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HOC

Reverendissimo Gilberto Francijs.

SUPERIORI GENERALI

CONGREGATIONIS A SANCTA CRUCE.

NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ

UNIVERSITATIS ALUMNI

ADMIRATIONIS ET VENERATIONIS

PIGNUS

OBTULERUNT.

REVERENDISSIME PATER:

Mos erat, antiquæ devictis hostibus Urbis,
Militibus dignum rite celebrare triumphum,
Victorem æternum Capitoli ascendere saxum.
Tum sacra Romani superiis offerre solebant,
Multaque cum precibus Patriæ diffundere vota.
Non hodie sævi canitur victoria belli,
At nobis florent gratissima munera pacis,
Nec ducis indomiti vultus minitatur in armis,
Quippe benigna Patris facies ridere videtur.
Mortis enim et vitæ simul obversatur imago,
Qui nuper meritis et majestate serena
Conspicuum pueri valeant deflere parentem,
Te virtute parem, quamvis ætate minorem,
Nunc etiam Nostræ Dominæ venerentur alumni.

Festa dies agitur: reboant campana per auras:
Te veniente silent, cessant præsentem labores;
Tota domus trepidat, arrectis auribus adstant.
Jam nostræ lætis resonant concentibus ædes,
En dux noster ades, animo vultuque modestus,
Teque pia juvenes Pastorem voce salutant.

Gallia ut quondam juvenis profectus
Hic feras tantum reperisse fertur,
Inclitus doctæ merito vocatur
Conditor arcis.

Francus et parvis opibus Deoque
Fretus at duri patiens laboris,
Vicit, et Crucis Domini benignus
Auxit amorem.

Quiquidem summus genio, tenaxque
Regulæ exemplar, pietate semper
Præstitit, certe a sociis meretur
Primus haberi.

Quin Bonus Pastor vigilat, gregisque
Anxius, prudens ovium saluti
Consulit, nec non teneros ubique
Diligit agnos.

Quid quod exemplo pueros reformes,
Literas verbo doceas et artes,
Cunctaque ad Christum moveas peritus
Corda magister?

Quid quod invitis vitiis honesti
Jura defendas ratione, et almam
Advoces legem Fidei Deique,
Magne Sacerdos?

Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps,
Hic tuum nomen volitet per ora,
In viam recti dociles loquendo
Dirige natos.

Te precor nostro benedic labori,
Ut boni cives patriæ Deoque
Semper addicti, maneamus Almæ
Gloria Matris.

Serus in cælum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo fideli,
Christus ut servos faciat beatos,
Optime Pastor



A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

II.—A GLIMPSE OF LONDON.

So this is London! A vast metropolis, covering an area of one hundred and twenty-five square miles, with thousands of intersecting streets winding between hundreds of thousands of buildings, erected of all sizes and in every conceivable form of architecture, and with a multitude of inhabitants, outnumbering the combined populations of Paris and Berlin or those of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. A trading town of several hundred dwellers when Cæsar invaded Britain half a century before the birth of Christianity, a provincial city with a census of some forty thousand when Edward the Confessor, just prior to the Norman Conquest, rebuilt Westminster Abbey, it has steadily emulated and exemplified the growth of the mightiest empire of modern history, until it counts to-day, as its habitual residents, no fewer than four and a half millions of human beings.

In a two or three days' visit we can catch merely a glimpse of the monster city; but even so transitory a view is sufficient to impress us with an overpowering sense of its vastness, and to suggest to our mind that we have simply exchanged immensities, and passed from one ocean to another. London is veritably an Atlantic of humanity. Borne hither and thither by the rushing tides of ever-varying passions, swiftly impelled by the eddying currents of business and pleasure, or driven ruthlessly onward by the tempest-like fury of ambition, men and women here surge by and around us even as, only a few hours ago, did the countless billows of the mighty deep. What a train of reflections is opened up by the similitude, and how strong the temptation to pursue the train! But there's enough of crude moralizing running rampant in the narratives of the average tourist; let us in mercy spare our readers a superabundance thereof.

Two surprises awaited us on the morning of our arrival in the British metropolis. One, the less pleasing, confronted us at its very threshold. Hitherto, I had always entertained the opinion that Dickens' "Circumlocution Office" is an extravagantly overdrawn caricature; but, within an hour of our landing in London, I offered a full and cordial apology to the shade of the

departed novelist. Whether in his elaborate elucidation of the "How not to do it" principle, Dickens intended to satirize the method of procedure adopted by Her Majesty's general government, or those of some particular department only, I am unable to say; but for this much I can vouch, that in the "Circumlocution Office" he has wittingly or unwittingly given a graphic portrayal of the Customs House at the Victoria Docks.

The traveller who sets out for foreign countries is prepared, of course, to submit to a certain measure of annoyance at the hands of customs officials. He has at least read of, if he has not personally experienced, the vexatious delays imposed upon him by obnoxious public servants who insist on rummaging with exasperating thoroughness through bags and boxes; and with prudent foresight, he has, perhaps, endeavored to reduce the customs nuisance to a minimum by carrying with him the smallest amount of luggage compatible with comfort.

Judging, however, from the invective tirades launched by English travellers from time immemorial against the Customs Houses of France and Germany and Italy, I had somehow acquired the belief that it was only on the Continent that such annoyances were prevalent, and that in England, the traveller and his luggage were treated with a distinguished consideration embodying the perfection, at once, of simplicity and courtesy. The English Customs officer would doubtless politely ask: "Anything dutiable, Sir?" and, receiving a negative response, would forthwith mark my "grip" with his cabalistic symbol, and graciously invite me to pass on unmolested. So much for anticipation,—the merest "baseless fabric of a vision."

The reality began at Gravesend, about twenty miles down the Thames. At that point the steamer was boarded by a taciturn young giant in blue frock-coat with brass buttons. His sole business, so far as became apparent, was to prevent any fraudulent-minded passenger from shouldering his luggage, stealthily slipping overboard, and surreptitiously swimming ashore therewith. Possibly some of the ladies or gentlemen on board had been contemplating such a feat; but as he kept close watch, none of us attempted it. The steamer once moored at the Docks, trunks, valises, portmanteaus, Gladstone bags, extension bags, and nondescript bundles of all kinds were conveyed to the lower deck and opened for the inspection of the examining officer. He leisurely put in an

appearance in the course of an hour, and proceeded very deliberately to "go through" the luggage, piece by piece. Having thoroughly satisfied himself that a passenger was importing no article amenable to duty, he marked the trunk or valise and signed a species of invoice, or clearance, which the passenger had previously procured from the steamer's chief officer.

The process has been a somewhat longer one than we expected to find it; but now surely it is over and done with, and we are at liberty to call a hansom cab and proceed to our hotel. Over? Not a bit of it! It sounds idiotic in the statement; but it is nevertheless a fact that, with our luggage properly checked by the Inspector, and with that official's signed declaration to the effect that it had been "passed," we were forced to visit no fewer than four different offices, from a quarter to half a mile distant one from another, and present our clearance to be inspected, signed, countersigned, and counter-countersigned anew. The "Circumlocution Office" an exaggeration! So far from it that it is a perfect portrait; and the clerk in the third office was so clearly the original Barnacle Junior, that, as he wearily came towards us, looking ineffably bored at the prospect of being obliged to do anything, I fully expected to hear him exclaim: "Look here! I say, you know. You fellows have no right, you know, to be coming here wanting these things signed. Egad, you haven't got an appointment, you know." It is only fair to add that an English friend assured me that at Southampton and Liverpool, the usual ports of entry for the larger liners, there is far less red tape about getting one's luggage through the customs—and there needs to be.

Our second and more agreeable surprise in London was the utter absence of fog. Throughout our visit, the sun shone as gloriously as if we were in the merest provincial town; and the dirty, heavy, yellow mist of the London of our reading was conspicuous by its non-existence. Nor did the smoke hanging over the city form anything like the "impenetrable pall" which we had been accustomed to consider inseparable from the idea of England's metropolis. It may be that we saw the city under phenomenally favorable conditions; but we certainly discerned no fog, and we just as certainly beheld the blue vault of heaven above even the smokiest portions of London town. Well, getting rid of long-cherished illusions is one of the benefits of travelling, and thus far we have no reason

to complain. On the whole, customs delay plus the sunshine is perhaps preferable to customs celerity plus the fog.

The exasperating formalities of the revenue officials had detained us at the Docks fully two hours, but our clearances being finally considered sufficiently decorated with stamps and signatures, we were allowed to depart; and in company with a number of our late fellow-voyagers, we boarded a metropolitan train for the city. Here we had our first experience of the English or European railway car, a vehicle which I had heard so repeatedly depreciated that I was not a little surprised to find it neither very uncomfortable nor notably inconvenient. I rode some thousands of miles in such cars during the summer, and discovered that while the compartment system does not possess all the advantages of the American plan, it is, in several important points, distinctly superior to the latter. In case of an accident, for instance, a European train could be emptied in about one-tenth the time taken on our railways. It is the difference between two exits for eight or ten people and two for fifty or sixty. One of the appointments of these English and continental cars that a tourist will assuredly appreciate is the baggage rack. Two of these extend across the whole width of the car, one above either seat, and they are of sufficient depth and strength to hold a large-sized valise.

Arrived at Fenchurch street, we exchanged final good-byes with some dozen passengers of the *Halifax City*, among others with the agreeable though injudicious parents of that "precocious boy of nine" (and *not* "precious boy of mine," as the SCHOLASTIC fiend set it up); and a hansom soon conveyed us to The Hummums, Covent Garden. To this hotel, several of us had been recommended by my room-mate on the steamer, a Londoner who gave it an excellent reputation for respectability, comfort and moderate charges, characteristics which, in conjunction with its central position, make it a very desirable lodging-place. Glancing at the number of the cab, as we paid the driver his shilling fare, we found it to be seven thousand and something, and on inquiry learned that the two and four-wheeled carriages at the service of the public in this mammoth city number more than twelve thousand.

And now for the sights of London. The list of notable buildings, monuments, museums, art collections, galleries, squares, gardens, etc., is a long one—far too long to admit of my seeing one-tenth of them during the brief period

allotted for my visit. Fortunately, however, I am not consumed with any very feverish longing to behold them all, am so little interested in many of them, in fact, that I should not probably take the trouble to visit them were I to remain in London for a twelvemonth. Several of them, on the other hand, I should endeavor to see even were my sojourn in the city limited to two or three hours, and towards these I turn my steps.

First of all to Westminster Abbey, the glorious monument reared by Catholic faith and piety in the olden time when "merrie England" was more than a meaningless phrase, when England's monarchs beheld in the Roman Pontiff the veritable Vicar of Christ, nor blasphemously sought to usurp his supremacy. Alas! the true glory of the Abbey is departed now. No lamp with deathless flame swings before the tabernacle of the Lord of Hosts; a mutilated rite has succeeded to the symmetrical completeness of the solemn Eucharistic Sacrifice; and the stranger's strongest interest in St. Edward's temple centres upon it, not as the symbol of a nation's faith, but merely as the shrine of the ashes of England's dead, illustrious "in arms, in art, in song." For some time we stroll leisurely about the vast edifice, noting its general plan and harmonious proportions; accompany an attendant on a tour of the royal chapels, paying a special tribute of admiration to the mediæval architecture so faultlessly preserved in that of Henry VII.; and spend our last hour in perusing the memorial tablets in the "Poets' Corner," a marble catalogue of the great, familiar names in English literature, from Chaucer and Shakespeare and "rare Ben Jonson" to Bulwer and Macaulay and Dickens and Longfellow.

Other London sights, which well repaid the hour or two given to each, were St. Paul's Cathedral, the British and the South Kensington Museums, the Bank of England, the National Gallery, the Tower, and the Houses of Parliament. Handsome and imposing as is this last-mentioned pile of buildings, my interest therein was a human rather than an architectural one. I had far more curiosity to behold Great Britain's legislators at work than to examine the halls in which the legislation is accomplished. As Parliament was sitting, the gratification of my curiosity was possibly feasible; in any case, there could be no harm in trying to attend a session. Having once been privileged to deliver an address of welcome to the accomplished leader of the Irish Party, I concluded

to rely upon his well-known courtesy for the accomplishment of my purpose. I accordingly sent in my card to Mr. McCarthy; and after waiting in one of the outer halls a half-hour or more, had the satisfaction of hearing an attendant read his name from a list of members "not in the House." Falling back on the broad ground of a common country, I forthwith sent another card to Edward Blake. That stalwart Canadian statesman was fortunately present, and graciously secured me an order of admission to the Members' gallery. The proceedings were interesting from their novelty, but were not of a particularly animated character. Sir William Harcourt was the only notable speaker who addressed the House while I remained, and the subject of his remarks was not calculated to call forth his best efforts. Still the elaborate sarcasm of his replies to several questions from the opposition benches was thoroughly enjoyable. I waited until a division was taken and then returned to The Hummums, my curiosity satisfied and my previous notions of the House of Commons not materially changed in respect either to the dignity of its proceedings or the ability of its members.

The better to acquire a general idea of London's immensity, and note the manifold phases of its life and business activity, I followed the counsel of a reverend friend, and spent eight or ten hours traversing the city in every direction and viewing its thousand wonders from that excellent vantage-ground, the omnibus top. As an inexpensive and effective means of general sight-seeing, commend me to the omnibus, and more particularly to its upper deck or roof, styled by the Parisians, the *Impériale*. If you are fortunate enough to secure a seat next the driver, and prudent enough to propitiate that worthy by a generous "tip," you are in a fair way to accomplish the great object of the stranger in a foreign land,—the attainment of the greatest amount of pleasure and information in the briefest possible time. One thing that impresses us as peculiar during these breezy rides North, South, East and West on the omnibus is the familiar sound of the names of districts, streets, markets, public buildings, banks and even commercial establishments. We ponder the matter for a brief space, and conclude that London has entered more largely into our reading life than has any other of the world's cities, with the possible exception of Rome. And that reminds us that if we are to see Rome this summer, 'tis time to say good-bye to London.

A Metrical Translation of the Latin Poem Read
to Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C.

It was the custom, long, in ancient Rome,
To welcome the great general coming-home,
To celebrate his triumph and his skill,
And lead the victor o'er the Capitol's old hill.
Then would the Romans to their shrines repair
And sacrifice with many a-vow and prayer.
No frowning brow of warrior makes us fear;
The father's face, the father's smile is here;
The image of the dead still hovers near.
We wept o'er him that's gone—in worth and mien
Conspicuous 'mongst all the men we've seen;
In virtue equal, younger far in years,
To-day we bless you, father, in our tears.
This is a feast-day—hill and dale resound,
But when we hear you come, there's not a sound;
All is haste and hurry in the halls,
And joyful greetings echo from the walls,
"Behold the general comes;" the youth combined
Salute the High-priest, meek in face and mind!

When long ago from France he came,
And found here nought but brake and beast,
The man who built up Notre Dame,
The famous founder, saint and priest;

A Frank relying on his God,
And born to bear with toil and loss,
He conquer'd—kissed the chastening rod,
And made us love the Saviour's cross,

With genius great, yet still "the rule
He kept," and ever feared to fall.
And piety was still his school
"The noblest Roman of us all."

But still the shepherd loves his flock,
And shields them from the snow and frost;
He follows still from rock to rock
The tender lamb, the sheep that's lost!

Do you not mould the mind of youth,
And teach them Science too, and Art;
Are you not skilled in lore and truth
To turn to Christ the human heart?

And do you not defend the right,
Great priest of God, with learned skill,
And call in aid the glorious light,
The light of faith around you still?

Ah! yes; and may you learn to love
The name of "Father General" here,
And guide the little ones above,—
The father's voice still in our ear.

Oh, bless our toil with loving hand,
(Let all the world our glory see!)
That, true to God and native land,
Great Notre Dame shall ever be!

Long may you live, may Christ bestow
This blessing now as in the past;
Long be you with us here below
And reign with God in Heaven at last!

L. M.

The Religious Element in "Evangeline."

JAMES R. HAYDON.

The tourist who lingers in Acadia is impressed by the fact that the religion of the people is not confined to Sunday and to their churches; it enters into their daily life and holds a venerated place at every fireside. It is in the air they breathe, as the sunlight is, and happiness. It is part of themselves, purifying their joys, and loves and friendships, and making the thorns of life lose half their sharpness.

The love of the Acadians for their parish priest is as simple as it is devoted. He is the guardian of each family, the common father, whose only précept is the Golden Rule. Thus they live together, as did their forefathers, in the love of God and of one another; and in their peaceful community "the richest is poor" and the poorest lives in abundance." To reflect the life of the Acadians, then, a poem should be like them simple, pure and full of deep religious feeling. And all these qualities we find in "Evangeline."

The spirit of this "tale of love" is a truly Catholic one. The influence of religion permeates the whole. It gives to the poem that exquisite charm, that chaste and softened brightness, which gently urges, as one reads, a feeling of devotion upon the soul. One might almost think the poet saw an angel gliding by when he penned this poem-picture of Evangeline:

"But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music."

Immortal lines! Undying music! They live, but the poet is dead. And long years after each man now living shall have sought his silent grave, they will continue to live and to sing, though ever growing sweeter with the gathered mellowness of years.

As one ponders on the religious element in "Evangeline," the poem divides into two pictures: one, peace ending in woe, the other, sorrow ending in joy. Though the main features differ, yet the pictures bear a striking resemblance to each other; for both are painted upon a religious background, and both portray the influence of the Catholic faith upon the

human heart, bringing out all that is noble in it, and leading it to God.

The first pictures the reign of peace and love—the laborers coming home from the fields; columns of pale blue smoke arising from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment; then softly the Angelus sounding while the sun sinks down to rest. Happy Acadians! How placid was the current of their lives! Their religion was part of their everyday life, and thus they lived free from envy and from fear.

But the brightest day that ever dawned was not without a night; and so the happy day of the Acadians was followed by a night of woe. Driven from their homes, and these destroyed, they were scattered to the winds.

“Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed;
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.”

But, though adversity tries men's souls, if suffered in patience, it never does them harm. Quite the contrary; for it purges out all meaner things, and leaves them purified and strong. So the hearts of the stricken Acadians, instead of sinking in despair, expand and burst forth into song:

“Raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips, a chant of the Catholic missions:
Sacred Heart of our Saviour, O inexhaustible Fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”

And their hearts were filled indeed; for, imitating their dying Saviour, they said with one accord: “Father, forgive them.” Who can comprehend the depth of beauty in Christian forgiveness? We next turn to the second picture, sorrow ending in joy. It is true that Evangeline's cup of joy is held to her lips by the grim hand of Death; but that, it seems to me, only intensifies the joy.

When Evangeline landed in Philadelphia, with her three hundred companions, Gabriel was far away. How far she knew not; but affectionate loyalty urged her to seek him. She was young when first the shadowy hand of hope beckoned her onward, but when she overtook it she was old. During these cheerless years, what strength was that which saved the poor soul from despair, as she “wandered in want and cheerless discomfort. . . . over the shards and thorns of existence?”

Ah! it was the strength that every Evangeline

finds in her religion. “Patience my child,” the good Father had said to her, “have faith and thy prayer will be answered.” And so, as each new hope and fond illusion faded into nothingness, Evangeline, remembering the words of the priest, was consoled, and still she sought and prayed for Gabriel.

As the brightness of human hope died away in her breast, a new and better light appeared. It showed her the pathway over which her Saviour had walked; and now, that the “fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,” was ended, she had no other wish than to follow His sacred footsteps. As a Sister of Mercy she spent her remaining days in caring for the sick and the poor. And, when a pestilence fell on the city, true to her calling, she offered herself to nurse its unfortunate victims. Virtue is its own reward, says an old proverb, and we see how the charity of Evangeline was rewarded by the finding of Gabriel.

Never while I live shall I cease admiring the pathetic beauty of the scene at Gabriel's death-bed. It is a masterpiece of pathos, so natural, exalted and holy that one's mind is lost in a bewilderment of half-sad, half-joyful feelings. It is on a calm Sunday morning that Evangeline approaches the pesthouse of the city. Her heart is filled with an indefinable and sweet emotion as she tarries a moment in the garden to gather some flowers “that the dying may once more rejoice in their fragrance.” Entering the sick-room, her kindly glance seeks each pale, emaciated face, and the dying open their eyes to receive her smile of sympathy. Her eyes rest upon Gabriel. In the morning light his face has assumed the look of youth, and she recognizes him at once. In an instant she is beside him, holding his dying head. But he does not speak her name, and in a few moments he is dead. At last her trials are ended. She has found Gabriel; but the transports of joy that fill her soul find no expression in words. She meekly bows her head, and says: “Father, I thank Thee.” Thus closes the second picture of the poem. The beauties of this lovely picture grow brighter as we gaze upon it, and new ones constantly appear.

A very good person once told me that he thought it was not Evangeline's vocation to marry Gabriel. This explanation is charming in its simplicity, and yet it is the result of one of the severest tests that the poem can undergo, namely, the trial as to whether or not the story is true to life. This person had decided

in the affirmative. Again, it beautifully illustrates the fidelity of the poet's soul. How, with unerring instinct, he traces the dim outline of the image in his mind! And because he traces faithfully, he traces but the truth. And that is what inspired some one to say, that a poet is a half prophet.

There is no denying that this poem is a beautiful tribute of praise to the Catholic Church. But this truth makes it all the more to be regretted that Longfellow did not embrace the Faith he thought so beautiful; that his grand, poetic soul did not know in its fullness that religion whose truth, nobility and tenderness he so well portrayed in his "Evangeline."

A. Conan Doyle.

MICHAEL A RYAN.

Our day is distinctively one of transition. In literature, as in all other things, people exact new forms suited to the many changes in manners and customs, which are evolved by the steady advance of civilization. The past few years have been remarkable for the introduction of the exotic forms of verse from the French, and the translation of everything great or novel from the literature of European countries. This alien element has come to be such an important factor in the world of letters that many critics complain that we do not give home talent and genius enough encouragement.

The novel, in its various forms, has taken the place of the drama in the past, and will, in the future, have a still greater vogue. Walter Scott was the first to open this new mine of material, and although he worked it studiously, there still remained great stores for later-day delvers. The historical novel, of which Scott may be rightly called the creator, has again come into vogue, and, with kindred forms of fiction, promises to be the great sermon-carrier of the future. The historical novel represents one of the two great schools of fiction, and it fortunately avoids the defects so prominent in the works of the French realists, among whom the line dividing doctors from novelists has grown quite vague. In our day, in some instances, it seems to unite or harmonize the ideal and the real, which are altogether different; but when skillfully manipulated, the actual is so enveloped by the romantic that it will have an agreeable effect upon society. This form of novel deals

with historical characters and the manners and customs of times that are past rather than with the strict delineation of character, such as Thackeray or Dickens are concerned with.

In fact, formulated principles are set aside by the historical novelist, and he makes use of the good wherever it can be had. This form of literature has satisfied our desire for a new flavor in our books, and gives better effect to the literature of our own time and country. While critics in this country complain of our partiality to the Englishmen—Barrie, Stevenson, Weyman and others—in England the cry is against the popularity of the French realists and the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen.

Among the more recent novelists of this class, may be mentioned A. Conan Doyle, whose tour of America is making quite a stir in literary circles. He is a Scotchman, having been born at Edinburgh in 1859, and he is sprung from a family of artists. His early education was acquired at Lancashire, but later he entered a German University. After leaving Germany, he returned to his native land, and attended the University of Edinburgh, at which he was graduated in Medicine. His first story, "A Study in Scarlet," was accepted when he was but nineteen years of age. With one other work he did not fare so well, and though it was afterwards sold at a nominal price it brought him a minor reputation. It may be well to know that Conan Doyle's reputation was really made by his detective stories, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Later on he began to write historical romances, and "The Great Shadow" was one of his first. "Micah Clarke" and "The White Company" followed this, and in them are presented striking pictures of the life and manners of the times represented. The former gives us, from the point of view of a private soldier, a vivid sketch of Monmouth's Rebellion. One becomes interested in Micah's narrative from the very beginning. In the first pages we are introduced to some of the Puritanic notions of education. Among the men of Micah Clarke's time, "the sectarian hatred of learning" was pushed to such a length that there was a strong aversion to all books which savored of a worldly knowledge. "All learning was cried down, so that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the best divines such as could not write." To be blind was a proper qualification of a spiritual guide, and to be book-learned, as they called it, and irreligious were almost convertible terms.

It was considered a great privilege to be

allowed the use of books, and Micah's thirst for knowledge urged him to borrow books from his more fortunate neighbor; in this way he soon became sufficiently well read to approach Massinger, Shakspeare and Chaucer. The events that led up to the disastrous rout at Sedgemoor, are related with as great precision as if Doyle had been an eye-witness. He paints Monmouth and Jeffreys from nature; and all is told in a style clear and concise. We cannot but note with what skill he pictures the busy scenes of battle; he all but makes us see them with our own eyes. We do not expect to find any subtle strokes in depicting character; for it is not within the province of the historical novel to make elaborate analyses of character, such as characterize a different species of novel. His is rather "the big brush, the bold fore-shortening, the composition which is all the more effective according as it depends least upon over-subtle strokes and shades of line and color." It remains for the historical novelists to go back to the annals of history, and treat them as authentic sources. So long as he does not make his statements of facts improbable he will be a success, and, it is his privilege to deal with authenticated facts and mould them as he will.

"The White Company" is also a good example of Conan Doyle's skill in treating of historical facts and also of the manners and customs of past ages. This novel, a romance of the time of Edward III., is said to have cost the author two years of study, besides having to read or consult one hundred and fifteen books, while preparing for this work.

The English archer is the central figure in this work, and, indeed, we may imagine him to have been a marvel of military strength. The character of Sir Nigel Loring is almost incomparable, and is a striking example of courage; for, from "the sailing from Orwell to the foray to Paris—and that is clear twenty years—there was not a skirmish or fall, sally, banishment, escalade or battle, but Sir Nigel was in the heart of it." He was gallant too, and always true to the traditional chivalric spirit. He indulges in many beautiful descriptions; but those treating of the sufferings of the people in the devastated parts of France are particularly graphic. The traits of the Cavalier are strongly defined in the character of Hordle John. The characters of Sir Nigel Loring and Hordle John are good examples of versatility, and can, in my opinion justly rank, with some of the characters which have won such a pre-eminence for the author of the Waverly Novels.

A Glance at One of Marvel's Reveries.

CHARLES W. ZEITLER.

A sentence in a stray magazine a few days ago, suddenly recalled to me the beauty and realism of Ik Marvel's artistic little book, "The Reveries of a Bachelor." In it are to be found passages that touch the innermost chords of every reader's heart. Many a weary child of care finds solace in meditating upon its pages.

Ik Marvel wrote the "Reveries" under stress of circumstances and he never expected them to bring him fame. *The Southern Literary Messenger*, which had a very limited circulation, brought them out and they immediately became very popular. There was a new flavor about them, a lightness and grace that no writer before Marvel had achieved. The emotions of the soul were so naturally expressed that each reader felt them to be his own.

To me the most tender and beautiful of the "Reveries" is the fourth, entitled "Morning." It portrays the most characteristic emotions of the human heart. How quaint is the picture of the old farm where the author was evidently sitting while he wrote! How natural it all seems to an observer of nature! His comparison of youth to the growing of the morning makes the reader feel that this world is a sea of troubles, from infancy to age.

Youth is truly pictured in the description of Paul and Isabel as playmates. Intense must have been his love for her; for while at school, while on his foreign travels, and long after her death, he often spoke of her as his own dear Isabel.

Everyone has seen or felt the sorrow that Marvel depicts when Paul starts for school. Consolatory indeed are his predictions: "Let the father and mother think long before they send away their boy. There are boys, indeed, with little fineness in the texture of their hearts, and with little delicacy of soul, to whom the school in a distant village is but a vacation from home; and with whom a return revives all those grosser affections which alone existed before. But there are others to whom the severance from the prattle of sisters, the indulgent fondness of a mother, and the unseen influence of the home alters, gives a shock that lasts forever."

Marvel's picturesque description of life in the business world is the most striking of all his pictures. The child is cast down when

it is corrected by its mother; the school-boy thinks that his is the only period of life which is not worth living. But both of these are pleasures when compared with the difficulties which one must surmount when thrown upon one's own resources to make life what one may. When the brain becomes tired the body shows signs of weariness and the soul itself begins to falter; then it is that one recalls the days of youth, the happiest moments of one's life.

While drifting thus about upon the troubled sea of life, with the leaden clouds of disappointed hopes above you, and never a ray of sunshine, how welcome is his suggestion to come down from the upper deck that the fury of the storm may not be seen, and there be soothed by the love of a tender woman, by whom all the bitterness of life is made sweet. Bachelor, as he is, Marvel surely has a great heart, or he never could have written the true and tender little essays that he chose to call "The Reveries of a Bachelor."

An Aerial Voyage.

MICHAEL J. NEY.

It was in July, last summer, while writing up the races for *The Barville Cyclone* that I first went up in a balloon. Of all the pretty hamlets along the Gulf of Mexico, Barville is, perhaps, the most picturesque. Sleeping, as it does, in the bosom of the beautiful Hermosa Valley, far away from the toil and strife of the great commercial centres, and surrounded by beautiful agricultural districts, it is a perfect haven of rest for the tired individual who seeks peace and recreation from the cares of life. Bull-fights and horse races are the popular diversions during the summer season, and five small daily papers are kept very busy telling the world of the startling events that occur each day in Barville.

The managing editor of the *Cyclone* had made strenuous efforts to have a member of the staff accompany Professor Coldwater, a local aeronaut, on his aerial trips, that the paper might obtain, for publication, sketches of the surrounding mountains, and bird's-eye views, of the pretty villas situated on the shores of the Gulf; but the boys all lacked the requisite nerve for such a trip.

It was from a sketch I had made of a collision between a beer wagon and a fire engine at the corner of Don Juan and Marguerita streets that my proficiency as an artist became known,

and when the announcement of Professor Coldwater's next ascension was made, I was appointed to accompany him.

It was a beautiful July afternoon that a small army of reporters, representing the different journals of the city, gathered around the enclosure in which stood anchored the gigantic form of "The Nightingale." Our country cousins were there also, and frequently I heard them ask one another: "What er them litry fellers agoin' to do now?" My friends of the quill said all sorts of funny things about my life insurance policy, of the fun of landing in a cactus bed, of six-pronged comets and stray meteors. One of the more humorous expressed the wish that I would cross the Milky Way in safety, light upon the northwest corner of Mars, and institute a Race Track Daily that would throw the *Sporting Life* and other sub-lunary publications far into the shade. Their last words were: "Well, good-bye, Marshall, old boy, and if you don't get back we'll pass resolutions and toast you at the Rookery tonight." Then the anchor ropes were cast off, and in an instant we shot swiftly sky-ward. Four minutes had passed when the professor said we were four thousand feet above the earth. The day was perfect, there being scarcely a breeze strong enough to influence the course of the balloon. We seemed to stand still and the earth to fall away from us. Gradually the landmarks of the city faded away, until scarcely any familiar object could be recognized. I drew several interesting sketches of the Gulf and adjacent country; and I used my kodak unmercifully.

At sundown, the professor said we were about five miles above the earth. The temperature was low enough to make ulsters very comfortable, and the air was so rare that I seemed to be gasping for breath all the time. The city below us looked like a huge flower-garden, and the blocks seemed no larger than sections on a checker board. The professor proceeded to let the gas escape from the balloon and we began descending at the rate of 500 feet per minute. As we sank below the clouds the struggling rays of the setting sun revealed that we would alight some seven miles from the Gulf, in what looked to me desperately like one of those iniquitous beds of cactus; but the Professor was somewhat near-sighted and could not be convinced but that our landing would be all right. In a few minutes more we fell with great force directly into the middle of a cactus-bed, and I had good cause to say, with Marc Antony: "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" But the professor said many things that would not look good in print, and when the story of our landing was told in Barville the mirth became so intense that even the wooden Indian in Bill Jones' cigar store, across the street from the *Cyclone* office, cracked a broad smile, and people living about the Rookery knew no rest that night.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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MICHAEL J. NEY, '97.

—This afternoon the University students will give an entertainment complimentary to the Very Reverend President Andrew Morrissey, the occasion being the celebration—postponed from yesterday—of his patronal Feast.

The SCHOLASTIC wishes the Very Reverend Father many happy returns!

—Last Thursday's game proves beyond a doubt that the Varsity eleven can bear both defeat and victory with equal grace.

—As was announced in these columns last week, the Very Rev. Father Français, C. S. C., accompanied by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, arrived on the 24th ult. Elsewhere we give an account of the reception together with a short sketch of our distinguished guest.

—We hope to give in our next issue an extended report of the lecture of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, who opened the University Lecture Course last Monday evening before a large and appreciative audience of students and of visitors from the neighboring city of South Bend.

Our Distinguished Guest.

An event of unusual importance, and which gave exceptional pleasure to all at Notre Dame, was the arrival, on last Saturday, of the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, for his first official visit to the University as Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The fact that he was accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Corby, who returned from an extended tour in Europe, lent additional pleasure to the occasion.

About half-past one, on Saturday afternoon, the Band led the military companies down the road to the cemetery, where they halted to await the party. When, after a few minutes, the carriages hove in sight, ranks were again quickly formed, and the procession started for the College. It was a pretty sight. The beautiful uniforms and shining instruments of the musicians, the serried ranks of the college soldiery, ranging from the awe-inspiring Sorin Cadets to the moustached and side-whiskered veterans of the Hoynes' Light Guards, the glitter of arms and the strains of martial music, formed an impressive scene. At the college gate, the procession was joined by all the students, and cheer after cheer rang out as the carriages neared the main building of the University.

After the first greetings to a few old friends, the party ascended the steps, where the Faculty had been gathered to receive them. Professor John G. Ewing welcomed Father General in a few admirably chosen words, and then turning to Father Corby expressed the pleasure all felt at his return. Father Français responded in French, saying that though not personally acquainted with all, he felt very much at home; that he was delighted with all that he saw in America and especially with Notre Dame. Father Corby followed with a characteristically hearty speech in which he expressed the joy of returning to "the best place in the world."

Meantime the Community had assembled in the Church, where, after a few remarks by Father Corby, each member of the Congregation was introduced to the Very Rev. Father General who again declared his pleasure at being among us for the winter, and announced his determination to begin the study of English that he might become better acquainted with the Community, the students and the country which he admires so much. The rest of the day until 4.30 p. m. was spent in festivity and rejoicing.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

At half past four o'clock, the Faculty and students repaired to Washington Hall where literary and musical exercises were held in honor of our distinguished guest. After an exceedingly good overture by the Orchestra, Mr. Eustace Cullinan read an elegant address of welcome in Latin. This was followed by a chorus sung by the University Glee Club. Mr. Daniel V. Casey then addressed Father General as follows:

VERY REVEREND FATHER GENERAL:

There is a special fitness in our welcome to you—the greeting of the students of the University of Notre Dame to the President of her great sister-college of France, the Institute of the Holy Cross.

France and America are dear to each other, both lands of the tri-color, both nations whose watchword is "Liberty!" And, aside from love of country, there are even closer bonds between us—the love of the Holy Cross, Christ's symbol, and devotion to the cause of Christian education.

As a distinguished son of France—the eldest daughter of the Church—as one of the great educators of the Catholic world, you are truly welcome to Notre Dame. We have long looked for your coming, and one of the most agreeable duties of our college year is this of greeting you.

And yet, Very Reverend Father, you will see, when you know us better, that we believe, with Joubert, that in order to become men in the truest and the fullest sense of the word, we should not

confine ourselves to the performance of pleasant duties alone. We hope to have you with us in the everyday tasks of our college life, and your encouragement and sympathy will lighten wonderfully the labor that sometimes seems monotonous.

Your presence, too, is a consolation for the loss of Father Sorin, whose grandest monument is Notre Dame. We feel that we honor his memory in testifying our respect for you, the friend whom he loved so well. How dear he was to us, we cannot tell you; for words are

useless when the heart speaks. Ungrateful, indeed, would we be were we to forget him, his trials and sacrifices, his unswerving faith in God and Our Lady, and his joy that he had raised up in the wilderness a new glory to her name. His example will be forever as a living light to us—a star leading us to the very feet of the Redeemer.

You are, Very Reverend Father, no stranger to us; and we assure you that you have helped us to realize the truth of the words of one of your favorite authors, Maine de Biran, that

"religion gives the only answer to the problems of life—the answer which philosophy cannot give"; and that our sole aim should be "to walk in the presence of God, sustained by his living power." Father General, we salute you!

The Cornet duet by Mr. E. Chassaing and J. Marmon, with accompaniment by L. Brinker, was a difficult effort admirably executed. When the applause ceased, Mr. Ralph Palmer followed with a word of welcome in French. A musical selection, "The Notre Dame Patrol," composed by Professor Preston, brought forth great applause, and the performers—Professors Preston and Ackermann and Mr. Oscar Schmidt—were compelled to respond to the *encore*. The recitations by Messrs. Devaney and Mott were ably rendered. At the conclusion of the last number of the programme, Father Français arose and thanked the students for the warmth of their welcome. He said that all that he had seen in America had charmed



THE VERY REV. GILBERT FRANÇAIS
SUPERIOR-GENERAL, C. S. C.

and delighted him exceedingly, and that he intended to remain the entire winter at Notre Dame in order to become better acquainted with the students. He expressed the hope that he would soon have the pleasure of mastering the English language in order that he might come into personal touch with the boys.

Father Français has shown himself in all respects a worthy successor to the late Father Sorin. He has pleased and charmed all at Notre Dame by his winning grace and cordial manner.

**

For years before the death of the venerated Father Sorin, it was understood that the duty of selecting his successor would be one of exceptional difficulty. His saintly life, rare administrative power, the brilliance of his parts and his prestige as Founder of the University and Father of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the New World crowned him with a special pre-eminence. When, however, it was announced that Father Français had been chosen for the high office of Superior-General, the news was hailed with delight by his *confrères* who felt that no more worthy successor to the lamented Father Sorin could have been selected.

The Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C., was born of a good family in Brittany, France. At the age of ten he entered one of the schools conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and since that time he has been uninterruptedly associated with them as pupil, *confrère* or superior. There are traditions of the exceptional talent and nobility of character which he exhibited in the schools during those early years, and which seemed to contain the promise of the rare ability and distinction that have since come to him.

After a brilliant college course, he was raised to the holy priesthood about twenty-five years ago, and immediately took his place as one of the ablest and most zealous priests of the French province. So faithful was he in the discharge of his duties, and so successful in his classes, that in 1875 he was chosen Superior of the Community and President of the College at Sainte Croix, Neuilly. The Community over whose interests he presided is a large one, and the college at Neuilly is one of the largest and best known in all France. But Father Français did not disappoint the hopes of his Superiors. The Community developed with astonishing rapidity, and the college under his direction enjoyed an era of unexampled prosperity. In 1893, owing to the infirmities that were fast crowding upon our beloved Founder, he was elected coadjutor to Very Rev. Father Sorin with right of succession, and upon the death of the latter he immediately entered upon the duties of his new calling.

There is little to chronicle in a life given up, as Father Français' is, to the seclusion of study and to the education of the young, and yet his talent and character were such that he could not wholly escape the notice of the outside world. He is regarded as one of the most

eloquent preachers of Paris—a city famous for the excellence of its pulpit oratory—and his sermons never failed to attract large congregations whom his zeal and piety edified.

A striking characteristic of the Very Rev. Father Français is his zeal for the advancement of education. Thoroughly modern in his methods, broad-minded and comprehensive in his estimate of men and ideas, he has a realizing sense of the important part which science must play in advancing the influence of the Church and in uplifting and purifying humanity. That his tenure of office will give new impulse to the educational work of the Congregation of the Holy Cross is a foregone conclusion. That he will find in his spiritual children men able and willing to assist in furthering his progressive and beneficent designs is equally certain. May his stay among us be long and pleasant!

The Albions Won.

At last our record of undefeated games on the home grounds has been broken. With one exception, that of Chicago University, in Chicago, last New Year's Day, no game has been lost by Notre Dame since the inauguration of football at the University. It is a pity that the season could not have been closed in the blaze of glory which all had hoped for; but the game was played and won by Albion on its merits, and we must smile and take the defeat gracefully. Nor can any blame be attached to our team; for they all worked earnestly and well and kept up hope until the very last. Albion is the strongest eleven our men have lined up against this year, and since the game of October 20, they have worked unremittingly in anticipation of to-day's struggle. They came determined to win, and did so: we can only congratulate them on their victory, for it was no easy one.

The athletic managers had hoped for a large Thanksgiving attendance, and the realization was even more satisfactory than they expected. Long before the time set for the game to be called, a steady stream of carriages rolled in and kept on arriving for an hour or more. The carriage arrivals were reinforced by crowds of pedestrians, and before long the number of spectators surrounding the gridiron was larger by far than at any previous game. Albion's adherents were out in full force as their cries testified.

The Albion men were late in arriving, owing to the necessity of driving from Niles in carriages, and the crowds became impatient at the delay. Both teams, when they appeared upon the field, were loudly cheered. With the exception of the two ends, Albion's line-up was the same as in the previous game, but their play has been greatly strengthened both as to running and interference. After the kick-off, which was made by Albion, Dempsey punted in return, and when the ball came to Notre Dame again, they worked steadily towards Albion's line, where Dempsey went over for the first touch-down. He failed to kick goal. During the remainder of the half the advantage gained was about equal on each side. McCormick passed the line for a touch-down for Albion, and Maywood kicked goal. Casey scored Notre Dame's second touch-down, and Cogshall did the same for Albion. In both cases the full-backs failed to kick between the posts, and when time was called the score stood 8 to 10 in Albion's favor. Owing to the extreme coldness, the ball was often fumbled on both sides.

In the second half, when Dempsey made a touch-down, advancing the score to 12 to 10 in our favor, Notre Dame's prospects looked brighter, and continued in the same way until darkness coming on made it difficult to see. Then with the ball in Albion's hands, Shipp slipped around the end and ran for 55 yards to a touch-down without being caught. In a few moments he succeeded in scoring another touch-down. Maywood kicked goal in both cases. With no intention either for apology or fault-finding, it is safe to say that had Notre Dame played the game they did against Rush Medical or Wabash, the result for them would have been victory instead of defeat.

THE LINE UP:

NOTRE DAME		ALBION
Brennan	Left End	L. M. White
Morrison	Left Tackle	Cogshall
Anson	Left Guard	Norrin
Chidester	Centre	S. E. White
Casey	Right Guard	Jacobs
Corby	Right Tackle	Landon
Zeitler	Right End	Fulkerson
Dinkel	Quarter-Back	McPherson
Keough (Capt.)	L. Half-Back	Shipp (Capt.)
Corry	R. Half-Back	Maywood
Dempsey	Full-Back	McCormick

Touch-downs, Dempsey (2), Casey (1), McCormick (1), Cogshall (1), Shipp (2). *Goal-kicks*, Maywood (3). *Umpire*, Gage of Harvard; *Referee*, T. D. Mott, Notre Dame.

Exchanges.

The Committee of Twelve, selected by the students of Northwestern to project a plan for the elimination of fraud in examinations, has recommended for the consideration of the student body what among college men is known as the "honor system." The committee has indeed chosen wisely. For of all the systems obtaining at the various colleges throughout the land, this is, undoubtedly, the one that appeals most directly to the native manliness of the student. It is one, too, that will have the approbation of the faculty, as it does not in any way curtail the power of that body.

The constitution, the embodiment of the committee's deliberations, provides for a "Students' Council," consisting of ten members—four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman. These are to be elected yearly by the ballot of their respective class-mates on or before the fifteenth of October. Their power is prudential and judiciary not punitive. Since, by virtue of the constitution, the council is simply to investigate cases of fraud, and, where guilt is established, to reprimand the guilty one, or to recommend him to the faculty either for suspension or for expulsion.

While the Committee of Twelve was at work upon the constitution, the Joint Committee on College Ethics was not idle. The latter, as we take it, has executive authority to deal with all cases of "cribbing" until the constitution proposed by the former is adopted. Two culprits have already been arraigned before the members of this committee, found guilty and, by unanimous vote, bound over to the faculty for suspension. If all cases are dealt with in this summary manner, the University will soon be rid of the evil of "cribbing." It is the certainty, not the fear, of punishment that deters from crime.

* * *

The Niagara Index for November the 15th is above all solid and thought-provoking. "Man, the Link of two Creations" is scholarly in treatment and remarkable for perspicuity and freedom from technical terms. The writer proves conclusively that an essay on a subject touching the border-line of philosophy and theology need not bristle with unintelligible and pedantic subtleties. The concluding part of "Sciences in Shakespeare," "Physical Exercise," "Bibliothèque of Literature," and "Other Matters" go to make up what is, in our opinion, the best number of the *Index* issued during the present scholastic year. This literary excellence, though it tempts us strongly to overlook such lapses in diction as "alumnist" and "bibliotheke" renders them the more deplorable.

Personals.

—Jas. T. Kelley (Law '94) is about to open a law office at Clinton, Iowa.

—Wm. J. Kirby (student '93) is Cashier of the First National Bank at Emmettsburg, Iowa.

—Henry E. O'Neil (Commercial '93) is engaged in the Real Estate business at Dubuque, Iowa.

—Robert Staley, '75-'76, is doing well in St. Louis. "Bob," as Mr. Staley was familiarly called in ye olden days, is, as ever, a genial fellow with hosts of friends.

—Miss Alice Quinlan, of Chicago, a sister of Thomas Quinlan of Sorin Hall, is at present visiting St. Mary's and Notre Dame. Miss Quinlan is a charming and attractive young lady, and her many friends at both places are delighted to see her again.

—Carl Otto, student '73-'76, and during his time one of the leading musicians of Carroll Hall, has an extensive Law practice in St. Louis, Mo. Anyone acquainted with Carl as a student could easily foresee that he would one day attain high distinction among the members of the bar.

—Among the welcome visitors to the College last week was Mr. Patrick Cavanagh of Chicago, who was here on a visit to his son Thomas, of Brownson Hall. Mr. Cavanagh is an old friend of the institution, and it is always a pleasure to have him stop over whenever it is convenient to do so. May he find an opportunity in the near future to give us a call!

—Mr. George Cook, who was for many years a student at the University during the latter part of the 80's, and also sustained the reputation as being one of the best ball-players in the institution during his time, is now engaged in the brewing business in the city of Chicago. He is looked upon as one of the best young brewers in his native city, and with his thrift and industry will rise higher and higher, no doubt, until no one will be conceded as his superior in the line which he is following.

—Mr. Joseph Kearney, one of the "old boys," paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit during the past week. At present he is studying at Rush Medical College, and in two years will have the degree of M. D. conferred upon him. The football game between our college and the eleven from Joe's institution on the 22d ult. was the cause of bringing him down; but the pleasure derived from seeing the game was small in comparison with the satisfaction of meeting some of the old students and professors. Mr. Kearney is bright and intelligent, and will one day add dignity to the profession which he has selected.

Local Items.

—The Carrolls are waiting patiently (?) for skating.

—The Carrolls show great interest in the Rugby games.

—Our football team went out of training last Thursday night.

—Many Carrolls have been making designs for an N. D. U. flag.

—The *tin-horn* brigade was out in full force at Thursday's game.

—The Philodemics held no meeting on Wednesday evening.

—Bill says that even the laws of gravitation become petrified at times.

—The first essays are due in the Belles-Lettres class to-day, Dec. 1.

—A large number of Thanksgiving boxes were received in Carroll Hall.

—Philosopher Bones is busily engaged in putting together the skeleton of a dog.

—There is a certain football giant in our midst who moves six feet at every step.

—Large chrysanthemums were very conspicuous at the football game last Thursday.

—Last Thursday we had the largest crowd ever seen on the campus at a football game.

—The Executive Committee is busy balancing up the accounts of the football season of '94

—The key of the Carroll Armory was in the hands of the 2d Lieutenant during the past week.

—Reverend Father Zahm, C. S. C., our well-known scientist, arrived last Wednesday from Europe.

—The subjects for the second series of essays in the Literature class were announced Wednesday.

—The Carroll Hall football team has a new outfit of sweaters dyed in the college colors—gold and blue.

—Last Wednesday morning the 2d Latin class listened to a very interesting lecture on "Latin Literature."

—That was not a landslide that struck the main building the other night; it was an ex-Junior who fell out of bed.

—On Thanksgiving morning the University Band gave a delightful serenade in the corridors of the main building.

—The drama on the boards this evening is the "Midnight Watch," adapted for the occasion by Mr. T. A. Crumley, C. S. C.

—During the last week Col. Hoynes has been lecturing to the Law class on "Corporations and Common Law Pleadings."

—Through the exertions of B. Hugh twenty-

two new football suits have been procured for the second elevens of Brownson Hall.

—There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening, owing to the reception given to Father General Français.

—Thursday's was the first football game ever lost on the home grounds. It was certainly an off-day for "our boys," and their playing was not up to "Varsity" form.

—Now that the football season is over, the Manager should see that all the football suits are returned to their proper places. Last year a great many of them were lost.

—The Senior Engineering class has completed the preliminary survey of the University grounds, and now they will spend a part of the winter in doors, working on the map.

—Basket-ball has gained many adherents in the Carroll "gym." A large number engage in the game, and the interest they take in it shows that they are well pleased with the game.

—Our new college yell is a good one. It is a vast improvement over any we have tried heretofore. During last Thursday's game it could be heard at almost every move of the players.

—On the 25th our football team went down to South Bend, and had two large-size photographs taken at McDonald's. One was of the regular Varsity Eleven and the other included both the substitutes and the regular team.

—The Count has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the Shorty football game. He says that he will be around in a few days. A great many admirers were disappointed; for he did not buck the line as a goat should.

—We are glad to notice in the *South Bend Tribune* that the bit of rowdyism perpetrated on the Rush Medical Students, while on their way to the depot, has met with deserved punishment. Mayor Schafer fined the young brick-thrower eleven dollars and eighty cents.

—THE JAP'S THANKSGIVING REVERIE with apologies to the *Times*:

Old Turkey, like his brother bird,
Need be no cause of dread,
Since on all *state* occasions
He is sure to lose his head.

—At every game of football a large crowd of people congregate outside of the hedge, and from there they could see the movements of the players almost as well as those inside. Last Thursday the Executive Committee remedied this by placing a sheet-iron wall along the eastern side of the campus.

—On last Wednesday morning, Father General Français visited the Novitiate, where an address was read to him by one of the novices. The Rev. Father responded in appreciative and encouraging words, paying a glowing compliment to the Father-Master, W. Connor, and his worthy novices. Father Corby also made a speech in his usual felicitous and happy manner.

Father Français then went through the establishment, and showed himself well pleased with all that he saw.

—Wednesday afternoon the Chancery case of William P. Smith *vs.* City Park Commissioners was reached for trial. Col. Hoynes being in Chicago on business, Commissioner Heer acted as chancellor. Messrs. Chidester and Hennessey were solicitors for the complainant, while Messrs. Kennedy and Gibson appeared for the respondents, in whose favor the court ordered the decree to be entered.

—Last Thursday evening the Columbians held an interesting meeting notwithstanding the unavoidable absence of members scheduled for the evening's programme. The main feature of the meeting was the debate: "Does the material prosperity of a nation depend upon its intelligence?" The arguments adduced showed that much study and time had been given to the subject by the disputants. The debate was awarded to the affirmative. Mr. Finnerty gave Robert Emmett's speech with much feeling and grace.

—Although our game last Thursday was not a success in the result, still it was financially. As a consequence, the members of the Executive Committee feel jubilant. The gate receipts were larger than they have ever been before at any college game. The chairman of the Committee says that enough money was realized to clear off all the out-standing debts of the Association. If there be any difficulty about getting rid of the surplus, why not try to arrange another game with Albion. We can beat them in the day-light.

—"The Shorties" met the Carroll Hall Special, the 25th ult., on the gridiron, as was scheduled. From beginning to end it was a very hot and interesting game. Towards the last, when there was a prospect of the Carrolls tying the score the excitement became intense. However, "The Shorties" held them down to one goal. Before the game it was agreed that the halves were to be twenty-five minutes in length. During the second half the time-keeper turned the hands of his watch back fifteen minutes to give the Carrolls a chance to make a touch-down. "The Shorties" objected, and, as it was growing dark, withdrew from the field with the score 12-6 in their favor.

—For some time the "Lengthies" have been training hard for their game with the "Shorties." Every morning the Captain has his men out running for wind, and in the afternoon they practice signals. Captain Hennessey gives the line-up as follows: Right End, Stace; Right Tackle, Hervey; Right Guard, Kennedy; Centre, Hennessey; Left Guard, Barton; Left Tackle, Davis; Left End, Oliver; Quarter Back, Murphy; Left Half, McManus; Right Half, Devanney; Full-Back, Marmon. The game will probably come off next Thursday afternoon.

the Brownson campus. Meanwhile the "Shorties" are far from asleep. Every day they practice an hour, and they seem to feel confident of winning an easy victory.

—The following is the programme for this afternoon's entertainment:

PART I.

Overture.....University Orchestra
 Greeting from the Students.....Mr. D. Murphy, '95
 Address—St. Edward's Hall, R. McCarthy, H. McCorry,
D. Spillard
 Chorus—"Before the Sun Awakes the Morn,"....*Göate*
 University Philharmonic Club.
Between Act I and II.
 Nocturne—"Reflection".....*Henlein*
 Jubilee Mandolin Quartette
 Messrs. N. A. Preston, F. W. Barton, Oscar F. Schmidt,
E. V. Chassaing

PART II.

"THE MIDNIGHT WATCH."

A Drama in Two Acts.

PRESENTED BY THE ST. CECILIANS OF CARROLL HALL.

Cast of Characters.

Pierre Delaroché.....L. V. Eyetinge
 Paul, son of Pierre.....G. P. McCarrick
 Jacques Labarre, keeper of the prison.....L. R. Healy
 Nino, Nephew of Labarre.....F. Cornell
 Adjutant.....J. V. Sullivan
 Jacquot Coco.....J. W. Lantry
 Antoine Duval.....J. Goldstein
 Philippi Dupont.....W. W. O'Brien
 Jerome.....H. Miles
 Laval.....J. V. Ducey
 Gustavius.....S. McDonald
 Claude.....T. A. Lowery
 Simon.....J. P. Cannell
 Courier.....J. P. Shiels
 Adolp.....J. F. Fennessy
 Haricot.....A. J. Kasper

—On Monday the Minims gave a reception consisting of an address and music to the Very Rev. Father General Français and Provincial Corby. The occasion was honored by the presence of the Rev. Fathers Spillard, Morrissey, Klein, Regan, Fitte, Connor, A. Kirsch, Linneborn, J. Kirsch and Cavanaugh. At the end of the programme the Father General addressed the audience in French, which was translated into English by Father Fitte for the Minims. The substance of Father General's remarks was that he thanked the Minims for the great pleasure their entertainment had given him; that it was a great joy for him to be among the Minims, the children of Father General Sorin, and that it would be his pleasure to take the place of his illustrious predecessor in promoting their happiness. Father Provincial spoke next. He said that he too thanked the Minims for their cordial welcome; that although he had seen in the College in Paris 650 students, among them some fine Minims, he never yet saw in any place such bright, manly fine-looking boys as the Minims of Notre Dame. His remarks were received with applause. Reverend President Morrissey also spoke; he remarked that he was pleased to see from the address they had just presented that the Minims were loyal in their affection to the memory of their great, their best friend, who,

no doubt, is now in Heaven, supplicating blessings for his princes, and for all in St. Edward's Hall. The Rev. President concluded his remarks by granting the Minims *congé* in honor of the occasion.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Devanney, Foley, Gibson, Hudson, Kehoe, Kennedy, Marr, J. Mott, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Stace, Shannon, Vignos.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atherton, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, Brown, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, Brennan, Brinker, Baldwin, W. J. Burke, Coleman, Cunnea, Corry, Corby, Crane, Craft, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Dowd, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gibson, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Halligan, A. Hanhauser, Hengen, G. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Hennebry, Howell, Hanrahen, Jones,* Johnson, Kortas, Kegler,* E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, Kinsella, Lawlor, Landa, Lingafelter, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, J. McCord, E. McCord, Medley, McHugh, H. Miller, S. Moore, Mulroncy, Mapother, Moxley, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, Masters Manchester, A. McCord, H. Miller, B. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, McCarthy, Murray, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, J. Ryan, Rosenthal, R. Ryan, E. Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smogor, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Stevens, Spalding, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Thornton, Turner, J. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, Ward, P. White, Weaver, R. Wilson, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bartlet, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, Benz, Cornell, Clune, Connell, Connor, Corry, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Davezac, Dalton, Erhart, Forbing, Flynn, Fennessy, Franey, Foley, Fox, Fitzgerald, J. Goldstein, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, W. Healy, L. Healy, A. Hayes, J. Hayes, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Keeffe, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Langley, Long, Lantry, Lowery, W. Morris, F. Morris, Miles, Maternes, Monahan, Monarch, Massey, Maurer, Murray, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Brien, O'Mara, Pendleton, Pim, Rocky, Reuss, Reinhard, Roesing, Rauch, Shipp, Speake, Spillard, Strong, Sheils, Stuhlfauth, Sachsel, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Smith, H. Taylor, Tong, Tuohy, Tattman, Tempel, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Zitter, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Corcoran, Cassady, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Herschey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, McElroy, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunket, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Thomas, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch.

* Omitted by mistake last week.