

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

No. 12.

Love's Touchstone.

IN MEMORY OF THE VERY REV. E. SORIN, C. S. C.

ARTH'S saints, how pure soe'er to mortal eyes,
How surely free from soiling blot or stain,
And fitted, as we deem, at once to gain
Beyond death's portal life's supernal prize,
Appear, perchance, arrayed in other guise
Before their Judge; still may some debt remain
To cancel which fierce ecstasies of pain
Enthrall our dead, and force their doleful sighs.

So, Father dear, to thine own counsels true,
Our hearts to Mary's tender heart lay siege,
Still begging her to rid thy soul of rue,
And rest eternal grant her subject liege:
E'en thus we best requite thy gentle care,
The touchstone of our love not praise, but prayer.

A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

The deep interest in "In Memoriam" lies in its humanity. It is not a mere set of polished verses, in which a peaceful soul, pensively and comfortably, muses on death, as is the "Elegy" of Gray. It is not a pagan outcry as is the "Adonais" of Shelley; nor is it an elegant and exquisite lyric, like the "Lycidas" of Milton, where Grief, assuming the attire of a shepherdess, trips about death, crook in hand, and with one eye on the audience. It is not a mere beautiful invocation to the powers of nature as the elegy of Bion, after which so many English poets have copied; it is the work of a poetic intellect, drawing from the great organ of death all the

tones that merely human hands can bring forth. If it be a consolation to see reflected in the most subtle and refined, the most plastic and strong of verse, the thoughts which have crudely crossed our minds when death has struck us, then the "In Memoriam" is full of consolation. We find sympathy in it; but even that sympathy occasionally lacks warmth. It is too Greek; it is too graceful, too reticent; the artist is sometimes more apparent than the mourner. The mother may read it when the calm which God sends after the first burst of grief is past; she may even mark passages in it; but unhappy is that mother who cannot go further than "In Memoriam" goes, and bridge the abyss between life and death with prayer! Tennyson shows us the portal of the other world; he beats his hands against it; he twists and retwists his grief into garlands of flowers and wreaths of thorns; his hands, so full of life, play on all the strings of the harp of life; but the door of his unknown and unknowable does not open; no response to his lyre is heard from the harps of paradise. He *feels* that there is an Immortal Voice behind those doors; but he does not know it; he holds that he cannot find God,—cannot know Him, but that he was born to *feel* rather than to believe in His existence. His belief, half faith, half feeling, reaches its highest point in the famous lines LIV.:

"Oh! yet we trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire

* From the lecture delivered by Dr. M. F. EGAN.

Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold we know anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

This is not the language of infidelity, though it has been so read by men who little understood the nobility of the poet; nor is it the language of the Christian Church. It is not the thought or the language of St. Paul, or St. Ambrose, or St. Augustine, or Leo XIII., in whom dwells their spirit. It is above the *feeling* of Plato that the soul must be immortal; but not much above the opinion of Socrates that a supernatural voice led him. It is the language of a great soul cut off from the full light of Christianity by three hundred years of tradition and prejudice. It is the language of the groper, of him who tries to beat back the darkness with lampless hands. The reverend Frederick W. Robertson, a Protestant clergyman much in sympathy with the spirit of "In Memoriam," in his analysis of "In Memoriam," explains LIV. in these words: "Out of the human heart a vague cry anticipates the final deduction of good from evil." In LV. (page 82 of Macmillan's fine edition of the poem) Tennyson cries:

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

"I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Mr. Robertson, explaining this, adds: "But nature and experience seeming to negative the hope of individual immortality, there is nothing left to rest it on but faith." And in LVI. the poet, according to him, hears the "hideous No" of Nature. With all reverence to the lofty spirit which has so nobly bewailed the loss of the early lost friend, Arthur Hallam, a Christian—in the light of the teachings of the Catholic Church—must substitute feeling for the word faith wherever Tennyson writes it.

To a Catholic, who is the only Christian on the face of the earth in possession of the unimpaired truth of Christ, the "In Memoriam" is an instructive and elevating study. It is only the Catholic who can fully appreciate its

beauty and comprehend its inadequacy. He rises with it, but he does not fall with it. It is the utterance of a grand mind struggling with the inconsistencies of a mutilated Christianity—inconsistencies which would send minds back to the glow-worm condition of Socrates and Plato, and make the fulfilment of Christianity as vague as Virgil's prophecy of it in the fifth eclogue, were it possible to paganize a world in which the faith of Christ will not die.

The longing that the bereaved heart feels to speak to the one gone before, and the desire, too, of the living heart for living affection which will not efface the old love, is beautifully expressed in LXXXV., where the poet recalls the shock of Arthur Hallam's death in Vienna:

"Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

"My old affection of the tomb,
A past of stillness, yearns to speak:
'Arise, and get thee forth, and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

"I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech,
We two communicate no more."

"And: I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

"And lightly does the whisper fall:
'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all!"

"So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so, methinks, the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed."

These lines relate to the possibility of the old friendship leading to another affection for a living being:

"The primrose of the later year
As not unlike to that of spring."

But one cannot help applying them to those grave questions: Is it all well with the soul? Does it suffer? Is the justice of God satisfied? Does it enjoy the Beatific Vision? or is it waiting, naked and patient, for the Light? Are there no "sins of the will" for which eternal justice demands reparation before man, God-endowed, can be "free"? Tennyson, in his questions, seems to think only of the spirit of his friend as it is allied to his. Arthur Hallam, in Tennyson's fancy, seems to say: "Find another friend; I will not grieve, for I am

happy." But, after all, the poet cries out: "This is only a play with symbols!" I am fed by fancy; I have not touched the core of things!" How beautiful and how barren it all is!—and the whole poem, we may justly say, is "beautiful, but barren!" And yet how lovely and how noble is the outreaching beyond the materialism of doubt! And how pathetic the outcry of "I think" and "I trust" of this high mind and deep heart groping for certitude!

"I trust I have not wasted breath;
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with death.

"Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let science prove we are, and then
What matters science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

"Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood's shape
His actions like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things."

It is this great note of exultation, recurring ever and anon, in the sadness and doubt and human sentiment of the poem, that make us love Tennyson. His God is not our God: He is only a dim Presence such as a noble pagan of old might have dreamed of, but more luminous. His Christ—we say this with all deference to the poet—is not our Christ; the Infant Christ, whom St. Francis d'Assisi led the children to adore on the morning of the Nativity; nor the benignant Christ, whose fathomless love bids Him become part of us, and whose Unbloody Sacrifice is a daily link between us and our dead. The Christ of the "In Memoriam" is the Christ as depicted by Holman Hunt; not the Christ of Raphael, the God-Man of Fra Angelico, the Judge of Michael Angelo, or the Sacrifice of Da Vinci. Tennyson's "Christ that is to be" is a mysterious being, sweet and benign, but without distinctness; vague, nebulous, symbolical, mysterious, but not mystical. We must not forget—though it seems cruel to remember it—that the Protestant world has departed very widely from the true idea of God and of His Divine Son. Even Luther saw this with remorse in his own day; and even he realized that to cease to venerate the co-Redemptrix of mankind was to begin to deny the divine humanity of Christ.

None of us, looking with hopeful eyes on a world which cannot wholly detach itself from Christianity, can fail to sympathize with the hope of happier days on which Tennyson

finds the inspiring music of "Ring Out, Wild Bells." But "the Christ that is to be" is; He was born for us and He died for us, and it is His spirit, working inscrutably, that has brought the spirit of gentleness and the love of peace which is leavening the multitude with more and more force, in defiance of the croakers who cry out that Christianity is a failure. And we, in the glory of the risen Christ, can sing with the fervor of the poet:

"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind."

In "In Memoriam" we see reflected the best phase of modern Protestant Christianity. That it cannot hold fast to this highest point, observation has shown us. It must go up higher to the Mother it rebelled against, or sink lower. If we seek for the ennobling element in Tennyson's work,—an element which permeates it all, and for which the nineteenth century must be grateful, we find it in his purity. When men cease to be Christians, they cease to be pure; and *vice versa*. What incalculable harm could the strongest and most subtle of all English poets, after Dryden and Milton, have done, had he brutalized his poetry as Swinburne did; for a poet, like a woman, descends low when he wills to descend. Notice how, in LIII., he gives the lie to the materialistic philosophy which makes brutal axioms excusing sin, and which, even if not preached aloud, are held and whispered with a tolerant air:

"How many a father have I seen,
A sober man among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green.

"And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

"Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

"Hold thou the good; define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

These are fine and opportune words in our time, and representative of the purity of the poet. In XCIV. he says:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

"In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou, too, canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

If Tennyson, when he wrote these words, could have known what the "Communion of Saints" meant to his Catholic ancestors he would have given them a greater force and glory. As they stand, they are exquisite settings to a lovely fancy—but only a fancy. They mean no more than that when the mind is calm, imagination and memory work together; and this synthesis the poet magnifies into the coming of "spirits from their golden day." In this poem Tennyson is not a Pantheist, for he says:

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul.

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

(XLVII.)

But he disclaims all philosophy, or the teaching deep truths. How could he do otherwise, since he had no truth greater to teach than that we must trust that such a noble creature—"the flower of men"—must have had a noble Creator, and could not have been born for annihilation. He exquisitely calls his "brief lays of sorrow born"—

"Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

The chief beauty of "In Memoriam," for it has many beauties—is in its true and artistic reflection of human feelings. Its art conceals its art; in its polished mirror one sees reflected the very shades of thoughts that cross the minds of the bereaved. For instance (LI.):

"Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?"

"Shall he for whose applause I strove—
I had such reverence for his blame—
See with clear eyes some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?"

"Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes, than ours,
To make allowance for us all,"

How true is the poet to the half-dream, half-thought of those who mourn, when he says that if his friend should come back,

"And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange."

And again, how true to experience is the thought he puts into his answer to those who wonder to "find him" gay among the gay:

"He plays with thread, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die;
His night of loss is always there."

The mourner of "In Memoriam" is loudest in his grief when he tries to convince himself that there is a God and that the soul is immortal. He envies the faith of St. Mary Magdalen, while he feels that he cannot attain it (XXXIV.). If there be no life beyond the grave, he protests

"'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease."

But the constant undertone of this grand symphony is unrest; it is the undertone of the modern world. The birds trill; the rain, fresh and life-giving, splashes on our faces; the vicarage garden at Christmas, with the cheery fire inside and the holly berries, is a symbol of peace; but through all is heard the hoarse murmur of unrest and doubt.

The waves never cease; they subside and grow, but their moans sound through all the moods of "In Memoriam." He asks those who think they have reached a purer faith which is without forms to respect simple faith. He does not seem to know whether faith without form is best; but we see that, like Rénan, with whom Tennyson has no sympathy, he longs for the old forms. He has nothing of the hard, vulgar scorn of the doubter. He says, with a pathetic tolerance, which makes all the keener his own unrest:

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

"Her faith thro' form is pure as thine;
Her hands are quicker unto good;
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!"

(XXXIII.)

These lines, if there were no others pointing the same way, would show that this poet of loss and gain did not hold the Truth, of which the Divine Redeemer, the only Christ, is the centre. To admit that the faith of the doubter in the Incarnation is as pure as that of the

Christian would seem rank infidelity, if the term "Protestant Christianity" had not been made to cover it.

To us who commune with our dead, suffering or triumphant, how barren is this beautiful poem! We do not in vain beat against the gate of eternal silence; for our Lord stands at the door, carrying our messages day after day, "from the rising of the sun until it sets."

[From the Boston Republic.]

The Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C.

By the recent death of the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the management of the American houses of that Community devolves upon his first assistant, the Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., who is also the Provincial and Superior of the Congregation in the United States. The Superior-General, during his closing years, had two assistants at Notre Dame—Fathers Corby and Walsh. But the latter clergyman, who also held the presidency of Notre Dame University, was called to the reward of his labors before Father Sorin; and as no other assistant was appointed in his place, Father Corby is left alone to assume whatever duties the death of the Superior-General may have entailed upon him.

Very Rev. W. Corby is a native of the City of the Straits, where he was born Oct. 2, 1833, so that he has but quite recently celebrated his 60th birthday. The rudiments of his education were obtained in the public schools of Detroit, where he studied up to his sixteenth year, when his father needing his assistance in the business in which he was engaged, young Corby left his books and aided his father to the best of his ability. For some four or five years he was thus occupied, during which period the careful business training which he experienced, and the methodical habits which he acquired, proved of great advantage to him in after years, and show themselves in the admirable and systematic manner in which whatever work that is entailed upon him is arranged and executed. His father, who did not fail to recognize the capabilities and promise of his son, came to the conclusion that he was fitted for a higher calling than a mercantile career; and after consulting the lad himself, and learning from him that he was anxious to go to college and

study for the priesthood, he sent William, with two younger brothers to Notre Dame University, whose fame had long before pervaded the whole Northwest; and in his 20th year the present Provincial entered the University of which he was destined to become, in after years, the rector.

Young Corby had been at Notre Dame hardly a year before he became convinced that it was his vocation to become a member of the religious Congregation which had charge of that institution. Accordingly, in 1854, when he was just attaining his majority, he applied for admission into the Community; and his application being favorably acted upon, he at once began his novitiate, at the same time that he commenced his divinity course. After five years of probation and study he was allowed to make his religious profession; and after that ceremony he was appointed Prefect of Discipline at the University, an important post, which required of the young scholastic great forbearance and prudence; qualities, however, of which he showed himself fully possessed during the years that he remained prefect. Father Corby held this office for the ensuing two years, during which time, in addition to the duties his prefecture required of him, he also prosecuted his theological studies and prepared himself for his approaching ordination. He was elevated to the priesthood in 1860, and then assigned to a professorship in the University; but the following year he was appointed Director of the Manual Labor School of Notre Dame, and charged, moreover, with the mission of South Bend, which then had no resident pastor.

When the war broke out Father Sorin, who showed his great zeal by providing the Union forces with chaplains and nurses for the wounded, urged Father Corby to offer his services to the governor of New York, which state sent thousands upon thousands of Catholic volunteers to the front. Father Corby, of course, gladly complied with his Superior's counsel, and he was appointed chaplain, with the rank of a cavalry officer, to one of the New York regiments, with which he remained for three years, taking part with the force in the memorable campaigns that occurred in those years, and endearing himself to all, officers and privates, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, by his unassuming piety, his regard for the welfare of his soldiers and his unvarying kindness of character. The Irish Brigade, General Nugent's command, was served by him as chaplain, and

the solemn absolution which Father Corby gave the brigade as it was about to enter the Gettysburg conflict, in July, 1863, has been described in the following graphic words:

"Father Corby stood upon a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere Act of Contrition, and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins. He urged them to do their duty well, reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought. The brigade was standing at order arms. As he closed his address, every man fell on his knees, with head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of absolution. The scene was more than impressive: it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence; and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with all the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a fervent prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes; in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible indeed that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

There was another memorable scene on this historic battlefield twenty-five years later, when Father Corby came back from Indiana to Pennsylvania to meet the survivors of the brigade which he had inspired to bravery there in the midsummer of 1863. With him comes another priest, a Jesuit, who had served as a chaplain to the boys in blue, Father Ouelette, then as now, of Garden River, Ont., in the Peterborough diocese. "It was a strange meeting," said one who took part in the reunion, "for the veterans, and many stories were told of what these grand priests had done for them. Many of them pointed out the fact that while Father Corby during the war wore a long beard his face was now entirely clean-shaven, and Father Ouelette, who was then as clean shaven as a child, was now distinguished by his gray beard. When Father Corby met General Nugent in the church, hands went up to the eyes of every man who knew what it meant. The two had not met since they were together on the battlefield, and the thoughts aroused in

each were too much for themselves and too much for those around. All the memories of the past came vividly back, and the picture of these old veterans was exciting in the extreme." On this occasion Father Ouelette celebrated the anniversary requiem Mass, at which Father Corby preached to the surviving veterans, and the nature and effect of his sermon can be readily imagined by the reader. For the gallantry and the services which he rendered on the memorable field of Gettysburg, Father Corby was quite recently presented by the State of New York with a medal which entitles him to membership in the Legion of Honor, whose records are kept at Washington, an honor which is shared with him by that other Catholic chaplain of war times who is now Archbishop Ireland, mention of whose distinction Mr. Roosevelt made in his speech last week in this city. Father Corby has also, of late years, published a work in which are narrated, in a pleasing manner, many of his army experiences, with mention of the many other Catholic clergymen who accompanied the Union forces in camp and field, through disaster and victory, till the close of hostilities and the signing of the peace of Appomattox.

With the end of the civil strife, Father Corby returned to Notre Dame and resumed his place in the Congregation of which he is so honored a member. In 1866 his colleagues honored him still further by electing him President of the University and local Superior of Notre Dame, and twenty-two years later he attained the position of Provincial which he now occupies, and which he has filled for the past five years to the great advantage of the Congregation and the perfect satisfaction of all its members.

The Provincial office is no light burden; for Father Corby is at the head of a Community which counts, in the United States alone, over sixty priests, one hundred and seventy-nine Brothers, eighty-nine novices, and ninety-two postulants. The supervision of this Community, with its more than four hundred members, requires no small ability, industry and watchfulness on the part of the head; and the fact that, as Provincial, Father Corby has achieved some of the more notable successes of his eventful career is no small tribute to his excellence and worth of character. The Very Rev. Provincial, whose duties are increased now because of the recent death of Father Sorin, is a priest of imposing presence, with a clean-shaven countenance, marked by strong features; and his hair, which is sparse on his forehead,

is worn rather long. His disposition is modest and retiring, but he has the faculty of binding in fast friendship all who come in contact with him, and he is highly esteemed by all who have the honor of his acquaintance. In what regard he is held by his veterans of the brigade, which he absolved on the eve of the Gettysburg battle, was shown by the warmth of the reception they gave him on that historic field when he visited it on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union victory. The survivors of that terrible battle pressed eagerly forward then to grasp his hand and listen to his voice, and all agreed in pronouncing him a glorious man, a glorious patriot and a glorious priest; and the honors the State of New York and his own Congregation have bestowed on him emphasize the correctness of their verdict.

Books and Periodicals.

—"Columbus Outdone" is the title of a well-illustrated book of 200 pages, just issued, to record the surprising adventures of Capt. William A. Andrews in his trip across the ocean in a boat 14½ feet long, and aptly called the "Sapolio"—because she "scoured the seas!" The preface claims that "the example of intelligent daring is never lost on the world," and that "four-fifths of the so-called dangers of life are trifles if met with courage, resolution and common sense." Cloth binding, 35 illustrations, \$1.00. Published by Artemas Ward, 11 East 14th street, New York.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for December is an interesting number. President Jordan of Stanford University tells "The Story of Bob" with illustrations. Bob is a South Sea monkey, and his story, besides contributing to the study of Simian psychology, will be found very entertaining. The distinctive features of our "new navy" are described by Mr. W. A. Dobson. The article has been fully illustrated by Mr. Charles C. Dodge, with pictures of the cruiser New York, the monitor Miantonomoh, the gunboat Yorktown and other typical war vessels, and with sections showing how their armor and other defenses are placed. A copiously illustrated account of "The Fruit Industry in California," by Charles Howard Shinn, is a leading feature. The marvellous growth of this industry and its still greater possibilities are very strikingly shown.

—The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains five short stories of unusual beauty in sentiment, especially chosen for their appropriateness to the Christmas season. The authors are Robert Grant, Thomas Nelson Page,

Henry van Dyke, Edith Wharton, and Herbert D. Ward. There is, in addition, a hitherto unpublished work of fiction by Sir Walter Scott, which is here printed by arrangement with Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and introduced and edited by Andrew Lang. The poetry of the number represents an equally notable list of authors including Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edith M. Thomas, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Graham R. Tomson. The illustrations represent the best work of eminent artists, including J. R. Weguelin, Edwin Lord Weeks, F. S. Church, Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, and Irving R. Wiles. A novelty in magazine illustration is sixteen pages of exquisite half-tone reproductions of the Della Robbia sculptures, printed in tint to suggest the delicate material of the Robbia work.

[From the Catholic Review.]

A Tribute of Respect.

The cemetery of the Congregation of the Holy Cross lies near the north-west shore of St. Mary's Lake, at Notre Dame, Ind. Here lies buried the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, Superior-General and Founder of beautiful Notre Dame. Close to the eastern extremity of the lake stands the magnificent Church of the Sacred Heart, and between it and the cemetery are two prominent buildings—Holy Cross Seminary, and the residence for the professed members of the Community. Almost directly opposite the last-mentioned, on the further shore of the neighboring lake—St. Joseph's—is the Novitiate. In these houses the office of the Blessed Virgin is chanted regularly. A visitor, recently, was deeply impressed by the solemn tones of the *Salve Regina* which were borne from across the waters; and later, while kneeling at the grave of this noble, heroic priest, was moved to the heart by the coincidence of the intonation of the *De Profundis*.

I am sad to-night, as I sit and think,
And tears unbidden rise to my eyes,
Through a hazy mist on a lake's dark brink
I can see the spot where a hero lies.

Our Lady of Peace guards the hallowed spot,
While round about grows the myrtle green,
And along its banks the forget-me-not
And the drooping buds of the eglantine.

There many a mound of earth lies heaped;
And a cross gleams out to the leaden sky,
And many a heart in sorrow is steeped
As the autumn leaves go whirling by.

There the cypress bends, and the low, sweet note
Of the turtle-dove floats soft on the air,
And a plaintive dirge comes over the moat
Like the solemn hush of voices in prayer.

Ah, me! as I gaze through the glimmering light,
How fond are the memories that I recall,
While the shadows rise and the lonely night
Draws her curtains of sable about like a pall!

Rest, soldier of Christ, thy warfare is o'er;
Peace to thy spirit and tears for thy worth;
May we meet thee again after life's fitful hour
When done with the crosses and trials of earth!
M. P. E.

Letters of Condolence.

Among the letters of condolence received during the week we give space to the following:

"SACRED CONGREGATION DE PROPAGANDA FIDE,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
[No. 4596.]

ROME, NOV. 10, 1893.

"The undersigned Secretary of the S. Congregation de Propaganda Fide, wishes to inform your Reverence that he has received your letter containing the sad news of the death of the Very Reverend E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Such a loss has also saddened this S. Congregation, which justly appreciated the zeal, the charity, and the other virtues which adorned that venerable priest, upon whom we may well hope the Lord has already bestowed the merited reward.

"Besides my own, I also, in the name of His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect, present to your Reverence, as well as to all the other religious, his sincere condolence; profiting by this occasion to assure your Reverence of the sentiments of the greatest respect of

"Your most obedient servant,

"✠ T. A., *Archbishop of Larissa*,
for H. E. CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI.

"To the Reverend P. Dion, Procurator-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, NOV. 3.

"REV. DEAR FATHER:

"Yours of yesterday received to-day brings me the news of the death of by far one of the most distinguished and meritorious priests in the United States. By his life and by his work he was a model to us all. It hardly seems necessary to pray for such a confessor of the faith. Still as you desire so it shall be done, and we shall all put him in our Masses and our prayers. God rest his weary soul! Thanking you too for your thoughtfulness in sending me the news,

"I remain, as ever, sincerely yours,

"MGR. D. J. O'CONNELL."

"FLORENCE, NOV. 12.

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"It is with hearts full of grief that we offer you and the whole Community our most sincere condolences for the irreparable loss of dear Father General; in him we

having lost one who has always been our best and truest friend, and we feel as if a father had been taken from us. How the whole Community must miss the blessing of have him in its midst, and the sight of that dear and kind face, always with a smile for everyone! Our only consolation is to think that he is now nearer than ever to each of those he loved, and now implores mercy for all who still remain in this world of tears.

"Yours very faithfully and respectfully,

"LUIGI GREGORI."

The following is taken from the circular letter recently addressed to the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross by the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, successor to the lamented Very Rev. Father Sorin in the office of Superior-General:

"It is my personal and very painful duty to have to announce to you the death of the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of our Congregation. He had been ill for several years and had attained a very advanced age. His life declined gloriously under the weight of great deeds accomplished by him, of many inevitable preoccupations and of grave responsibilities. But he was of a robust constitution, and the object of the greatest care and attention from all who surrounded him. Many fervent prayers were offered up to Heaven to prolong so precious a life. The authority of his very name, which commanded submission from all, seemed a power necessary to us for many years to come.

"On the other hand, God had lately gathered into His harvest, one after the other, two great lives intimately devoted to the interests of Notre Dame—the Rev. Father Walsh and the Rev. Father Granger. The Rev. Father Walsh was forty years of age. He was in the full vigor of life, with a mind keenly appreciative of great things, and a ripe experience. Above all, possessing a kind heart and a refined nature, he was remarkable for his piety and his unbounded devotedness to the Congregation. To him is due a large share in the extension of the University; he contemplated even greater and better things for the future. Death in snatching him from the esteem and affection of all, has prevented the execution of his plans.

"The Rev. Father Granger was the companion of the Very Rev. Father Sorin's early days. He had always been with him; had assisted him in his many undertakings with a good will which never failed. He had shared in all his solicitudes of administration; their two lives were blended into one, acting only for the glory of God, the triumph of the Church, the salvation of souls, and the interests of the Congregation. He died leaving to all the example of fervent piety which, far from diminishing, seemed ever to expand with a never-failing charity and an angelic serenity which were the expression of a soul under complete subjection and conquered to God.

"Were we not justified, therefore, in the hope that the sovereign majesty of God would be satisfied with the sacrifice of these two great lives, and that, to compensate these losses so bitterly felt by all hearts, the Very Rev. Father Sorin would be spared to us, in spite of all his infirmities? But Providence had ordained otherwise. We have, each and all, only to submit, although with broken hearts, to adore and love His holy will at all times.

"It had come, that hour of recompense decreed by the Sovereign Master of all for the labors of His aged and faithful servant. All among us enjoy the intimate conviction that at the moment of his leaving this world, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, on the threshold of eternity, heard those divine words: "Courage, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

"His career was a long one. He had lived eighty years; a life long and fruitful in good, for he founded many powerful works, all for the glory of God and His Church.

"More than fifty years ago, obedient to the order of his superior and faithful to a call from Heaven, he embarked at Havre for the New World. Neither material difficulties, of which so many times he has spoken to us, nor the dangers of a voyage much, longer and more painful then than now; nor, after that sea-voyage, the fatigues of a journey of nine hundred miles across a country as yet but little frequented, could deter him for an instant from his courageous resolve. He was accompanied by six Brothers, his associates in this glorious mission. He started; M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, was present at the departure, and favored it with his most ardent prayers. The voyage was painful. The religious were installed in the hold of the vessel, with only scanty provisions; but their hearts abounded in joy.

"On landing, their fatigues were forgotten in the noble confidence in God which filled their hearts; and in the prospect of the future which He was preparing for them. After traversing nine hundred miles of country, they found, at their journey's end, a dense forest, a few old Indian families, a few inhabitants scattered here and there, a hut, as small as it was roughly built, and all this situated near a town scarcely as yet existing.

"It was on this site that the Very Rev. Father Sorin set to work with his companions. By the grace of God, everything prospered under his able hand. Those uncultivated forests and lands became tilled and fertile fields; the Indians welcomed him as a savior; the inhabitants increased and multiplied in the Catholic Faith; that hut became a flourishing college, and, after many painful events, a brilliant university, which is without doubt one of the most active centres of intellectual and spiritual life in the United States. This establishment was soon surrounded by a province where good works and religious vocations abounded.

"The Sisters also participated largely in the blessings of God. They had shared in the labors, it was but fair that they should share also in their glory and St. Mary's Academy became, at the same time, a house of education; of well-merited repute, and the mother-house of another numerous and fervent religious family.

"A work thus carried out and blessed by God had drawn the attention of the Congregation on the Very Rev. Father Sorin and had gained him universal confidence. After the General Chapter of 1868, and after the demission given in by his Lordship, Mgr. Dufal, he was obliged to accept the charge of Superior-General under very painful circumstances. He succeeded in a manner honorable to the Congregation, but at the cost of supreme personal efforts, in mastering a situation surrounded with considerable difficulties.

"More than forty times he crossed the ocean to make himself 'all to all'; braving tempests and shipwrecks in this proof of his active and effective zeal.

"What could not be said of the dignity and piety of his life! Those who have seen him, were it only once, will never forget that mien so full of dignity, that incomparable gravity, that gentle grace, that amiable manner, that noble brow, those flowing white locks which attached one's heart more than any glance at his person. Those who have seen him preparing to celebrate Holy Mass, ascending the altar with a step so recollected, celebrating with pious attention and absorbed in the effusions of his thanksgiving; those who have heard him speak of the Blessed Virgin, with the simplicity of a child, will ever retain the remembrance as a perfume of sanctity in their inmost soul.

"After such a life and such fruitful labors he died in the peace of the Lord. He passed away in the midst of his sorrowing religious brethren in those same States of America where he rejoiced to anticipate the happiest future for Catholicity; in that University of Notre Dame, the work of the last fifty years of his life and the honor of Indiana.

"He was one of the most prominent religious characters in the New World; the esteem, the affection and the regrets of all will follow him to the grave.

"May he rest in peace in the bosom of God, with his brethren and ours, his companions in toil who had preceded him into eternity! May he bless us more than ever from heaven above! May he bestow a special blessing upon him who is appointed to succeed him!"



NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 2, 1893.

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

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

The Festival of St. Andrew.

On Wednesday last, the eve of the Festival of St. Andrew, the Faculty and students of the University assembled in Washington Hall to extend their greetings to Rev. President Morrissey on the occasion of his patronal festival. An entertainment had been prepared under the auspices of the St. Cecilians, the banner society of Carroll Hall which Father Morrissey had long directed. The programme was admirably carried out in every particular and gave beautiful expression to the sentiments of esteem and respect entertained by the students toward their beloved President. The music rendered by the university orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Paul, was of a high order of merit, and revealed the talent and skill of the musicians belonging to the organization. The Mandolin Orchestra, directed by Prof. Preston, enjoys great popularity, and their numbers were most enthusiastically encored. Great favor was also accorded the Cornet Quartette whose first appearance produced a most pleasing effect. The vocal selections were rather limited as to quantity, but the deficiency was compensated by quality, the Philharmonic Society showing rapid improvement. We hope they will form a prominent feature in all our future college entertainments.

Mr. Frank Bolton, of Sorin Hall, as the representative of the students of the University, delivered an appropriate address to Rev. President Morrissey, expressing the good wishes of all and the sentiments of respect and devotedness with which they were animated towards one to whom their best interests were entrusted. He made a very feeling reference to the great afflictions with which Notre Dame had been visited during the past few months, and the consequent responsibility which had been placed upon our President, who was to continue and still further perfect the good work. In this President Morrissey might be assured of

the loyalty and good will of the student body who are determined to correspond with his wishes and co-operate with his efforts in promoting their welfare. Though the occasion was tempered with sadness, yet it was with sincere pleasure the students assembled to do honor to their President and give to him the assurance of their heartfelt wishes that he may long enjoy health and strength to direct them and the great mission of their *Alma Mater*. Mr. Bolton's address was heartily applauded.

The Minims of St. Edward's Hall were well represented by Masters C. Girsch and R. McPhee who presented to Rev. President Morrissey an elegant cross of flowers. Their beautiful poetic address was as follows:

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Praise paints the lily, and we will not praise;
Praise but gilds gold—so praise for you is vain—
You, holding duty better than all praise;
You move the heavy plow and turn not back
While God says "Onward!" He, our friend, just gone
And waiting for us on the other shore
Left you the burden, and your work is his;
Left you his burden, may you bear it well!
We dare not praise—here, take you our best love,
And these fair flowers, which love's symbols are;
As blossoms glow in winter, so our hearts
Are warm in deepest snow—November blasts
Can never chill their warmth, nor wither them.

Roses our love shall show,
Violets your modesty,
And all the flow'rs that grow
Shall some sweet virtue be;
Yes, when no blossoms blow
Deep in our hearts shall be,
Like leaves beneath the snow,
Like sap in frosted tree,
Like fire in depth below,
Like pearls in troubled sea,
Love which your soul shall know
In God's eternity.

So take these flowers, with St. Andrew's cross—
A symbol of the burden which your love
For Christ's dear little children shall make light!

The event of the evening was the drama in two acts, entitled "The Seven Clerks; or, the Denouncer," which was presented by the St. Cecilians of Carroll Hall. The play centres upon the miserly disposition of one who has brought about the deaths of clerks in his employ, denouncing them for thefts which in fits of somnambulism he has committed himself. The development of the plot and the dénouement call forth many dramatic situations, and in their presentation the young performers reflected the greatest credit upon themselves and their director. Mr. James Lanagan as "Claude Darnaud, the Denouncer," was very

effective and depicted with great skill the hardened old miser. Master G. McCarrick as "Victor, the Son," gave a life-like portrayal of his character. With admirable elocution and good presence, he was animated and natural in representing the anxiety of a devoted son to clear his father's name. Master James O'Neill represented the hero of the play in the rôle of "Adolph de Briancourt." He was noble in his bearing, graceful in gesture and clear, distinct and animated in elocution. As "Simon Siegel," the miser's half-starved servant, Master J. B. Murphy furnished the humor of the drama and his efforts were heartily appreciated by the audience. The other characters, as mentioned in the programme, were all taken with spirit by those to whom they had been assigned, and each contributed, in no slight degree, to the general excellence of the whole production. The St. Cecilians and their worthy director are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment; they have nobly upheld the grand standard borne aloft by their society during the many previous years of its existence.

On the conclusion of the play, Rev. President Morrissey arose and in his own happy, eloquent manner expressed his appreciation of the compliment paid him in providing such an entertainment in his honor and thanked the students for the cordial greeting extended him through their representatives. In burning words he impressed upon them the great lesson which might be learned from the drama they had witnessed: to be always and under all circumstances faithful to conscience and duty. He had naught but words of praise for the students of '93-'94, and it was his most cherished desire that each and all of them, when called to go forth from their college home, might leave with the feeling that they had a right to return and be assured of a hearty welcome as dutiful children of their *Alma Mater*. He felt assured that the students of the present year were determined to leave after them a record which would be the surest guarantee to such a welcome at all times. He would have them, one and all, proud of their college, and in the future as in the past, it would be the aim of himself and those associated with him in this great work, to direct the course of Notre Dame ever upward and onward, and make it more and more an institution of which they shall be proud to be an alumnus. President Morrissey's remarks were greeted with the heartiest applause, which gave eloquent expression to the best wishes of all hearts. *Ad multos annos!*

Exchanges.

The *University of Chicago Weekly* and the *Albert College Times* are in the van of a crusade to preserve the moral atmosphere of their colleges untainted, by purging the environs of all unwholesome resorts. They are working in the right way and will succeed.

* * *

The *Owl* publishes some polyglot verse that appeared in the SCHOLASTIC twenty-six years ago. The stanzas have lost nothing of their original fragrance.

* * *

The *University Review* is a new feature in college journalism. It issues from no particular institution, and is thus the better enabled to carry out its design of giving all colleges adequate representation. It is carefully and ably edited. Besides a goodly number of poems, it contains articles on foreign universities, on the Latin play presented by the students of St. Francis Xavier's, on the Williams' centennial, on football in Indiana, and several columns of college notes. College songs, too, find a place, and every article is amply illustrated by neat half-tone engravings. The *Review* should be in every college-man's hand.

* * *

The *Portfolio* has been indulging in a fancy flight, under the caption "The Education of Uncle Sam's Children." It gives an imaginary conversation between a Chicago teacher and a geography class, with the intent to show the crass ignorance of our Uncle's teachers. The "dear little ones" stand in no need of sympathy, *Portfolio*; for they are well aware that bears are not the "staple product" of your country; if Miss Canada had nothing better, Uncle Sam would have ceased flirting with her long ago.

* * *

One of the most stupid articles that ever found its way into a college paper is contributed to the current issue of the *Doane Owl*. A certain sage Soph, who was never guilty of originality, airs the old castaway rags of others in a three-column diatribe against the Jesuits. The following sapient observation is a fair sample of the whole: "The Jesuits have championed nothing seeking to improve man's intellect or to lift him out of the slough of illiteracy." It would be a mercy for this youth if he came under the gentle, intellectual influence of the sons of St. Ignatius. They would make heroic efforts to "improve his

intellect"; and, we are certain, they would "lift him out of the slough of illiteracy" by improving his Latin.

* * *

We had hoped that the spirit of bigotry and intolerance which has visited certain portions of our country would be checked on the threshold of an American college; but the infected state of *Adelphian's* columns forces upon us the conviction that credulity is not confined altogether to those outside college walls. The last number of this journal plainly shows that history is a forbidden subject at the Adelphi Academy; for the befogged utterances of its students indicate an utter lack of intelligence necessary to distinguish myths from facts. It is to be hoped that the induction of the new principal will lead to a change in the tone of the *Adelphian*.

Personals.

—Rev. President Morrissey leaves to-day for Janesville, Wis., where he will lecture to-morrow (Sunday) evening in St. Patrick's Church.

—The last autograph letter of our venerated Founder was indited on the 25th of April this year. The characters are as firm and well formed as in letters written by him ten years ago. It was addressed to his physician, Doctor Boynton, of Chicago.

—The following communication to the *San Antonio* (Texas) *Messenger* will be read with great interest by numerous friends of the Rev. J. DeGroot, C. S. C.:

"EDITOR MESSENGER:—If the sermon given in our church this morning is any criterion, then the Rev. J. F. De Groot will be a success as a pulpit speaker. Ordained at Notre Dame, Ind., July 19th last, by Bishop Rademacher, he was shortly after appointed Prefect of Discipline of St. Edward's College, which is three miles south of this city, and to-day, at the request of our pastor, he favored us with this sermon which, being his first, was listened to very closely. Most young preachers at their first sermon are timid and others have such affected ways as to quite disgust their hearers; but such was not the case with this young reverend gentleman; for his first sermon was quite a success, and we hope to hear him again soon."

—Very Rev. E. Kilroy, D. D., '56, of Stratford, Ont., on the occasion of his recent visit recalled many early scenes in the history of Notre Dame and her venerated Founder. He is the oldest living alumnus of the University, and entertains an ardent love for his *Alma Mater*. During the week he remained here as the guest of Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby he entertained the Community and Faculty with deeply interesting reminiscences of the early struggles and trials of Fathers Sorin, Granger, Cointet, and Brothers Vincent, Xavier, Gatién and the old Brother Lawrence. Many of his stories about the early professors and the means they

were obliged to resort to in order to bridge over difficulties were very amusing as well as instructive. The Doctor has promised to be with us again next commencement. All at Notre Dame deeply sympathize with him in the loss he has just suffered by the death of his venerable mother, who died full of years and honor, after a well-spent Christian life, fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

—During the last week of Father General's earthly existence he was greatly consoled by a visit from his old friend, Very Rev. E. Audran, of Jeffersonville, Ind. Their acquaintance dated back to 1841, when Father Sorin and six Brothers of Holy Cross arrived at Vincennes to begin their work in the wilds of America. Father Audran, then a young seminarian, in the name of his uncle, the illustrious Bishop de la Hailandière, extended to the new arrivals the hospitality of the episcopal residence. Father Sorin was scarcely five minutes in the house when, with characteristic energy, he insisted on seeing the cathedral and the entire city of Vincennes. While becoming familiar with the settlement, he kept continually asking his guide, the young Audran: "Where is our new college to be built? Show me where we are to begin work." Father Audran arrived at Vincennes in 1839. He was ordained priest in the cathedral of that city, by his uncle, in 1846. He is the last of one of the noblest and most illustrious families of France. From the date of his ordination until 1868 he was connected with the Cathedral of Vincennes as Rector. In that year Bishop de St. Palais took charge of the cathedral, and Father Audran was appointed Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Jeffersonville, a position he still holds. He is one of the most indefatigable workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

Obituary.

BROTHER CHARLES BORROMEO, C.S.C.

Another of the old pioneer band who came to Notre Dame in the first years of its existence has departed this life, laden with years of good deeds and merits. On last Wednesday evening at five o'clock the soul of Brother Charles Borromeo passed peacefully from earth. To many an old student of Notre Dame he was endeared by the association and direction connected with the fulfilment of his office in the University; and as they learn the sad tidings of his demise they will not fail to offer a prayer for the repose of his soul. Brother Charles was born in Brittany, France, and came to this country about the year 1844. In 1845, following the counsels of the pioneer priest, Father Audran of Vincennes, he entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. In August 1848 he made his religious profession. For many years he filled the

office of Prefect in the Senior Department of the University, wisely and affectionately counselling and directing the students entrusted to his charge. During the last few years of his life he directed the students of Music Hall. Last summer he was obliged to retire from this position owing to enfeebled health, and since then he resided at the Professed House of the Community, until called to his reward in the seventy-sixth year of his age. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—'Rah! for the Cecilians!
—Prepare for examinations.
—Simon's acting was very natural indeed.
—The entertainment was a grand success.
—The Carrolls have forgotten to play football.
—On the morning of Thanksgiving the Band gave a delightful serenade in the Columbian corridor.

—The man who sings in his own peculiar nasal twang—he never cares to wander from his own fireside in the first dormitory—is hereby requested to desist. If not, he will be strongly urged to wander from his own bedside.

—Bro. William made a pleasant trip to Chicago the early part of this week. While in the "Windy City," he selected and rented the costumes for the very successful drama recently presented by the St. Cecilia Society. There are but few men who are gifted with the exquisite taste of Bro. William. The wardrobe of the players was indeed beautiful, and the Brother is to be complimented on the excellence of the choice he made.

—The Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Professor of Philosophy, concluded his series of doctrinal sermons at the students' Mass on Sunday last. The subject which Father Fitte treated during the past month was that of "Miracles." He delivered three sermons on this important and timely topic, setting forth, in clear and impressive language, the nature and credibility of miracles, and considering in particular the miracles wrought by the Founder of Christianity as narrated in the Gospels, and their continuance and existence in the Church which He established on earth. These discourses commanded the attention and interest of the students, whilst they imparted the instruction so important and necessary in this age of unbelief. To-morrow the Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., will begin a series of sermons on "The Church."

—The entertainment given by the University musical organization on Saturday last was one of the most delightful of the season, reflecting great credit upon Prof. Preston and the Philharmonics who participated. The descriptive Overture, "From Dawn to Twilight," rendered by the Cornet Band, called forth loud and

prolonged applause, for which, in grateful acknowledgment, was presented the "Washington Poet," as an *encore*. A chorus, "The Patriot's Song," was well selected and artistically executed; and the introduction of the Minim soprano voices has answered a question we have long asked ourselves. The heavy timbre of the male voices becomes monotonous, and in big choruses lacks something; that something has been happily supplied.

The flute solo, by Mr. Oscar Schmidt, was an example of what that talented young musician can contribute in the line of treats. His piece chosen—"The Priests' March from Athalia"—(Mendelssohn) was calculated to show his fine technique and splendid interpretation.

The recitation of Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell was delivered in his easy, graceful manner, consequently necessitating an *encore* which brought forth deserved applause. The same remark applies to the excellent selection given by Mr. Lamar Monarch.

All in all, the entertainment was a most enjoyable one, a financial success to the Football Association and a creditable showing for the Brass Band, the Philharmonic Society and the Orpheus Club. The following was the

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture—Grand Fantasia "From Dawn to Twilight,"
(Descriptive of a day's holiday in the country.) *R. Smith*

SYNOPSIS

Dawn of Day—Glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn!"—Hymn of Praise—the Chimes of the hour heard at same time.

Six o'clock—early street cries—the postman's knock. The Journey—The excitement at the railway station and the start. Arrival at destination.

Rustic Life—Warbling birds and the Cuckoo are heard. (Old English song, "The Cuckoo.")

The Coach Drive—(Coach horn and whip obligato).

The Halt—Dinner! (Songs, "The Roast Beef of Old England" and "Pour out the Rhine Wine.")

The Toasts—"The Ladies"—(Here's a health to all good lasses)—and "The Chairman"—(For he's a jolly good fellow.)

Song and Dance—Song, "Love's Absence" and "The Cuckoo" Polka.

The Return Journey—By coach and rail, after which "Home, Sweet Home" is reached with pleasant recollections of "A Day's Holiday in the Country" University Brass Band.

Chorus—"The Patriot's Song," *H. M. Builer*
University Philharmonic Club.

Recitation..... Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell
Flute Solo with Piano Accompaniment—"The Priests' March from Athalia" *Mendelssohn*

Mr. Oscar Schmidt and Mr. Louis E. Brinker.

Waltz Song—"Before the Sun Awakes the Morn,"
..... *W. B. Goete*
Orpheus Club.

PART II.

Overture—"Bella Italia," *G. Bellinghi*
Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra.

Serenade—Orpheus Quartette—"I Am Waiting for Thee,"—(*Gledhill*)—With Flute, Violin and Guitar
Accom.—Messrs. Marmon, Du Brul, Schillo, Bates.

Flute, O. Schmidt; Violin, J. Ryan; Guitar, F. Harding.

Recitation..... Mr. H. Lamar Monarch

Trio—Flute, Clarinet and Piano—1st Nocturne, *F. Behr*

Mr. O. Schmidt, Mr. Harding, Mr. L. E. Brinker

Finale—"Indian Ride," *Dan Godfrey*
University Brass Band.

Football!

NOTRE DAME, 22; HILLSDALE, 10.

On Thanksgiving Day the eagerly looked-for game with the Hillsdale (Mich.) eleven came off on Notre Dame's campus. The day opened clear and bright, and everything gave indication of an ideal day for a game of football. The sky was covered with clouds, and as they moved lazily along they looked innocent enough; but the afternoon proved how treacherous they could be. About 1.30 the snow began falling, slowly at first, and gradually becoming thicker and faster until the time of the game when the ground was covered to the depth of an inch or more. The snow continued falling during the entire game, and proved to be a serious drawback to the players.

It was a glorious victory. The football season of 1893 has closed in a blaze of glory, and right nobly have the members of the Varsity Eleven acquitted themselves. They have proven that they know how to play football and play that well. They have verified the prediction made in the early part of the season that Notre Dame would prove to have one of the finest elevens in the Northwest.

The Hillsdale men were the first to file out onto the field. As they made their appearance they were loudly cheered. In a few minutes our own Varsity Eleven slowly trotted out and took their positions. The great outburst of applause that rent the ambient atmosphere testified to the appreciation felt by all for the work that they had done. As the men lined up the fact became apparent to the assembled crowd that while the Hillsdale men lacked something in weight, it was, nevertheless, counterbalanced by the quickness and agility that characterized their every movement. There was a look of determination on the faces of the Hillsdale men. Yet though they played a magnificent game, their hopes were turned into bitter disappointment. The game was called at 2.40, the men lining up as follows:

NOTRE DAME.		HILLSDALE.
Cullen	<i>Left End</i>	Falconer
Schillo	<i>Left Tackle</i>	Tucker
Flannigan	<i>Left Guard</i>	Manuse
Chidester	<i>Centre</i>	Stoddard
Muessel	<i>Right Guard</i>	Moody
Roby	<i>Right Tackle</i>	Holland
Dinkle	<i>Right End</i>	Wells
Keough, Capt.	<i>Right Half Back</i>	Rapp
Barrett		
Du Brul	<i>Left Half Back</i>	McDonald
Zeitler	<i>Quarter Back</i>	B. Green
Studebaker	<i>Full Back</i>	G. Green
		Keeler

Umpire: B. Paul; Referee: W. French, Capt. Rapp; Timer: D. M. Shively.

THE GAME.—FIRST HALF.

Notre Dame won on the toss and opened with a flying wedge, Keough holding the ball, which netted them 40 yards. Meussel broke

the line, and Keough was sent through for 10 yards, followed by another gain of 3 yards by Meussel. Du Brul attempted to go around the left end, but was downed with no gain. Notre Dame was now within 3 yards of the goal. They made a feint as if to circle the end, but instead hit the centre, and with a mighty push Keough went over the line and scored a touch-down in 3 minutes. Pandemonium then broke loose; the crowd shouted and cheered themselves hoarse. Du Brul tried to kick a goal, but failed. Score, 4 to 0.

The men again lined up in the centre, Hillsdale having the ball. They essayed a flying wedge, Rapp holding the ball, and making 10 yards before he was brought to a sudden realization of the fact that to go further would be extremely hazardous. They used the revolving wedge, which the slippery condition of the ground rendered almost impossible to stop with any great success; and consequently they gained nearly 4 or 5 yards every time they attempted it. The ball was now on Notre Dame's 5-yard line, and by a series of rushes it was pushed over the line, Rapp making the touch-down. He also kicked goal, the score standing 6 to 4 in favor of Hillsdale.

The ball now went to Notre Dame, who again tried the wedge with great success, Keough running with the ball. He had made 15 yards when he was tackled; but he passed the ball to Roby, who made another 10 before he was downed. Roby was sent through the centre for 10, followed by Flannigan for another 5. Schillo pushed the line for 5 yards; then a double pass was tried, DuBrul feigning around the left, while Keough lovingly hugging the ball went around the right for 6 yards. Roby carried the ball through the centre, and landed in a heap with no material gain. There were only 3 yards to gain, and they risked a mass play to gain it; but it failed, and Hillsdale got the ball on four downs within 3 feet of their own goal. Here Hillsdale resorted to a little trickery. Their two half-backs feigned around the end, while the full-back bucked the line, and carried the ball for 10 yards before he was downed. They made three more attempts to advance the ball, but failed, and in consequence the ball again went to Notre Dame. Again Notre Dame resorted to their bucking tactics, and Roby carried the ball for 5 yards through the centre, Schillo adding 3 yards more.

The ball was then fumbled, and a loss of 10 yards was the result. Meussel fell on it. They failed to make the requisite gain and lost the ball. Hillsdale, however, made a fumble, and the ball was again in the possession of Notre Dame, Schillo having fallen on it. Keough went around the left, but was downed with only 1 yard gain. Du Brul made 5 yards; then Roby opened the line, and by a double pass of the ball from Keough to Meussel, who went through the opening, a gain of 5 yards was made. Here the men arrayed themselves for a final effort;

the Hillsdale men making a last stand, but by the penetrating force of Chidester, ably assisted by Meussel and Flannigan, the line which was hitherto thought impregnable by the Hillsdale men was forced to yield to the power of the brawny and muscular athletes of the 'Varsity. As their opposing centre and line lay sprawling on the ground, Du Brul leaped across and planted the ball behind the goal. Studebaker, with unerring aim kicked goal, and the score stood 10 to 6.

Hillsdale tried a wedge with 20 yards to their credit, Moody carrying the ball and tackled by Du Brul. B. Green hit the centre for 8 yards. They lined up for three trials without gain, and finally made three yards. It was then Notre Dame's ball. Keough went around the end for five yards, and was tackled by Falconer. Du Brul, guarded by Cullen and Studebaker, was rushed through the centre, and making a run, he planted the ball behind the goal. Studebaker kicked goal. Score: 16 to 6.

The ball was brought to centre in Hillsdale's possession. They attempted their revolving wedge, Capt. Rapp with the ball. They gained but 10 yards when Roby threw himself in front of the line and brought the opposing force to a sudden halt. The ball was again snapped to McDonald, who attempted to go around the right end; but was tackled and pushed back 5 yards by Dinkle. Time was then called with the ball on the 50-yard line, and the first half ended, with the score standing 16 to 6 in favor of Notre Dame.

SECOND HALF.

Hillsdale opened with a revolving wedge, McDonald carrying the ball 10 yards. He was tackled and thrown by Meussel. Rapp then carried the ball around the left end for 5 yards and was tackled by Cullen. Holland tried the line, was successful for only 3 yards, and was thrown by Schillo. Rapp attempted the centre, but found a brick wall in Chidester, backed up by Zeitler, and was downed. At this juncture Captain Keough retired from the game, and his place was ably filled by Barrett. Holland prevailed on Notre Dame to give him 15 yards, and was tackled by Flannigan. After three more unsuccessful attempts to make the requisite gain, the ball went to Notre Dame. They were now within 5 yards of Hillsdale's goal. The ball was snapped to Zeitler, who passed it to Studebaker. He made a long punt, netting 20 yards. G. Green fell on it, and was tackled by Cullen before he had advanced it an inch. Holland took the ball and attempted the right end, but was tackled by Dinkle with no gain. Capt. Rapp rapped the centre for 5. The ball was then on the 5-yard line. McDonald was pushed over the line with the ball for a touch-down. A trial at goal was made by Wells, which was not successful. Score, 16 to 10. Capt. Rapp, of Hillsdale, retired from the game at this time and his place was taken by Robin-

son. Notre Dame had the ball now, but their flying wedge was not as successful as it had been previously, for Du Brul slipped with the ball when he had advanced only 8 yards. Barrett, assisted by the magnificent interference of Zeitler and Studebaker, made a long run of 50 yards for a touch-down. It was no trouble whatever for Studebaker to kick goal, and the score stood 22 to 10.

Hillsdale again shot their revolver for 5 yards, the ball being stopped by Roby, Muessel and Chidester. They next tried the Notre Dame left end, but were convinced of their error, when they struck Cullen, Schillo and Flannigan. Falconer and Tucker attempted to go around the right end, but without gain, Dinkle breaking through the interference and Barrett tackling. They now tried a little manoeuvre. The ball was given to Holland who passed it back to B. Green, and, guarded by Holland and McDonald, they gained 5 yards, being stopped by Du Brul and Studebaker who broke through their interference, and Zeitler tackled Green. Time was then called with the ball on Hillsdale's 40-yard line, and the game closed. The score, 22 to 10 in favor of Notre Dame.

NOTES.

Many thanks to Mr. Dudley M. Shively, for his excellent work as time-keeper. He gave entire satisfaction to both teams.

Mr. C. Roby denied himself the pleasure of eating his Thanksgiving dinner at home in order to participate in the game. It would be hard to imagine the outcome had he not been with us.

Studebaker and Muessel never played a finer game. Their work was magnificent.

Kirby, who has been ill during the past week, was unable to play in the game.

Sinnott and Hesse were substitutes.

Moot-Court.

The case of the Illinois and Indiana Transportation Company *vs.* the Western Indiana Railroad Co. was the first on the docket to be tried Wednesday afternoon. It was an action brought by the Transportation Co. against Railroad for specific performance of contract. The facts in the case, stated briefly, are as follows: In April, 1893, the Western Indiana Railroad Co. becoming financially embarrassed, negotiated a loan of \$25,000 with the Transportation Co., agreeing to pay such sum back within a year in transportation of freight, passengers or otherwise. In August the Railroad failed and a receiver was appointed for it. The receiver refused to carry out the agreement with the Transportation Co., and accordingly suit is brought to compel him to specifically perform such contract. The attorneys for the defense argued that such contract was not a

license, and did not create a lien upon the property of defendant. They also contended that in the contract a power of revocation existed, and consequently the court should decree specific performance; for such decree would amount to a mere nullity. The court held that it could not compel him to specifically perform the contract under such circumstances. The attorneys for the plaintiffs were Messrs. Hennessy and Feeney, and for the defendants, Messrs. Cooke and McGarry. Judgment was entered against plaintiff.

The second case to be tried was that of G. M. Patterson *vs.* Charles S. Wendell administrator of the estate of Harriet L. Patterson. It was an action in assumpsit for money had and received. The following is a brief résumé of the case: Patterson purchased a house and lot for Harriet L. and Walter F. Patterson, intending at some future time to convey such premises to Harriet Patterson. In April, 1885, plaintiff erected a barn on the premises, under an agreement with Harriet Patterson, that when he so desired he could move the barn away; but if she wished to move the barn she should pay him \$500. In September of the same year, by warranted deed, plaintiff conveyed the premises in fee to Harriet Patterson. After this conveyance she often spoke of the barn as the property of the plaintiff, and stated that if she removed it she would have to pay him \$500. In 1889 Walter F. Patterson died, and in a few months Harriet became sick and died. Charles S. Wendell was then appointed administrator of her estate. He sold the barn which was on the premises, but refused to pay over the \$500. Plaintiff then brings action under the money had and received count in assumpsit. The attorneys for the plaintiffs contended that in order to determine what is a fixture and passes with the land reliance is to be placed not so much on the actual or constructive annexation to the soil as on the intention of the parties placing such property upon the soil. In this case it was intended that the barn should remain a personal chattel. The defendant, however, claimed that no parol reservation—without such reservation appearing in the deed—could make a fixture personal. The court decided in favor of the defendant. The attorneys for the plaintiffs were Messrs. Cooke and Schmidt, for the defendants, Messrs. Sinnott and Kelly.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Correll, Crawley, DuBrul, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Kearney, Keough, Maurus, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, McGarry, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, W. Byrne, Brady, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, L.

Byrne, Cullinan, Campbell, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Covert, Chassaing, Cooledge, F. Dillon, F. Donohoe, Delaney, Esgen, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, Freytag, Feeney, L. Gibson, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, Halligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Hennessy, Harris, Henneberry, Hagan, Hesse, Hodge Ilgenfritz, Johnson, Kramer, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Lane, Moore, Maguire, Maloney, Mott Murray, Markum, Murphy, McVean, Ney, O'Rourke, F. O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, S. O'Brien, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Quinlan, Roper Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, C. Roby, E., Roby, J. Rielly, Schwartz, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sweet, Sullivan, Stace, Sukup, Smoger, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner, Wiss, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Benson, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Burns, Bacon, Clarke, Connor, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Clendenin, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Druecker, Dutt, Dixon Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Edwards, Foley, Fennessey, Fox, Farley, Fitzgibbon, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Gibbons, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Howard, Hoban, Hutchinson, E. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lansdowne, Ludwig, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lee, Leonard, Munzesheimer, Maurer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Miles, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, McShane, McCarrick, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, Ortiz, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Reber, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Stearns, Strong, Serrano, Tinnen, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, J. Treber, W. Treber, Taylor, Teresa, Wachter, Walde, Wilcox, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Wagner, Weitzel, Waters, O. Wright, Wymetal, Whitehead, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allen, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Corry, Catchpole, Cross, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, Christ, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Flynn, Feltenstein, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Goff, Girsch, L. Garrity, Leo Garrity, Gimbel, Greene, Graff, Healy, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Herschey, B. Hesse, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, Lysle, McGinley, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Eugene McCarthy, Morehouse, Emil McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McPhee, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, McIntyre, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Otero, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Robb, Ryan, Roesing, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Steele, Simm, Schneider, Terhune, Taylor, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, Wells, York.

The warlike spirit never dies;
In peace 'tis present just the same.
When nations know no enemies,
Their youth will brave the football game.
—*Washington Star.*

They offered him a pension,
For it seemed to be a fact
He had been in war; however,
It was just the football act.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

No, it was not the railway wreck
That made him blind and lame;
He lost his eyes, his leg and nose
In a college football game.
—*Cleveland Press.*