

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

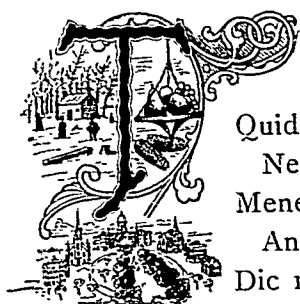
·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·
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Carmen Aureum.



TE PRECOR e cœlo terris descende sereno,
Et natum foveas, Sancta Maria, tuum.
Quid faciam, vel quo tutus procedere possim
Nescio, quem dubium terror utrinque movet.
Mene mea semper patria remanere necesse est,
An sedes alio quærere in orbe novas?
Dic mihi quid jubeat Deus, ô mitissima Virgo,
Et Domini docilis, te duce, verba sequar."

Hæc olim juvenis fundebat vota sacerdos,
Atque Dei Matrem pius exorare solebat,
Quum subito, mirum! Cœli Regina precanti
Adstitit, eximia facie formaque decora.
Solis amicta nitet radiis, pulcherrima visu,
Luna jacet pedibus, frons et stellata coruscat.
Os loquitur, roseoque arrident lilia vultu:
"Ne timeas, Fili, at tantum confide Parenti,
Neve Dei vocem dubites audire vocantis.
Te jubet Omnipotens nativam linquere terram,
Et Veræ Fidei regnum trans æquora ferre.
Impendent hominum insidiæ durique labores,
At quamvis rabido rugiant inferna furore,
Nulla tuam mentem poterit domitare potestas.
I modo quo debes, et Crucis Apostolus esto,
Spargeque divini gratissima semina Verbi.
Si tamen ad rectum cupias formare juventam,
Virginis et cultum prius amplificare memento,
Atque Sacro Cordi templum consurgat oportet.
Erige magnificas ædes sedemque docendi,
Ut Nostræ Dominæ nomen tollatur in altum,
Et stellæ valeant capiti radiare Mariæ."

Hæc dixit Virgo, maternaque verba Sorinus
Audiit, et tenero semper servavit amore.
Nec mora, nec requies: animo mandata Mariæ
Volvebat, statuitque cito perferre fidelis.

I modo: undarum furias inermis
Quid times? Crucem Domini sacerdos
Gentibus portas, et maris superne
Stella refulget.

Sæva rigebat hiems quando nova litora tandem
Vidit, et horrifico torpebant frigore campi,
Altaque nix silvas late celabat opacas:
Olim cum septem seciis hîc constitit heros.
Prima domus simplex, truncis formata, colonos
Vix contra ventos misere tuebatur et imbres.

At præest Christus manuum labori,
Vera robustis pietas vigebat
Cordibus, donec Fidei potestas
Omnia vicit.

En Deo silva in media sacellum
Surgit, en signum renidet Beatæ
Virginis, Nostræ et Dominæ vocatur
Nomine tellus.

En scholam fortis generat Sorinus,
En bonas artes pueri docentur,
Semper ut casto Patriam Fidemque
Pectore servent.

En professores animi peritos
Eligit, mores juvenum reformat,
Spiritu accendit, sapiensque verbo
Dirigit omnes.

Quumque magis numerus puerorum crescit eundo,
Ac plures variis regionis partibus illuc
Conveniunt, ædes iterum expandantur oportet.
Nil tamen ingenium valuit superare Sorini.
Jam domus attonitas major consurgit in auras:
Fervet opus sanctum: noctesque diesque laborant

Fratribus immixti Patres: dux præsidet ipse.
 Jam sacra permulti Crucis vexilla sequuntur,
 Discipulique prius toto nunc corde magistri
 Latius antiquam properant extendere famam.
 Undique ramorum foliis spes alma virescit,
 Floribus eximiis redolet doctrina salutis,
 Cœlestesque parat pietas producere fructus.
 Aurea pax totum fertur regnare per orbem,
 Et Nostræ Dominæ nomen volitare serenum.

Ecquid auditur subito tremenda
 Vox? Stupet noster populus siletque.
 Bella tranquillas resonant per auras,
 Horrida bella.

Heu! diu armorum reboat fragore
 Civitas, fratrum gladio revulsa:
 Heu! diu nati maculant nefando
 Sanguine matrem.

Odi tandem minuunt furores:
 Vera libertas patriæ ruinis
 Fortior crevit retulitque justa
 Causa triumphum.

Purius ut cœlum, jam tempestate fugata,
 Emicat, et solis radii ridere videntur;
 Splendida sic longo quamvis commota tumultu,
 Exiit, atque novas sumens Respublica vires,
 Innumeros Nostræ Dominæ pariebat alumnos.
 Tum casu infernove ignis succensa repente
 Exoritur majorque cito consumitur ædes,
 Quæ tanto ingenii fuerat constructa labore.
 Tristis enim ante oculos nunc obversatur imago:
 Fœdati flamma lateres cineresque jacebant:
 Nil aliud superest quam magni nominis umbra.

Una divinæ Fidei potestas
 Restat, et Christi miseros tuetur
 Caritas, per quam reparet Sorinus
 Tecta Mariæ.

Vita mox Nostræ Dominæ sepulchro
 Germinat, cœlo precibusque freta
 Jam quasi virga magica resurgit
 Amplior ædes.

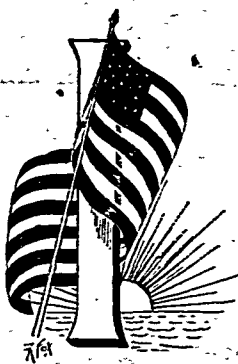
Nunc Sacro Cordi pietate fervens
 Consecres templum, venerande Pastor,
 Igneam et grandi statuae coronam
 Virginis addas.

Felix hîc oculis vidit monumenta senexque,
 Quæ quondam juveni fuerant condenda, Sorinus.
 Annosum Dominus potuit dimittere servum,
 Augustumque caput nitida decorare corona,
 At Patris nomen nunquam marcescet in ævum.

Vel defunctus adhuc loquitur, docilesque magistro
 Discipuli memores omnia verba fovent:
 "Me nimio, fateor, Christus dilexit amore,
 Qui natos etiam diliget ipse meos.
 Hæc placuit Nostræ Dominæ gratissima sedes,
 Perpetuoque utinam numine Virgo colat!
 O Mater Verbi, ne despice verba clientis,
 At semper natis auxiliare tuis.
 Te duce, formavi socios, granumque sinapis
 Fecundis juvenum cordibus inserui:
 Aurea jam multis virtutum floribus arbor
 Crescit, at uberior, te duce, messis erit.
 Alma viges Mater, vigeat tua fama perennis,
 Ut sapiat fructus orbis uterque tuos!"

The Dawn of the Twentieth Century.

BY THE REV. STANISLAUS FITTE, C. S. C.



F the seventeenth century was an era of faith and traditional ideas, the eighteenth an epoch of doubt and scepticism, the nineteenth is certainly an age of facts and scientific observation. Even a blind man can see that the republican form of government is daily growing in popularity throughout the civilized world, and that the democratic principles not only flourish among the nations of young America, but have already spread far and wide over the half of old Europe.

Sown here in a virgin soil, watered by the

blood of free colonists and fostered by the love of independence, Democracy has, from the first days of its birth, taken deep root in the hearts of Americans. No obstacle could prevent its growth; and after passing through the fiery ordeal of foreign and civil war rapidly developed into a vigorous tree, which seems to invite future generations to sit and rest under the shade of its widespreading branches.

Strange! even England, our former enemy, feels herself shaken to her aristocratic foundations, and is doomed either to crumble to pieces or to accept with universal suffrage the tenets of Democracy. Australia, an English colony, and many an island of the Pacific Ocean, have

adopted popular institutions. France, a venerable monarchy, is now a well-established republic. Old Spain and young Italy, no less than little Belgium and thrifty Holland, have real parliaments, though kingdoms in name. Since 1848 the Austro-Hungarian Emperor is a constitutional ruler; since 1871 the German *reichstag* steadily struggles for public liberties, and no Hohenzollern Kaiser will ever succeed in stopping its victorious march. Yielding to the threats of Nihilism, or carried on by the masses of his subjects, the Russian czar will soon be forced to grant a more liberal constitution. Inspired by public opinion and strengthened by the sovereignty of the people, a new life seems to breathe and run through the veins of European nations. Nay, Asia itself must, of necessity, follow the impulse given by Europe, and, after the example of Japan, her intrepid victor, China, shall, in spite of herself, awaken from her three thousand years' sleep. All absolute monarchies are gradually dying out, and the next century will scarcely open before all countries of the civilized world shall be swayed by the irresistible spirit of modern Democracy.

We may rightly pity those who do not want to confess that human society, like a mighty ship that heaves her anchor to sail on new seas, is swiftly leaving the old shores of history, and, wafted on by the breeze of progress and liberty, rushes headlong into unknown currents. Doubtless, some too timid minds are afraid of this bold navigation, and almost regret the departure from the traditional course of antiquity. Others, more audacious and broad-minded, hail with joy and even with enthusiasm the blissful hopes of the future. But modern society listens to neither voice. It goes forward full of calm confidence, and every twenty-five years history registers one step more in that impetuous ascent toward a universal transformation.

The greatest change, nearer to us, and more striking than any other, is daily taking place in civil and political relations. The theory of an unlimited authority without any control is now reduced to a fossil condition, and but a few dreamers still believe in "the divine right of kings." No privileged classes, but equality of all before the law; no hereditary offices, but free access for all citizens to public functions; no right to vote based on birth or wealth, but universal suffrage. In short, free ballot as the best means to transmit power, and all the acts of state officers subject to the verdict of popular assemblies. Such is the programme or political creed of modern Democracy.

Is this movement right or wrong? Has the Church of God anything to fear from this new state of affairs? Certainly it would be hard to answer the question were it proved that public liberties cannot be reconciled with Christian principles; in other words, were it impossible to make Christian a constitutional government. But so sweeping a statement cannot be supported nowadays. The fact is that the plan of liberal institutions, after being sketched in antiquity by such geniuses as Plato and Aristotle, was completed and forcibly advocated by the best philosophers and theologians—above all St. Thomas,—as the ideal of a Christian commonwealth. It is true, the Angelic Doctor did not admire everything that is to be found in our times. No wonder! Living as he did in the unity of faith, how could he foresee the freedom of worship? How could he so much as dream of a free press before printing had been invented? How could he appreciate the freedom of speech or regulate the liberty of association before either of them was born?

And still, this much is certain, that nothing more liberal could be conceived than the political theory which the same Doctor deemed suitable for Christian nations. According to him, not only a few, not even the best or the noblest, but all without exception, ought to share in the management of public affairs. He firmly believed that this was the means best calculated to establish peace and insure prosperity, because all citizens would be self-interested in preserving a government of their choice, protecting their rights and promoting the public welfare. Moreover, he thought that at least the higher officers should all be elected according to a free constitution. Lastly, he declared that the supreme power comes from God to the ruler, not directly, but through the channel of the people. For him indeed authority was a trust; and, under certain circumstances, the people had the right to resume the power from the unworthy or incompetent ruler who on the day of his coronation was bound to swear loyalty to the fundamental laws of the country—under pain of deposition. Though all this was the dawn of public liberties, why did not the light of democratic institutions sooner illumine the horizon of Europe? Because the pagan jurists of the sixteenth century made a compact with the absolute monarchs of the seventeenth, and from this unholy alliance despotism was born. Failing to carry out the necessary reforms vainly advocated by St. Bernard, they paved the way to the so-called Reformation. Restrained under the yoke of Louis XIV., and degraded in

the orgies of his successor, public liberties took a terrible revenge and, giving birth to the French Revolution, covered the whole of Europe with blood and ruins.

If it is true to say that the crimes of two centuries prevented the blossoming of genuine democracy, it must also be confessed that the growth of democratic liberties is not always without danger. But is there anything on earth that has not an element of danger? We guard against liberty, and we are right. The ancients took their precautions against tyranny, and they are not to be blamed. Every good thing is liable to abuse or excess: therefore, all things ought to be regulated by law. Still, Christian nations differ entirely from heathen empires. Whereas the latter were tossed about by political storms without a safe pilot to guide their march amidst continual revolutions, the former know and feel that they can, when they will, find within the Church of God a compass and a beacon. It is a great mistake to imagine that the Church wishes to deprive modern peoples of the liberties so dear to their hearts. She will content herself with defining these liberties in order to avoid a confusion of ideas. She will tell us, for instance, what freedom of conscience is: never a right to profess error or choose moral evil,—never a right against God, the Church or Truth—but simply a toleration *de facto* necessary and opportune towards those unfortunate souls who have strayed from the path of sound doctrine. She will show us that the freedom of the press, of speech, and even of education ought to be controlled, to some extent, for fear of abuses; but that these public liberties are in themselves a precious boon, a great honor and the privilege of men worthy of the name—on the condition that men are honest. She will even go further, and declare that were there but just and good people on earth, it would scarcely be necessary to regulate the freedom of the press or public associations. But as there are wicked citizens, human society is bound to erect walls against evil passions. Place in a fair garden but men like Francis de Sales, or women such as St. Rose of Lima, there shall be no need of hedge or fence to preserve the flowers or protect the fruits. Though a blessing in themselves public liberties may become a peril and even a curse, owing to the presence of malicious spirits who take pleasure in poisoning the fountains of public opinion. As therefore the need of religion grows in proportion to liberty, the Church is commissioned by God to choose and apply the proper remedies to the diseases of the body politic.

But while she, "as one having authority,"

gives to modern peoples these salutary warnings, she will at the same time create in the hearts of citizens all the virtues necessary to develop public liberties. Montesquieu used to say that "if honor was needful in monarchies, honesty was none the less indispensable for republics." And De Tocqueville justly remarks that "despotism may sometimes exist and last without religious Faith, but Liberty never." How, indeed, could human society fall short of perishing, if, whilst political bands relax, the moral tie is not made closer and stronger? What will become of right and wrong in a self-governing nation, unless head and members are both subject to God?" Long before him, Polybius had written these golden lines: "A Democracy is a state where religion reigns supreme and through religion the authority of parents, the respect for old age, obedience to the laws and loyal submission to the just commands of the majority."

Now, all this—religious feeling, family spirit, order, respect, obedience—how can it be better inspired, cultivated or sustained than by the principles and practice of the Catholic Church? Is she not strong enough to support human authority against revolution? Is she not gentle enough to persuade even her rebellious children to obey the powers that be? Has she not been appointed the guardian of the natural law which underlies all the constitutions framed by the hand of man? Has not she, and she alone, the right to interpret in the name of God all the precepts of individual and social morality? Intrepid defender of justice and eloquent advocate of charity, does she not possess in her bosom all the virtues necessary to teach all nations their rights as well as their duties, but at the same time oblige all men in conscience to "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's?"

For nearly two thousand years, through the ruins of the Roman Empire and the inroads of fierce barbarians, among the proud landlords of feudalism and the poor but pious populations of mediæval times, across the bloody revolutions of modern ages and the despotic attempts of emperors and kings, the Gospel has remained erect: it is now even more than ever the school of true liberty, the citadel of civil equality and the haven of universal fraternity. Founded on the Word of God and guided by the Spirit of eternal life, the Church of Christ lives and works and teaches, willing and ready to meet to-day and to-morrow the political crisis of Democracy.

And see how carefully did Divine Providence prepare her for the formidable task of the

future. Formerly there were differences between the bishops and the Pope of Rome; these are now ended. All bishops respect, love and obey the Pope, who, though unjustly deprived of his temporal estates, reigns and rules in the full enjoyment of an incontestable authority. With a wisdom above all human understanding the Council of the Vatican recently placed the crown of infallible sovereignty upon the venerable head of the Church. O wonder! there sits now on the throne of Peter a man eminent in holiness and learning, who is undoubtedly the greatest genius of the century. When he speaks, the whole world is silent and listens with awe and docility to the words, which fall from his holy lips. As vast as the universe, his voice resounds from one end to the other of the earth, and all alike, faithful and infidels, amazed at his stupendous science, and still more at his practical wisdom, salute in him the shrewdest statesman of his age, the truest friend of workmen and the grand Pope of modern Democracy.

The Church is the key of the future as she was the pivot of past history. Far from having to fear popular institutions, she will, under the reign of liberty, find a new occasion of displaying her hidden energies and proving once more her divine origin. This is the opinion of the most remarkable writers of our day, that the rise of Democracy has in store for the Christian religion a splendid harvest and magnificent victory. "No one but a Christian," says Chateaubriand, "can foretell the destiny of the society to come. The Church of Christ has not yet reached her goal; she is scarcely entering into the third period of her triumph which shall be marked by the glorious victories of the democratic spirit. Once crucified on Mount Calvary, liberty will rise again and dwell immortal among the people, teaching them in truth the new covenant of peace and charity written out in behalf of mankind." "Modern Democracy," observes Father Lacordaire, "if properly taught and directed by Christianity, will become the incontestable mistress of the future generations." "It is a great mistake," according to De Tocqueville, "to look upon the Catholic religion as the natural enemy of Democracy, for it is perhaps the most favorable to popular liberties. It was indeed in her universities that modern nations made the apprenticeship of the parliamentary government." "I firmly believe that Christian Democracy is possible; nay, I believe in no other form of polity. Long ago I convinced myself from historical studies that Democracy is the natural terminus of the political progress begun by Christianity and the end to

which God leads the world." These lines of Ozanam are wonderfully confirmed by two celebrated passages. One of them is taken from O'Connell's funeral oration by Father Ventura: "If the kings of our age, yielding to the pagan influence which is intensely despotic, ever give up the Christian element which is entirely liberal; if they cease to understand religious freedom and defend the independence of the Church, which was the safeguard of their ancestors, the Church will easily do without them. She will turn to Democracy, and, baptizing that wild heroine, make her Christian; she will mark her brow with a divine consecration, and say to her: 'Reign thou!' and she shall reign." The other passage is to be found in the works of Proudhon, the famous anarchist: "The Church has resisted all attacks and outlived all her enemies. She seems to have but a breath; but that breath is mightier than all the modern institutions formed outside of her to her own image. She must possess a principle deeply rooted in the bottom of human conscience, and that is her faith in God whom she alone knows how to worship. And because neither the mind nor the heart of man ever succeeded in putting an end to the thought of God, the Church, in the midst of all revolutions, is, and shall remain, indestructible forever."

This is the living and loving God whom the Church adores, and whom she will present to modern Democracy. Let then the great nations of the twentieth century go forward; let their rulers sail boldly on the boundless ocean of modern politics, without dread of winds, storms or shipwrecks. Like a mother the Church watches over them and prays for their success. Sooner or later our descendants will land safely on the shores of truth, liberty and happiness. Sooner or later they will taste in the promised land of Democracy the exquisite fruits of liberal institutions. They may have to toil, and fight, and bleed, but far better is it for them to suffer and struggle for the sake of liberty than to grow torpid and die in the chains of tyranny. For in all our trials we feel certain of finding refuge, comfort and protection under the wings of our mother the Church.

The time is fast approaching when all, enemies as well as friends, will admire the new halo of glory that surrounds the head of the Church. Amazed at her noble countenance, they will be surprised that she could, with such graceful flexibility, accommodate herself to new forms of government. They will exclaim in their enthusiasm: "In truth, only the Bride of Christ can sit with that majesty; only the Church of God can become the queen of Democracy."

In Fancy's Train—Verses and Experiments.

[These verses, written by students in the English classes, are only exercises in various forms, and as such are offered to their friends as examples of their weekly themes.]

THE ASSUMPTION.

(*Spenserian Stanzas.*)

"—And the Lady, she,
Who left the lilies in her body's lieu."—*Palmore.*

SUPREMELY calm the air and clear the sky,
Bright were the stars, while back and forth they cast
Glances that would have surely drawn more nigh
Star to a star, as through broad space they passed,
Had not the greater motive held them fast,
Guiding their course. The night was holy, then;
Celestial choirs had occupied the vast,
Deep dome of heaven, and the hearts of men
Thrilled, for such heavenly music passes mortal ken.

Ineffable the joy that Mary felt;
Sweeter than mortals ever knew before;
Severest blows upon her heart were dealt,
But now her anguish ceases evermore.
Her soul in triumph to His throne He bore,—
She died, the Mother of the promised Word;
She lives, a Queen upon a lovelier shore.
They buried her, they wept, they watched, they heard
Angelic hymns to Mary, Mother of our Lord.

Lo! where they laid her, lilies fill the place;
Earth was too gross to clasp her to its breast,
Our Lady, sole exception of the race
To Adam's legacy and God's behest!
She was upraised to reign among the blest,
Angels unnumbered welcomed as she came,
Body and soul in God's reflection drest.
Mary, a pleader for man's wicked shame,
At God's right hand she sits—and blessed be her name.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

HYMN.

WHEN nods each twig in living green
Thy Love, O Lord, seems thus to speak:
"All nature, in this splendid scene,
Reveals the God that mortals seek."

CHORUS.

Adoring, then, Thy mighty hand,
Whose masterpiece is hid in me,
I beg Thy grace to understand
My course across this troubled sea.

To Thee, great Lord, all praise belongs;
And every blossom, born in spring,
Its perfume pours in silent songs
Of praise to nature's mighty King.

Revealed to those whose hearts are clean,
Yet hidden from a multitude;
O Christ, remove sin's wicked screen
That by all men Thy face be viewed!

J. JOHN ROY, '97.

LIFE'S PHASES.

(*A Rondeau.*)

A FRESH-BLOWN flower, a violet,
One of a bunch Blanche gathered, wet
With April's tears beside a brook
That wanders through a shady nook,
Screened by the maples' leafy net:
Could April's rain, by zephyrs met,
A rarer bud than you beget?
Almost as fair as Blanche you look,
A fresh-blown flower.

Love's flame is not a feeble jet
Extinguished by misfortune's threat.
And here within my favorite book
I fold you close, just as I took
You from her hands. Dame Nature's pet,
A fresh-blown flower.

(*A Villanelle.*)

Dear me, the selfsame withered flower,
Placed here when this old book was new,
The offspring of an April shower.

How my young fancies used to tower;
Air-castles out of day-dreams grew.
Dear me, the selfsame withered flower.

How mad I raved one passing hour,
And all about a violet blue,
The offspring of an April shower.

Are these my verses on "Love's Bower"?
One reading them would think love true.
Dear me, the selfsame withered flower.

Poor thing! you've lost your magic power.
Old Time has sadly altered you,
The offspring of an April shower.

Maids call me selfish, old and sour,
And Blanche, no doubt, believes so too;—
Dear me, the selfsame withered flower,
The offspring of an April shower.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

HUGE Boulder clinging to the mountain side,
Indignant at the slight restraining sod,
You figure well the justice-loving God
From Whose wrath fleeing, mortals cannot hide.
That swift winged time had never opened wide
Earth's cloudy way so oft in sorrow trod,
Were better than that he, a wretched clod,
Should fall dissolving into Justice's tide.

Nay, but a golden river is our Lord
Embracing and refreshing all the soil;
The floods of spring time are man's own defects:
Committed are his deeds of free accord;
And oftentimes with tedious weary toil
On self to raise the flood-gates he elects.

JOHN G. SHANNON, '96.

A CONFESSION.

(Ballade.)

THOUGH Dante's much the fashion now,
And Pope has been revived, I hear,
And over Gray there's quite a row,
And the sweet bard of Windermere!
And Milton's parsed—that grand old seer—
And Browning,—ah! I hate that tome,
And Ruskin, too,—I am sincere,
I'd trade them all for "Home, Sweet Home."

My "Country, 'Tis of Thee," I vow,
Is sweeter far than "Love's Last Tear,"
But "Auld Lang Syne," I must allow,
And "Dixie," always bring good cheer.
Though, true, "The Spanish Cavalier,"
"I'm Going Home, No More to Roam,"
"In Marble Halls," to me are dear,
I'd trade them all for "Home, Sweet Home."

Though greater still than these I trow,
Yet not so tuneful to the ear,
Are "To a Sky-Lark," also, how,
Once rode our noble Paul Revere,
And, "Break, Break, Break;" "The Dying Year,"
And Byron with his Greece and Rome,
And "Alexander's Feast," 'tis clear,
I'd trade them all for "Home, Sweet Home."

ENVOY.

Though may I never stoop to sneer,
When thunders peal and oceans foam;
When poets shake my soul; 'tis queer—
I'd trade them all for "Home, Sweet Home."

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

BALLADE TO THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.

"Du bist mîn, ih bin dîn;
Des solt dû gewis sîn,
Dû bist beslozzen
In mînem herzen;
Verloru ist daz slûzzelin:
Du muost immer driune sîn."

—Wernher der Tegernsee.

EACH earthly joy is but a ray
Of sunlight through life's misery;
Each earthly pleasure fades away,
And with it pines its devotee.
Nor joy nor pleasure can there be
To satisfy this heart of mine,
Nor can this soul true solace see
Till Thou art mine and I am Thine.

Fame, found at last, lives but a day,
And wealth is bondage for the free,
And honor, which poor mortals pay,
Is undisguised flattery,
But Thou, O Lord! I long for Thee—
All other gifts I would consign
To nothingness—no life for me
Till Thou art mine and I am Thine!

Weak are the worldly wise and they
That boast of knowledge. Constancy
Is not a trait that trips for aye
Beside the great with lightsome glee.
When comest Thou, my heart's glad key

Shall lock Thee in, a guest benign!
My God, it seems eternity
Till Thou art mine and I am Thine!

ENVOY.

Prepare me, then! A great degree
Bestow on me of grace divine.
My anxious heart beats longingly
Till Thou art mine and I am Thine!

JAMES BARRY, '97.

A BALLADE OF MELANCHOLY.

FAIR Fortune's form is fleeting fast,
Her onward course we cannot steer,
And like the shades at twilight cast
Around yon old and stony peer
She fades from view as we draw near.
Come when you will she flies more fleet—
The future days seem doubly dear,
For hopes are phantoms of deceit.

When youth's bright dreams of life are past
And stern reality draws near,
When winter with his icy blast
Blanches the cheek, congeals the tear,
Those remnants of youth's hopes appear
Still leading with delusive feet,
Hold out to us a fading cheer,
For hopes are phantoms of deceit.

Love is a dream that cannot last
Beyond the fancies of a year,
Yet when the heart by doubts harrassed
Calls on its voice it would not hear.
The old-time hopes it used to rear,
Still lure it on and make it beat
With vigor fresh—alas! and fear,
For hopes are phantoms of deceit.

ENVOY.

Experience, thou wondrous seer,
To thy dark school will I retreat,
And to thy teachings lend mine ear,
For hopes are phantoms of deceit.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96.

THE TIDE OF TIME.

"Like as the waves that make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end."

—Shakspeare.

THE time for us to die is set by God;
The minutes of our earthly life are few;
And, born at night, we're fading with the dew
That sparkles in the morn, on worldly sod.
Then, be content; God rules not with the rod,
And joy will come, if we to Him are true;
He'll give us days of sunshine, skies of blue,
And more than these, when all life's road we've trod.

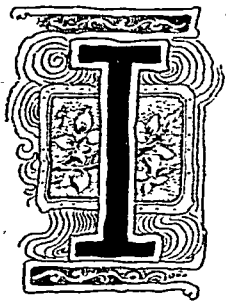
He made us but to love us; surely, then,
He would not send us sorrow, pain, or care,
Unless we merit it. We do not know
How good He is, how kind and loving when
He gives us strength to make these minutes fair,
And live above, for virtue here below!

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

Diplomacy in America.

FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95.

"Refined policy has ever been the parent of confusion."



It seems that we Americans, in over-rating our own institutions, customs, and manners, have a tendency to underestimate those of other nations. Especially true is this when we compare matters of government and political methods. Living in this free republic, we can scarcely realize the importance of an intricate diplomatic service suited to meet the needs of a nation surrounded by neighbors who at any moment may become enemies. Even those of us who have had passing glimpses of the inside workings of our nation's polity when the times were fraught with extreme peril, have only vague ideas of our diplomatic service—if we may use such a broad phrase with reference to it. Picking up a history of any nation, we can but recognize the mastery which diplomacy in past times has exercised. On every page we see its effects in the dissolution of empires, in the upheaval of the strongest powers ever erected by statesmen, and in the rise of petty sovereignties. By combination and treaty-making can the influence of any nation be curtailed; through affiliation and alliance can the best interests of a country be fostered. This mighty problem of dealing with proper representatives and getting in touch with them, impressing on them the importance of certain policies, disclosing the benefits appearing to accrue from making agreements, is left to the diplomatist. In his watchful care, the state places her sacred interests, and it is mainly through his efforts that a peaceful—warlike, if must be,—state of affairs exists. Diplomacy had come to mean tact or intrigue, and indeed well had it deserved the construction, as the broad and original meaning was overreached. Thanks be it that in our day the skill of juggling with representatives, and seeking to further interests through stratagem, has been, to a great degree, given up. Not that the imitators of Talleyrand and Mettersuch are entirely of the past, but that public opinion, fostered by democracy, insists that mere court intrigue shall not govern the policy of a nation. A Pompadour or a Madame Du Barry in politics is, to-day, out of the question.

We all recognize the need of proper diplomacy in countries where the national dividing line is

not marked by a great ocean or other almost insuperable barrier, where there may be a rebellion of a king's subjects on one side and the revolution of a republic's citizens on another. Momentous questions, involving principles of the law of nations and requiring the most delicate handling by skilled representatives, spring up continually in lands whose borders meet the territories of other powers. No matter how carefully the points may be handled, there is continual possibility of warlike movements. Petty strifes are always arising, which put statesmen at their wits' end to settle the difficulty.

The beginning of our diplomatic relations followed the declaration by the Colonies of their separation from the mother-country. Our thoughts naturally dwell on the events of the Revolution, when the tax-ridden Colonies were endeavoring to set up a new government and to throw off the chains which bound them to a power which was recognized the world over as mighty. The first steps having been taken, it was necessary that the sympathy of various foreign powers should be aroused. Not until our second humble petition to King George III. had been contemptuously rejected, when we had been turned away from the protection of the British government by a solemn act of Parliament, and the last fond hope of conciliation had disappeared, did the Colonies seek foreign alliances. The power of Great Britain was so feared by Continental nations that no open treaties could be made with them. Benjamin Franklin, the agent of the Colonies in London, one of the committee of secret correspondence and the medium of the French alliance, secured us recognition at the French court. Spain had been applied to for aid, but she declined to give direct assistance, for fear of bringing war down on herself. Whatever secret aid Spain did give us was from her motive of securing exclusive navigation of the Mississippi and recovering her former possessions east of it. Such questions were minor in importance to that of independence, and Spain's ambition was allowed to run unrestricted. Loans were secured from Holland, and these, too, for a people who were battling with a strong power, who were few in number and bearing no signs of a permanent government. The commissioners of the Colonies were certainly shrewd. To be sure, France gave assistance more from her hatred and jealousy of England than from her interest in American liberty. She saw the vast territory which would be eventually developed in America, and that the power of Great Britain would thus be increased still more. Alas for the outcome of the conflict had it not been for foreign

aid and sympathy! The most diplomatic of our representatives abroad, Gouverneur Morris, was obliged to content himself with giving advice to the government of France. His diplomatic duties to America were confined to negotiating the sales of wheat with Necker and others, and making bargains about tobacco even with the Roman government.

Perhaps the most important step ever taken by the United States was in 1793, when the future of America might have been decided for the worse. France having declared war against Great Britain, it was a question as to whether we were bound to observe our treaty with France in 1778 by which we had entered into an open defensive—offensive in spirit, at least—alliance. Of necessity, we were inclined to sympathize with our sister republic, and for a time matters hung on a delicate thread. Washington, after much deliberation with his cabinet, finally issued his famous Proclamation of Neutrality between the French Republic and her enemies. He assumed the position that since the form of government of France had changed, we could but regard the former treaty of 1778 as nullified. It was the first attempt at the preservation of neutrality known in the history of the world. No doubt the stand taken has seemed technical to many, but the condition of the country was such at the time that we could easily have drifted into war, thus entangling ourselves in a bloody conflict and imperilling the very foundation of our nation.

At this same time our relations with France and England were very strained by reason of the system of paper blockades which each of these nations had declared against the other. European nations at the beginning of this century did not admit the right of expatriation. Great Britain held that "once an Englishman, always an Englishman," and maintained the rights of search of vessels and impressment of so-called British seamen. Many of our vessels were boarded on the high seas, and seamen claimed to be English subjects were taken from them. The principle finally led to the war of 1812; but by the Treaty of Ghent we hastily concluded peace, and left the most important causes of the war unsettled; for the rights of expatriation and impressment of seamen were not mentioned in the treaty. The original position of England had been that the permission of the sovereign was necessary for a subject to leave his own country and become the citizen of another. The United States was almost the only nation that claimed the liberal view of expatriation. The act of Congress in 1868 declared that "expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all

people," but the Department of State had seemed previously to practically admit the right, and since that time we have steadily maintained our position. By an expatriation treaty with the North German Confederation in '68, our claims were recognized, and, in '70 England acknowledged the right of expatriation. The question, while not essentially diplomatic, especially affected us since we were receiving a great number of immigrants. As it stands now, the United States has the credit of assuming a position which has done much to settle a disputed question of the principles of the international law.

With regard to the principles of neutrality and impressment of seamen, the rights for which we contended in the last war against Great Britain are now almost universally recognized. Indeed, assurances were given, aside from the Treaty of Ghent, that impressment should no longer be continued, and, as a matter of fact, our seamen have never been impressed since that time. That a neutral flag protects both vessel and cargo, except articles contraband of war, and that neutral goods, with the same exception, are protected even on a belligerent vessel, are points which are now recognized, and for which we stood. If American diplomatists had never done anything else, they have secured the recognition of principles of neutrality which has taken from war many of its most offensive features.

Considerable comment has been made, particularly of late, with regard to the "Monroe Doctrine" which may be said to have passed into a settled rule of foreign policy for all American political parties. Popularly understood, this doctrine meant political protection and the guarantee of freedom from European interference to all countries of both North and South America. It does not declare, however, that we would take up arms against European interference on this continent, nor was it intended to limit or embarrass our nation's policy in the future. The declaration is merely to the effect that we shall regard as unfriendly any such acts of European intermeddling with the political affairs of the two Americas, and the United States is to be the judge of the circumstances surrounding any particular case as to how far we shall find it wise to go. The Monroe Doctrine was never adopted by Congress, but it stands as one of the paramount principles of our policy with regard to foreign nations; in other words, as an unwritten law of our country.

From what has been stated already, one can easily see that these conditions, which have such a prominent bearing on the interests of a foreign nation, are almost entirely absent here.

Canada, to the north, is, practically speaking, not in a position to dictate to us, and Great Britain, though keeping an ever-watchful eye on that colony, finds Canada's interests ably managed by the colonial government. Again, to the south, our relations are peaceful and, beyond a few custom regulations, they are entirely lost sight of. The keynote of our foreign policy was uttered by Washington in his "Farewell Address" when he counselled us to keep free from entangling alliances. So far, we have followed out very strictly this fundamental maxim of our sound government. Time and time again have we been tempted to take sides in international broils, but good judgment prevailed; and principally from this cause have we ridden safely over the breakers which have brought many a nation to disaster and ruin. Why then, it is asked, do we maintain a foreign service which, to say the least, seems to be a useless expense?

Republican or democratic simplicity never meant that the claims of courtesy should be disregarded. No individual or nation, whose head towers above the crowd, can afford to disregard forms. Nature, simple and direct, has her ritual, and our country is, above all, natural. The sun does not go down without ceremony, nor does the moon rise without the herald of twilight. Similarly, ceremony must be considered in all the important relations of life.

Simple, as I may be, I give my hand to my neighbor when I meet him. Even the Quaker, hating ceremony, keeps his hat on as an evidence that he hates ceremony, and we, Jeffersonian, Jacksonian or plain Lincolnian, as we may be, feel the necessity of supporting the prestige of our national forms. We demand a place for our President and, though whitewashed walls are simple, the position of our nation requires that his walls should be as splendid as possible. Likewise may we reason that the customs which our sister nations have respected and carried out should also be very carefully cherished by us. Ambassadors have become permanent fixtures in the affairs of nations, and why should we be the first to do away with a system that has always been recognized?

Diplomacy with us means something more than the deft handling of our relations with other nations as regards a peace or war footing. It has in view our prosperity in respect to commerce, to trade with other countries. These relations are constantly increasing in importance and intimacy. Indeed, while the statement may seem very broad, there exists to-day no state whose foreign relations in respect to commerce alone are so far-reaching and general. Great

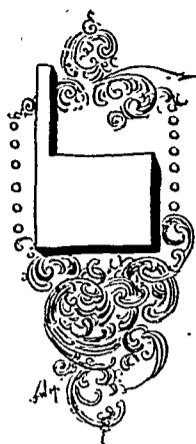
Britain herself, controlling vast commercial interests, is the one great rival of the United States. Her relations, too, are almost wholly with her colonies, while ours are scattered among the various states and empires which have nothing more at heart than their commercial aggrandizement. Then, too, the vast tide of foreign immigration, notwithstanding the fact that it is counterbalanced by a great emigration from this country—the increase of travel incident to the new facilities of communication, the political and social sympathies awakened by a great experiment of a free government on this side of the ocean, and the prestige acquired by a civil war waged to overthrow an enormous national wrong and consolidate an immense territory, have given an entirely fresh force and feeling to our foreign relations. We have principles to represent, migratory colonies to protect, common interests to cherish, and a national life to vindicate and honor all over the world. Important, too, are they in the legal guarantees in the transaction of business abroad, in the immense saving of time and money, in cases of contested local rights and personal claims, in the maintenance of the national influence and honor, and in the suggestions and information of vital importance to be obtained only through official authority.

To elaborate Burke's almost prophetic sentence,—we need no intrigue. Language was not given to Americans to conceal thought. We will match the splendor of other nations with greater splendor; but we will wear our splendor carelessly, as a mere accessory, as becomes heroes at heart. The question of expense may serve as a phrase for the demagogue at election times; but when our honor requires fringes of gold, our honor shall have all decorations and even a field of the cloth of gold. Let us admit frankly, if ever courtesy requires that we shall send picked men to any court in Europe merely to show that we can be courteous as well as brave and wise, we will do it. If it suits us Americans to do honor to Pope or Czar or President by glitter and pomp and grandeur, we will do it and with all magnificence. But as for the intrigues, the transparent lies, the thin varnish that covers the corruption other nations have called diplomacy, they are not for us. Numbers of consuls we will keep for work in the interests of commerce; and corps of ambassadors we will send abroad, not for intrigue, not for diplomacy, but for the outward glory of our country—a country which, in the words of Lowell, marches to the music of the spheres,—

"Lofty as its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread."

Proud we are as kings should be proud, and our ambassadors are simply symbols in the ritual of patriotic pride.

L'AVENIR.



Le vent de la nuit pleure, et dans la cheminée

Comme un pauvre qui souffre exhale un long soupir:

Je veille, et lentement sur la table agitée
Ma lampe va mourir.

La flamme tremble, et fait en danse fantastique

Tourner les vieux fauteuils sous le plafond obscur,

Projetant un reflet pâle et mélancolique
En face, sur le mur.

J'écoute seul, assis... Comme de la gouttière
Chaque goutte de pluie, au travers de la nuit,
Tombe au même intervalle et frappe sur la pierre
Avec le même bruit:

Du pendule oscillant ainsi chaque minute
Descend du même pas, et recueilli j'entends
Sa fuite sans retour et le bruit de sa chute
Dans l'abîme du temps.

Autrefois j'entendais, enfant, dans cette chambre
De plus joyeuses voix, quand le soir solennel
Nous réunissait tous, frères, sœurs, en décembre
Au foyer paternel.

Lèvres chéries! La mort, vidant cette demeure
Vous a closes; mais toi, lèvres qui ne meurs pas,
Fidèle airain, déjà tu frappes une autre heure
Qui sonne comme un glas.

Tu rappelles à ceux qui, retournant la tête,
Du sommeil à tes coups interrompent la paix,
Qu'en marche jour et nuit l'univers ne s'arrête
Et ne s'endort jamais.

Qui suis-je? Qu'ai-je été? Je descends de la vie
Le penchant sombre. Hier, ce me semble, par bonds
Pour devancer l'aurore, enfant, l'âme ravie,
Je courais sur les monts.

Le bois voisin et moi nous avons le même âge;
Sa tête jeune et verte ombrage le vallon;
Mais je ne reconnais, quand je vois mon visage
Rien de moi que le nom.

A force de marcher lentement je m'affaïsse.
L'esprit las de lutter contre les coups du Mal,
Frémissant sous le poids d'argile qui l'opresse
Court à son but final.

Non, non, ce n'est pas moi, quand l'âme se dégage,
Et prend son libre essor, loin de ses fers pesants,
Moi qui regretterai l'accablant esclavage
De la chair et des ans.

Chaque chose créée incessamment aspire
Au sublime idéal de vie et de beauté,
Mais par un long effort qui l'ouvre et la déchire
Monte à l'éternité.

Le germe éclate en fleurs aux rayons de l'aurore;
La fleur se change en fruit: de la plante au doux miel
Sort bourdonnant le ver que le printemps colore
Des feux de l'arc-en-ciel.

La terre, à l'origine, informe et lourde masse
Sur l'abîme flottait, nue et sans vie encor;
Car tu n'éclairais pas, ô grand soleil, sa face
De tes beaux rayons d'or!

Vomissant des rochers et des laves fondues,
Et du souffre bouillant, sans base et sans essieu,
Elle errait au travers des ondes suspendues
Comme un navire en feu.

Enfin dans l'atmosphère, au milieu de l'espace,
Sur son axe en tournant elle s'équilibra,
Se couvrit de verdure et se para de grâce,
Quand l'homme y respira.

La nature, appliquée à ses œuvres sans nombre,
Travaillant sous la neige et la nuit des hivers,
Jamais ne se repose et fait surgir de l'ombre
Un plus bel univers.

Je tomberai, tenant les clefs d'un autre monde.
La science peut croire au néant du tombeau:
Pour moi, j'y trouverai, j'en ai la foi profonde,
Mon glorieux berceau!

Non, mon premier ancêtre, à d'obscures époques,
Des poissonneuses mers n'habita pas le sein:
Ce n'est point en passant par les castors, les phoques,
Qu'il prit un corps humain.

Non, je ne courus point par une docte voie
Embrasser comme sœurs les bêtes des bas lieux;
Mais avec les esprits j'aperçus plein de joie
Une patrie aux cieus.

Quelques savants pourront se disputer les restes
Des repas du singe—homme au fond d'une forêt;
Je gagne le sommet des collines célestes
Où l'aurore apparaît.

Déjà j'entends au loin passer des harmonies
Dans le Ciel entr'ouvert qui calme me sourit:
Venant de l'Orient ces visions bénies
Enflamment mon esprit.

Moins ravi fut Colomb, quand devant son œil vaste,
Soudain se révéla tout un monde inconnu;
Et que des bords nouveaux la brise jeune et chaste,
Caressa son front nu.

O clartés que ne peut dépeindre la parole!
O désirs infinis! Extases de l'amour,
Dont se moque le siècle, adorant une idole
Qui vit à peine un jour,

Venez! renfermez-vous dans le chant du poète,
Et rendez-moins brûlants les pleurs qui tomberont
Sur le bord de la tombe isolée et muette
Où dormira son front!

S. F.

The Older Essayists and the Modern Press.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.



AMERICANS are known as a people who are always in a hurry, and who do not spend more time at anything than is absolutely necessary. Even in their hours of leisure, as is seen from their great demand for short stories and one-volume novels, they cannot lay aside the traits that distinguish them in the practical affairs of life.

The institutions of an age or nation are an index of its character. It is not surprising, then, to see the press of this century adopt the tone of its time: what it now is, the newspaper could not have been at any other time, for it is an outgrowth of our mode of national life. The older essayists, all of whose work is surrounded by an atmosphere of leisure, have for their lineal descendants the editors of the various columns of the daily newspaper, the very mention of which suggests the thought of material progress. The great care formerly taken to guard against all inelegance of style has, to a great extent, been abandoned in favor of a desire to be first in reporting the news. The newspaper of to-day is not a bulky affair; still it contains types of all the older essays, ponderous as some of them were. And to be thoroughly characteristic of the age, the sentiment prevails that it must even yet reduce the number of its pages.

The modern leader, or editorial, is generally a short essay, in which the editor comments upon the news that appears in the other columns of his paper. It is, indeed, a sort of discourse with the reader on social and political questions; and the point of view taken by the management will have much influence in moulding public opinion. In his comments, an editor may either express his own sentiments, and attempt to influence public action through the medium of public opinion, or he may be satisfied merely to reflect public opinion. Horace Greeley and James A. McMaster were examples of men who made their columns the vehicle of their own convictions. The *Tribune* and the *Freeman's Journal* were their representatives, and as leaders of the people, no journal ever met with greater success. But the time when men of such a type flourished is past. A paper like the *London Times* is the most successful journal of to-day. The editorial column in papers

of this class does not make any claim to independence. It is an index of the current of thought, and, when this is divided, of the greater branch.

The editorial column is a development of the short essay of Addison. The resemblance is more apparent when we consider the change in the times. The "Spectator" papers were published at a period when manners and morals in England were at their lowest ebb. The favorite amusements of the higher class of society were coarse, and even immoral; to be uneducated was fashionable, and any pretense of a knowledge of books or literature was looked upon as affectation. Addison aimed to do away with these evils. His essays were written in an elegant and satirical mood, which appealed to the peculiar taste of the time, and through the influence of public opinion were intended to make good manners fashionable. He was successful because he did not pose as an official moralist, but represented himself as a man of the world, one whose face was familiar at the coterie and coffee-house. England was passing through a critical period in her history, and had it not been for the influence of such men as Addison, the life of that people might have been materially changed.

The question must have at some time occurred to most of the readers of the daily papers, whether, with all the modern advantages for obtaining news quickly, we really know as much about the current history of foreign countries as our forefathers, whose only means of hearing from abroad were the letters of correspondents. The telegraph and cable have practically overcome time and distance; we know to day what was done yesterday in London, Paris and Peking. But with these advantages, there have undoubtedly come disadvantages. The telegraphic despatches merely state the facts of the happenings, and when the details are given, they are often the product of an editor's imagination. We know that China and Japan have come to terms, that Nicaragua has agreed to pay an indemnity to England, but with the circumstances that accompany these bare facts we are not so familiar. When the story itself is known the details are not interesting. It takes a letter a fortnight or more to arrive; in that time the event becomes remote and the public does not care to read of it.

Formerly the news of foreign countries was made known only by the letters of correspondents. This was before the invention of the cable, and at a time when letter-writing was considered an art. The letters were always two or three weeks old when they arrived, but they were never

preceded by any other accounts. The correspondents, moreover, were always men who understood their subjects thoroughly: Voltaire, for example, who wrote from Paris a series of letters to Catherine of Russia, was a man of the keenest political insight. The letters were always published and widely circulated, and the people who had a right to know acquired a knowledge of foreign affairs at once exact and comprehensive.

It seems, then, that the telegraph has actually separated us from, rather than joined us with, foreign countries. There are very few of our daily papers whose reports will give a complete history of any event in Europe. The messages over the cable will be found to state the facts; the letters, when they exist at all, to satisfy the readers must be of a personal nature, and from a historical point of view are of very little value. Of foreign proceedings, on the other hand, in the eighteenth century, in which England was interested, no better history can be found than in a series of letters written from abroad to a magazine, and, in many cases, to individuals.

People complain nowadays that much of our foreign correspondence is fictitious. Newspapers generally, it is said, cannot be relied upon; and on account of the trouble and expense met with in obtaining news from abroad, editors do not hesitate to inflate a Paris or London letter. This, however, is not a modern introduction; the man who set this custom was the delightful "Citizen of the World!"

In the Sunday edition of our great newspapers, an amount of space is generally allotted to the literary editor, whose duty it is to review the new books of the week, and to comment upon the ones that are, at the time, attracting attention. He writes about three or four columns, and in that space states all that is to be said in his department. It is seldom that more than a thousand words are written on one book, and generally each topic is disposed of in a paragraph of two hundred or three hundred words. The notices are all made as brief as possible, the object being to put much matter into a small amount of space.

And yet this book review is the outgrowth of those ponderous essays that Macaulay wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*. Fifty years ago ten thousand words were written on books that are not even known at present. The articles were at the time popular, and many of them were of real literary merit. On account of the change in the times, however, reviews of such great length would not now be read. They have been gradually reduced in size, until the form most popular is that which appears in the modern newspaper.

It is a mistake to think that the column of our newspapers headed "Of Interest to Women" has come before the public as recently as the *New Woman* herself. The desire of the press has always been to interest its readers; and we do not doubt that even before she had openly declared her rights, the sentiments of the modern woman were the same as at present, and that she would have been just as much pleased to see a corner in the paper of the times devoted to her own interest. Unless human nature is changeable, there was always a class who liked to read about the dress that Miss Vogue wore at the last reception, and an "easy way to make one just like it" from the fashionable garment of last year. Similarly the latest way of fastening the lace of a slipper, and of carrying a pair of gloves would always have found plenty of anxious readers.

In looking over the older essayists to find one whose writings conform to this theory, Addison seems a good example. The *Fan Drill* is so similar to many articles that appear in the modern newspaper, that it would seem more correct to call the woman's column a continuation rather than a development of a class of papers that appeared in the "*Spectator*." Fashions, like history, it is said, repeat themselves. In the present state of society the *Fan Drill* would not seem at all odd. It would not be surprising, at any time, to hear that some personage, whose influence was great enough to do so, had become much charmed with its symbolism, and had decided to make it fashionable on both piazzas and the silver sea sands.

There is nothing, perhaps, in modern times that wields a greater influence than the press. Public action is controlled by public opinion, and this in turn is, to a great extent, formed by the press. In a republican form of government, such as we have, this power is almost indispensable; it is the representative of the people in looking out for the public interest, and the good that it does in exposing vice and crime and abuses of public trust is almost unbounded. Napoleon said that four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than one hundred thousand bayonets.

There are some who think that the press has even too much power, since it often pries into the affairs of individuals. Every good thing can be overdone; and it is better to withstand the few abuses than to be deprived entirely of the great advantages coming from the freedom of the press.

Of the older essayists, the author of the "*Letters of Junius*" is the one best remembered for the part he took in unveiling official corruption. In

his series of brilliant letters, published in the *Public Advertiser* of London, he exposed the blunders and rascality of the administration, and showed forth the characters of the officials in their true light. The "Letters" were very popular, and the influence they exercised over the public can be judged of from the effective steps taken towards a reformation of the abuses.

Much has been said and written about the newspaper of the future and the next step to be taken in journalism. By comparing the articles of news written at present with those of the past we conclude that the character of the news that interests the people is always the same. In gathering news the point of perfection has almost been reached; from the point of view of truth, however, much is to be desired! The public demands truth and brevity. We may expect, then, to see the newspaper of the twentieth century a very small sheet, published probably three times a day, stating simply the facts of the news, and containing nothing except what is well authenticated.

Three Lyrics after Heine.

IN SPRINGTIME.

IN the lovely month of May
When all the buds are breaking,
My heart too, opens merrily,
With Mary's love awaking.

In the lovely month of May,
When all the birds are singing,
Then through our songs and gladness
The wish for heaven is ringing.

THE PINE-TREE.

A lonely pine stood sadly
In the dreary winter time
Wrapped in a shroud of snow and ice,
In a far-off Northern clime.

It longed for sun-kissed deserts;
It dreamed of the south winds hot;
It fancied itself a tropic palm,
But woke to find it not.

A FLOWER.

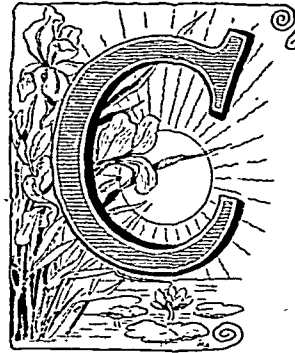
Thou art like a blossom,
A pure and lovely thing,
And as I look,—gray sorrow
Shades thee with her wing!

It is the greatest pleasure,
To place on thy sweet head
My rough brown hands, and pray to God
To keep thee from all dread.

JESSE W. LANTRY, '97.

The Future of Engineering.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.



CONCERNING what the future has in store for science, much has been written and said; and often in our magazines and reviews, have appeared articles on air-ships and human wings and all manners and kinds of balloons, headed by that prophecy of the late Laureate, which occurs in "Locksley Hall," and commences with the line:

"And I dipped into the future far as human eyes could see."

But however varied have been the subjects of these essays, there has never yet, to my knowledge, appeared one treating of the future of that greatest branch of applied science—engineering. This may be because all who have to do with it consider it at its maximum; but more probably because of the rapid strides it has been making, they have been compelled to exert all their faculties in order to keep up with the present. At any rate, the void is there, and it shall be my present endeavor to fill it by indicating briefly a few of the engineering feats which will soon change the aspect of the world.

Of course, these cannot be pointed out with any considerable degree of accuracy, and therefore, in this age when every one, often to his sorrow, possesses a judgment of his own, I do not attempt to do any convincing. If I were as persuasive as Webster, as forcible as Newman, I should still be looked upon merely as the teller of a fairy tale. This was the fate of Galileo in his time, of Kepler in his, and I, in mine, might talk in vain. But that is another question. Though some may be convinced, yet, when the time for action arrives, they hesitate and are loath to set the example. With them facts count a great deal more than possibilities. They can take a work already in existence and enlarge and remodel it, but they will not freely take up and promote anything entirely new.

In the past few decades engineering has accomplished more than any other branch of science, and in substantiation of this statement, it is hardly necessary for me to point to our many public edifices, bridges and monuments, so self-evident is it to all persons of even ordinary knowledge. "But," some may say, "look at the pyramids

of Egypt and the theatres of Rome! See those massive towers and wide-span arches that the Middle Ages produced! Look at these and say if the engineering of to-day is not inferior to that of the ancients?" My answer is, "No! The pyramids cannot compare with the Eiffel Tower, or St. Peter's Cathedral or any of our magnificent churches and public buildings, for the work of the ancients represents brute force, that of our day, intellect. And as for bridges, think of that at St. Louis, or the one at Memphis. And the Brooklyn bridge with its span of nearly half a mile,—what did the ancients leave behind that would compare with it? Yet there is about to be constructed one a quarter of a mile longer, whilst it has been declared that one fifty six hundred feet long is not impracticable." And as to towers and roads and theatres, I might compare the old and the new, and the result would only be to impress more strongly on the reader's mind the truth of my statement.

Yet with all this rapid, and, I might say almost marvellous, development, engineering has as yet by no means reached the summit of its perfection; indeed, if its past accomplishments be marvellous, then its future achievements will be little short of miraculous. Fancy my going up to an old traveller, a man who has seen everything worth seeing in the two hemispheres, and telling him that one hundred years from to-day one can dine in New Mexico and sleep the same night on one of the pyramids, or that trains of cars, resembling those that can now be seen on any railroad, will daily pass between New York and Liverpool. "Why," he would answer, "you're crazy, man, you speak of impossibilities." But I am not crazy, neither do I speak of impossibilities, for bridging the Atlantic is but a question of a century at most.

Is it not possible, nay, more, is it not probable, that before the twentieth century is a thing of the past, some enterprising engineer* backed by capital will have bound Europe and America together by a bridge of aluminum and steel, and by the aid of pneumatic caissons will have pierced the ocean's breast with thousands of mighty piers extending down hundreds of feet to the solid bottom? And where this cannot be reached, will he (or *she*) not be able to build floating piers and anchor them safe and strong in the very heart of the tumultuous sea?

* According to the rules of the old grammarians, this word should more probably be spelt *engineeress*. But where there is a disputed point, I prefer to side with custom.

When the secret of working aluminum has been discovered, who then will say: "It is impossible; it cannot be done!" And when steam is a thing of the past, when electricity reigns supreme, it will be no unusual thing to go to the office of the N. Y. R. T. Co., in New York, pay your fare, enter a box, press a button, and—be in London; or to board a monster bird made and guided by the hand of man, and on the same day fulfil engagements in Chicago and in Melbourne. In fact, we shall in time come to regard the enchanted carpet of the prince in the "Arabian Nights" as a mere prophecy of the future.

A feat of the future, which will greatly facilitate commerce between the antipodes will be the tunnelling of the earth. Imagine a vast shaft sunk through its centre between two countries of commercial importance! What is easier than to go from one mouth of the shaft to the other? The means may at first appear suicidal, but—listen! All one has to do is to jump into the middle of the shaft. He goes down, down, but is not injured; he touches no ground, there is none to touch. As he approaches the centre of the earth his velocity increases. It is due to the accelerating influence of gravity, which continually decreases. At the very centre it is zero. When the centre is reached and passed, the acquired enormous velocity carries him on, and gravity, acting to hold him back, begins to lessen his velocity, which, were it not for the friction of the air, would not become zero till the opposite side of the earth were reached; that is, not until he had gone over the same distance on each side of the centre.

But atmospheric friction is acting against the body along its entire course, and it does not, therefore, quite reach the other side. A station would then have to be placed below the surface at each end of the shaft and just below the point reached by a body from the other side. At this station could be placed men with patent nets, in which they catch the traveller by placing it under him after he has passed and is about to reverse. Thus in thirty-eight minutes and ten seconds* a traveller can pass from one hemisphere to within a few thousand feet of the other, and in a short time view the sun, which he just saw sinking below the western plains, rise above the mountains of the east.

With common freight the use of the sub-station will not be necessary. The freight is placed above the tunnel's mouth, and at the

* To be exact, really nine seconds and eleven sixteenths.

instant it is liberated to the action of gravity, it is given, by mechanical means, a velocity sufficient to overcome the atmospheric friction in the shaft; it will then just reach the opposite surface, and by making the initial impulse slightly greater, it can be made to reverse a short distance above the shaft mouth, which, the instant the body has passed it, can be closed by an immense sliding platform bearing railroad tracks, a freight car run upon it, and the freight, descending, loads itself. The way bill will then be the only thing to be considered, whilst roustabouts looking for jobs must seek them elsewhere.

But can such a tunnel be built? Undoubtedly! Why should it not be possible? With the means at our disposal, it is altogether impracticable; but what cannot a century bring forth? May not the nucleus of a stray comet some day do it for us, by coming too near our terrestrial sphere and falling through it? Or cannot a shaft, similar to those used in our deep mines, be sunk, and, each generation contributing its share of work, will it not eventually be accomplished? It is true that labor at a depth of two thousand feet* cannot be carried on in the summer, but then it can be prosecuted during the winter. The sides of the shaft would of course have to be of steel or platinum, fireproof and sufficiently strong to withstand the lateral thrust of—who knows what?

In constructing and operating this tunnel, there are a number of important considerations, the neglect of any of which would lead to fatal consequences. One of these is the condensation of the air at and around the centre of the earth. Were the tunnel left in free communication with the external air, the entire atmosphere would rush into it and become so dense in its centre as to make it impassable, besides rendering the earth uninhabitable by this loss. By means of air locks at either opening the condition of the air could be so arranged as to offer a minimum resistance to passage, and in the case of live freight, as the time of transit is so long and as it is impossible for breath to be taken from the external air whilst making the trip, a sort of cap filled with air would have to be furnished to every passenger; or in the case of live stock, they could be placed in boxes and cars, partly supplied with condensed air and make the trip singly or in twos and threes.

Another physical fact to be taken into consid-

* This distance would not, of course, be the same for all kinds of people. Thus the negro could stand it a few thousand more, the Mexican—but we do not wish to start a race-war.

eration in designing the tunnel is the rotation of the earth on its axis. If provision be not made for this, the body in its descent would soon collide with the sides of the shaft. At the poles and on the line connecting them this effect is not felt, as it is zero, but from there it increases to a maximum when the tunnel's axis lies in the plane of the equator. The remedy for this would be to make the tunnel very wide east and west, and so curve it towards the west that the body started on the east side will not approach the west side, but will continue in the ever-revolving axis of the shaft.

Again, if, as geologists maintain, the centre of the earth is in an intensely heated condition other obstacles will arise. It may be impossible to obtain any material which will not succumb to this heat. In such a case, the discovery of some new element or compound will be the only hope. On the contrary, if it be, as Thompson and Darwin claim it is, more rigid than steel, yet not so rigid as glass, the question will be to obtain material sufficiently strong to resist the enormous pressure, which such a theory leads us to believe must exist in the central portion of our planet.

But at any rate, the case is by no means hopeless. Steel is a thing of recent development and application; may not some new combination or preparation be discovered which as far exceeds steel in usefulness as does steel surpass wrought iron and wood? Is it impossible that a new state of matter be discovered, and that materials in this state be proof against the most intense heat? We have already three conditions in which matter is known to exist—the solid, the liquid and the gaseous,—why not a fourth?

To leave the tunnel and take up the other climax, the astronomical observatories of the twenty first century will be the most prominent of the future engineering works in the building line. At present our big telescopes are ordinarily rendered useless by the motion of the atmosphere, which gives the astronomer the idea that either he or the "man in the moon" has been out all night. To remedy this the telescopes will have to be placed about fifty miles from the earth, and this may be accomplished in a variety of ways; by applications of the principles of aeronautics, by revised and enlarged editions of the Eiffel Tower, or, for all we know, by means of Mr. Stockton's * negative gravity."

I might go on and mention many other feats which will owe their success to engineering—how, for instance, our successors will communicate with the Marticoli, or how they will people the moon,—but space forbids, and so I shall close, satisfied with having pointed out a few of the more probable exploits which but dimly foreshadow the potency of engineering.

* This important discovery, like that of Argon and Helium, must have an important influence on the interests of the human race.

As Memory Leads Me.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.



OFTEN have I wished that I could wield the expression "in my early days" with as much advantage as my grandfather, when he is telling stories of his youth. But Father Time has reserved this light scimitar for his old friends, leaving me only the broad-sword of youth. Energy is also mine. I must give the gray hairs their due, take upon my own shoulders the heavier burden, and start out with the good steed, energy, bearing me up.

During my first years at school—which were not so long ago compared with my grandfather's "early days"—I made my first triumph on the stage. It seemed a great one to me. I made every one of my relatives buy tickets; I confiscated every program I could lay my hands on, and afterwards, when my pride had worn out, I threw them into the fire. It was the first ditch I tried to leap, and one that I went over successfully; but I have floundered in the middle of many another. My hopes ran high then; almost as long ago they have gone down to stagnation.

But the glory of this first appearance was not the only thing. For that matter, the spectators were nearly all old German folk who came only to fill up the hall and see the Catholic school-children. At four o'clock, when all the others had gone home with their books under their arms, we six younger boys who made the dialogue remained to rehearse. We dreaded to be forced to stay as a punishment, and even during the day we fretted over our books; but to stay for rehearsal was a rare treat. When we had learned our lines, we went through our parts on the stage. I remember well that stage. It was at the end of a large room, a simple platform with simpler scenery. Few knew how small and stuffy it was. The drop curtain with its picture of a Neapolitan fishing-boat is there yet; but the memory of many happenings which clings misty around it, has faded from all minds but mine. At the back of the stage were two windows through which the afternoon sun poured its heat. And towards evening, the slanting yellow rays fell upon the faded "woods" fringing them with a border of gold. I can almost see yet that sextette of amateurs sitting on the stage, with a halo of mellowness about them.

"Pattie" is the only one I remember. All the others I have forgotten because they have gone away from where I was, and now I do not know their names. Even poor little "Pattie" has changed so much that I cannot see in him the boy he used to be. Nor did I call him "little" then; he pulled my hair more than once for my telling him I thought so. He struggled valiantly with articulation, but always gave way when he came to the giant "for the p'evention of c'ooelty to animals." No wonder some of the younger boys in the audience tittered when they heard it. He was clever enough, then, to hold his own against our good-natured attacks; now none of us would laugh at his failures.

At another time, not so far back, I had a negro recitation. I was not so willing to accept it as my first piece, for recreation had grown dearer to me than when I first trod the boards. However, my teacher found it no difficult task to win me over by elaborate praises. It was at Commencement that I was to figure as a son of Ham. The rehearsals were no trouble, but it was agony when I found myself standing behind the scenes with throbbing heart and, I fear, trembling knees. A bell tinkled, the curtain rose, and I went forth. The most noticeable part of my costume was a big white hat which had done yeoman service in a political campaign. I had fished it out of a dusty, cobwebby recess of a neighbor's closet. I made a sweeping bow and the hat fell off. All would have gone well had not some small boys begun to kick it around. I spoke a few words and wavered. What would happen if the owner found out that I was the cause of the hat's being battered about? I forget everything but that. A long pause and I said the last line I knew—"and gobbled up de wu'm." Not a person whispered, I knew well what was the matter. When I walked off the stage, the silence thundered louder in my ears than would the applause of millions. I took off my wig, scrubbed the burnt cork off my face and said to myself: "You'll never be a nigger again."

Years have slipped by since then, and the shame of that failure has faded away, but not so quickly as a circle on the water. And so all my school-years have gone; my attempts at acting meriting ridicule and glory alternately. I only wish that all of them had given me as much pleasure as did my first one.

—•••—
WHATEVER tends to make one more than he is or to hinder him from being less than he might be, is a part of education.

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THE SCHOLASTIC extends greetings to its friends who will assemble to do honor to Notre Dame during the celebration of her Golden Jubilee. To the editors of former times a hearty welcome is assured. The present "Staff" anticipate much pleasure in meeting those who made possible a journal worthy to represent *Alma Mater*.

THE Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, D. D. Bishop of the Diocese, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class composed of students from Carroll and St. Edward's halls. The devout appearance of the class, the earnest words of the minister, the solemn ceremonies—all made a deep impression upon the assembled congregation.

A distinguishing feature of the Golden Jubilee celebration will be the assembly of a large number of educational men from both the East and West. Very Reverend President Morrissey is in receipt of a number of letters from the heads of other colleges. They promise to be present or, if they cannot assist personally at the celebration, to send delegates. It will be a source of gratification to meet the great workers in education and an honor which the Faculty of Notre Dame and her many friends will appreciate.

THE announcement of the Golden Jubilee of the University has called forth many encouraging assurances of the cordiality and esteem in which our *Alma Mater* is regarded. These will be made public in due time. Meanwhile we are eager to share with our readers the gratification inspired by the following letter from the warrior bishop of Poland, Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda:

S. GONGREGAZIONE DE PROPAGANDA FIDE.

ROMA, li 18 Maggio, 1895.

FESTA JUBILARIA UNIVER. DE NOTRE DAME IN IND.

RENDE PATER:—Quum Sanctitati Suae oblatæ fuerint supplices preces, quibus tu, admodum Rev. Pater, peteras Apostolicam Benedictionem occasione festorum pro quinquagesimo anniversario celebrando a fundatione istius Universitatis de Notre Dame, in Indiana, eadem Sanctitas Suae, precibus benigne annuens, Apostolicam Benedictionem impertiri dignata est omnibus Moderatoribus, Professoribus, Alumnis, et ex-Alumnis præfatæ Universitatis, nec non omnibus, qui die 11 Junii 1895 aderunt in Notre Dame Solemnes gratiarum actiones Deo reddituri pro cœlesti protectione eidem Universitati data a die suæ fundationis.

Interim Deum precor, ut Te diu adjuvet ac sospitet.

Tuus Rendè Pater addictissimus servus,

✠ M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI, *Pref.*

✠ A. ARCHIEP LARISSEN, *Secr.*

R. P. ANDRÉE MORRISSEY,

Rectori Universitatis de Notre Dame in Indiana.

[Translation.]

S. CONGRE. OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

ROME, May 18, 1895.

THE REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

PRES. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND.

REV. FATHER:—Your petition, requesting the Apostolic Benediction on occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, having been presented to the Holy Father, His Holiness has graciously deigned to grant the Apostolic Benediction to all the Directors, Professors, Pupils and Alumni of the said University, as also to all who, on the 11th of June, 1895, shall be assembled at Notre Dame to render thanksgiving to God for the heavenly protection vouchsafed to the University since the day of its foundation.

Meanwhile, Reverend Father, I pray that God may continue to help and support you. I am

Your most devoted servant,

✠ M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI, *Prefect.*

✠ A. ABP. OF LARISSA, *Secretary.*

The University and Its Work.

A SYMPOSIUM.

WHEN a special number of the SCHOLASTIC, in commemoration of the University's Golden Jubilee, was determined upon, the Staff began to cast about for some new way in which to realize for our readers the Notre Dame of to-day. The buildings had been done again and again, in prose and rhyme, and light and shade, and one glance through the bound volumes that are the monuments of the staffs of former years told us that it would be next to impossible for us to say anything fresh or novel about them.

The story of our *Alma Mater*, too, suggested itself, her wonderful history from that first bleak day in November when a little handful of large-hearted, devoted men looked first on the twin lakes that were to mirror in time, the stately spires and dome of the Notre Dame of to-day, to this, the end of the fiftieth year of fervent prayer and earnest, self-forgetful toil that has raised a city from the forest, a shrine of learning in the wilderness. But even here the wiser head and firmer hand of the author of the Jubilee History, had forestalled us, and anything we might say in these columns would seem like an impertinent foot-note to that chronicle.

Then, in a moment of inspiration, some one remembered a sentence which our dear, dead President, Father Walsh, had uttered once in a St. Cecilian after-dinner speech: "The age of bricks and mortar at Notre Dame has almost passed, and it will be men and deeds, not material equipment, that will make the University of the future great." Father Walsh's words were prophetic, for never before was the standard of scholarship so high, never before were the real aims of education so well understood as in this, the year of old Notre Dame's triumph,—of her Golden Jubilee. And so we have chosen to write of the work our *Alma Mater* is doing, rather than of the material equipment that makes that work possible. A student from each of the courses was asked to give his impressions—*his own* impressions, not the opinions of his masters—of the course which he was following, and these we print. Some of our representatives have chosen to give a detailed *résumé* of their own work as well as the methods of their teachers. We were honest in our attempt to get near to the life of our *Alma Mater* and make it as real to our readers and as vitally interesting to them as it is to us. We trust that

we have not been wholly unsuccessful; we are amateurs in the evasive art of molding thoughts in lasting words, and the amateur rarely has firmness of touch. A fore-word, then, to cry you mercy if offence is ours.

THE EDITORS.

* * *

THE CLASSICAL COURSE.

You may despise a man for being a boor, or even a rascal, but when you despise him for being a philistine, you reach, I think, the *ne plus ultra* of crushing contempt. And what a varied population that of Philistia is. There, for instance, is the ever self-conscious aesthete, the patron of literary fads and worshipper of Beardsley and Oscar Wilde who criticises the crudeness of the sunset and prates of art and inspiration—little as he suspects it, from a scientific point of view, he is the incarnation of Philistinism. A Philistine is simply a one-sided man—the product of an incomplete system of education. His peculiarities are defects rather than faults. Now, the end of classical education, as understood and striven for at Notre Dame, is the combination of the good qualities of both the above-instanced philistines into one symmetrical Bachelor of Arts. It is the drawing out and development of *all* the principal powers of the mind and soul in harmonious proportions. The chief attributes of the intellectual man are to think and to communicate his thought, and the best education must develop at once the reason, the taste, and the literary style. Special education tends toward Philistia—the object of classical studies is, primarily, general education.

Let us consider, for a moment, how this is done at Notre Dame. In the first place, Logic and Moral Philosophy have an important part in the course. The classes are not run upon the infant school plan of bits of text to get daily by heart and repeat to the professor in the morning. The entire hour is consumed in the dictation and necessary explanation of a lecture. Written examinations are held monthly. No recitation is ever required. Under this system a man is forced to think by himself, to draw his own conclusions from the premises given, and especially to grasp an idea of his matter as a whole and the relations of the parts to one another—a result seldom achieved where the text-book and recitation method is in vogue. Another point I may mention here. The lectures are read in English rather than in Latin. It has been found that it enables a student to think and talk more readily upon his subjects when he uses the vernacular.

As to taste, it is formed gradually by the perusal of the standard authors—Latin, Greek and

English. Good taste is nothing but a trained judgment in æsthetics, and its formation consists in the supplying of correct canons and criterions.

In our Latin and Greek classes, the authors are read as *authors*, not as text-books merely. After all, Homer did not write for school boards, and to study him as you would mathematics is to do him violence. The essence of great literature is absorbed slowly, not gulped down in mouthfuls.

Finally, for the necessary acquirement of the faculty of expression, there is the work in the English class, as explained in the article on the literary course, as well as the work on the SCHOLASTIC itself. Of course, there are other branches, physical sciences, mathematics, etc., but they are made secondary and are only put in, as it were, to fill up the cracks and make the classical graduate what he should be—a man prepared on every side to take up what special line of study he may prefer.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

* * *

THE COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The teaching of English, in American colleges, is yet in the experimental stage, and the methods of training young writers are almost as many as the professors of literature. The English Course, as it exists to-day, is wholly a modern—I had almost said age-end—invention. The time is not so distant when the text-book was the golden calf to which every orthodox pedagogue bent the knee, and a knowledge of the birth-and-death years of our great men of letters was reckoned above an intimate acquaintance with the works that made them immortal. But in an evil hour for Chambers and Jenkins and the other manual makers some one discovered the analogy between the art of the painter and that of his literary brother, and the first sane system of teaching English was evolved.

The aim of all education is the broadening of man's mind and the cultivation of his higher faculties. Good taste is an acquired thing—the child-in-arms never lived who preferred a rose to a sun-flower—and it is the office of an instructor in English to give his student the right point of view in matters literary. The more technical part of his work, the training of unformed young men to write clear, honest and forcible—musical, if possible—prose and metrical verse, is hardly more important than the other—the cultivation of good taste. A literary philistine with a beautiful style would be more dreadful than any other of his tribe.

Style is a personal thing, and individuality, in

art, is everything. The men who planned Notre Dame's English Course had in mind the development of the individual rather than of a class. Lectures on the theory of style and analyses of Newman's and Macaulay's and Hawthorne's and Addison's manners of writing may be admirable, but in a quiet, half-hour's talk with each pupil the Professor can do more to form his style and set him right, if he has gone wrong, than in a year of ordinary class-work. Given a class of sixty or more, a teacher is little less than a genius who can bring every man into touch with the subject under consideration. But personal attention to each man rarely fails to bring out all of good that is in him, and it is upon this principle that our English Course is built.

I have said nothing of the other studies of the course—the work in history, mathematics, languages, the natural, physical, the mental and moral sciences, required of each candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Letters. They are practically the same as those of the Classical Course, except that Latin and Greek are dropped in the senior year, and special attention is given to English and Political Economy. German or French may be substituted for Greek. If anything, the English student at Notre Dame is overworked. Art is long and daily recitations in the seven classes of the senior year take up much of the time that should be devoted to practice in composition. October will see a change, however, and the Litt. B's of '96 and their successors, with the additional year of English, which is proposed, may well be expected to eclipse '95 and all previous classes.

DANIEL V. CASEY, '95.

* * *

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

The successful workers for admittance to the Freshman class of this course were among the first to commence work last September. Arithmetic, they had already finished; and Algebra as far as Quadratics. So it was here that they took it up, at the same time entering the class in Plane Geometry. Demonstration of theorems and solution of problems constituted the work in these classes, which, with solid geometry, were finished in June. These constitute the cornerstone of an arch of mathematics; the keystone of which will not be laid till the Freshman of '95 shall have become the alumnus of '98. This class also went through the course in English Composition and Rhetoric and those in Physiology and Zoölogy.

In the Sophomore year the two mathematical classes were Analytic Geometry and Trigonometry.

which gave way, in February, to Surveying. In the first-named of these the "Sophs" studied a complete discussion of the conics, whilst in the latter they were made familiar with the science of triangles, both plane and spherical, and this was followed by land surveying, levelling and dividing. Rhetoric's place was taken by English Literature; Descriptive and Analytical Botany took up nearly an hour every day, whilst Latin and drawing, commenced in the Freshman year, were continued. The class in French was organized, it requiring three years for its completion.

The Juniors of '95 are the "go as you please" set. They attended English Criticism, wrote a few papers, read some French, and perhaps Nepos or Sallust in Latin. They did very little drawing, and went through short courses in Mineralogy and Metallurgy. Chemistry and advanced Physics, with differential and integral calculus, complete the list of branches in which the Scientific graduates of '96 did work during the past year.

The members of the Senior class started to work with a rush, and closed up on June 5 with the same vim. They had all they wanted to do—for the first session at least. Mechanics of Engineering alone would make a man work; but the B. S.'s of '95 took, besides it, Descriptive Geometry, with its projections and curved surfaces and shadows and shades. Then there was Astronomy with its practical and descriptive work in which, besides the regular text-book, Young's Uranography was studied. Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics and Geology were taken daily. French was completed and a series of forty eight qualitative analyses were made. In all the classes, monthly competitions were held, determining the students' standing, and reports made out every two months for the information of parents and guardians, which ever act as an incentive to new and more vigorous efforts on the part of the students—of greater expectation on the part of the parents. Logic, Metaphysics, Cosmology, and their kindreds—these branches were well treated in their important relations to science and its investigations. Last, but not least, was the French class. Here, under Rev. Father Klein, were studied French idioms and constructions. After the first five months, the weeks were divided up and on some days Fénelon would be read, on others, French conversation would be indulged in, whilst on still others the students were made familiar with the French spelling. This was the programme followed by the Scientists of the Class of '95 from their Freshman to their graduating year.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

THE COURSE IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Technical education, to-day, has come to mean more than the mere acquiring of the wisdom that generations of engineers have locked up in bulky volumes for the instruction and delectation of college students. Text-book work is, of course, absolutely essential, but field work and practice in the laboratories and shops is, to-day, a part of every course in Engineering, worthy of the name. Civil Engineering is but the application of established principles in practice, and its aims are the utilization of the forces of nature in the conversion of matter into useful forms.

This seems theoretical enough, but the engineer must go farther. It is all very well to know that beams of a certain kind will withstand a certain strain, but it is quite another thing to find out whether the material is up to the standard of the text-book. The aim of the Engineering Course at Notre Dame is to familiarize the student with these theoretical principles and to give him, too, the practical training necessary to apply them. There is a thorough equipment of instruments for all the experiments the course calls for, and there is little liability of a civil engineer of Notre Dame making mistakes through ignorance of practical methods. In the laboratory he is required to determine by experiment the strains and stresses in bridge and roof-trusses, both analytically and graphically, the strength of materials, and the stability of dams and retaining-walls. After the computation of earth work, Hydraulics occupies much of his time, and canals and sewers, the flow of liquids through pipes and orifices and over weirs, and velocities in channels give him material for many hours of thought.

The spring and early summer are, perhaps, the most enjoyable of the amateur engineer's life. The class takes up field-work and receives instruction in measuring land, running projected railroad lines, doing all the work up to the point of actual construction. The field-work is carefully done, and each year the results of the survey are shown in the topographical maps of the University grounds, including that many-times "proposed" railway from the Michigan Central to the oil-tanks, which is one of the "graduating essays" required in the senior year. This, briefly, is the work of the Engineering Course. It includes, really, nearly all the studies of the Scientific Course, but space forbids enumerating them here. The course aims to make practical engineers, to combine theory and actual work, and to fit the student for immediate work in his profession.

ARTHUR M. FUNKE, '95.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

No science possesses newer and more absorbing interest for the student of the day than Electrical Engineering. Though some of its fundamental principles have been known for centuries, it is only through the labors of the enthusiastic scientists and clever inventors of the last twenty-five years that it has been fully developed. A thorough comprehension of it now requires complete courses in Mechanics and the higher mathematics.

The charm that is attached to the study of this mysterious force is difficult to describe. It is wonderful with what delicacy and accuracy the effects of electricity can be recognized and measured. With one standard instrument it is possible to measure from millions of units down to the millionth part of one. All the adapted units have definite and precise values, and when once well acquainted with them, there is no possibility of confusion or misunderstanding.

The electrical engineer uses a technical nomenclature which stands alone and unrivalled. All the units can be directly deduced from the fundamental centimeter gramme and second. As an example of the accuracy of the work which is required in everyday practice, figures up to the eighth and tenth decimal places are used in the simplest calculations in connection with a dynamo.

The Sophomore class, during the first year, studies in detail the elements of electricity, magnetism, primary batteries and especially the "all-pervading law of Ohm." Many elementary instruments were made in order to become familiar with the principles. Simple diagrams, connections and wiring of bells, telephones and telegraph instruments were thoroughly discussed.

The advanced class started with an analytic study of the history, adoption and values of the absolute unit. The magnetic circuit was next taken up and examined in minute detail. The permeability and resistance of different kinds of iron and steel were determined and compared, as also the leakage coefficient, relative merit and durability of differently shaped frames. The heating effect of the current, the means of dissipating such heat when produced, and the causes and cures of the "diseases of dynamos" were dwelt upon. Of late, the class has been studying the peculiar phenomena of alternating currents, the difference existing between the direct and alternating means of producing them, and the laws which govern them.

It is exceedingly interesting, especially so to an electrician, to see a globe held in the hand without any wire connection whatever, but illuminated and glowing with an intensity equal or superior

to the ordinary incandescent lamp. Such feats as this, though still confined to the laboratory, may soon be of common occurrence.

As a general review, the class has been doing collaboration and station work measuring to the thousandth of a unit. Throughout the year, while using, as a basis, the text-books of Silvanus Thompson, continual references have been made to the treatises of Maxwell, Gray, Flemming, Kempe, Jackson and others.

It is due to the Electrical Class that our exhibition hall is so tastefully lighted. All the plans and details were made by the students themselves. Specifications were drawn, the wiring calculated, the power required determined, and the switch board designed and built. Various plans and detail drawing were made for the proposed lighting of the church, and we look forward to see this magnificent temple ablaze with the pure radiance of the incandescent lamp. In conclusion, let us hope that the high standard, which the class has reached this year will, with proper encouragement and additional apparatus, be equalled, if not excelled, in the future.

ALFRED VIGNOS, '96.

THE BIOLOGICAL COURSE.

The course in Biology offered at the University is an immediate preparation for the study of medicine. The Freshman occupies himself with elementary work in Physiology, Chemistry and Zoölogy; and it is not until his second year that the Biological student begins the real work of his course; the work of his first two sessions being but the foundation for the structure which the succeeding three years are to raise. A careful and systematic study of the unit of life—the organic cell—is the most important work of the year, for a thorough knowledge of the primary cell is an absolute requisite in all biological work. The microscope is, of course, the chief weapon of attack upon this first mystery of life, and long hours, that seem all too short in the passing, are spent in the laboratories, experimenting with high powers and low powers, with dyes and different lights. To be successful, a biologist must be an enthusiast, and the minutes fly fast when a man's heart is in his work. The biological student does not attempt to separate the animal and vegetable kingdoms; to him they are only two phases of the same problem, a development in two directions from the same anomalous organisms that mark, but do not define, the dividing line. Botany is, after Biology, the most important class of the Sophomore year, and the

first session is given up to an exhaustive study of the lower forms of plant life, while the analysis of wild flowers, indispensable to a student of Pharmaceutical Botany and *Materia Medica*, takes its place in the last half of the year. Chemistry, too, takes up much of the Sophomore's time, and two sessions' work in the laboratories, organic and inorganic, gives him a reasoned insight into one of the most fascinating of sciences. Comparative and Human Anatomy take up much of the time in the third year, though Geology and Botany receive a fair share of the student's attention.

The work in the Senior year marks the transition from Biology to Medicine, and the student begins to realize that his graduating year is the hardest, if the most enjoyable, one of his college life. He had done exhaustive work in his Junior year, he thought, in Anatomy and Physiology, but the Senior studies in both open up fields of research that he little dreamed of before. The work of the Senior year is, practically, the development of the studies which he had already touched upon. He had made the acquaintance of Bacteria, for instance, in Botany; but now he begins to study their habits and effects and the most favorable conditions for their growth, and at every forward step he finds his work more absorbing. Histology and *Materia Medica* are not so interesting, perhaps, but they are essential and he takes them up. During his four years of study, laboratory work has been one of the features of his course, for Father Kirsch, the Dean of the Department, believes thoroughly in experimental work, and the microscopes and test tubes and retorts are never idle. The material equipment of the course is wonderfully complete. Notre Dame's physical cabinets, herbariums and museums of natural history are famous, and the biological student has them ever at his command. Certainly, if devotion on the part of his professors, and unlimited opportunities to do good work, can prepare a man for the study of medicine, Notre Dame's Bachelors of Biological Science are well fitted to take up their life-work, when their four years' course is at an end.

WILLIAM A. FAGAN, '97.

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THE LAW COURSE.

With the late interest in higher education has come the demand for a more thorough course of instruction in our professional schools. This is especially true in regard to the teaching of law. The time when a man could step into active

practice without a professional education has passed. The many complications arising out of the great increase of business in our country, and the consequent formation of huge trusts and corporations, make a clear and comprehensive knowledge of legal principles necessary to the successful lawyer. It is of the utmost importance, then, that his mind should be broadened and his reasoning strengthened by a sound logical training.

To this end the Faculty of Notre Dame requires that every young man desirous of entering upon the study of law should possess the qualifications necessary to admit him to the Freshman grade of a collegiate course. The department is under the personal supervision of Professor William Hoynes whose life has been devoted to legal studies, and the law, as taught by him, is a living science. The regular course comprises three years' work including regular courses in Logic, English History and Literature, each of which requires a year. By special arrangement, however, advanced students may complete the course in two years. To do this, it is necessary for them to be so proficient in their literary studies as to be able to devote their attention entirely to the law. They are required to take four or five lectures a day. A large library, in which may be found all the latest reports, is at the disposal of the students, and, as the text-books are used but little, practically no expense is incurred in buying books.

Professor Hoynes' system is that of carefully condensed lectures, containing the fundamental principles of the law as stated in the latest decisions. Upon these a daily quiz is given, which, with the study of leading cases, and the trial in Moot-Court of the most important ones, enables the mind to distinguish quickly every point in a case, and to comprehend fully its relation to the principle to which it applies. This is supplemented by the drawing up of all forms of legal papers and other incidental work, while special care is given to elocutionary training. Careful work is done, too, in the preparation of pleadings, the impanelling of juries, examination of witnesses, and in arguing motions for new trials. Attention is also given to the matter of appealing cases to the higher courts. By this means, the theoretical knowledge which the student receives is applied practically, thus assuring him success in any department of law. The postgraduate course consists of one year's work. It is devoted to lectures on the Roman or Civil Law, Comparative Jurisprudence, History and Philosophy of law, the study of cases, pleadings and miscellaneous work.

PETER WHITE, '95.

OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

It is true its site is rather lofty, since it occupies the fourth floor of the main building, but this is certainly no disadvantage, particularly as it is devoted to art, which should by all means be above the more common pursuits of life. As early as the earliest, the young artist seeks this aerial domain, and it is, no doubt, with reluctance that he leaves it, for its environments are such as to inspire the most indolent with a love of the beautiful, and who would wonder that this is so? The few hours that the student spends here each day are passed in company with many of the gods and goddesses of Greek and Roman mythology, and the busts of more than one of the great masters wait upon the shelves to serve as models for our rising artists. For weeks, however, their influence is all that they can give. For experience comes only with time, and Apollo and Atlas are unwilling "to pose" until the cube and pyramid have played their parts, and careful instruction has laid a sure foundation for more difficult work.

When the doors of art are first thrown open to the student he is prone to imagine that its ways are uninteresting and that the road to perfection is one of routine work, possessing but little artistic merit. When he looks on the more difficult models around him, he perhaps thinks it somewhat of a condescension to sketch mere outlines of geometrical solids. For a time he fails to see any beauty in an insignificant cast. But he is only a beginner, and it is this very fault that his instructor labors to eradicate. By degrees he begins to realize that art lies everywhere about him and that nature and beauty go hand in hand. He now sees in the most common things graces that were formerly hidden from his eye, and it dawns upon him that art has a greater and a wider meaning than is dreamed of by very many.

At the commencement of the course all the departments are virtually the same. A foundation is gained in free-hand work before the student takes up the particular branch which he intends to follow. When deemed competent he makes studies from casts, occasionally from copies, and the work which he at first thought difficult he now finds comparatively easy. In regard to the particular manner in which the work is carried on little need be said. The work of the class in this line is ample proof that the method is a good one, and it is only justice to say that much of the work exhibited displays more than ordinary talent and care. It is particularly noticeable, and we are pleased to note it, that the number proficient in pen-sketching is very large. That this is true

art no one will deny, and that it is exceedingly practical, no person of observation can fail to notice. Now, especially, the demand for such work is very large, and it is to this department that the SCHOLASTIC is indebted for many of its initials and headings. Public opinion has already passed its criticism upon this work.

It shall be the duty of some future writer to consider all the different branches of our art classes, and he will certainly find it an interesting task. Each possesses its respective merits and all possess their completeness. Good will and persistency is all that is asked of the student, for when we add to this the diligent efforts of our chief instructor, Mr. Ackermann, it is only natural to expect that there are great things in store for the Art Department at Notre Dame.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96.

 Local Items.

—LOST:—A Phi Kappa Psi fraternity pin. Finder please leave at Room 25, Sorin Hall.

—Last Tuesday and Wednesday the graduates were examined orally and all passed creditably.

—All recitations are over for the year and the undergraduates will finish their examinations Monday noon.

—The Military companies were photographed in front of Science hall last Thursday morning by Father Kirsch.

—The concert given by the Band in the Park last Sunday evening was very much enjoyed. It attracted a number of visitors from South Bend.

—Rev. President Morrissey spent the first part of the week in examining the classes in St. Edward's hall. He had but words of praise for the excellent work done by the Minims since his last visit.

—Last Thursday evening the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians met together in the Carroll reading-room for the last time this year. The evening was spent in dancing and other amusements, but what occupied the greatest attention was the banquet.

—Starting with this year's senior class, Mr. Corbett intends to make a collection of the pictures of all future graduating classes, for the reading-room of Sorin hall. His efforts to secure remembrances of the graduates for future classes should be commended, and no one should leave without giving him a photograph.

—The Philopatrians held their last meeting for this year on Wednesday evening. There was no regular programme, so the President called for volunteers. Several responded promptly and the

evening was passed very pleasantly. The society has enjoyed a very successful year. It leads in point of numbers, while the play given by the members last April is still spoken of as among the pleasant events of the year.

—The new curtain for the stage of Washington hall now replaces the one painted by the late Prof. Ackermann in '85. It is a real work of art. Surrounded by rich drapery whose beautiful colors blend so nicely is a representation of the ruined Athenian Acropolis. It is a faithful picture of the remains of that famous citadel. In the foreground can be seen the ruins of the Parthenon. The curtain is the work of Sosman and Landis, of Chicago, who have also furnished the stage with an elegant box scene.

—The members of the Civil Engineering class are preparing to make a grand display of their work in Mechanics Hall at Commencement. A number of excellent drawings and the plats of the University grounds made by the engineers are already on exhibition and are worth while seeing. The class, this year, has given special attention to their work and the results everyone can see in their department. Their quarters have been very neatly decorated, and no one should go away without giving them a call.

—The Columbians held their final meeting for this year last Sunday evening. Those who contributed to render the evening a pleasant one deserve the highest praise for their work. Every number on the programme was well prepared and was an intellectual treat. The society has adopted as its badge a neat gold pin containing the society's colors. The committee which presented the pin to the Director, Father Morrissey, returned with warm words of praise from him for the good work done by the Columbians this year.

—The "East Ends" of South Bend had visions of a large score in their favor before they began the game with St. Joseph's hall. But their dreams were rudely dispelled before the end of the first inning. The game was remarkable for heavy slugging on both sides, the men from St. Joseph's hall doing the best team work. Four pitchers occupied the box for the "East Ends," and their efforts were sad to see. McHugh, for the locals, pitched a fairly steady game. The following is the

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|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| SCORE BY INNINGS:— | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9— |
| ST. JOSEPH'S HALL:— | 7 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 5 | *—22 |
| EAST ENDS:— | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3—10 |

—The Minnesota baseball team failed to show up when expected last Wednesday afternoon. Late in the day our manager received a letter stating that they were sorry that they had to cancel all games. Their letter stated that the team was not well supported by the students, and owing to poor material it was useless for them to make a trip since they would not be able to play the ball that would be expected of them. Their manager was a little late in sending out his notices, as Champaign did not receive word till

the day after the game was to be played. We are afraid that next year, when Minnesota wants to arrange games, the colleges that have been left in the lurch this year will be slow in accepting her offers.

—The "Local" editor had occasion three weeks ago to bring to task the managers of certain manuscript papers which originated in Brownson hall. He condemned the spirit of these "sheets" and their free and unwarrantable use of the English language. He has been assured that the articles, which were found objectionable and which led to the suppression of the papers, were written without any malicious intention to wound the feelings of anyone. He is also assured now that *some* who were connected with the papers would have withdrawn their support as soon as they discovered the existence of a desire to create bad feeling. Since the papers make no pretense to be literary there is nothing more to be said about their English.

—The many friends of Bro. Boniface, Director of St. Joseph's hall, assembled last Tuesday evening to offer festal greetings. The following programme was carried out:

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Piano—Symphonie..... | Mr. Edward Gilbert |
| English Address | Mr. John Wakefer |
| Song..... | Mr. E. Frank Jones |
| Recitation—"Amen Corner"..... | Mr. John A. Devanney |
| Song—"The Shipwreck"..... | Mr. Felix Bounves |
| Paper—"St. Boniface"..... | Mr. Thomas B. Reilly |
| Violin Solo..... | Mr. George Sweet |
| German Address..... | Mr. F. Henry Wurzer |
| Mandolin Duet..... | Messrs. Jones and Sweet |
| Recitation—"The Dandy Fifth"..... | Mr. J. Francis Corr |
| Song—"Feast Greeting"..... | Quartette |
| Finale..... | Orchestra |
| Closing Remarks..... | Bro. Boniface, C. S. C. |

—The annual contests in Elocution were held last Monday morning and afternoon. That of Carroll hall was especially brilliant. The youthful declaimers were warmly complimented for their work by the judges and the audience. The Reverend J. P. Dore, of the Cathedral, Chicago, the Reverend D. McLaughlin, of Niles, Michigan, and Mr. Edward Poland, of the Lyman School of Elocution, Chicago, acted as judges. The following made up the programmes, on the occasion:

SORIN AND BROWNSON HALLS.

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|---------------------------|------------------------|
| "Oxen Martia"..... | <i>Roielaièn</i> |
| "The Uncle"..... | Mr. John A. Devanney |
| "Fontenoy"..... | Mr. Thomas J. Finnerty |
| "Napoleon Bonaparte"..... | Mr. A. G. Hermann |
| "Parrhasius"..... | Mr. Edward E. Brennan |
| "Wolsy"..... | Mr. Peter J. White |
| "The Corsican"..... | Mr. J. G. Mott |

CARROLL HALL.

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|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Overture—Don Juan..... | <i>N. A. Mozart</i> |
| "The Volunteer Organist"..... | G. A. Krug |
| "Parrhasius"..... | Leo R. Healy |
| "The Polish Boy"..... | Julius Goldstein |
| "Kate Shelley"..... | W. W. O'Brien |
| "The Picket Guard"..... | P. M. Kuntz |
| "Seminole's Defiance"..... | E. J. Sachsel |
| "Kate Shelley"..... | H. M. Jones |
| "Trying to Lck the Teacher"..... | P. E. Moran |
| "Marc Antony's Oration"..... | J. V. Ducey |
| "Somebody's Darling"..... | G. P. McCarrick |

The following programme will be observed during the Golden Jubilee celebration:

TUESDAY, JUNE 11.

- 10 A. M.—Pontifical High Mass of Thanksgiving by the
 “ Most Reverend William Henry Elder, D. D.,
 “ Archbishop of Cincinnati. Sermon by the Most
 “ Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul
 12:00 M. Dinner
 2:00 P. M.—Visit of Guests to the various Departments.
 3:00 P. M.—Commencement Exercises in St. Edward's Hall
 “ Field Sports on Brownson Hall Campus
 6:00 P. M. Supper
 6:20 P. M. Lawn Concert by the University Band
 7:30 P. M.—Exercises by the Alumni in Washington Hall

PROGRAMME.

- Grand Overture—“Zampa” *Harold*
 University Orchestra.
 Grand Chorus by the Alumni—“Notre Dame of the Past”
 (Music arranged from the Opera Semiramis by Rossini)
 Oration—Reminiscences of Notre Dame,—
 Reverend E. B. Kilroy, D. D., Class of '45.
 Mandolin Sextette with guitar and autoharp accomp't.
 “The Chimes of Notre Dame” *Preston*
 Oration—Notre Dame and Religious Education, by the
 Very Reverend E. J. McLaughlin, Class of '75.
 Vocal Quartette—“Welcome” *Morhing*
 Messrs. Jones, Schillo, Du Brull, Schaack.
 Poem Hon. T. E. Howard, LL. D., Class of '68
 Oration—*Alma Mater*—Mr. Wm P. Breen, Class of '77
 Closing Remarks by His Excellency Claud Matthews
 Governor of the State of Indiana.
 Finale—“America.” *Thomas*
 University Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

- 8:00 A. M.—Pontifical Requiem Mass for the Deceased
 “ Alumni and Benefactors of the University
 “ by the Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher,
 “ D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Sermon by the
 “ Reverend Nathan J. Mooney, Class of '77, Chicago
 10:30 A. M. Regattas on St. Joseph's Lake
 12:00 M. Dinner
 2:00 P. M.—Athletic Contest on Brownson Hall Campus
 6:00 P. M. Supper
 6:20 P. M. Lawn Concert by the University Band
 7:30 P. M.—Exercises by the Graduating Class in
 Washington Hall.
 Grand Overture—“Fidelio” *Beethoven*
 University Orchestra.
 Grand Jubilee Ode Chorus—“Notre Dame of the Present.”
 Words by Maurice Francis Egan, music arranged from
 Stearn's “Awake.”
 Oration—Eloquence and Liberty—“Esto Vir.”
 Mr. Daniel P. Murphy.
 Flute Solo—“Caphaela,” opus. 148 *A. Terschaak*
 Mr. Oscar F. Schmidt. Accompanist, Mr. Lewis E. Brinker
 Oration—The Letter and the Spirit—“Excelsius.”
 Mr. Eustace Cullinan.
 Grand Concert Selection—“Our Jubilee” *Preston*
 Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra.
 Oration—Character and Country—“Pro Aris et Focis”
 Mr. Thomas D. Mott, Jr.
 Vocal Quartette, “Sweetest Time for Dreaming.” *Hodgman*
 Messrs. Jones, Du Brul, Schillo, Schaack.
 ORATION OF THE DAY.
 The Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.,
 Bishop of Peoria.
 Finale—“Hail Columbia,” *Thomas-Tobani*

THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

- 8:30 A. M. Closing Exercises in Washington Hall
 Vocal Quartette “Home, Sweet Home”
 Messrs. Jones, Schillo, Du Brul, Schaack.
 Class Poem Mr. Daniel V. Casey
 Valedictory Mr. Samuel A. Walker
 Awarding of Honors, Conferring of Degrees, etc
 Finale—“Notre Dame Quickstep.” *Preston*
 University Band.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devaney, Eyanson, Funke, Gibson, Gallagher, Hennessey, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, Mitchell, J. Mott, T. Mott, J. McKee, J. E. McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Ainsworth, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Browne, W. Byrne, Corry, Coleman, Chassaing, Carney, T. Cavanagh, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Daley, Dillon, Eymmer, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gilpin, Gibson, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Howell, Hinde, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lassig, Landsdowne, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Masters, Montague, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, B. L. Monahan, A. McCord, McGreevey, Ney, O'Mally, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, R. Ryan, E. Roper, M. Ryan, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smoger, Schultz, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Schmidt, Turner, G. Wilson, H. Wilson,* P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, Wiss.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cornell, Clune, Corry, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Danemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Jones, Keeffe, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Lansdowne, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Miers, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, Nevius, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Schaack, Scott, F. Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Lawton, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, P. Boyton, C. Boyton, Breslin, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Davis, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lovell, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Paul, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Robb, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite Welch, Weidmann, Weidmann, H. Pollitz, Clark.

* Omitted by mistake last week.