the latest in the political, scientific or any other department of human affairs. "A newspaper without news is no newspaper." How can we get the world's news in twenty-four hours? By the foundation of associations among newspapers and the organization of agencies as the United Press and the Associated Press Report. They supply the news brought in by the telephone, telegraph and electricity to the papers. "What a wonder, what a marvel it is that for two cents you can buy a history of the entire globe of the day before! It is something miraculous, really, when you consider it." These associations allow the journalist to devote himself "to the intellectual part of his business, and he is able to carry that on to a greater degree of perfection than he has ever been able to do before." Our young men are to be congratulated on being able to enter the profession under such auspicious circumstances.

Mr. Dana is one of the few great living literary men of our country. It will be remembered that he was one of the originators of the Brook Farm Movement; and, of course, pleasant associations are suggested by his name. There is a certain pleasure in knowing that there is a man still near us who is the equal and even the superior of some of those great men and women associated in the movement, and to whom he has been a personal friend. He is the greatest editorial writer of our country. Indeed, his own description of Horace Greeley could very fittingly be applied to himself: "A man of immense ability, of instincts of extraordinary correctness in many respects, and of the power of expression, of telling what he knew in a delightfully picturesque, humorous way, which not merely instructed the reader but gave him a sense of delight and satisfaction from the mere art that was applied in the telling." We cannot appreciate too much the worth of Mr. Dana. The advice given in his lecture is invaluable to all literary students, but especially to hopeful young journalists.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.



The Hon. John Gibbons.

(Of the Class of '69.)

It is with pleasure Notre Dame notes the election of the Hon. John Gibbons. Chicago people generally do the right thing; and when they elected Mr. Gibbons to don the ermine they showed that the people always give the laurels to the right man when they have an opportunity. Judge Gibbons was first on the list of Circuit Court judges, and second only to Judge Gary, who had the solid support of the press. Judge Gibbons ran ahead of his ticket, showing that he was the favorite.

Judge Gibbons will be an honor to the bench and an ornament to the people who elected him. He is a man of rare ability. He is one of those men who make friends without trying. As a lawyer he stands among those of the first rank at the Chicago bar; as a pleader he is a master; as an advocate he stands high; as a counsellor he has few equals. His practice was civil, and generally concerning corporations, real estate and large business interests. His mind is of the analytical kind, and with ease he could unravel the intricate threads of a complex case. He always made his case in the office, and when he entered court he knew his position and stood by it with indomitable courage. When he argued a case before court he displayed his eminent ability as a lawyer, and the presiding judge always paid strict attention to his argument. His line of argument was logical, coherent and to the point. In his twenty-three years' practice he never had to back out of court on account of faulty pleading. His pleadings were accurate and his arguments were based on them.

As a trial lawyer he was very successful. He made no enemies in the jury box. Being a good judge of human nature, he soon found whether

the juror was the right man. His arguments to the jury were direct, strong and pointed.

In the world of literature and political economy Mr. Gibbons made for himself a name. His work on "Tenure and Toil" gives the author a place among the writers of the century. Its style shows the man. It is lucid, strong, clear, direct,—manly. Literary critics have praised its for its diction and its doctrine. In the domain of legal literature Mr. Gibbons has a standing. His leading articles in the *Chicago Law Journal*, which he owns and edits, have gained for that paper a wide circulation. His works on "Criminal Law" are known in every state.

Mr. Gibbons was born in Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1848, not far from the city of Londonderry. He lived in that part of Ireland, so wild and picturesque, to the year 1866, when he emigrated to the United States. He had been educated in Londonderry before leaving Ireland; and when he came to this country he entered Broad Street Academy, Philadelphia. Subsequently, in 1867 he entered the University of Notre Dame and was graduated with the Class of '69. He afterwards received from his *Alma Mater* the degree of LL.D. He began the practice of law in Iowa, and lived there, filling important positions until his ambition leaped beyond the bounds of the Hawkeye State. Then he came to Chicago and soon made his mark at the Chicago bar.

Judge Gibbons has always kept in close touch with the University, and believes that a course at Notre Dame means opportunity.

Although Mr. Gibbons has made a fine reputation as a lawyer, those who know him well believe he will make a still greater name as a judge. His mind is of the juridical kind. Suave in disposition, easy of address, charitable toward the needy, gentle toward the lowly, honest with men of every kind, he will make a name as a judge worthy of the man and of the city that elected him. H.

Exchanges.

The exchanges will be found on file in the Library where the genial librarian and his corps of able assistants are prepared to point out the most readable college papers. The students might consult them with profit.

* *

The parochial school exhibit at the World's Fair, by its excellence and by the variety of work displayed, has won warm words of praise

from the daily press and from those most closely identified with the public school system. It is admitted that the Catholic schools have kept abreast of the times by adopting the good in modern methods of education. The *College Speculum* said last month that it was a striking fact, which everyone was obliged to admit to himself in looking over the exhibit at the Fair, that the parochial school display was far superior to the Protestant. This candid statement has aroused the ire of a certain Prof. Beal, and he makes use of the *Speculum's* columns to carp at every portion of the exhibit. Claiming to be a "teacher in Israel," he indulges in a rambling criticism of parochial schools in general, and blandly announces that their methods are the effete systems of fifty years ago. Now, although we might accuse the caterers at the Fair of spoiling the Professor's visit, we cannot shift the responsibility of his erratic judgment from his own shoulders. Let the good man examine the parochial school system once more.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* would do well to steer clear of such offensive epithets as "dark ages," "Romish despotism," etc. They do not strengthen the rhetoric of its columns, and have a double harshness when penned by a young lady.

The *Mount* is the best evidence of the purity and sweetness that come from convent school training. Within its bright covers one may find articles, models of good taste and correct literary form. The ease with which such vexing issues as "The Silver Question" are handled, indicate critical reading, and serve to show that the Mt. de Chantal Academy is no mere training-school for superficial accomplishments.

We seldom meet with a more interesting memoir than "A Young Saint of Chicago" in the present issue of the *Mt. Angel Student's Banner*. It is edifying to find a young lad passing his life unsullied in the foul atmosphere of a great city; and the *Banner* may feel a just pride in publishing the story of his well-spent life.

Probably nothing is more exasperating to a thoroughly thoughtful speaker than to have his discourse recorded by an incompetent stenographer. Prof. Drummond, of the Chicago University, is particularly unfortunate in having his lectures reported; for the blunders of which

he is made guilty are so gross and so frequent that the most stupid undergraduate would resent being charged with them. They are clearly due to the hasty work of the reporter for the *University of Chicago Weekly*. We would suggest that his "copy" be submitted to the Professor for revision before going into the hands of the printers.

We bow acknowledgment to the graceful compliment of the *Villanova Monthly*. Its critic has evinced good taste in matters literary.

The *Hesperian*, a breezy journal from the far West, is the representative of the University of Nebraska. The number before us contains a very creditable piece of literary work entitled "The Clemency of the Court."

The ex-man of the *Georgetown Journal* is engaged in solving a difficult problem. He proposes, "as soon as possible, to add a back cover to his paper in order that the mathematical front which graces its front may not be left unbalanced." Now the front and back covers are unknown quantities, and the dear man always arrives at the same result—lack of covering.

Personals.

—Among the welcome visitors at Notre Dame during the last week was the Rev. J. Kennedy, of Milledgeville, Georgia.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Otero, Albuquerque, N. M., Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Murdock, Lafayette, Ind., were among the welcome visitors during the week.

—The proposal to hold an International Conference on Aerial Navigation in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition first originated with Professor A. F. Zahm, of Notre Dame University. He conferred with Mr. C. C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, an organization under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition, intended to promote the meeting of various congresses; then he interested various persons in the project, and in December 1893 a committee or organization was formed.—*Aeronautics*.

—Hon. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Catherine Barry, made a brief visit last week to friends at Notre Dame. Mr. Barry has for several years been a leading member of the Chicago Newspaper Union, and is one of the most widely known business men in the country. Moreover, he is deservedly esteemed for his manly traits and upright

character wherever known. In addition to his superior business qualifications, he possesses acknowledged power as a writer and the happy faculty, too, of holding an audience at will in the heat of a political contest.

—Prof. J. P. Lauth, '67, of Chicago, received a cordial welcome from his many friends at Notre Dame on the occasion of his recent visit. The Professor is widely known and highly esteemed in the Garden City for his cordial manners, strength of character and fidelity to all the obligations of upright manhood. One of the most conspicuous and respected members of the Catholic Order of Foresters, he has of late years industriously sought to promote the growth and influence of that organization, and his labors have been attended with extraordinary success. He has also rendered material aid in furthering the interests of Catholic charities in Chicago. He has planted on fertile ground the seed of good work, and we feel assured that his future will be as bright as it is promising.

—Hon. John Gibbons, '69, one of the ablest and most respected members of the Chicago bar, was elected Circuit Judge on the 7th instant for the full term of six years. Moreover, he received the compliment of a handsome majority—some 7,000. We congratulate him upon his success and the people of Cook County upon having hereafter a claim upon his services. He will never shirk a duty, or tolerate a wrong, or compromise with dishonesty. No champion can stand more courageously for even-handed justice in deciding controversies between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. In gentlemanly courtesy, honorable deportment, extensive learning and conspicuous qualifications for the bench, Judge Gibbons need never fear the test of comparison, and we venture to predict that it will not be long before he takes a conspicuous place in the judiciary of the State and country.

Local Items.

—The football fever claims many victims.

—Fred as an elocutionist is simply "ex spectu."

—M. D. Kirby has been appointed Librarian of the Law room.

—It is unnecessary to state that winter is with us once again.

—The students showed a disregard for hats, canes, etc., at the Albion game.

—Being unable to secure outside games, the M. L. S. have discontinued football.

—The St. Joseph Literary Society have postponed their meeting until this (Saturday) evening.

—Brownson Hall still leads the Carrolls in

collecting cancelled postage stamps for Chinese missions.

—A new star has been discovered in the baseball firmament. He will be put in training immediately.

—There will be a Democratic rally next Thursday night at the M. L. School. Speeches and fireworks.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline went to Chicago on Tuesday to secure an officer to take charge of the Militia here.

—The judge was tapping the long electric strand on Tuesday. Some "water tank operator" wanted to know who signed Bk.

—One solitary tin-horn fiend at the game. So far so good! Let him go meet his fellow-fiends and everybody will be happy.

—Those appointed to take charge of the Law room during the past and coming week are R. Sinnott, E. Roby and M. Kirby.

—The excellent order maintained by the crowd last Saturday on the occasion of the football game with Albion was gratifying to all.

—Spikereports that the boat needs many repairs, and consequently she will be unable to sail for a few days. No second class passengers allowed.

—Since the weather has become cold the "gym" has become a scene of great activity every evening. A general good time is what the boys are having.

—At a recent meeting of the Philopatrians, Mr. Franke read a carefully prepared paper on "Aerial Navigation." The society reports an increase in membership.

—There is some talk of reorganizing the Harmony Club. This is a move in the right direction, and will no doubt, meet with the hearty approval of all.

—The Carroll 2d eleven and the 2d M. L. S. eleven began to play a game of Rugby on Saturday. The game was called at the end of the first half on account of rain.

—The Director of the Historical Department is indebted to Mrs. Edward Roby, of Chicago, Ill., for a handsomely framed large-size photograph of General Rosecrans in the official uniform.

—The junior class has organized with the following officers: President, D. Murphy; Vice-President, N. Dinkle; Secretary, D. Casey; Treasurer, A. Funke. The Seniors are still to be heard from.

—On Thursday morning, Rev. Father Regan celebrated an anniversary requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of John Kelly, a former student of Notre Dame. All the students attended in a body.

—Does our football team intend to live on its reputation? The gridiron field has been deserted since the game with Albion, and the

morning run has become a decided bore. There is nothing now but "big" talk. Would it not be well to resume practice?

—On Wednesday last a meeting was held of the Notre Dame Total Abstinence Society. About ninety new members were enrolled. After a short address by the Rev. President Morrissey, the election of the following officers took place: Rev. James J. French, President; J. Duffield, Vice-President; J. Barry, Secretary; J. LaMoure, Treasurer.

—On the 12th inst., the Carroll specials again tried their luck with the ex-Carrollites of Brownson Hall. This time they were successful. The game was one of the best played this year, and shows that the Carrolls can play football if they choose. Both sides made some very brilliant plays, and when the game closed, the score was 8 to 4 in favor of the Carrolls.

—On Wednesday evening, November 8, the St. Cecilians held their fifth regular meeting. Messrs. LaMoure, Lanagan and Miller entertained the society with well-prepared selections. A debate on the question of forbidding students to play Rugby followed. The sides were very well balanced, and the arguments was so well prepared that no decision was given.

—Bro. Valerian acknowledges the receipt lately of 10,000 cancelled postage stamps from St. Patrick's and St. Stanislaus' schools, South Bend, Ind., and 12,000 from St. Mary's, Austin, Texas. In forwarding stamps from a distance to Notre Dame, the Brother recommends the use of calico wrappers instead of paper, as the latter is very liable to get torn on the way, thereby endangering the loss of the stamps.

—The excellent showing made by the 'Varsity eleven in recent games is the theme of conversation, and the hope is expressed by all that many more opportunities will be given to witness this very interesting game. Capt. Keough has lately received challenges for games from such celebrated elevens as Purdue, Chicago University, and Illinois State University which, if accepted, would no doubt prove a rare treat to the students. It has, however, been found impossible to give them a game as desired, as it would conflict with other arrangements made. Bro. Paul has received a letter from the manager of the Hillsdale eleven, stating that they would be sure to be here on Thanksgiving Day, and anticipate a good game.

—Last Saturday evening the Law Debating Society met in regular weekly session. The roll-call showed twenty-three members present and twelve absent. The minutes were read and on motion they were adopted. The chair then selected a subject for debate for the next meeting as follows: "Resolved, That the business interests of the country demand the passage of the Bankrupt Law." Messrs. J. D. Mott and J. T. Kelly were selected for the affirmative side, and Messrs. Kennedy and Cooke

for the negative side of the question. The debate for the evening—"Resolved, That the press is more influential than the statesmanship of our time in protecting the liberties and promoting the welfare of the people"—was then taken up. J. G. Mott opened for the affirmative, followed by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Kreighbaum for the negative; Mr. McGarry closed for the affirmative. The chair then extended an invitation to the members of the society to speak extemporaneously on the subject. In response to this Messrs. Du Brul and Kennedy took the floor, and in a very logical and convincing argument enunciated their convictions on the question. The chair decided that the merits of the debate rested with the negative. F. E. Duffield was elected Secretary of the society.

The case of Orlando Watson *vs.* Horace B. Mackin was tried in the University Moot-court last Wednesday, Judge Hoynes presiding. It was an action in *assumpsit*, and the trial was by jury. After being out for nearly an hour it was found impossible for the jurors to agree, and they were discharged by the judge.

—Wednesday afternoon the case of Roemer *vs.* Conlan came up in the Moot-court, Judge Hoynes presiding. The facts in the case are as follows: P. H. and J. Conlan, contractors for water supply, agreed to sink a six-inch well for one William Roemer, and to continue the well until a plentiful supply of water was obtained. It was also agreed that they should stop at any depth when deeper than twenty-five feet; but in such case the contractors would not guarantee the quantity of water. To all this the defendant agreed. Under this contract the plaintiffs drilled the well to the depth of twenty-five feet without obtaining water. The defendant did not then or afterwards notify them to stop the work, and consequently they continued to drill with the knowledge of the defendant until they obtained the requisite supply of water at the depth of 216 feet. The defendant refused to pay for the work, and this action was brought to recover it. The defendant offered to prove that he was induced to enter into the contract on the strength of representations which at the time of making the plaintiffs knew to be false. The court held that when the plaintiffs, who were experts in their business, stated that water would probably be reached at the depth of 25 feet when in truth their opinion founded upon actual previous experience was that it would be necessary to drill to the depth of more than 200 feet, they asserted as a fact what they knew to be false. The defendant, therefore, had a right of rescission which he did not exercise. The plaintiffs had grounds for an action in the nature of *quantum meruit* to recover for their services. Judgment was given in favor of plaintiffs. The attorneys for plaintiffs were T. D. Mott and John G. Mott, and those for defendant, A. E. Cuneo and R. Halligan.

Football.

VICTORY FOR NOTRE DAME!

'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
Gold and blue!
'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
And N. D. U.!

was the cry that tore the atmosphere wide open on the university campus last Saturday afternoon. This yell poured forth from myriads of throats and twisted itself into hard knots. It hit the ground, rebounded amid clouds of flying dust, shot skyward, and tore great rents in the blue clouds of a beautiful afternoon. It filled the whole air with roaring echoes and the hearts of the Albion team with sorrow.

Nothing in the first half for either team; a touch-down and goal kick for each in the second, and topped off with a safety for Notre Dame, with the ball within two feet of the goal, which Albion was desperately defending, tells the story of a hard, close, stubbornly contested game of football.

Notre Dame bucked the line and fought for the pigskin with Albion's crack eleven. The 'Varsity eleven show a wonderful "reversal of form" under the management of Messrs. Studebaker and Muessel, and Saturday played a really good game of ball. The game was by far the most interesting that has been seen at Notre Dame for a number of years.

The Albion boys played a strong and determined game. They went into it with plenty of confidence; and although they were undoubtedly surprised to find what a strong rock they had run up against, they did not lose heart, and played an exceedingly good game to the very end.

Albion depended mostly on getting around the ends for their gains; they too could buck Notre Dame's strong wall, but never for more than a short distance. Muessel, our big right tackle, threw himself against the Albion line with great force; he never seemed to tire, and although he was the especial mark of every player on the Albion side, he did some of the best work on his side. Barrett, too, played a strong game; Schillo flung himself at the Albion line and made brilliant plays that seemed born of desperation. Much credit is due to Du Brul. He was repeatedly downed, and downed roughly, but nothing could stop his oncoming. Flannigan at centre played a game as steady and strong as any one could wish. Roby, Cullen, Dinkle, and Chidester, played an unusually brilliant game; Sinnott made several good runs, and Studebaker played a remarkable game. For the visitors Mulholland, Shipp and Grove "did off" the honors. All were enthusiastically cheered by the immense concourse of spectators, composed of students and visitors in carriages and on foot. The line up was as follows:

NOTRE DAME.

Flannigan *Centre*
Boby *Left Guard*
Chidester *Right Guard*
Schillo *Left Tackle*
Muessel *Right Tackle*
Cullen *Left End*
Dinkle *Right End*
Du Brul *Quarter Back*
Sinnott *Right Half*
Barrett *Left Half*
Studebaker *Full Back*

ALBION.

Jacobs
C. Morehouse
F. Morehouse
Laudon
Coggshall
Atwood
Fenn
White
Grove
Shipp
Mulholland

Time Keeper: R. W. Way; *Manager of Albions:* D. M. Shively; *Umpire:* F. R. Maullon, Albion; *Referee:* B. Paul, Notre Dame.

THE GAME.

Albion wins the toss, takes the ball and the west goal. B. Paul blows his whistle for "play ball," and Albion puts the ball in play by bucking Notre Dame's line for successive gains of 9, 3, and 2 yards. Here they again line up; Shipp takes the ball for 12 yards; he is tackled and thrown by DuBrul. Notre Dame's centre is next made the point of attack; but the line is solid and Albion surrenders the ball on three downs. Notre Dame attacks Albion's centre; it gives 4 yards. Schillo is then pushed through for a gain of 5 yards; here the ball is fumbled; Cullen recovers it and adds 5 yards to Notre Dame's credit. Barrett attempts Albion's right, is tackled and thrown; Du Brul takes the ball from Barrett and advances 5 yards before he is downed. Next the ball is rushed through Albion's centre for 7 yards; here the ball is again fumbled and 4 yards are lost. Barrett's attempt on the right loses more. Studebaker here drops back and makes a kick; but it is a free catch; Mulholland captures it, and advances 10 yards before being tackled. Mulholland then tries Notre Dame's centre and gains 5 yards. Grove goes around the right end for 7 yards. Three downs follow without the requisite gain, and Notre Dame takes the ball. Muessel hits the line for five; Schillo, aided by Cullen, Muessel and Studebaker, is rushed through Albion's left for 25 yards. Sinnott endeavors to go around Albion's left end, but is downed. Barrett succeeds in advancing the ball around the right for 5 yards; next Albion's centre presents Studebaker with 7. Schillo then receives the ball, but fumbles it; Studebaker quickly recovers it and gains 15 yards around Albion's left end. The ball is again fumbled; Atwood, of Albion, falls on it. The ball is passed to Grove, who carries it 13 yards around Notre Dame's right. Albion loses the ball on three downs. Schillo, assisted by Sinnott, Cullen and Muessel, goes through Albion's left for gains of four and six yards. Schillo again gets the ball, and, aided by Sinnott's interference, advances it fifteen yards before he is thrown. The ball is now within fifteen yards of the goal defended by Albion. The ball is here fumbled and lost. Shipp, for Albion, runs around the right end for seven yards. The centre is next worked for gains of two and five yards. Grove gains seven yards around the right; he again

works it for six. Shipp, too, gets five yards from right; the centre then yields five. The fun ended here: three downs and no gain; the ball passes to Notre Dame.

Albion braces up and holds her own; and after three unsuccessful attempts, Notre Dame returns the ball. Shipp succeeds in gaining seven yards around the left end. Notre Dame begins to play ball, and Albion loses the pigskin on three downs. Schillo is forced through the line for a gain of five yards. Sinnott, assisted by Du Brul's, Studebaker's and Dinkle's interference, gains twenty-five yards before he is thrown. Barrett works the right for five. Time is called; the ball is left within twenty yards of the goal.

In the second half Notre Dame is given the ball, starts off with the wedge. Du Brul, assisted by Studebaker, makes 20 yards. Barrett and Schillo, with the assistance of the line, advance the ball twenty-eight yards. The ball is fumbled and lost to Albion. Shipp takes the ball around the right for ten yards, is tackled by Studebaker. Grove attempts the left end; Cullen convinces him that it is a bad practice by giving him three downs without necessary gain. Schillo is carried by Roby through the centre for seven yards. Sinnott, Studebaker and Schillo gain, respectively, 5, 3 and 7 yards around the left. The ball is lost on three downs. Mulholland gets around the left end for 6. Shipp takes the ball, tries Notre Dame's centre; Du Brul tackles him, and forces him back over the line, scoring a safety for Notre Dame. Score: Notre Dame, 2; Albion, 0.

Albion brings the ball to 25 yard line, works a wedge, and after three unsuccessful attempts to gain, they yield up the ball. Sinnott tries the end for 3 yards; Muessel wades through Albion's line and makes an opening for Schillo, who follows with the ball for 20 yards. Schillo is foully tackled, and Notre Dame is given 5 yards by the umpire. Studebaker runs the right for 4 yards; Schillo is forced through by Roby for 5 yards. The line advances the ball 5 yards. Notre Dame is now close to the coveted goal. A desperate struggle ensues here. Studebaker gets possession of the ball, and, with the assistance of the entire team, is forced over the line, scoring the first and only touch-down for Notre Dame. With unerring aim he kicks the goal, and the score stands—Notre Dame, 8; Albion, 6.

The ball is brought to centre; Albion works the wedge for 9 yards; Grove passes through centre for 7; next he attempts the right end; is tackled by Roby; no gain. Centre yields nothing to them, second down, Mulholland falls back, kicks ball; Barrett catches and advances but 5 yards when tackled by Mulholland. Ball is forfeited to Albion on three downs. Albion hits the centre for 2 yards. Grove passes the left end and adds two more; the ball is now in dangerous proximity to

Notre Dame's goal. A scrimmage ensues; Mulholland steals away with the ball, passes the left and scores the only touch-down for Albion. White kicks the goal. Score: 8 to 6.

Ball to centre; Notre Dame works the wedge. Du Brul breaks out between Muessel and Chidester, and, assisted by Sinnott and Studebaker, advances the ball 40 yards before thrown. The ball is forced by successive plays to within 15 yards of the goal. Studebaker gets the ball, and is downed only one foot from Albion's goal. Before an opportunity to line is given, time is called, the score standing—Notre Dame, 8; Albion, 6. D.

A Critique.

There is one conclusion to be drawn from the result of last Saturday's contest. Notre Dame has learned football wonderfully well, and is playing in a manner that classes her with the strong university elevens of the West. All the men in the line are fixtures, with the possible exception of Cullen who would make a strong man for quarter back. He possesses the quickness, coolness and strength required to fill the position in an acceptable manner. Flannigan at centre plays a hard game, stands well on his feet, and is surprisingly active for one of his size. Of Roby little can be said in the way of criticism; he always plays the best he knows how. He put up a straight, hard, plunging game; is swift on his feet and nimble with the brain. Chidester sometimes fails to get into the plays. This may be caused more by his inability to think quickly than by anything else that handicaps him, and this fault can be eradicated only by careful coaching. Muessel has more experience than anyone in the line, and this, with his great strength, makes him a man to be depended upon. In the game with Albion he made a hole in the line every time large enough to send a bobtail street-car through. Schillo will go where he is sent, and go with a vengeance. He is heavy and strong, with a pair of shoulders able to stand the strain of any rush. He is playing a magnificent game, running low and hard.

In a hard game such as was played against Albion last Saturday the weak points of a team are made manifest. From start to finish it was clearly apparent that there was something radically wrong back of the line. All the plays lacked that whoop and dash which is so essential to good football playing. At no time were good gains made around the end. This was owing principally to poor interference and guarding. Every time a half went around the end he was downed from behind. Guard your

man in the rear as well as in front. Sinnott is a speedy man for half; but speed, although an important requisite, is not the only one. In a strong game where the teams are well matched an opportunity to show speed will seldom be given. He runs too high and is inclined to go back to avoid being downed. Run forward at any cost, and never leave your interference. Barrett, the other half-back, is a determined player, but he is too big and too slow for the position; we would prefer to see him in the line. With Keough, Du Brul, Cullen and Studebaker for backs, a quartet would be formed that could bear comparison with any in the West.

M.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Crawley, DuBrul, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Davis, Eyanson, Funke, Flannery, Flanagan, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, Maurus, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, H. Mitchell, Murphy, McGarry, Pritchard, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. E. Bates, J. Brady, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, L. Byrne, Cullinan, Campbell, Corry, Callaghan, Cooke, Chassaing, Cooledge, Cuneo, Chirhart, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Duffield, Delaney, Fagan, Foley, T. Falvey, Freytag, Feeney, N. Gibson, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, Halligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Henneberry, Hesse, Ilgenfritz, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Moore, Maguire, Maloney, Mott Murray, Markum, McHugh, Murphy, Ney, O'Rourke, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, S. O'Brien, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Quinlan, Roper, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, F. Rielly, G. Ryan, E. Roby, J. Rielly, Spalding, Slevin, Sweet, Sullivan, Stace, Sukup, Smoger, Tong, Turner, Vignos, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wagner, Wiss, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Benson, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Burns, Banholzer, Bacon, Ball, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Clendenin, A. Ducey, Druecker, Dutt, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Fennessey, Fox, Fitzgibbon, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Gibbons, Hurley, Harding, Healy, Howard, Hoban, Hutchinson, Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Klees, Kasper, Lanagan, Lansdown, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoire, Lohner, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, P. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, Martin, McShane, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, McCarrick, Ortiz, O'Neill, O'Mara, Pendleton, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing Reber, Shillington, Sullivan, Sparks, Swigart, Stearns, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, F. Trankle, J. Treber, J. W. Treber, Taylor, Teresa, Wilcox, H. Wilson, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, Waters, O. Wright, Wachter, Wymetal, Ward, Whitehead, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allen, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, L. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Catchford, Croke, Corry, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolridge, C. Dawson, Devine, Dalton, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, L. Garrity, Leo Garrity, Gimbel, Greene, Gibbons, Graff, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hesse, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, K. King, Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Eugene

McCarthy, McPhee, Emil McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Ortey, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, L. Rasche, Robb, Shipp, Simm, Terhune, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wells, York.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Church History—Messrs. H. Mitchell, A. Hudson; *Advanced Course Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. J. Cooke, Galen, Kennedy, Marmon, McHugh, G. Pulskamp, J. Murphy, Lanagan; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Schopp, Kearney, Carney; *Logic*—Messrs. Casey, D. Murphy, S. Walker; *Latin*—Messrs. Schopp, Casey, S. Walker, Cullinan, Davis, D. Murphy, Oswald, Slevin, Kulamer, G. Pulskamp; *Greek*—Messrs. Schopp, Montavon, S. Walker, D. Murphy, Cullinan, J. Ryan, McCaffrey, Ivasyewski; *Astronomy*—J. Schopp; *Civil Engineering*—C. Fitzgerald; *Descriptive Geometry*—H. Mitchell; *Analytical Mechanics*—Messrs. Keough, C. Mitchell; *Surveying*—J. Dempsey; *Chemistry and Physics*—Messrs. E. Scherrer, C. Fitzgerald, D. Murphy, Hudson, Montavon; *Calculus*—H. Mitchell; *Analytical Geometry*—H. Ilgenfritz; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Eyanson, J. Murphy; *Geometry*—Messrs. Barry, J. Miller, E. Murphy, Sweet, Leonard; *Algebra*—Messrs. Barry, H. Wilson, J. Ryan, Kulamer, J. Miller; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. T. Mott, Casey; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Esge, Marmon, Montavon; *Literature*—Messrs. Cullinan, J. Cooke; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Ilgenfritz, McHugh; *Political Economy*—J. Kearney; *History*—Messrs. Cullinan, Hennessy, Murray, J. Ryan, Galen, Zeitler; *Mineralogy*—Messrs. Marr, Hervey; *Metallurgy*—W. Marr; *Botany*—Messrs. S. Walker, Eyanson; *Physiology*—Messrs. Ilgenfritz, Stace, Slevin, Druecker.

COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—Messrs. Bauer, Black, Byrne, Sweet, A. Dillon, T. Falvey, Feeney, Sukup, Connor, Chauvet, Farrelly, McPhillips; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Hart, Cummings, Swift, Kerndt, Klees, Colby, Byrne, Miles, Zoehrlaut; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Wensinger, Swift, Shillington, Miles, Fennessy, Schwartz, Loser, Gordon, B. Adolphus, Franke, Romero, Gonzales, Casey, Dreyer, Jack, Benson, Curry, Reinhard, DeLormier, Dwyer, Roper; *Grammar*—Messrs. Burger, Byrne, Schwartz, Loser, Gilmartin, B. Adolphus, B. Vincent, McGarrick, B. Ernest, Fennessy, Franke, Waters, Gordon, Morris, B. Eli, Sukup; *Reading*—Messrs. Byrne, A. Dillon, F. Falvey, Swigart, Schwartz, Dalton, Kasper, Waters, Turner; *Orthography*—Messrs. Byrne, Welty, Maguire, B. Ernest, B. Vincent, B. Adolphus, Dannemiller, Farley, Waters, Maurer, Harris; *United States History*—Messrs. Dwyer, Grady, A. Cooke, Waters, Chase, B. Tinnin, J. Casey, Cromb, Kerndt, G. Tinnin, Walker; *Geography*—Messrs. H. Tinnin, Carfield, Walker, Dwyer, Oswald, Swift, Grady, Swigart, L. Miller, Waters, Bloomfield, G. Tinnin, Herman, J. Casey; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Druecker, Wurzer; *Composition*—Messrs. Trankle, Dannemiller, Kegler, Brown, Crane, Kulamer, Rumely, Baldwin; *Latin*—Messrs. Herman, Palmer, Nieuland, Esge, Cornell, Murray, Spalding, Gordon, Ilgenfritz, Gilmartin, Kegler, J. Murphy; *Greek*—Messrs. Duffy, Fagan, Herman, Nieuland, Lantry, Kulamer, Schumacher; *Algebra*—Messrs. O. Wright, A. Herman, Weaver, Bennet, Hesse, Gibson, McHugh, Miles, Cornell.

SPECIAL.

French—Messrs. Thorn, Palmer, Franke, Neville, H. Mitchell, DeLormier, Funke, Barry, Carney, McCarrick, Oliver, Schwartz; *German*—Messrs. Esge, Kearney, H. Wilson, Freitag, Loser, Schwartz, Ruppe, Weaver, Dutt, Costello, Lohner, Schur, Treber, Dillon; *Music*—Messrs. Maguire, McHugh, Treber, Franke, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, Wilson, Brincker, Hartnett, Kelly, Monarch, DuBrul, Tong, Donahoe, Young, McDermott, Thorn, Black, Connor, McShane, Kerndt, Sweet; *Drawing*—Messrs. Sullivan, Correll, C. Fitzgerald, Kunert, C. Mitchell, J. Miller, Dorsey, Wagner, E. Scherrer, Foley.