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Ad Læuconoen.*

EEK not, O friend! 'tis wrong to try to know
What bounds the gods have set on lives, nor tent
The meaning of the stars; or how shall blow
The storms of future years on Tyrrhene's sea?
To be content is best. My boy, be wise,
And strain your wine, nor give your fancy free,
Large license. Envious age enshades our eyes
While we stand talking here. Enjoy to-day,—
How little can we trust in Time's delay!

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

As Told by my Uncle.



WAS only a little bit of a fellow, barely nine years old, when we came to America. That was in '54, and the next year we moved to Belmont, a small town in Southern Indiana, and started a brick-yard there. I didn't have much to do with the yard the first two years—mother kept me at work in the garden nearly all the time—but the third year I got a regular job, and began setting brick.

We had a queer crowd of fellows working for us at that time, but the queerest of the lot was Zadoc Matthews, one of our moulders. He was from Massachusetts, an abolitionist as a matter of course, and I believe that he really came to Belmont more to make a crusade against slavery than to mould brick. If he did, he failed; for outside of our family and the men in the yard he made precious few converts.

* Horace, Book I., Ode XI.

Father and the men took things very quietly; but I fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm, and longed to do something "for the cause."

Well, my opportunity came at last, but in a way that I had never dreamed of. I forget the exact date; but it was one afternoon in August '57, that I took a short cut through our corn-field to a favorite blackberry bush of mine, and almost ran into the arms of the biggest negro I have ever seen. He was bending over my bush, tearing off the berries with both hands, green and ripe alike. When he saw me he started up and made as though to run, but changed his mind, and turning glared defiantly at me. He was a giant in size, tall and straight as a young ash, with massive trunk and limbs, but gaunt with long fasting and loss of sleep. There was a desperate light in his sunken eyes, and I'll confess I was thoroughly frightened; but I finally mustered courage enough to ask him who he was and what he was doing there. I must have had a touch of the brogue at the time, for his face lighted up, and he asked me if I wasn't Irish. I nodded, and he murmured: "Tank de good God for dat!" and went on to tell me his story.

His name was Steve, and he belonged to a Mr. King, a planter near Baton Rouge. A year before, he had married Lucindy, one of the house-servants, and things went on smoothly until spring. Then his master hired a new overseer. The man was a perfect brute, and made life a burden for the field hands. He had no authority over the house-servants; but one evening Steve came home to supper to find his wife cowering on the floor and the overseer lashing her with a raw-hide.

As Steve entered, the man turned and struck him across the face with the whip. Blinded by

rage and pain, the negro flung himself upon the overseer, and, after a struggle, left him for dead upon the floor. Then he kissed his wife good-bye and took to the swamps. They hunted him with blood-hounds, but he outwitted them and slowly worked his way North.

That was in May, and for three months he lived in the woods. During that time a generous-hearted white man had given him food and shelter, and that man was Irish. That was the reason why he recognized my brogue, and was glad of it.

I took the hint about the food, ran over to the house and brought him a loaf of bread and a big piece of cold meat. While Steve was eating I went to father and Matthews and told them about him. They came out to see him. Steve repeated his story, and we held a consultation and finally decided that Steve had better stay with us, for a while at least, until he recovered his strength. They thought they could keep him concealed, as Belmont was a mile from the yard; we had no near neighbors and no visitors except customers.

Steve spent one day alone in the corn-field and then begged to be put to work. He began filling pits the next day. He soon recovered his strength and did the work of two men, and, of course, he got double wages. The men more than opened their eyes when they saw him; but Matthews explained matters, and they promised to keep our secret.

And so Steve toiled on, working as no mortal ever worked before, until the green of September was changed to the crimson and orange of October, and work in the brick-yard came to an end. He had never touched a penny of his earnings, and father had nearly two hundred dollars of his when the season closed.

"What in the world are you going to do with your money, Steve?" father asked him one day when he had refused it for the tenth time.

Steve stood silent for a moment and then said: "Soon's I git 'nuff, Mistah Clahk, I'm gwine buy Lucindy an' bring 'er Norf."

"All right, Steve," father answered, "whenver you want it you can have it."

When the frost stopped brick yarding, Steve and Matthews took a contract to clear our north pasture; and while they were working at it I used to take their dinner to them. One day, while they were eating, Steve began talking about Lucindy, and I asked him why he never wrote to her. It would be no use, he said; master would get the letter and then come and get him.

"Haven't you got a friend in the neighborhood," Matthews asked, "to whom you could write?"

Yes, he had his old "missus," who had owned him in his pickaninny days, and she'd write to him.

So next day father sent a letter to Miss Jane Crawford, Legget's Landing, Mississippi, and two weeks later there came an answer. Lucindy was alive, but nothing more. She was a field-hand now, and the overseer, who had recovered, was killing her by inches. Miss Crawford had not been able to see Lucindy, but she had sent her maid, and the girl reported that Lucindy's health was broken and she hadn't long to live. They were still searching the Big Swamp for Steve, and it would be madness for him to return. That was all at present; if Steve could think of any way in which she might serve him he had only to command her, for she was still his true friend.

While father was reading the letter Steve sat with bowed head; but when it was finished he arose, gripping the chair back for support, and said: "I'd like to have my money, Mistah Clahk; I'se gwine back to Misippi." Father and Matthews would not hear of such a thing, but Steve was determined and would not listen to reason.

There was only one thing that would make him remain; so Matthews volunteered to go to Baton Rouge, buy Lucindy, and bring her to Belmont. Next day he started, taking with him all Steve's money, two hundred dollars of his own, and five hundred of father's.

Three weeks slipped away without tidings of Matthews; but a couple of days later, just as we were sitting down to dinner, he walked in and said: "There's somebody outside to see you, Steve;" but Steve was gone before he had finished. A moment later he reappeared with a tall, handsome negress on his arm; and we all made haste to welcome Lucindy.

They sent me out to take care of Matthews' horse—a sorry-looking old hack he had picked up somewhere—and when I got back Matthews had just finished the account of his "raid."

He had assumed the rôle of a Kentucky planter, on pleasure bent, and had taken a passage by steamboat from Louisville to Baton Rouge. There he hired a horse, rode to Legget's Landing, saw Miss Crawford, learned how the land lay, and then pushed on to the King plantation.

He managed to arrive there just at dusk, and of course was invited to stay over night. At

supper he happened casually to remark that he needed a good, intelligent girl for a nurse. King took the bait, and told Matthews that he had the very girl he wanted. Lucindy was sent for, and she looked so ill that Matthews finally got her for three hundred dollars:

They started north the same day, tarried for a week at Three Points, Arkansas, to give Lucindy a rest, crossed to Kentucky, bought the rig they came in, and here they were. It was truly a merry Christmas that we had that year. Father and Steve had built a little cabin in a corner of our pasture, and Lucindy had a "house-warming" with a carefully selected company on Christmas eve. That was a happy winter for all of us, and the long evenings and short days fled all too quickly. Spring broke with a hint of cherry blossoms in the air, and brick yarding began again. We dropped into the old routine, and no one dreamed of trouble.

One rainy June morning, father, Matthews and Steve went up into the country to buy poles for a new shed. About nine o'clock four strangers rode up to the yard and asked for Stephen King. I didn't like their looks and I told them flatly that I didn't know of any Stephen King. The words were hardly out of my mouth, when across the cornfield came floating the hymn, "Roll over, Jordan, Roll," in Lucindy's unmistakable voice.

"That song proves you a liar, young man," said the eldest of the four. And I knew then that this was the overseer and the others deputy sheriffs. They rode straight across the cornfield, tied their horses to the fence and went into the cabin.

I heard a shriek and a moment later they reappeared with Lucindy, bound hand and foot. The overseer placed her before him on his horse and they rode back. As they passed me, I heard the overseer say, "Yes, she's a free nigger, but he'll follow her any place. As long as we've got her we can catch him." Father and Steve came home at four. When he heard the news Steve's face turned ashy gray, but he pulled himself together, took the money father gave him, and started in pursuit.

About nine the next evening, he returned, but without his wife, and faint from loss of blood. He had travelled all night and caught up with the overseer and his party, next morning, near Newton, thirty miles south of the river. They had stopped at a little brook and the horses were drinking, when Steve came into view. When they saw him, they leaped from their horses and made at him. They were

armed, and Steve had only a club, but they wanted to capture, not to kill him. He brained one of the deputies before they could close with him, and when they did, he shook them off, ran to the overseer's horse, swung into the saddle behind Lucindy, and rode through them. Three pistols flashed as he swept by, and Steve felt a sickening pain in his right hip; but Lucindy, shot through the throat, fell back into his arms dead.

Steve rode on and on, until the sun was high in the heavens and his horse was nearly spent. Then he drew rein, and carried the body of his wife into a little grove and laid it out decently upon the wet grass. He cut the bonds, straightened the cramped limbs, and kissed the dead face of her who had been so dear to him, mounted again and rode on to the Ohio. There he left the horse, crossed, and made his way on foot to Belmont.

We ought to have sent him onward, but he was too weak from loss of blood to travel far, and he lay that night in our barn. Next morning father and Matthews went for Lucindy's body, and I took Steve to a little cave I had found one day while looking for ferns. It was in the face of a very high bluff, and was directly above "the Hole," the deepest part of Willet's Dam. Two little cedars on a narrow ledge before it hid the mouth, and no one knew of it but myself. I left Steve with a promise to come again in the evening.

About sundown I took a basket of food and some milk to the cave, but Steve was all in a fever and could not eat anything; so we talked a bit about Lucindy and then I left him.

I was scrambling up the face of the bluff—the cave was about ten feet down the side of it and one hundred and fifty from the surface of the water beneath—when I felt a hand on my collar, and I was pulled roughly to my feet. It was the overseer. He and the deputies had watched the house since noon, had followed me to the cave, and Steve was run to earth.

The overseer handed me over to one of the deputies, and he and the other slid down to the ledge and called to Steve to come out and give himself up. He did not reply, and they called to him again and again. "Here goes to wake the nigger up!" the overseer said, and he fired into the cave. There was a muffled groan, and Steve appeared, the blood streaming from a wound in his shoulder, and grappled with them. It was a struggle to the death. Steve was desperate; he had nothing left to live for, and they were fighting for their lives. Back

ward and forward they swayed in that mad struggle; but Steve was the stronger, and he steadily forced them towards the edge. They rallied on the very brink of the ledge and made a last stand. Their footing gave way, and the three went plunging down the cliff into "the Hole." We waited breathlessly — myself and the other deputy—for them to reappear, but they had gone down for ever.

In the old town graveyard at Belmont there is a plain slab of marble, bearing the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Stephen King and Lucinda, his wife."

DANIEL V. CASEY.

A Convincing Proof.



AY, Fred, you old cynic, why don't you get married?"

"Why don't I? I'll show you. Pick up that copy of *Life* there on the table.

"Do you see that bit of verse I have marked? Read it."

"THE QUEST OF THE IMPOSSIBLE."

"Listen, maids and matrons, to a piteous tale of woe.
Produce your dainty kerchiefs, for your tears are sure to flow.

I'm a bachelor of thirty-five and a millionaire beside;
But for some unhappy reason I've never found a bride.

I don't think that I'm bad-looking, and I know my heart
is kind;

But the sort of girl I want to wed is the sort I never find.
The pretty girls are plenty, and the clever ones not few;
But to the girl who'd just suit me it's hard to get a clew.

Perhaps you think I'm finicky, and very hard to suit;
Likewise you may imagine that I'm more or less a brute.
But the case is very simple, and I think you'll soon
admit

That the trouble rests with nature and I'm not to blame
a bit.

I've roamed from Vassar college to the plains of
Kalamazoo;

I've searched all over Boston and Kansas City, too;
I've sat out dances many with New York's patrician
belles;

I've been in San Francisco, where the miner's heiress
dwells.

In New Orleans and in Denver, in Chicago and Detroit,
In Showhegan and St. Louis, in Cincinnati and Beloit;
All over this vast country I've been on boats and trains,
But I've never found a pretty girl who had an ounce of
brains."

"There! that's my case exactly."

"Look here, Fred, that's just your way. You
know you don't mean what you say."

"William, my boy, I always mean what I say."

"Now, here, you can go on with your cynicism, but I think differently."

"Well, you've a right to your own opinion, but I have proofs in support of the versifier in *Life*."

"Produce them. They must be rather weak."

"Do you see that stamp box there? I mean that little silver one. That's one of three proofs. Now do you see that book-mark near your elbow? That's another. The third is—well I'll get it very soon after graduation, and I'll show it to you."

"How can those trinkets be proofs of your position?"

"I'll tell you. During the last holidays I was in Cincinnati. You know Charlie Wilson there, don't you? Well, he gave a box party one evening, and after the play we had lunch at the St. Nicholas. Charlie, you know, is an ideal host for an occasion of that kind. The lunch was served as only the St. Nicholas can serve an after-theatre lunch. My fair companion that evening was a young lady whom you do not know, so I'll not mention her name. It would not be right, anyhow. Well, as the luncheon went on, in the natural course of things we had almonds, and thereby hangs the tale.

"I had been cracking some of the nuts for my charming partner and, as usual, I met with a double almond. She proposed that we eat philopena together. I assented, and gave her one of the kernels. We made the agreement as to the philopena, that the one who took an article from the other and had 'philopena' called on him or her, as the case might be, should suffer the consequences. We had no sooner eaten the kernels than I gave her the nuts I had been cracking, and immediately called 'philophena!' She was rather put out about it, and insisted upon trying again. We did, and again—almost immediately after—I caught her with 'philopena,' as I passed something or other. Well, that goaded her on, and we tried again, just before we left the room. As we arose I reached over to the mass of flowers that decorated the table, and selected a magnificent 'American Beauty' which I offered to her with my best bow. She accepted it with a smile, but was met with the inevitable 'philopena.' Well, that made the third; and as you know the consequences of philopena, she was obliged to pay the forfeits. The stamp-case is one, the paper knife is the second, and

the third—well, as I said before, I'm to get that after graduation."

"Well, Fred, it was rather dull in her. But was she pretty?"

"Go over there to the secretary. Take that large photograph out. It's her picture."

"Ye gods, she *is* pretty! If her lack of sense is inversely proportional to her beauty, she must be awfully stupid."

"She is."

"Who is she?"

"Oh! why—my third forfeit. We're to be married as soon as I get my sheep skin."

"What? you! well, that settles it. Your proofs are good, especially the last. And this is your last year of lone-heartedness. Happy new year!"

E. F. DU BRUL.

"Carpe Diem."

(A CHRISTIAN VERSION.)

COME, wreath the holly and the pine,
Come, taste the joy of the new wine,—
No wine of mortal make!

Of grapes grown in the Easter Sun,
The Sun of Peace,—the Holy One,—
Be joyous for His sake.

Old Horace cried: "Live but to-day;
In winter time, or joyous May,
There's but one day for us!"

We Christmas keep—a day of days!
Kept well, it all our future sways
And makes it glorious.

J. R.

The Unexpected Curtain Call.



OW, now, Pessy! Don't be continually telling me your tales of woe. You get just as much justice here as anyone in our course. Come, be merry and talk in a lighter vein. By the way, don't you think our class—those already famous literary 'grads'—are unusually clever?"

It was a "rec" evening, and the gloomy-souled Pessy Shakefoot had dropped into my sanctum to make a social call. He is, at times, the most dejected and unhappy piece of humanity I have ever seen. It is only when you speak favorably of the colored folk, or say anything contrary to the honor of any of

Pess's friends or himself, that his Southern blood rises and his poetic, dreamy spirit waxes eloquent. He has a great head on him, though, and he expects some day to startle the world with the originality of his genius; and undoubtedly he will, if he does not die too soon from worryment.

"There is John C. Little," I continued; "he is going to make his mark. Blessed with a healthy body of immense proportions perfectly developed, with a heart almost larger than himself, the best example of a good-natured man, and gifted with such talents as he has for the pen, he will surely in a few years turn literary circles into a whirlwind of excitement. Of course, he is easily teased, and the slightest annoyance embarrasses him; but what he doesn't know about Thackeray, Shakspeare and the Bible is not worth knowing."

"Oh! you don't know him," replied Pess. "He can quote, perhaps by accident, a few texts from the Holy Scriptures and

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"

from Tennyson; but he will never amount to a row of pins. Why, he is too solemn and serious to live!" But this answer was characteristic of Pess.

"Well, how about Robin Adair McAllister? He is certainly an excellent example of what a proper liberal education means. To be a success in life one must have more than text-book knowledge. Robin has a great tact for gaining the good-will of everyone with whom he comes in contact. This is a rare accomplishment. The world is with those who laugh, you know; and Robin looks upon all misfortunes and tears with an indifferent air—so much so that I have often envied him. You ought to imitate him in that respect, Pess."

"Oh, come off! You are always giving out something like this. You should get rid of all those strange, peculiar ideas you have about everyone. McAllister is only going to reach the front because he has such a deucedly independent air that everyone imagines he knows more than he does," said Pess, with the decision and sincerity of a sage. "I suppose you think that old frosted thorn, Lew Davenport, is a poet! Why, he doesn't know as much about verse as my old parrot does about the Pre-Raphaelites. Besides he will never adopt literature as a profession. You just wait a few years and you will see him travelling around with some cheap dramatic company. Because he looks tragic and has a little histrionic blood in him,

he thinks he can act; but I tell you, Dick, he can't. He would turn Othello into Hamlet."

I knew it was useless to remonstrate; so, hoping to hear a better future for Lew's chum, I asked: "What do you think of Mr. Joe Workman?"

"Well, now, to be honest," said Shakefoot, "I rather think he has the best metal of us all—he is a hustler. But if I could be three times as bright as he is I would not exchange the little pleasure I have for all his perseverance. What is the use of living if you enjoy life like a dead man? And yet, I swear, Workman has more sense than any of us."

"That is your opinion of him, but I am not so sure about that. Frank Black is not far behind. He is a talented fellow, and with such a genial disposition as his, he will make many friends."

"Genial nothing! He is too morbidly sentimental. You talk about the Kentucks being dreamy and pessimistic, and sour because they are so killed by affection; but they can't hold a candle to Black."

"Well, let him go at that, Pess. But here is the supreme question of all: what do you think I am going to turn out to be—a journalist, banker, politician, or what?"

"You just go off! I knew you would be fishing around with some old hooked question like that. I draw the line on telling some people what I think of them to their face. It might breed trouble, you know."

"Well, we are all 'grads' for the time being, at any rate; aren't we, Pess? And that is a great deal, to know that we are at least graced with that title,—'*grads*.' Sweet-sounding name, isn't it? It carries such an air of learning with it, or *before* it rather. Years ago I often envied others so honored, and wondered how it felt. Here, here, don't be getting that sour stomach expression on again! I knew you were going to cry about the length of time until June. There are scarcely five more months of hard, wearisome, mechanical, monotonous, college life until we are thrown out—far out into the dark waters of the smothering world and told to sink or swim. Did you ever stop to consider, Pess, how many of us will go to the bottom, or who the few may be who will grasp desperately at some floating straw, and through the mercy of kind Providence, in the course of a decade of years, having taken 'arms against a sea of troubles,' may end them by reaching some safe shore far above the surging waters of adversity? Nor need to bear so severely

"The whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

"Of course, we will begin as all graduates have done since time immemorial by feeling as if we have had a divine inspiration, and were commissioned by the Most High to teach mankind the true aims of right human life. But confidence is not all that one needs in the world's swimming pool. It will not keep you afloat because it is usually burdened by too much conceit. Many and many a duck will be given on account of it."

Several times during this pompous declamation Pess commanded me to "close up"! and "lie down"! and he now rose to enforce obedience, as the door slowly opened and Robin Adair made a hasty entrance. In his characteristic charming way, he soon darted into the very middle of the conversation. With the sparkle of a tear in his eye and an expression of intense sadness and regret, he turned to me, saying:

"Dick, I wonder if in after years we will all meet again?"

Pess looked wise and was about to reply in the negative, when I said: "Why not? I think Boston, New York, or even Chicago, may have proper accommodations and at some future time if civilization continues progressing as rapidly as it is, may have the unprecedented distinction of entertaining the combined geniuses of our honorable selves for the short space of twenty-four hours."

That broke up the seriousness of the whole affair. We all laughed, threw aside all dignity, and when Pess accidentally spilled a pitcher of water on the open package of my laundried linen, we burst into such uproarious laughter, and raised such a racket that one would think doomsday had arrived. Pess rolled under the bed like a log; Robin stood like a frozen corpse behind my window-shade, and all was quiet, save an occasional titter and giggle from the extreme corners of my room.

There was a knock at the door. With a strenuous effort I tried to put an honest expression on my face, and with a book in one hand, and three or four open on my desk, I unlocked the door and stood like a statue of Injured Innocence when I was asked who was in my room? Pretending to grow angry, I made a tragic pose and was about to give a great speech, resenting the insinuation of being charged with harboring visitors at the wrong time, when *snap!*—the spring of my window-

shade had sprung, the curtain raised, and the tableau of McAllister was perfect. To add to the comedy and embarrassment, a snicker from under the bed told that there was still another man in the room *not exactly dead*.

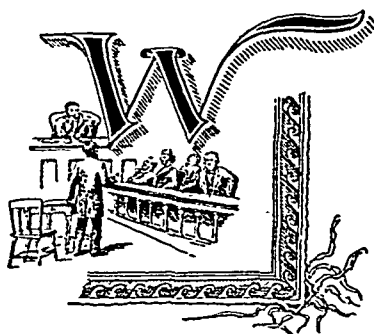
The trial was short, the verdict of "guilty" rendered, and the judgment of "ten demerits" pronounced upon each.

Though the play of the evening was over, blue streaks still flashed across the stage and circled like a halo around the cranium of raging Pess, whilst even the poorest in the cast enjoyed the "Unexpected Curtain-Call."

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

Their First Quarrel.

I.



WILL CLAVERING and Fred Burbanks had been born and raised together in the little town of L——, Ia. As boys they were chums, and time but served to strengthen the bond of friendship.

They were called Damon and Pythias; for wherever one was seen the other was sure to be not far distant.

Their evenings were usually spent at a friend's house, where they were accustomed to engage in popular amusements. One evening a game of cards was proposed, and although they rarely played, they agreed to the proposal. The play proceeded quietly, but Will had poor luck. As he continued to lose game after game, he lost his temper also.

"You fellows are cheating; I saw—"

"Why, Will, we're not; what's—"

"You lie!—" But he did not finish the sentence. Quick as a flash Fred's right arm shot out, and Will was sent sprawling to the floor. Their friends prevented further trouble, and induced Will to go home.

"I'll go home. But, Burbanks, I'll get even with you yet. You'll pay dearly for that blow."

With these parting words, Will left the house. The fresh air had a good effect upon him; and, by the time he reached home his wrath was about spent. Lighting a pipe, he threw himself into a chair, and began to consider the events

of the evening. How foolish and hasty he had been; and how richly he had deserved the blow. It was his first quarrel with Fred, and he determined to make amends for it. In the morning he would ask his pardon, which he felt sure would not be refused.

It was too early to go to bed, and telling his mother not to wait up for him, he went out. Unconsciously, he walked towards the old river bridge, upon which many a pleasant hour had been spent with Fred, and over which his friend would cross on his way home. Many of his acquaintances met him, and, with a friendly remark, passed on.

Next morning on his way to work he noticed more people in the streets than usual. Knots of citizens were discussing some apparently important question. Curiosity prompted him to inquire what had happened. "Didn't you hear the news?"—"What news?"—"Why, Fred Burbanks was found murdered on the bridge." He could not believe it. No, oh, no! it was too terrible! But it was too true; and with a sorrowful heart, Will slowly wended his way home. It would be impossible to work that day, and he needed time to collect his scattered thoughts.

Who could do such a cowardly act? Fred, such a whole-souled fellow, murdered! No; it was impossible. There must be some mistake; but the anxious looks of passers-by confirmed the sad news. His reflections were interrupted by a knock; upon answering it, he was confronted by the town marshal.

"I arrest you for the murder of Fred Burbanks."

Will staggered as if struck, and seemed hardly to comprehend what had been said. But the firm grasp of the officer awoke him to consciousness. Without much formality he was led away, hardly given time to speak to his mother.

In the afternoon the inquest was held. Will's quarrel and threatening words were told with fearful exactness. Witnesses swore to having seen him on the bridge, near the scene of the murder. After listening to the evidence, the jury returned to the anteroom. Their verdict was soon reached; Burbanks had been murdered, and it was recommended that Clavering should be detained.

The grand jury would meet in a few days, and then Will expected to be released. But no! An indictment was returned against him, and bonds were refused.

With the exception of his lawyer, but one

visitor ever called to see him. Formerly he had been a favorite; no gathering was complete without Will and Fred. But now, with one accord, the friends of his youth turned against him. Punctually at three, the visiting hour, his one true friend could be seen entering the jail-door. His gray-haired mother could not believe her son guilty of murder, and even if he were would not now turn against him. Without these meetings, Will could not have endured his confinement. He tasted very little food, and spent the nights in restless slumber. At times, he thought it all a dream; but the stone walls and barred windows awoke him to a sense of the stern reality. With nervous steps he paced his narrow cell brooding over his sad lot. He could hear the pedestrians stop a moment, as they neared the jail. They were thinking of him—he knew it only too well. What were their thoughts? did they imagine him guilty? Oh! this was worse than guilt. Death was preferable to life, while such suspicions existed. But it was hard to die. So young; such bright prospects in store for him. And his mother—what would become of her? It was too horrible to think of! Distractedly he threw himself on his hard pallet, and covered his face with his hands.

The bitterness against him was increased by his continued silence. The least show of repentance could not fail to create some sympathy from those who wished to believe him innocent.

II.

The day of the trial had come. The evidence was a repetition of what had been given at the inquest. The motive was clear; revenge for a trivial quarrel was the incentive. Will's former reputation, upon which the lawyer for the defense staked his case, was considered as nothing. After delivering his plea, the prosecuting attorney took his seat with a smile of satisfaction. It was his first important case, and he felt that conviction was certain.

All the arguments having been heard, the judge summed up the evidence, and instructed the jury to render a verdict in accordance with the sworn statements. It would not have been necessary for the jury to retire; their faces showed too plainly what would be the result. The decision was soon reached, and solemnly they re-entered the court-room. The foreman stated that a verdict had been agreed upon. "Guilty" was the response to the judge's question. "Guilty," answered each jurymen as his name was called.

The profound silence of the crowded court-

room was broken by a smothered sob. Words were not needed to tell that a heart was broken. The fond dreams and anticipations of many years were shattered; it was more than a mother's heart could bear.

Not a change was visible in the prisoner. His eye rested upon each jurymen as his death sentence was being pronounced. No outward sign betrayed his inward feelings.

In solemn and subdued tones the judge addressed the prisoner: Have you anything to say why sentence—"

"Stop! stop! for God's sake, stop!"

The crowd separated to let pass an apparently crazed man, who, leaping over the railing, faced the judge.

"I killed Fred Burbanks! Clavering is innocent! I did it, and it was I who accused Will." He stopped to regain breath and then continued.

"You all know that I am Fred's uncle, and heir to his fortune. I had often thought that if he were out of the way I would be a rich man. On the night of the murder I met him on his way home. He was unusually silent, and upon my asking the reason said that Will had quarrelled with him. He then told me all that had occurred. The devil took possession of me. Then was my chance, or never. Coming to the bridge I managed to get behind him, and quickly placing my pistol to his head, fired. He gave but one feeble groan and fell forward—dead. As soon as I reached home, I had made my plan. I determined to accuse Clavering. No one would suspect me, while all the circumstances of guilt pointed to him. The scheme was successful, and as a result an innocent man stands convicted of murder. Remorse has conquered me, and I am ready to suffer the punishment that I deserve."

For the moment, nobody noticed Will. It was only his mother who had seen him topple over at the beginning of the confession. All attempts to revive him were in vain. Willing hands carried him to his home, where after a careful examination the doctors pronounced his case to be one of brain fever.

Bravely and resolutely he had kept his strength until the declaration of his innocence. But human nature could not stand the strain he had undergone. The tension was too great; the reaction too sudden for his already shattered nerves.

For ten days he hovered between life and death. A mother's care and watching could not save him. He regained consciousness but

once, and then only to gasp, "Mother! Fred!"

Every groan of agony uttered by Will found an echo in his mother's heart. Her life was embodied in his. Her pleasure, perhaps her only pleasure, was to make him happy; her every thought was for him. He was her hope, her idol, her life. But he was gone! What had she to live for now? Nothing. Her first years of married life bound her to earth by cords of silver and gold. The silver cord was fragile and it broke; the golden cord remained. But it, too, had snapped, and all was gone. Poor soul! she could look forward to nothing but a life of dreariness. It would be like an oasis of the desert swept by arid sands. Death would be a mercy. This happy relief soon came, for within a week the mother had rejoined her son.

JOSEPH M. KEARNEY.

A Peep into the Future.



ET'S take a walk, Fitz."

"Aren't you going to take in the football game?"

"No, they are not going to play; it is too cold."

"Where are all the boys?"

"I don't know. I suppose most of them are studying.

For my part, I'm sick of it.

Aren't these examinations bores?"

"By the way, that just reminds me that I have a duty in Mechanics to get out for to-morrow, and if I let it go until this evening I hardly think I'll have time to get it."

"Come, Fitz, you are falling into the same mood as the others. Come, you have moped over your books long enough; you need fresh air and exercise."

"Well, which way shall we go?"

"I'm not particular. A couple of miles up the track if you like."

"Have you permission?"

"No; I hardly think our genial Prefect of Discipline would object; and besides, we shall not be gone long. Skip up stairs and get ready."

Ere long I heard my companion's footsteps on the stairway, keeping time to the familiar air of Annie Laurie. Of course, the noise created such a commotion that all of the boys came out of their rooms and vowed eternal vengeance on Fitz. He soon made his reappearance. To judge from his make-up one would think that

it was the middle of July instead of the eighth of December. All the preparation he had made was to relieve himself of his waistcoat; and as for an overcoat, he declared the temperature was entirely too warm. We took the road to the stile, and nearing the Seminary we espied in the distance both of our prefects (the usual fate of "skivers"). We respectfully made way for them; for as Fitz said our appearance was not calculated to edify. The air seemed to have an inspiring effect on my genial companion. He was naturally a very talkative fellow, but on this occasion his volubility was astonishing. Ghosts of the Warm Spring and Umatilla Indians flitted here and there; bears, lynx and deer lurked behind every bush; the mountains seemed to rise on all sides of me. All I could do was to nod my assent to everything he said, being too cold to take much interest in his hair-breadth escapes. On telling him I was cold he only laughed at me, and went on to talk pleasantly about sleeping in snow drifts. We had walked up the track about a mile, when my companion was attracted by some smoke rising out of the woods near by.

"Now is your chance to get warm. Let's cross over the field and see what is going on over there. Are you really cold?"

"Well, I should say I am."

"Not too cold for excitement, are you?"

"Of course I was in for excitement, as it is very seldom that anything breaks the monotony of college life."

"Well, let's go over to the shanty and get warm."

"All right; lead the way."

Fitz skipped ahead and I trudged after. At a turn in the path we discovered the most wretched camp in the power of a human being to construct. Seated around a pitifully small fire were seven or eight miserably-clad wretches in the last stages of destitution. I was in no hurry to face these men, whom by their appearance I knew to be tramps. The recent deprivations they had been committing all over the country made them objects to be feared. We viewed their rudely-improvised camp from a distance. The shanty—it requires a dangerous stretch of the imagination to call it such—was constructed of boards and pieces of dismantled freight cars. Overhead in the icy blasts flapped the remains of some fellow's umbrella. An old piece of stove and two pieces of a stove pipe on which a Dago junk man would have turned his back roared and glowed with the stray pieces of coal they had gathered from

the passing cars. I was very reluctant about approaching nearer, but my companion was not daunted by the forbidding appearances, and pushed forward. "I hardly think it wise to go near them, Fitz."

"It's plainly evident that you were not born in the great and glorious West. They are not any worse than Indians. Come on, let's go up and get warm."

"No, I think I would rather remain cold than enjoy warmth under such circumstances."

"Well, let's get behind the large tree and see what they are doing."

"We had better go back, Fitz. It is getting late and we will be missed."

"Come on, it will give you an idea how we reconnoitre in the mountains."

After concealing ourselves behind a large tree and listening for some time to the conversation, my companion nudged me, and asked me if their voices didn't sound familiar. We listened a little while longer and then ventured to peep out from behind the tree. Slowly, one by one, we discovered familiar lineaments on their begrimed faces. Who would have ever thought it? They were our classmates! The thought of it staggered me for a moment. Yes, there were Frank P. Optimist, John C. Rush, Richard Stage, Francis Adair Wiener and St. Clair. The others we could not make out; years of dissipation had distorted their features. It was surely a sad sight; one that would have melted the hardest of hearts. My companion was completely dumbfounded. He sat on the ground and stared vacantly at the group before him; it was only after a great effort that I aroused him.

"Come, Fitz, let's go over and talk to them." And as we walked over a tear stole silently down his cheek.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

"Get up! What's the matter? Are you sick?"

I felt some one catch me by the hair and raise me half way up in my bed. I stared vacantly around and perceived Fitz, standing near me with a pitcher of water in his hand (an effectual remedy for sleepiness).

"Sick? No. Has the bell rung yet?"

"Well, I should say it had. The boys are coming from breakfast. You'd better hurry up if you are going to French."

"There is something queer about this. I can never hear that bell. I must have slept very soundly. Mr.—must have forgotten to knock at my door. I hardly think I'll go to French

this morning Fitz; besides, I'll have to get something to eat."

"All right! I'll ask Father to excuse you."

"Thanks! I wish you would."

After Fitz had gone, I sat down for I knew not how long a time, and was again in fancy moving in dreamland. I was carried back to that little shanty where those whom I loved so dearly were once again huddled around the fire trying to keep warm. I can yet see them all very distinctly. There was Robin Adair Wiener sitting on a log with his head resting on one hand, while in the other he held the remains of what was once a corn-cob pipe. He was a young man who had the talent and tact to be one of our greatest and best statesmen. Of course, he had his faults; but they were not such as would lead him to degradation. There was Frank P. Optimist proceeding to make himself comfortable on a little pile of straw that he had gathered for a bed. Although changed very much in appearance, he was evidently not changed in mood; for he seemed to be enjoying one of his noted spells. He was a fellow of whom we expected much, and we would not have been surprised if he had awakened some morning and found himself famous, like Lord Byron. There was John C. Rush in heated discussion with St. Clair on the relative merits of Thackeray and Dickens. He seemed to be the same genial warm-hearted fellow as of old. The effects of time and an ill-spent life were not so visible in his face. He was a fellow whom we expected to hear of some day, as one of the brightest and best lawyers in the Northwest. There was Richard Stage, formerly the life of the crowd, now silent and dejected, sitting near the fire watching the smoke rise out of the shattered chimney,—a true picture of despair—a fellow that was gifted with remarkable histrionic talents such as would have made him a shining light of the stage. As each face appeared to me, the absurdity of my dream presented itself in a stronger light. Pen cannot picture the squalidness of that little hut, nor the faces that looked so peculiarly out of place. Being hardly awake yet, it was some time before I realized that I was surrounded by the same old students, the same joyous faces of yesterday. It was with difficulty that I could connect my thoughts with my college life, and realize the absurdity of my night's experience. But it was only a dream; and I was glad, very glad, that a life full of bright promises, that I know will be realized, was still before them.

FRANK A. BOLTON.

Noel au Paradis.

(Dédié au T. R. Edouard Sorin, C. S. C.)

Tes enfants bien-aimés chérissent ta mémoire;
Rien ne peut effacer ton doux nom de leurs cœurs:
Edouard le Pieux, l'impartiale histoire
Dira de tes vertus le charme et les splendeurs.


O séjour bienheureux, où les Saints dans la gloire
Unis pour célébrer du Très-Haut les grandeurs,
Adorent de Jésus la crèche et la victoire,
Reçois notre Bon Père au nombre des vainqueurs.

Debout, et souriants à la porte des cieux,
Ses deux amis * sont là pour présenter son âme.
O quels puissants transports, quels chants mélodieux

Répétés à l'envi par ces esprits de flamme
Iront verser partout en ce jour précieux,
Noël au Paradis, Noël à Notre Dame!

S. F.

Ten Years Later.



N EAR a small village on the northern coast of France is a high, perpendicular cliff, against which the waves vent their fury, and towards which they direct their smiles—deceitful, treacherous waves that look so innocent when calm, and have such a wild, fierce aspect when aroused. About sixty feet above the sea there is, on the side of the cliff, a lonely ledge on which two men can stand and move freely. It is reached only by a difficult descent from the top of this wall of rock.

On a pleasant evening in the September of 17—a man was slowly making his way towards the cliff. He appeared uneasy. Instead of taking the usual path he skulked through an unfrequented by-way, looking about him every now and then to make sure that he was not seen. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him: with a more rapid pace he approached the ocean—until he was directly over the ledge. Glancing hastily behind, he began the steep descent. Slowly, but surely, inch by inch, he drew nearer the ledge. It was dangerous, and he seemed to know it.

Ah! only a few feet more separated him from the ledge. The toiler stops for the last time to breathe, and then begins again his slow task.

Placing his foot on a projection below him he lowers his hand to another. He feels safer when his foot touches the shelving rock, and carelessly loosens the hold of his hands; in so doing his foot slips and he falls, striking his face on the rock. The force of his fall brings him to the edge; his feet go beyond it; he makes a wild clutch at the rocks and finds himself sixty feet above the sea, hanging in the air, with nothing between him and eternity but his two hands. He dares not move; if he looks down he may become dizzy, and he is afraid to look up. Shall he call aloud? No one will answer; there is no one to hear. But to die thus alone, helpless, and not a hand stretched out to save him! But would not even that be better than to—? He strives to calm himself. He clings to life, and puts all other thoughts aside save that he must not die. His brain is on fire. He cannot collect his thoughts. Is he going mad? Will no one come to help him? Is the world dead? Perhaps—to him. He almost despairs. Surely he cannot die without at least a trial for his life. He makes a movement to draw himself up, but his fingers begin to slip. Plainly there is no safety unless he remain motionless. He hardly breathes. He feels himself gradually growing weaker, and his hold on the rock is slowly becoming less firm. In a little while there will be nothing to support him but his finger tips; and then—he shudders. All is still. Not a sound is heard save the water as it licks the base of the cliff. It seems to be waiting for its prey and plays below the hanging man as though in greedy anticipation. It is a fearful moment. The silence is worse than the terrible silence of death. Then, suddenly a voice breaks upon the stillness.

"Hold on a minute longer, Jean Martelot."

II.

Jean Martelot could hold out but little longer. His breath came faster, and in short gasps, and he felt himself every moment slipping from his support. His brain reeled. He made a last despairing effort to cling to the rock, but his muscles could no longer stand the strain. His fingers loosened; his over-wrought brain gave way; and he knew no more.

The man above had fastened a long coil of rope to the summit of the cliff. Grasping it he swung himself off, and began to descend. With almost incredible quickness he reached the ledge. Putting his foot through a loop in the end of the rope he leaned downward and grasped the wrists of the hanging man just as he was falling. The brave rescuer was a phy-

* Les Révs. Pères Granger et Walsh.

sical giant, and with little effort raised the limp form to the shelf. While he was still thinking of what was to be done next, the unconscious man was slowly regaining his senses. He opened his eyes and looked around dazedly; but soon it all seemed clear to him. As his wandering gaze fell on the man before him a strange look came into his pallid face, and he muttered weakly, "Sieur Crépin!"

His rescuer still silent drew from his pocket a flask and applied it to the lips of the exhausted man. The contents revived him almost immediately. Then Sieur Crépin asked, with just a little pity in his voice: "You are not strong enough to cling to this rope?" Jean Martelot shook his head. "Nor can I carry you."

"You will not leave me here?" faintly, but with evident alarm, asked Martelot.

"Perhaps."

He was like a child now, weak and timid.

"No; for God's sake!" he cried. "I'll pay you well; but take me away from here."

"On one condition. But do you deserve it?" said Sieur Crépin, putting his face close to Martelot's. He spoke low, but there was an unmistakable firmness in his tone.

"Name it," replied Martelot, trembling.

"Promise me," said Sieur Crépin, drawing a paper from his pocket, and showing it to Martelot, "that you will sign this, and I will save your life. If you do not sign you shall not see sunrise to-morrow."

Martelot read the paper slowly. The expression of fear that rested on his face deepened as he read. Imploringly he dragged himself on his knees to the feet of Sieur Crépin.

"Do not ask me to sign. I cannot; no, I cannot. It is all false; I did not do it. I cannot sign; I will not!"

"Then you shall die," said Sieur Crépin.

"No, no, no! I shall not die! You could not kill me? My blood would be on your head."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"I should be doing the world a service. God should be my judge; He would not call it wrong. Quick: you sign, or—"

"Oh! oh! what shall I do?" wildly cried Jean Martelot. "Sign that paper! It would be my death. But if I do not sign, I shall die. Yes, I'll sign—no—yes—no; I cannot do it. I can—not. Mercy! mercy!"

"Coward!"

The wretch screamed maniacally, in his terror. He clasped the knees of his rescuer, clung to him, and groaned: "Mercy, mercy, have mercy!"

Sieur Crépin began to speak in a harsh tone.

"Listen," he said; "not only with your ears, but, if you have a soul and a memory, let them too, listen." Jean Martelot covered his face with his hands.

"Ten years ago there came to live in C—a man who represented himself to be honest, good and religious. He was accustomed every evening, about six o'clock, to leave his house and walk towards the sea, which was at the foot of the street. Never did he remain more than two hours. What he did, no one knew. He spoke to no one; was known by few. These few were his next and door neighbor, a lonely man, who had no companion, save his daughter, a girl of nineteen. She was pretty, almost beautiful. The stranger was handsome. These two men became friends. In the evening they would sit together, and the conversation was of the past, of the present, of the future, of the world beyond, of wars, of everything. The daughter sitting apart, eagerly drank in every word. She was innocent, then, and ignorant of the world. When the visitor had left in the evening, the father would listen to his daughter's praises of this man, and he in turn would speak well of him. So they lived for more than a year.

"Madeline, so the daughter was named, was accustomed to take a walk every day, usually in the morning. Soon, however, her father noticed that she no longer went out until near evening. He did not understand. He questioned his daughter. She said she thought the sea far lovelier in the evening; and besides, the ships of C—came in as dusk approached. Still he did not understand. Why had Madeline never said this before? A few minutes after she had gone down the street, the stranger would follow in the same direction. Madeline would come back alone; he, soon after.

"One morning she did not come down to breakfast. Her father called, but there was no answer. He went to her room; her bed had not been slept in. He went to the house of his friend: he found the door locked—all was silent within. Then, a light broke upon him.

"He returned home, sat in a chair, covered his face with his hands, and tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. Oh, where was the friend he had trusted, nay, more, had loved! Ah, where, indeed? Gone! and his daughter? she, too, was gone! His trust misplaced, his hopes deceived, his life, his everything—gone! Then a feeling of revenge rose up in his heart. He would search for this man, high and low, and he would find him at last. From that day

the father's life and energies were devoted to this end. He has been everywhere, done everything, received no encouragement, yet he never despaired.

"And now, after long years of untold suffering, the search is ended. The father has found the man he has looked for so long."

Sieur Crépin ceased speaking. Jean Martelot made no reply, but clasped his hands beseechingly, and crept to Sieur Crépin's feet. The latter spoke again, his voice varying with the force of his emotions: "Once I thought you good; you were not. I thought you honest; again I was wrong. I thought I could trust you; I was deceived. I thought you brave, strong, noble, a *man*; and now I find you—what? A miserable, crawling coward. It was you who stole into my quiet home and destroyed my peace. And now, where is my daughter? Coward, tell me! I must know, or, by the God above—" His rage was fearful to see. He seized Jean Martelot by the throat. The wretch managed to articulate: "Father,—your daughter—"

"What of her?" cried Sieur Crépin, and he flung Jean Martelot back on the rock. The latter would have rolled into the sea, had not Sieur Crépin put out his foot to stop him.

"Now speak, quickly! I cannot wait; I have waited long enough."

Jean Martelot began to speak. Evidently every syllable was a painful effort. "Your daughter is—" He stopped.

"Go on!" cried Sieur Crépin.

"Brandy!" gasped Jean Martelot, who was growing weaker and weaker. It was given to him. He breathed heavily, and slowly raised himself on his elbow.

"Your daughter, Sieur Crépin, is my wife and she is gone—to look for you."

He paused a moment, then continued, his voice becoming weaker and fainter. At times he could scarcely articulate the words.

"Madeline learned to love me; I loved her. Thinking we could never gain your consent to our marriage, we left one night while everything was still. I observed in your house a tin box. She told me it contained money, and I took it. We were happy for a time: we were one. But she always wanted to go back to you. For several years I listened to her complaints; but finally I could stand it no longer and told her to go. Three days ago she left me and came to C—; I followed her. This morning I saw you and knew that you recognized me. I began to walk this way, hoping

we would not meet. I thought of this ledge, which people talk of so much, and, thinking to conceal myself, began to descend the cliff. But my sin was upon me. You followed, and saw me on the brink of death. At the risk of your own life you saved mine—only—to take it—away. I am—punished. God—forgive—me! And—you—mercy!—mercy!"

He choked, and was unable to speak. He gathered all his remaining strength to cry: "I—am—dying. Will—you—take this—to—Mad—e—l—?"

He could not finish. His eyes closed, he fell back on the rock. There was a shudder, and then—silence. The waves beat against the cliff. They were not smiling now: they hissed, they sneered, they laughed. Sieur Crépin bared his head—Jean Martelot was dead!

III.

A few days later a man enveloped in a long cloak was walking on one of the streets of C—. Meeting a villager, he inquired if he had seen a young woman, alone, sad, tired? Yes, the villager had seen her: they had found her dead one morning on the steps of a house whose windows and doors were fastened. No one knew who she was. On her clothing was the single letter "M." The man in the cloak uttered a groan of anguish. He turned and walked slowly away in the direction of the old house. There were the windows as they had been for years—stained, broken, covered with cobwebs. The weather-beaten door and the rusted locks; the steps; the path, the fence, the garden, overgrown with weeds, said plainly, "Death is here."

The solitary man threw back his hood. His hair was gray, his eyes sunken, his cheeks hollow, his mouth drawn with pain. He was emaciated, worn, pallid. His very aspect said, "The house is mine! Death lives within."

He could bear it no longer. The years had left their traces, and he sank beneath their weight. Kneeling on the door-step, he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"O God!" he cried, "forgive my erring heart! Forgive my child's ingratitude! Forgive the destroyer of our home! Take me to Thyself; for what have I to live? All is gone—my life, my hope, my comfort—everything, everything—gone!"

He fell forward, rolled to the ground, and lay motionless. Sieur Crépin was no more! The stars lighted him to a better world. Bright Angels carried his soul.

FROST THORN.

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—To our esteemed President, the Rev. A Morrissey; to the devoted officers and members of the Faculty; to our fellow-students and to all our readers and friends, the SCHOLASTIC extends its greetings, and wishes all
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Classes will be resumed on Wednesday, January 3. Parents and guardians are earnestly requested to see that the students return to their work at that time. As any delay in the beginning of the term is very detrimental to the interests of the students.

—The Inter-Collegiate Press Associations of the East are a sad reproach to the lack of organization here in the West. In the recent meeting of the Central Association the fact was emphasized that a yearly gathering of college press representatives is necessary for healthy journalism. Why should we not have like assemblies?

—The football agitation will soon be calmed. It has been decided that the rules need amending, and with a view to this end a committee has been appointed to legislate upon them. Mass plays, wedges and interference will receive the greatest attention; for to them is attributable the roughness of the game. In all probability the flying wedge will be discontinued, or so modified that danger to the players will be reduced to a minimum. College men are determined that there shall be no reason for complaint next season.

—The following appreciation of the lamented founder of Notre Dame appears in the current number of the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*. It is one of the best tributes to the work and worth of the deceased that we have seen, and may be commended as a perfect example of the editorial "brief."

"The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and founder of the University of Notre Dame, breathed forth his soul to God on the eve of All Saints. In him the Church in this country loses not only a link that bound her to the struggles and feeble beginnings of her past, but also one of her founders, and the most indefatigable and effective of her workers: He has left behind him monuments to his faith, zeal, and ability, any one of which would be in itself sufficient to illustrate a life-time, and which have not been equalled in magnitude and far-reaching influences by the achievements of any of his contemporaries. To mention but two of them: The Church in America owes to Father Sorin, after God and the Blessed Virgin, the great University of Notre Dame, in whose halls the minds and hearts of so many generations of American youth have been trained to knowledge and virtue; and the *Ave Maria*, a magazine evidently and deservedly loved and blessed of Mary, a glory of Catholic literature, a joy to the intellect and heart of its many readers in almost every land. Well might the worker go to his rest after the many and wearying, but fruitful labors of his long day of life. The light of glory to his soul."

The Influence of the Press.

That the great changes of recent times have been mainly owing to the influence of the Press is a matter of universal observation. The newspaper to-day reaches a greater number of people, serves a greater number of wants, touches more points of general interest, deals with more questions of immediate concern to everyone, and strives after more comprehensive enlightenment, than ever before. The merits as well as the demerits of causes are now exhibited, the proportions of phenomena are ascertained, and in the course of debate absolute principles are brought into view. The press is the great power for distributing intelligence of all kinds. It is a vast popular educator—in science, in the liberal arts, and in all that belongs to human existence in this world.

While there are phases of current journalism which are discouraging, there are others which are more hopeful—chief among these is the spirit of independence. Until comparatively recent times the party newspaper was an organ which made it a part of its regular business to praise every action on its own side and condemn whatever was done by the opposition. It is the natural and undoubted prerogative of the press to canvass public measures and the merits of public men. Every newspaper worthy of note is obliged to

have political sympathies; every leading paper must undertake political advocacy. The sympathies grow more generous from year to year. The public mind is enlightened by the uninterrupted agitation, the general conscience is purified and the standard of equity raised.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the newspaper is gradually taking the place of the orator; for in a country where newspapers, morning and evening, discuss every political question in all possible lights, and where alert reporters carry investigation into all momentous questions, there is very little room for the orator or the statesman to propound original statements. A newspaper addresses the voter, not in rhetorical flights of imagery or in vapid declamation, but with cold facts and figures and solid arguments, which the voter can verify at his leisure and not under the excitement and tedium of a spoken harangue. The effective work of a campaign is done by the newspaper. It discusses the merits of candidates, and declares what each party supposes to be the best "platform" with which to face the suffragists; it discusses the "platforms" themselves and leaves to the intelligent voter the exercise of his prerogative. The demagogue in politics, the knave in office, the trickster in business, the wrecker of families—all are ruined by publicity. Presidents are disturbed by its adverse criticism and strengthened by its endorsement.

The influence of the press is far-reaching. There is not a shout sent up by an angry mob, on this side of the Atlantic, that is not echoed in the cabins and palaces on the other side. There is not a conflagration kindled by the ruthless hand of violence whose flames do not glare all over Europe. Its power is felt in the domestic circle, and in the political arena, nay, even in the very halls of debate. There is not a question agitated by the press but leaves its impression on the reader. Statesmen draw inspiration from the editorials of leading papers. Very few of the speeches we hear to-day are original; they have all been thought out and written by able editorial writers. All the necessary research is made by these men, all the arguments are adduced and logically focused by them on the point that is sought to be established. With what eager interest did the whole country look to see what Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, and Henry J. Raymond's *Times*, and Samuel Bowle's *Springfield Republican* would say at any political crisis.

The press seeks out the great measures and schemes for public advancement and improvement,

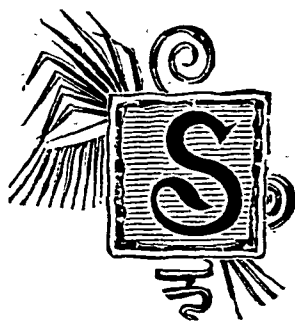
and by constant advocacy and discussion leads statesmen to a sense of their duties and educates the people to decide how their representatives should act. The statesman's efforts are confined to his immediate hearers; he must turn to the press as the promulgator of his beliefs and as the recorder of his actions, if he desires a more general hearing. The safety of a country depends on the intelligence of its people and on their ability to decide as to what is advantageous and what is not. What would the great mass of our people know of the Silver Question of the Nicaragua Canal Discussion, the advisability of annexing Hawaii, or of the respective contentions of Great Britain and the United States as to Bering Sea—what would they know of these burning, vital questions if it were not for the press?

Suffering humanity, too, needs some voice to demand its rights and to call attention to its grievances. The follies, vices, and miseries of multitudes, recorded by the press, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons constantly burning, to warn others from the rocks on which so many hopes and aims have been shipwrecked. The great daily newspaper is the abridged history of a day's life.

It is not too much to say that the press is, and has been for the last century, exerting more influence on the public mind than the unthinking realize. Even now it is shaping the political and social destinies of the twentieth century.

M. J. McGARRY.

My First Skate.



KATE! skate! skate! Notre Dame was all excitement. At last the long-expected moment was at hand when the ice on St. Joseph's Lake should be thick enough to bear. For weeks the students had looked forward to this time with impatience, and now that their great desire to skate was about to be gratified, they were rushing here and there in their preparations for the afternoon's sport. So excited were they that the scene recalled to my mind another a few weeks previous when the boys were making preparations to conquer the heretofore unbeaten Hillsdales. But football was forgotten now, and the boys seemed to have nothing but skate in their heads. In

fact, skate seemed to be in the very air. It was in the chime of the old clock high up in the steeple; it was sung in merry tunes by the wind as it whistled through the leafless branches; it was re-echoed through the halls; it was on everybody's lips. Even the Minims inhaled large draughts of this skaty air; and their little faces were wreathed in smiles in pleasant expectation of the fun the afternoon had in store. What a happy lot they were! The arrival of Santa Claus could not have caused more joy to their little hearts than the announcement that they could go skating.

But to me this was all "Greek." I could not join in any pleasant anticipations, for where I hail from God does not freeze the lakes and ponds. As I had never ventured beyond the confines of that district until this year I was in blissful ignorance of the great pleasure to be found in skating. The jubilant spirits of my fellow-students, however, making their preparations assured me that it must indeed be sport; and so, catching some of this spirit from a Minim who six years ago was oblivious of ice or sunshine, I wended my way to the store to arm myself with the indispensable article called skates. How a man could stand on them, much less make any headway, was a puzzle to me when I laid eyes for the first time on a bona-fide pair of skates. But not wishing to show any unfamiliarity with the article, I assumed an air a professional might have envied, and critically examined and passed my judgment upon half a dozen or more pairs. I was about to continue my criticisms when I saw that the good Brother's supply of patience was being exhausted. So, with an extra wise look I selected a pair (probably because they cost more than the others). The aforesaid good Brother, after giving me a look that threatened to score a "knock-down" before the skates had a chance, finally permitted me to take them on "tick."

A few moments later found me on the shore of the frozen lake. I saw the gay and merry skaters flying by me, some cutting what they call the "figure eight" and "spreading the eagle," whilst more were playing a game they called "shinny." I saw little Minims who could scarcely walk, gliding along on skates in a truly artistic fashion. "Surely," said I, "skating must be easy. Why, if these tots can skate, I'll find no trouble in doing so." With this encouraging thought I adjusted my skates and bravely proceeded to stand up; when, lo! away went the skates and after them my feet

whilst that part of my anatomy given me by nature to sit upon was brought into sudden and violent contact with the ice. For a moment day was changed into night, and far away in the distance I could see myriads of stars twinkling in a new firmament. I was completely bewildered. Was this a feature of skating? No; I hadn't begun in the right way; so, recovering quickly from this short but emphatic introduction to Mr. Ice, I was assisted by two pairs of friendly arms in further efforts at locomotion. Now I have not the least desire to be boastful, but I proved an apt pupil, and it was not long before I had actually learned to *stand* on skates. My kind assistants no sooner realized this than, with an encouraging word and a parting smile, they left me standing alone in the very centre of the lake. To remain there and be frozen was surely not a very pleasant prospect; on the other hand, I knew from experience at the outset that to move was, in my case at least, attended with danger. I fed my soul during the next few moments upon the rather unsavory diet of a disagreeable recollection, and upon an equally unpleasant prospect. Finally, I concluded to follow the counsel of the wise man, and of two evils selected the lesser.

With a brave look but a failing heart I made ready to propel what I thought would soon be my carcass towards the shore. If the worst was to come I resolved at least to die bravely in making a Minim's holiday. Ah! I remember how those little fellows would surround me, and ask: "Why don't you skate?" and then moving about dexterously they would smile, as much as to say, "Look at me." Unable to endure their taunts and jokes longer, with a prayer commending my soul to its Maker, I cried: "Here goes!" at the same time moving a foot in imitation of a skater. Hurrah! I slid along on the slippery ice, but how, I cannot for the life of me tell. A number of similar movements followed, and I saw with joy that the distance between me and the coveted shore had been lessened perceptibly. Encouraged by this fact, I took a stronger and a longer stroke, and then I commenced to stagger and totter just as I remember a friend of mine once did after imbibing a glass too many of good old California wine. Oh! how I longed for a pillow, a cushion, or for anything that might be a little softer than the ice! Another moment and my already damaged anatomy had been further injured. Again I saw those bright constellations flashing in the distance, and I had received

another lesson in the science of astronomy. Talk about a view through the Lick Telescope!—it wasn't to be compared to this sight of the stars. "Skates were not made for me!" I cried, and I determined to tempt fate no farther. I adopted the decidedly ungraceful, but, oh, my! how much safer method, of getting to shore—I crawled there! That night as I sat down to supper I was painfully reminded of my first experience on skates. I have not skated since.

"TATICH!"

Exchanges.

None will enjoy the Christmas time more than the ex-men. Their mail at this season brings them the best issues of the college papers, and wicked brother editors now usually lay aside the bludgeon to toss stray sprigs of laurel. Moreover, "exchange" is hard-working, and generally sits down to a feast with an excellent appetite for the good things. May all the members of our fraternity enjoy the vacation as we anticipate doing!

* * *

We regret to announce that we have spoiled the holidays for the *Index*. It has taken alarm at a fancied monster, and is now in mortal dread of being crushed by this phantom of its own making. We hope it will be reassured at the declaration that we are very much connected with the "Staff," and that we are not the professor of Literature. Eat your dinner in peace, friend.

* * *

The *Highlander* has wisely decided that its silence was a grief to its friends, and has determined to be amiable once more. The Christmas number more than atones for its past negligence.

* * *

If the *Varsity* should decide to retain its present cover it would add to its charms. It has already discovered the secret that many of its Canadian brothers are vainly seeking for—how to mix the gay with the serious. It needs only a cover to place it among the best college exchanges.

* * *

The *Abbey Student*, academical as ever, wears a new gown of gold and white, in honor of Christmas-tide. He is bright and interesting.

* * *

The *Mountaineer* is the latest arrival. We hope to see him often. That he is determined to

make himself known, the number before us plainly shows. We wish him the best of success.

* * *

The *Hamilton College Monthly* has these lines in a bit of Christmas verse:

"Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-Child in her arms."

Why such efforts should be made to exalt December into the place occupied by the Mother of God is indeed a mystery to us. The *Monthly* may again talk learnedly about "sectarian criticism," but the fact is patent that the God-man had a Mother whose place in the scheme of Redemption cannot be reasonably ignored. The Mother, and not December, bore the Christ-Child in her arms.

Personals.

—Mr. J. Ryan is visiting his son Edward of Carroll Hall.

—J. V. O'Donnell (Law), '88, has a lucrative practice in Chicago.

—George H. Craig, '89, is now the leading banker of Galesburg, Ill.

—Dr. James J. Creswell, '56, is Secretary of the Board of Education, Galena, Ill.

—The many friends of the Reverend W. R. Connor will be glad to learn that he has returned in the best of health.

—John A. Quinn, '64, is engaged in a lucrative business in New York. He still bears a great love for his *Alma Mater*.

—M. O. Burns (Law), '87, City Solicitor of Hamilton, Ohio, recently won an important case in the United States Supreme Court.

—Professor A. F. Zahm is winning laurels in the lecture field. This week he gives two lectures in Baltimore. The first week in January he will lecture before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, and before the Boston Society of Civil Engineers.

—Earl W. Brown (Law), '93, of Sheldon, Ia., was recently examined for admission to the bar by the Supreme Court of that State, and passed with highest honors. But few students have ever been examined there who had a higher average or made a better record than Mr. Brown. It is possible that he may soon engage in the practice of Law in Chicago—a field none too wide in its scope of opportunities for a manhood so enterprising and promising.

—Timothy T. Ansberry (Law), '93, was recently elected to the office of Justice of the Peace at Defiance, Ohio, and last week he was admitted by the Supreme Court to the bar of

that State. He passed the examination with a highly creditable average. He writes that among those who failed to get through were law graduates of Yale and Harvard. Ann Arbor men frequently fail before the same court. It is becoming generally known that a diligent and persevering student can acquire a more thorough and practical knowledge of the law at Notre Dame than in the noted institutions of the East. Judge Ansberry has done well, and we trust his future may realize its present promise of brilliancy, prosperity and honor.

—It is with deep regret that we chronicle the sudden death of the Rev. J. B. Crawley, '61, for years the devoted pastor of St. Peter's Congregation at Laporte, Ind. His departure from this life occurred on the morning of the 19th inst., and he was laid to rest in the little Community cemetery here. Father Crawley was a zealous priest, and the world is the better for his labors. May he rest in peace!



—Good-by!
 —Now we're off!
 —Wake up, St. Cecilians!
 —Oh, that Brownson Hall yell!
 —How long will you wear your colors?
 —Trio:—"We wont go home till morning."
 —The P. G's examined the Minims this week.
 —Arthur Corry has returned to resume his studies.
 —Sixteen boys will pass Christmas at Sorin Hall this year.
 —That search-warrant surprised a number of the boys Wednesday.
 —The Juniors are very slow about their sleigh-rides this year.
 —No suggestions for that "hand ball alley" have as yet been received.
 —Dinkel and Hudson will spend their first Christmas here this year.
 —First voice: Did you have a pony? Second voice: No; a Nancy Hanks!
 —Professor Egan's lecture on "The Novel" was finished on Monday last.
 —Stock, (*i. e.* ponies, etc.,) seems to be in great demand at Notre Dame.
 —The dormitory is no bowling alley. Those who think so will ere long think differently.

—Indications point to an exceptionally large attendance of law students next session.

—The Lambs have all wandered away, and sought pastures new—for a short time at least.

—L—— says it is not *healthly* to sleep in the farther end of the dormitory. We agree with him.

—Church History examinations are taken very easily by some of our disabled football players.

—The Rev. J. O'Connell, has been seriously ill. We are more than glad to hear of his recovery.

—Our friend, Emil Ahlrichs, remembered all the Hall boys when his box arrived. Many thanks, Emil!

—There were only three rounds to the mill; and it ended in a draw, each man scoring five points (notes).

—M. J. McGarry has charge of the Law-room during vacation. He is ably assisted by Roger Sinnott.

—Stock and Ahlrichs went hunting Thursday. Their game bags were well filled (?) when they came back.

—Thomas D. Mott, accompanied by his brother John G., will spend the holidays in Chicago and St. Louis.

—The Philopatrians have a society pin, and they display the pink and lavender. They are now looking for a yell.

—Johnson has changed his seat. He says that it was too cold near the door; and he says this without smiling, too.

—Some new pictures of the Catholic University at Washington have been added to Notre Dame's collection.

—"Ben Hur" is not "in it"—as we say in the vernacular—with Tommy's latest. It is bound to win him fame and fortune.

—Freddy exercises the office of mediator with great success. He is to be congratulated on his efforts in this direction.

—Father French, assisted by Messrs. Lauth and Corbett, and Prof. McDonald, is at present engaged in making out the averages.

—According to the *Tribune*, our genial John is booked to play half back in the Chicago game. Success to him in his new position!

—The newspaper carrier comes up smiling every morning. He is brimful of news as usual. This information is for the benefit of the Manistee young man.

—The Cherokee strip in the Brownson Hall refectory was opened up Wednesday. The boomers were numerous. It is needless to say they did not all obtain good sites.

—Here's the way the Juniors yell:

Zip! ah—roar—ah!

Look alive!

Hoop—ah—loo—loo!

'95!

—During the last few days the trunk-room has been the scene of great excitement, attendant upon the exodus.

—Dusy will be on hand for the football game. A message was received from him Wednesday in which he stated he would be there.

—The members of the Band treated the students of Brownson Hall to a farewell serenade in the Gym. last Tuesday. It was highly appreciated by all.

—Hon T. E. Howard, '61, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, is expected to deliver the address at the graduating exercises of the Law class in June.

—Our centre rush is up very early these days. He says he is prepared to make the next man go star-gazing who calls him at midnight to see the sunrise. Beware of the joker!

—"There are moments when one wants to be alone." Hossicar found one of these moments on his hands the other day. He will be more careful in his application in the future.

—A series of games of indoor baseball will be arranged between Sorin and Brownson halls for this week. John Flannigan is Captain of the Sorin Hall team.

—Whist is the popular game at present. Sorin Hall claims the championship. Anyone disputing it should arrange for a series of games with Roger Sinnott.

—The Minims' examination took place on Tuesday. It was conducted by Rev. President Morrissey, Mr. T. Corbett, C. S. C., Mr. M. Lauth, C. S. C., Messrs. Sinnott, Maurus, Cullen and Mott, of Sorin Hall.

—Our friend the "phenom" has gone, never to return, so he says. This is bad news, and will be received with great regret, by those who expected to see him loom up as third baseman, for the "Never Sweats."

—"The frail little thing" once in a while gets slightly mixed up in his genders. When asked how many Fathers of the Church he had named, "Oh," he replied, "I did not give very many, but I got in St. Bridget all the same."

—Tim's voice is no longer heard in the dulcet strains that were wont to bring tears to the eyes of his listeners. He wanders up and down in the Gym in a fit of the deepest melancholy. We can guess the reason of this. It is disappointment. Speak up, Tim.

—The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic News* mentions that the new Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross was admitted to a separate private audience with the Holy Father on the 22d ult. It is expected that Notre Dame will soon be favored with a visit from Very Rev. Father Français.

—The Rev. President gave the classes in St. Edward's Hall a thorough examination last month, and was so well pleased with the work of the "princes" since last September that he

treated them to oranges and bananas. He told the boys that the satisfactory result of the present examination was only what he expected; that he was glad to see the Minims keep up their splendid record, and that it would always be his pleasure to do all in his power to promote their progress and happiness.

—The 'Varsity Eleven received a challenge from the University of Chicago team for a game to be played at Tattersall's gymnasium on New Year's Day. The challenge was at once accepted. The boys are anxious to meet Stagg's eleven, and are confident of putting up a good game. They have been out of practice, however, since Thanksgiving, whilst the Chicago men have been constantly training under a coach's supervision. If the Notre Dame eleven will refrain from gorging themselves with eatables during the holidays, they will keep their record unbroken.

—All during the football season of 1893 there has been an intense rivalry existing between the Eleven of Carroll Hall, and that of the ex-Carrollites. They have met on the gridiron field in hotly-contested games, and victory perched, now on the banners of the Carroll men and now on those of the ex's. It was not, however, decided who had the superior team; and with a view to settling this question a game was arranged for last Sunday. The snow was two inches deep, and the weather very cold. For one long hour both teams struggled for the mastery, but without avail. Neither side scored. It was one of the prettiest games of the year. Cavanaugh did herculean work at centre, and Klees, as half-back, put up a pretty game. And thus it is that each team still claims to be the best.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—Last Saturday the eighth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held in the law room, with twenty-nine members present and seven absent. In addition to the regular members of the society, about twenty of the other students were in attendance. The meeting was called to order by Col. Hoynes, who presided. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read, and on motion adopted. The debate for the evening, "Resolved, That the security and welfare of Ireland would be seriously prejudiced by the success of the policy of total separation from the British Empire" was then taken up. Mr. Cuneo opened the debate, and in a very warm way attempted to show that the Irish people are not deserving of separate nationhood. He said that they did not know what they wanted. At the close of his remarks he was loudly cheered. Mr. M. McFadden then took the floor for the negative. His argument showed deep research and great historical knowledge of the Niobe of nations; and his logical address, clothed with rhetorical beauty, carried conviction to the hearts of his listeners. Mr. L. Mithen closed for the negative, and in a graphic and pathetic manner recited

the injustices that Ireland has received at the hands of England. Mr. E. F. DuBrul closed the debate with an argument for the affirmative. He tried to show by history that the Irish were unable to govern themselves. The chair then extended an invitation to the members generally to express their opinions on the subject. Mr. Daniel Murphy arose and stated, with singular felicity and eloquence, that it is only a matter of justice that Ireland should have home rule. He was followed by Messrs. Roby and Kennedy. The debate was getting very warm at this juncture. The chair decided in favor of the negative.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Church History—Messrs. Casey, Dempsey, Eyanson, Hudson, Hervey, S. Mitchell, O. Walker; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Lanagan, J. Murphy, J. Sullivan, J. Barrett, J. Cooke, Delaney, Gordon, Kennedy G. Pulskamp, J. J. Ryan, Slevin, Stace; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Schopp, Kearney, Thorn; *Logic*—Messrs. Walker, D. Murphy, Casey; *Latin*—Messrs. Schopp, Smoger, Kiesgen, D. Murphy, Iwazweski, Hudson, Barry, Kulamer, Meyer, Mitchell, Oswald, Slevin, Wilson; *Greek*—Messrs. Schopp, Montavon, Burns, D. Murphy; *Astronomy*—Messrs. C. Fitzgerald, Schopp; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Correll, Flannery; *Descriptive Geometry*—W. Marr; *Analytical Mechanics*—C. Fitzgerald; *Surveying*—Messrs. Dempsey, A. Funke; *Chemistry*—E. Scherrer; *Physics*—Messrs. Cullinan, Walker, Hudson; *Calculus*—H. Mitchell; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Eyanson, Ilgenfritz, LaMoure; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Vignos, G. Pulskamp; *Geometry*—Messrs. Fagan, Lanagan, Druecker, Brennan, McCaffrey, Leonard; *Algebra*—Messrs. Barry, Wilson, Haydon, O'Connor; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. O'Donnell, Flannigan; *Criticism*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Marmon; *Literature*—Messrs. Cullinan, Eyanson, R. Slevin, Hagan; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. McHugh, Barry; *Political Economy*—H. O'Donnell; *History*—Messrs. Cullinan, McGarry, Kennedy, Ryan, O'Malley; *Mineralogy*—Messrs. Marr, H. Mitchell; *Metallurgy*—W. Marr; *Botany*—Messrs. Walker, Casey, Eyanson, Hervey; *Physiology*—Messrs. Lantry, Slevin, Wilson, Cullinan; *Electricity*—Messrs. Palmer, Dinkel, Franke.

COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—Messrs. Howell, Dalton, Schaack Byrne, Feeney, Kerndt, McGarry, E. Pulskamp, Pendleton, McShane, Romero; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Hart, Corry, Byrne, Strassheim, Kerndt, Klees, Reber, Miles, Kinsella, Thome, L. Byrne; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Wiss, Schnur, Tuohy, Dalton, McShane, B. Vincent, Beyer, Dwyer, Grady, Moore, Tierney, Lawler, Stearns, Fennessy, Dannemiller, Krollman, Monahan, Miles, B. Adolphus, Gordon, L. Byrne, Crane, Schwartz, E. Pulskamp, Ruppe, Curry, Reinhard; *Grammar*—Messrs. W. Byrne, L. Byrne, Chirhart, J. Flynn, Gilmartin, E. Pulskamp, Ruppe, Schwartz, Wurzer, B. Vincent, Romero, L. Miller, Miers, Drijer, Swigart, Trahey, A. Cooke, Gordon, Dreyer, F. Harris, Masters, Waters; *Reading*—Messrs. Farley, Masters, Swigart, Schwartz, Wymethal, Dixon, B. Vincent, Walsh, Turner, Campbell, F. Falvey, W. Byrne, Kerndt, Walker, Dalton, Davezac, Kasper; *Orthography*—Messrs. Young, Schmitz, Dannemiller, J. Casey, B. Adolphus, Hurley, Fennessy, B. Vincent, C. Clarke, Smith, F. Harris, Walker, Waters, Chase; *Pennmanship*—Messrs. Krembs, Maguire, M. Byrne, Sokup, Thorne, Wagner, Gonzales, Black, Schmitz; *United States History*—Messrs. Kerndt, Loser, McGrady, J. Cromb, Schnur, F. Harris, Coyne, Dalton, Tinnin, Wigg, Waters, Wilcox; *Geography*—Messrs. Dwyer, Romero,

B. Eli, Byrne, Kerndt, Cromb, Coyne, Dalton, Bloomfield L. Miller, A. Cooke; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Druecker, E. Murphy, J. Reilly, J. Sullivan, Wozniak; *Composition*—Messrs. Clendenin, Sullivan, Carney, J. Browne, Gibson, Kulamer, Schumacher, Schnur; *Latin*—Messrs. Muinch, Niewland, Kegler, J. Murphy, Gordon, Wurzer, Dalton, Herman, Palmer, J. Sullivan, Murray, Hennebry, Hagan, Fagan, Eyanson; *Greek*—Messrs. Fagan, Niewland, Oswald; *Algebra*—Messrs. Bennett, Rumely, O'Malley, Weaver, Druecker, McCaffrey, Franke, Kiesgen, Schwartz, Gordon, McHugh, Browne, Wurzer.

SPECIAL.

French—Messrs. Bolton, Fitzgerald, Jewett, Keough, C. Mitchell, Palmer, Scherrer, Thorn, De Lormier, Franke, H. Mitchell, Neville, Barry, Wurzer, McCarrick, Schwartz, Carney; *German*—Messrs. Keyser, Wilson, Kasper, Krembs, Druecker, D. Murphy, Costello, Davezac, Dougan, Lohner, Monahan, Schnur, Treber, Dillon, Ruppe, Bopp; *Drawing*—Messrs. Kunert, Correll, C. Fitzgerald, C. Scherrer, Flannery, C. Mitchell, Dinkle, F. Sullivan, Foley, Rumely, J. Miller, Wagner, McCarrick; *Music*—Messrs. Brinker, Fleming, A. Yglesia, Krollman, Maternes, Wilson, Lowrey, J. Miller, Zoehrlaut, Kegler, Treber, Bopp, DeTeresa, Reber, Franke, Wilcox, Clendenin, J. Treber, McGuire, Maynes, Tuohy, Bates, Cuneo, Donahoe, Piquette, Tong, Marmon, Maguire, Monarch, DuBrul, Flynn, Johnson, Hartnett, J. C. Kelly, J. Kelly, Blanchard, Young, Sweet, F. McKee, Thorn, Browne, Steinhaus, Kerndt, O'Connor, McDermott, Black.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Algebra—Masters Girsch, Campau, Flynn, McGinley, Lohner, Langley, McPhee, Romero, Peck, Everest, A. Monaghan, Minnigerode; *Piano*—Masters A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, McGinley, Graff, W. Scherrer, Morehouse, Durand, Otero, L. Clarke, Wells, Freeman, Byrne, Christ, Corcoran, H. Rasche, Wagner, Shillington, M. Devine, Steel, Moxley, Elliott, Justin McCarthy, Eugene McCarthy; *Geography*—Masters G. Scherrer, J. Higgins, Corry, C. Monaghan, Devine, Crandall, Campau, Cross, Lohner, Everest, Peck, Bump, McGinley, McPhee, Morris, Lysle, F. Campau, Green, Gimble, Perea, Dawson, G. Abrahams, Davidson, R. McCarthy, Cooledge, H. Rasche, Englehardt, Shillington, Noonan, J. McCarthy, Croke, Christ; *Orthography*—Masters Girsch, Flynn, Devine, Graff, Otero, Eugene McCarthy, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, A. Monaghan, Lohner, Langley, Maritzen, Minnigerode, Jonquet, F. Campau, Morris, Lysle, Green, Gimble, Perea, Dawson, G. Abrahams, Davidson, R. McCarthy, Cooledge, H. Rasche, Englehardt, Shillington, Noonan, J. McCarthy, Croke, Christ, Barrett, Dugas; *Grammar*—Masters Graff, A. Coquillard, D. Campau, Christ, Crandall, Everest, Flynn, Girsch, Otero, Langley, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, McPhee, Peck, Romero, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Thompson, McGinley, Cross, Morris, R. McCarthy, H. Rasche, Wells, F. Campau, Roesing, Lysle, Gimble, Brinckerhoff, Durand, Egan, J. Coquillard, L. Clarke, Morehouse, Simm, L. Rasche, McIntyre, Cooledge, G. Abrahams, Catchpole, Clune, Swan, Freeman, Maritzen, Fortune, Steele, H. Byrne, Lohner; *Arithmetic*—Masters Girsch, McGinley, Lohner, Everest, Flynn, Langley, G. Scherrer, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, McPhee, Peck, Romero, W. Scherrer, L. Thompson, Minnigerode, Otero, Bump, Morris, Feltenstein, Roesing, Healy, Wells, H. Rasche, Shillington, Gimble, Jonquet, Lysle, Graff, J. McCarthy, J. Higgins, Freeman, Durand, Maritzen, Ives, Ral Higgins, Coolidge, Corcoran, Taylor, Finnerty, Swan, Elliott, McIntyre, Moxley, Dalton, Morehouse, J. Dawson; *Reading*—Masters Corry, Maritzen, A. Coquillard, G. Graff, Healy, L. Thompson, Langley, Peck Girsch, C. Monaghan, M. Lysle, Cross, Graff, J. McCarthy, Wells, Shillington, Englehardt, Roesing, Kilgallen, McIntyre, Taylor, Freeman, Simm, Byrne, Davidson, Elliott, McElroy, Brinckerhoff, York, Catchpole, Egan, Ives, B. Hesse, Steele, L. Clarke, Finnerty, Roy Higgins, J. Coquillard, L. Rasche, Schneider, Ortey, Bullene, Terhune, C. Dawson, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Moxley, Wagner, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, H. Pollitz.