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Notre Dame.

BY MARION MUIR.

SHE of the lake, who cradled Lancelot's youth
Among the wild glooms of the Northern sea,
Where flying films of fantasy and truth
Were woven in the text of poesy,

A veiled enchantress, versed in mystic spells,
Sang to her charge upon the lonely moor,
Of Nature's faith a mighty rune which tells
More of the stern and strong than of the pure.

Thereafter, vanquished by that strength's excess,
Strained by the strife within he could not tame,
Doomed in love's name to life-long lovelessness,
He sank, at last, a great soul quenched in shame.

But thou, white Queen, Our Lady of the Snows,
Mother of hope, of wisdom and fair love,
Lift higher yet thy foster-sons than those
That lived in legend like the gods above.

Before thy shrine Pelayo's banner hung
Beneath the midnight of Asturian shades,
There dying Roland's broken sword was flung,
There thundered Bernard of the first Crusades.

There Valor's past in sunken glory lies,
But here, behold! with regal gifts oppressed,
A new world's peopled capitals arise,
Rich in the matchless manhood of the West.

The mountain valleys, dark below their pines,
The bare, wide plain whereon the sun is free,
The groves of palm, the fields of fruited vines,
The soft Pacific shores shall learn of thee,

And bid thee nurse, secure from deadly blight,
The golden chivalry, the arts sublime,
The stainless growth of generous minds whose light,
Like God's own word, shall save an evil time.

In gardens at thy feet the lily weaves
Her vestal fragrance with thy children's dreams,
And the sweet breeze that stirs the forest leaves
Bears silver chimes across a land of streams—

A land of power, where the throbbing waves
Of inland seas are laden with the spoil
Of broad Columbia's cities, treasure-caves,
And thousand harvests of her bounteous soil;

A land of promise, whose triumphant towers
Sprang from the ash of scarce-extinguished fires,
Where the waste marsh was made to bloom with flowers
And all whose being thrills with vast desires.

Farewell, to starry dome and frescoed hall,
Calm lake and winding walks, fair Notre Dame,
And long future may years of peace let fall
Their blessings on thy honored Founder's name!

The Idea of Fate in Macbeth.

ARTHUR W. STACE, LITT. B.



THE spectacle of a man working out his predicted destiny has always impressed me as one of the most striking features in the "Tragedy of Macbeth." Macbeth has been described as "a man weak in virtue, but strong in evil, struggling with an overpowering ambition." This Shakspeare has artistically brought out, but with equal skill he has also presented the Christian idea of fatality or Providence. He has linked Macbeth to fate, and has then shown how Macbeth, and not fate, becomes responsible for the resultant crimes.

The idea of fate is one of the main pillars on which the play is built up, but at times it is almost completely concealed by overshadowing action. If, however, we look beneath this action, we can clearly trace the thread of fate throughout the play. At a first reading of the tragedy every act of Macbeth appears to be in accordance with a predetermined decree of fate;

his success and downfall seem to be ruled by an irresistible, though unseen, power. But a more attentive study convinces the reader that Shakspeare intended that fate should but seemingly be the cause of Macbeth's crimes and misfortunes. The true cause was Macbeth's own guilty passions.

From the earliest days of literature, fate has been the theme of writers of every race and language. But this does not appear at all remarkable when we consider that literature is but the reflection of human life. The idea of fate has always held an important place in the minds of men, and it would be indeed strange if authors had not deemed it a worthy subject for their skill and genius. There is, however, a notable difference between the pagan and Christian manner of treating the same subject. The pagans believed that at a man's birth the Fates decreed how he should live. If he were naturely virtuous, and they wished him to be a criminal, a criminal he must be, however much his true nature might protest against it. His will was bound down to the will of the gods, who were themselves subservient to the Fates. The freedom of the will was a delusion. Man was a toy or puppet of the gods. They played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, and when they grew tired of their cruel sport they led him on to his destruction and laughed at his downfall.

The Christian idea of fate, or Providence, is quite different. The Christian believes that man's will is free, that each man is the architect of his own fortunes. God, who is all-knowing, knows to what end each man shall come; but he created man a free, responsible being, with the power of choosing between right and wrong. If man choose to do evil, God cannot prevent him, and man alone is responsible for his guilt. He has not the excuse of the pagan—that he cannot help doing wrong, for he knows well that God has made him a morally responsible agent, and to himself alone is punishment due if he abuse the graces given him.

Sophocles, in his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, has graphically exemplified the pagan idea of fate; while in *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has presented the Christian view of the subject. *Œdipus* is a man, wise and virtuous, led on by an irresistible force to commit terrible, but involuntary, crimes. He does all in his power to live an honest and upright life; but the gods are against him, and what is the strength of man in comparison with that of the gods! *Œdipus* even flies from home, country, and all things

dear to him to escape the crimes he knows himself destined to commit; but Sophocles, with the bitter irony of a pagan, makes the poor victim of the gods fly from an imaginary danger into a real one. In seeking to avoid the wicked destiny of fate, *Œdipus* does the very thing he tries to escape.

Entirely different is Shakspeare's treatment of the same subject. *Macbeth* is a villain by nature. He displays for a time a semblance of virtue because nothing has arisen to cause him to show himself in his true colors. But when temptation comes, when ambition conquers fear, gratitude and a feeble conscience, then he throws aside the cloak of hypocrisy, and we see his real character, cruel, cowardly, and blood-thirsty. He is not a good man made a criminal by the cruelty of the gods. He has every incentive to live a virtuous life. He is high in power, successful in war, and loved by a kind and generous king, to whom he owes loyalty and gratitude. Yet he sacrifices all that is good in life to satisfy a criminal ambition. A casual reading of *Macbeth* would either not bring out this idea of fate at all, or it would tend to make the reader take the pagan view of it. But a more careful consideration of the play will show that Shakspeare made this idea a fundamental element in the tragedy, and that he treated it as a Christian.

The exposition of the play begins when *Macbeth* and *Banquo* meet the Weird Sisters. These sisters hail *Macbeth* as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and him "that shall be king hereafter." *Banquo* they greet as the father of a line of kings. Thane of Glamis, *Macbeth* already is. Unknown to himself a royal decree has made him Thane of Cawdor. The salutations of the witches rouse his latent ambition, and when the announcement of his new honor confirms the veracity of the three sisters, it fires his heart with dangerous desires. He begins to speculate on the future. Twice have the witches spoken the truth; why should they deceive him in the third instance? But *Duncan* still lives and reigns; he, apparently, has many years yet before him. How can *Macbeth* surmount this obstacle? Temptation whispers into his ear and suggests a way to the throne. The thought frightens *Macbeth*. He tries not to listen; but fondly and willingly he again lends his ear to the seductive persuasions of the tempter. Then is the murder committed in his heart. At once he becomes fearful. His undecided nature is unwilling to bear the responsibility of the deed. To ease his con-

science, already heavy with Duncan's murder, he resolves to leave it all to fate:

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."

But the "imperial theme" has taken a firm hold on his mind, and he cannot shake it off thus easily. Then, in the midst of his thoughts on royalty, he is startled by the king's announcement that the monarch has made Malcolm, his son, the Prince of Cumberland. This was virtually making Malcolm the heir to the Scottish throne. At this, opposition is incited in the heart of Macbeth, and he is stirred to renewed activity:

"The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not your light see my black and deep desires."

But still he cannot fully make up his mind how to act. He needs advice and encouragement; so, in his indecision, he communicates the revelations of the witches to his wife, and bids her prepare to enjoy her future greatness. He relies on her quick judgment and strong will to relieve him of all responsibility in finding a means to gain the throne; and, as is afterwards shown, he does not trust her in vain. Lady Macbeth is a woman of action. She no sooner reads her husband's letter than her mind is made up to insure the accomplishment of the third prophecy. She sees but one way to the throne: Duncan must die. Unlike Macbeth she has no scruples of conscience. The very thought of murder does not make her grow pale. Her only fear is that Macbeth lacks the courage to take extreme measures. Quickly she decides that Duncan must die, and just as quick is her determination as to the time of his death. He is to stop that night at Macbeth's castle; that night must be his last.

On his arrival home, Macbeth lends a ready ear to the wicked persuasions of his wife. He is entirely willing to leave to her the formation of the plan to kill the king; but this does not relieve him of the major part of the guilt in the after crime. The murder was committed in his heart before he ever communicated the news to his wife. He said with his lips that he would trust to chance to crown him; yet, in his heart, he had determined that he would assist chance, and thus make sure of his future throne. He wrote to his wife that she might aid and counsel him. She only strengthened a resolve he had made before. He himself, urged on by his wife, kills Duncan, his bene-

factor and king. Then, to cover up his traitorous deed, he also slays the king's two chamberlains, and tries to fasten the guilt upon them. Malcolm, Duncan's son, fearing for his own life, flees into England, and leaves the throne to Macbeth, who is next to him in line of succession.

It is in thus assisting fate that Macbeth brings guilt upon his own head. He might have waited until some unforeseen event would have opened the way to the throne, and then, free of guilt and easy in conscience, he would have become king. But Macbeth is too impatient to wait for the unforeseen event. His ambition is too strong to let him remain idle, and at last it forces him to murder his king. Fate decided the end, but it was Macbeth's sinful heart that chose the means and committed the murder. It is here that Shakspeare brings out the difference between the pagan and Christian manner of treating fate. Sophocles would have made fate decree the means as well as the end. Shakspeare allows an unseen power to foretell the end to which a man is to come, but he shows that to the man himself is left the choice of the means to be used to attain that end. If the means are good, the man is rewarded; but if the means are bad, punishment must follow.

After he has become king, Macbeth is not easy on his throne. His ambition has been gratified, but he remembers that Banquo is to be the father of a line of kings. Thus far Macbeth has assisted fate because it has favored his own desires; now it has turned, or is about to turn, against him, and he rebels against it, using, however, the same wicked means with which he formerly assisted it. He murders Banquo and tries to murder Banquo's son, Fleance, who, nevertheless, escapes him. Then comes the climax of the play in the banquet scene. Macbeth has come to the summit of his power, and thereafter his decline unto his downfall is swift and sure. He is troubled by the escape of Fleance and knows not what to do.

In his perplexity and indecision he again consults the witches. They, at his request,

"Raise such artificial spirits
As by strength of their illusion
.... Draw him on to his confusion."

The spirits warn him to beware of Macduff, the Thane of Fife, and then reassure him with these cheering predictions:

"Laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

At hearing this Macbeth again takes heart. What man was never born of woman? No man can ever harm him; yet he is suspicious of fate. Treacherous himself, he distrusts the promises of others. He believes in fate, but his faith is not strong enough to let him put implicit trust in it. He doubted that it could make him king, so he assisted it. He doubts the sincerity of its more recent promises, so he endeavors to insure himself against its suspected treachery. Again he uses the same fearful means to which he has hitherto had recourse, and plots a murder:

"Then live Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of *fate*: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder."

Macduff, however, has long feared Macbeth; so, after Banquo's death, he hastens to England, where he incites Malcolm to war against the tyrant. Macbeth, baffled in his intended crime, revenges himself by killing Macduff's wife and child. Thereafter he conducts himself in the manner customary to villains and cowards when in power. He becomes a cruel and oppressive tyrant. All his subjects, even his courtiers, hate and fear him. He puts trust in neither men nor demons. His heart has been too hardened by sin to allow the light of grace to enter. He fears impending danger, and strives to fortify himself against it by purely material means. He shuts himself up in Dunsinane, his strongest castle, and there gloomily awaits whatever chance may bring.

In this case chance brings Malcolm and Macduff against him with English forces. Malcolm, to disguise the strength of his army, orders each of his soldiers to cut a bough from Birnam wood, and bear it before him towards Dunsinane. Within the castle Macbeth quietly awaits the attack. His fortress is impregnable, its strength "will laugh a siege to scorn." But his security is short lived. A frightened messenger rushes in to tell him that Birnam wood is moving. Struck almost dumb by the news, Macbeth's first impulse is to abuse the messenger. He has doubted fate, yet he can not believe that it has proven treacherous, and with a trait common to man he tries not to believe that his trust has been betrayed. He endeavors to persuade himself that the messenger is lying to him, and threatens the unfortunate man with death if his report is not true.

But the messenger has told the truth, and Macbeth begins

"To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth."

With a courage born of desperation he sallies forth to meet the enemy. He is without a friend on earth, for the only friend he had, his wife, dies while the attack is being made. He has nothing to live for, but is not ready to die, so he fights like an animal at bay. He cannot escape. His retainers desert him, and he cannot hope to win the day. Yet like a drowning man clinging to a plank, he clings to the last hope, the promise of the spirits, "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth." But his hope is vain. In the midst of the battle he encounters Macduff, who forces him to fight for his life. They contend fiercely with no advantage to either side until Macbeth cries out:

"Thou lovest labor. . . .
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of woman born."

Macduff answers:

"Despair thy charm
And let the angel which thou still hast served
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd."

Macbeth's last hope is gone. His trust in the powers of darkness has been betrayed, still he tries his "last," his "warlike shield." But Macduff is fighting for vengeance as well as life, and Macbeth's "warlike shield" is as vulnerable as paper beneath his vengeful strokes. They leave the scene fighting, and in a few moments Macduff returns with Macbeth's head.

Thus runs the tale of Macbeth as told by Shakspeare. Fate seemingly leads Macbeth on to his ruin, but in reality it is his own sinful nature that draws upon him his merited end and punishment. The great majority of men look but upon the surface of life, and to them fate appears as an irresistible force that leads all men to misery or happiness. But Shakspeare, the student of humanity, looked deeper into human actions. He saw that man, however much fate seems to rule his life, is himself the author of his own destiny; the immortal playwright wished to show the difference between the apparent and the real, and Macbeth was the result.

As long as men are men they will judge by outward appearances, and just so long will the false idea of fate be strong among them. But the exceptions to the general rule—enlightened men who study out causes and effects—will read and quote Macbeth as an illustration of the Christian idea of fate or Providence. They will use the tragedy as a proof of the responsibility of man, and as an argument against the pagan idea of this element in human life.

The Twilight and the Dawn.

LOUIS C. WURZER, LL. B.

Another century sent forth.—SHAKSPERE.



WHEN the twilight in one glow of associated beauty reflects upon the evening sky the whole splendor of the day, and all nature is one sweet harmony, there is a single creature that dares disturb the rapture of the hour. When the sweet wild singers of the forest have sought their places of rest; when the shrill fierce cry of the cliff-eagle strikes the note that proclaims the triumphal march of night, and the nightingale trills sweet melodies of gladness from his throat; when half the world sings, and half the world dreams, some idle dog, so says proverbial wisdom, is stretched upon his kennel floor, his bold face lifted toward the deepening heaven, making discord and howling scandal to the rising moon.

Thus it is in the twilight of our century. While the poet sings the greatness of the age, and all good men contemplate the past to link its sweet memories with bright hopes for the future, a set of gloomy pessimists sound a whining, minor key, and fling taunts upon the very age which crowned their fathers with glory, and which now sheds the last faint gleams of its departing loveliness upon them. They tell us that we are in an age of moral degeneration; they say we are worshippers of mammon; that we are intemperate, ungodly, materialistic; that our politics are corrupt, and that our whole social fabric is shaking to its foundations. These prophets of evil have no place in the procession of advancing mankind. We grant that the world is imperfect and that our own age is no exception. It is true that hosts of our rich are basking in luxury and vice; that they are enervating their faculties and deadening their sensibilities both intellectual and moral. It is also true that thousands of our poor live in such filth that decency blushes, and even the street-dog slinks from their foulness and shame. Yet this does not comprehend all nor the majority. It is an evil that has existed from the beginning of society. It is the one ulcer of every age.

What I want to affirm here this morning is not that we are free from all evils, not that we

glory in being all good, but that there is a tendency in man toward the better, and that this tendency has become more universal, and is more marked in the nineteenth century than it was in any other. Wherever we look we find that the ideal brotherhood of man is being slowly, but steadily and certainly, realized. The globe has been dotted with hospitals and asylums and homes for the poor. The slave has been freed. Free schools have been built; religion has spread; every town has its church and every church its missionary. The severest hardships have been suffered for the cause of Christianity. The blood of the martyr stains every heathen soil. The cross-tipped chapels in China and Japan, the hosts of converts in every pagan land, bear witness to the zeal of Christian missionaries and the faith of Christian men. Is not the progress of humanity a most cheering characteristic of our age? God must be the heart of our century.

Not less than the spirit of benevolence is the spirit of liberty permeating the air. Born upon American soil, it has swept across the seas, and infused itself into the life-blood of every progressive nation. Brazil has sent her king abroad; France, Mexico, Bolivia are republics; Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, is shaking off the yoke of monarchical oppression—Heaven knows that she will succeed;—and the day is not distant when Ireland, the oppressed of ages, will have her flag and her parliament, as she has always had her God and her faith. Yet the supreme fact in the politics of the nineteenth century is the growth and development of America. When France saw the zenith of her glory; when Napoleon was at his prime; when Tallyrand lived, and the eloquence of Sheridan still thundered in the parliament; when Fulton launched the first steamship on the Hudson; when gas was first used, and the telegraph invented, the young republic had just emerged from her trial, and was still struggling to maintain an independence won upon the most glorious battlefields in history. Once free she welcomed the down-trodden of every land. She invited commerce, science, learning, and encouraged them all. She gave liberty to thought and freedom to worship. This was a century ago. Today she is the flower of the universe, the noblest, wisest, simplest, and yet the grandest among nations. Soldiers she needs not. Her factories are her citadels, and her workmen are her armies. Her people are the happiest and most prosperous upon earth. Into them has been instilled

the vigor of the German, the vivacity of the French, the dignity of the Spaniard, the thrift of the Scot, the loyalty of the Irish, and the extremes of each have been so blended into one that the American character of the nineteenth century is the admiration of the world.

Were I to tell the story of our age I should end with the story of America. In her lap the past has died, and from her womb the future will be born. To us, then, my young fellow Americans, I must speak of the dawn, for in us are the hopes of generations dead and unborn. Ours is the most extraordinary responsibility, for we have received the noblest heritage of the past. Our fathers have guided the ship of state over the billows of a thousand years. They have seen her rocked and cloven and threatened with ruin; but, through storms and thick weather, they have brought her to us, a stately barge, laden with all the fruits of liberty and carrying in her hold a happiness that will last while her crew lasts. It will be for us to lead her over the seas of time and land her safely in the harbor of the twentieth century. Oh! let us prepare ourselves for the task; let us wash our hands of frivolity and indifference. Let us inscribe upon our banners the principles of Washington and Lincoln, and gird ourselves to fight the host of evils that deepen our twilight and linger as dark shadows over the dawn of the advancing age. We have a twofold duty. We must preserve the republic and uplift humanity, for America of the twentieth century will be the teacher of nations; the torch of Columbia will shine as the beacon-light of the world. Europe is submerged in despair. We find the keynote of her spirit in the ethics of Tolstoi, in the dramas of Ibsen, and, should I say, in the abominable novels of Zola. The world will look to America for relief, and who shall say that she shall not give it, as she has given it a hundred times before? The infant nation must teach its elders a moral lesson; it must lift its parents from the slough of despond, and wrest them from the hand of pessimism that now holds them fast.

We, my young fellow-Americans, are to be the representatives of our republic in the future. As true cosmopolitan citizens we must answer the call to lead the moral progress of the next century. Our duty it is to make the next age as great in intellectual and moral loveliness as the last has been in the progress of things material. The problem which we must solve is the establishment of each portion of society

in its right relation to the whole. We must crush the interests of class, and bring harmony into social and political life. We must abate the morbid unrest of the workman; we must check the capitalist in the abuse of riches; we must banish strikes, monopolies, auction of offices, and barter in politics; and should the next age have social evils, as all ages have, these must not be counted among them. I do not mean that we must accomplish all this in our own lives. The life of man is a mere dewdrop in the great ocean of time. Another century will find us all dust, and our children's children will complete what we have left undone. What we must do is to give them the impulse of virtue and activity, and impress them with the duty of their age by sealing our virtue with sacrifice, and our patriotism, if need be, with blood. Above all we must have ideals; we must hang our hopes on a star. The more complete our conception of God, the higher, nobler and greater will be our attainments. We must make even more universal a broad and deep conception of Christianity than was in the past. Without its idealism we can never solve the social problem. Lazarus and Dives will always live, as they have always lived. Only a religion that spiritualizes their ideals and lifts their imaginations to a future union in heaven, can make them link their arms in peaceful union upon earth. No age can prosper, no people can be happy, no nation can live without virtue, without its God and without ideals of life.

My fellow Americans, let us take then this principle with us into the twentieth century. Let us build upon it. Let us erect another tower of Babel, but let that tower be one of moral truths, of Christian ideals. Let it rest upon true manhood and true womanhood, and I promise that when the orator shall stand upon this platform at a distant day to hail a new dawn, and bid farewell to another twilight, he will say: "God has given it to us to be great, but our fathers who saw the last sun sink were greater, for they made us great."

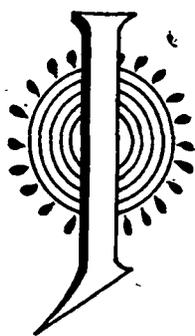
After Drear Days.

We yearn, through Nature's cheerless days,
For each succeeding sun-lit morrow
That brings back joy; let hope, then, raise
Our hearts triumphant over sorrow.

M. A. Q.

Statesmanship and Statecraft.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.



IN all matters pertaining to the science of government it is of paramount importance, both to the rulers and the ruled, that the sources from which spring the nation's laws should embody and subserve the ends of right and justice. If these fundamental principles are wanting, the relations of the citizens to the government and each other will not be based on those precepts which should direct our daily actions—the laws of righteous and moral conduct.

The consideration accorded to the ethical basis of government is the true criterion by which the wisdom of any question of state policy must finally be tested. Consequently, the ideal government is not the one which forwards only the interests of its own citizens in total disregard of the unimpeachable claims of all foreign nations, any more than is that government perfect which neglects its primary function—the happiness of its people.

The ideal statesman must endeavor to create the ideal government; therefore, the man who aims to establish for his country a lasting and glorious national existence, must shape his conduct according to God's eternal law. Such a man will allow no casual advantage to his own people to create a policy in direct disregard to the rights of others, nor will he permit desire of place and favor to blind him to the excesses of his ruler.

The office of the statesman cannot destroy his personal responsibility. Rather does it increase the obligation he is under of performing every action with the greatest circumspection, of putting a guard upon his lips and a hedge of thorns about his ears. The error of considering positions of state as abrogating responsibility is, however, taken as a guiding principle by too many of our practitioners of statecraft; still more if they uphold the doctrine of Machiavelli, that "all things are permissible to one who is aiming at absolute power." Grant this iniquitous proposition, and there is no excess of bad government which we cannot justify, no tyranny that we can so call, no despots or usurpers whose conduct is not most righteous. To this doctrine of statecraft are directly traceable the miserable fawning of

court favorites and their yet more miserable intrigues—abuses which have existed in almost every government in every stage of history.

Not alone in effete monarchical systems are such excesses possible. The Machiavellian type of politician exists and flourishes under every form of government. He infests the councils of the king and the parliaments of the people, crouching before each in turn, only to betray the trust that may be given him. Whether he is known as courtier or politician, his methods are the same, the same fawning, crawling and grovelling, in the end the same deadly blow.

Such diplomats and politicians have been the cause of all the evils which infest Europe today. They have given strength to the belief that a government is necessarily unjust, either to its own people or to its neighbors; they are responsible for all the socialistic movements of our own time; they are the fosterers of all that is vile and mean in state government, the destroyers of all that is good and sacred. To their charge may be laid the enormous cost of Europe's standing armies, and those poor wages which have created pauper labor.

The disastrous effects of such practices as the politicians of the present hour recommend, are also shown most plainly in our own land. We who have seen the noble spectacle of patriots and true statesmen declining the noblest office in their country's gift, or accepting only when duty seemed to force the office on them; we who have seen the records of a Washington and a Jefferson, of a Lincoln and a Calhoun,—we are now shamed by the sight of men corrupting the country's delegates to force themselves into their unwilling party's favor. How hath the mighty fallen!—the seat of the legislator can now be bought as men buy sheep or calves.

Mournful as is the picture when we look over the governments of the world and see corruption gnawing at the vitals of all, there are yet some bright spots in the gloom. The race of great statesmen has not died with the good old times; there are yet men left to whom their conscience speaks convincingly, men to whom the watchwords are not power and spoils, but honor and my country! In England Mr. Gladstone, by his heroic attempt to give the Irish people their richly-deserved national autonomy, has challenged the admiration of the world and won for himself the title of the Grand Old Man. Mr. Cleveland, in our own land, has given us another example of true constancy to political beliefs. Unmoved from his cause by the

bitterest attacks of his own traitorous partisans, he has now the praise of millions, the respect of all.

In the turmoil of politics, however, it is often difficult to distinguish between the gold and the tinsel, the statesman and the politician. Not in every change of public sentiment, resulting in a consequent change of government, can we decide the wisdom or folly of the policy of those defeated. The people are swayed by impulses, while true policies rest on eternal, unchanging laws. Time, perchance, may bring to light the wisdom of a cause too hastily condemned; but if we search through history, and place side by side the achievements of statesman and politician, we shall, by the contrast, gain an insight into the character of both. In England, for example, we have the spectacle of a country built up by wise policies, losing her fairest possession, our own America, because the tyranny of evil counsellors so weighted the yoke that it was no longer to be endured.

In Italy, that home of intrigue, the condition is yet more deplorable. Cavour and his satellites, by their conscienceless strokes of statecraft, have produced an united Italy, ready to fall at the slightest blow—an Italy thrice overtaxed to support a tottering throne. But let us take a parallel from our own day; let us look on those two men who so long held the eye of Europe—the Iron Chancellor and the Roman Pontiff, Prince Otto Bismarck and Leo XIII. Whenever there was need of a voice for peace, Leo stood forth; whenever there was a chance for war, Bismarck sprang to the front. The Pope is, and ever was, mild, honorable and just, giving his voice and influence to the right; Bismarck stopped at no intrigue; no course to him was dishonorable; the end justified every means. Leo now lives respected by all the world; Bismarck lives neglected by the grandson of the man for whom he made an imperial throne.

Thus we see throughout the course of history ethical statesmanship ultimately triumphant, while corrupt statecraft is overthrown. The crisis in our own affairs at the present time conveys an important lesson to every loyal citizen. The shameful inactivity of our two last congresses, in times when legislation was of paramount importance, emphasizes the necessity of cultivating a broader conception of the meaning of free government. If we are to have on this western continent a true republic, we must insist that our representatives and officers shall possess the intellectual and

moral qualifications which fit them to discharge the awful responsibility which our destinies as a nation entail.

Our greatest and first statesman-president has thus defined our duty as a nation: "We are to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by justice and benevolence." If we are to perform this glorious task, it is essential that the heads of our governmental departments, and all our officials of high or low degree, should be impressed with an enlightened conception of the moral law as related to the acts of the people's servants. When we justify, in the choice we make of our representatives, our belief in the eternal principles of right and justice as the best judges of free and enlightened government; when we demand incorruptible virtue from those to whom we entrust the people's destinies; when we show the same consideration for the rights of others as we demand that they should show for ours; when we, in short, regulate our political as well as our social life by the principles of Him "who loves justice and hates iniquity," then shall we hope to see this western republic increase forever in splendor—the glory of the patriot at home, the envy of nations abroad, the glorious beacon that lights the darkened world.

The Wheel at our House.

Seems though the folks at our house
Have gone completely mad,
Every dorgoned one, 'cept the baby an' me,
Hes got the 'cycle fad.

Ever since I was fool enough
To git thet Jim a "bike,"
Each foolish one, 'cept the baby an' me,
Must have one just alike.

Fust arter Jim, came Larry;
She got er "hoss of steel,"
An' quarrelled 'ith all, 'cept the baby an' me,
That didn't ride a wheel.

Then after Larry got her wheel,
Jane thought she'd get one too,
An' ast each one, 'cept the baby an' me,
What kind er wheel ud do.

Then Maria (she's my wife),
She rides, 'ith bloomers, too,
An' tells each one, 'cept the baby an' me,
That she's er woman new.

Baby an' me don't ride et all,
As *yii*, but I'll tell *you*—
Which no one knows, 'cept the baby an' me—
We're gettin' a wheel fer two.

HENRY C. STEARNS, '99.

The Star and the Red Cravat.

A STUDY IN HEROICS.

"WHAT train is that?" cried Johnny Green
 One dark and stormy night,
 As down the railway track he gazed
 Upon a distant light.

Now Johnny knew the night express
 Was very nearly due,
 And he resolved to save both trains
 If it cost a leg or two.

Ere long the mighty iron horse
 Came thundering toward young Green;
 But Johnny waved his red cravat
 Which luckily was seen.

The train was stopped by the engineer;
 The passengers all said
 That they were saved from instant death
 By Johnny's tie of red.

Then as they gazed upon the light
 That glimmered down the track
 A man set out to flag the train,
 But he soon came running back.

"That aint no train in front of us,
 You stupid little ass,
 You've had us waiting all this time
 For the planet Mars to pass."

Poor Johnny now sees his mistake
 In stopping that express.
 He got six months in the county jail
 For his near-sightedness.

F. O'M.

Books and Magazines.

—In the July number of *The Bachelor of Arts*, Curtis May sings a refreshing little song called "The Doorway of the Rose." These lines, descriptive of the humming of the bee, strikes us as being exceptionally good:

"That murmurous drone,
 That note next higher than silence blown
 Along the tubes where the honey flows."

In the same issue L. J. Vance writes an article which contains some interesting facts about "College Men in Journalism." The life of a journalist is not all blue sky and perennial happiness, and, "knowing this," says Mr. Vance, "the older men in the newspaper ranks hesitate long before they will give much encouragement to the young graduate who wishes to enter the field. They can tell him of the severe strain, both mental and physical, that he must undergo; of the irregular life and habits that demoralize, and of the many temptations that

assail the beginner in journalism more than in any other kind of work. There are numbers of college men who are now by the wayside. They entered their newspaper careers full of spirit and ambition; but they allowed themselves to be led away into bad habits and a Bohemian manner of living." Notwithstanding these perils and disappointments, college men have entered the journalistic field in great numbers; and it is but just to them to say that, on the whole, their influence has been for good. *The Bachelor* is interested in a movement which has for its object the establishment of an American Henley. It requests letters from college men—alumni and undergraduates—as to the feasibility of the enterprise.

—*Harper's* for July is rich in the variety as well as the excellence of its contents. There is a paper on "General Washington" and one on "Ohio"; three or four capital short stories; a study in social science, and poetry more or less to the taste. "A Rebellious Heroine," by John Kendrick Bangs, is brought to a very peculiar close in the same number. Mr. Bangs will have his joke: we wonder whether this one is on the Idealists or the Realists—it seems to hit both ways? Laurence Hutton plays the guide this month, and points out, with many delightful touches of humor, the "Literary Landmarks of Venice." He tells us what the guide-books omit. He passes by the houses where "Falieri plotted and where Foscari fell, where Desdemona suffered and where Shylock traded"; and dwells chiefly on those points of interest which appeal most strongly to English-speaking people. Dudley Warner talks discriminately of *Men, Women and Watches* in the Editor's Study, while a "Lecture Recital," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, furnishes satisfactory amusement for the Editor's Drawer. As usual the illustrations are plentiful and for the most part artistic.

—We have received from Benziger Brothers, New York, "The Boys' and Girls' Mission Book," "The Sodalist's Vade Mecum," and a "Guide for Confession and Communion." As the titles signify these three books are manuals of prayer. They are well compiled and tasty in appearance. Moreover, they are cheap enough to be within the reach of all. No better volume could be put into the hands of a Child of Mary than the "Guide for Confession and Communion." It is from the French of St. Francis de Sales, which fact alone—granting, of course, as we may in this case, the thoroughness of translation—is certainly high recommendation.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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AMONG the appreciative notices which we received last year, the following, from over the sea, is so cordial that we reprint it here. It is clipped from the *Nationalist* (Cork, Ireland):

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, a charming, interesting and most instructive weekly magazine, issued from the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, is one of the most unique and most valuable publications of its class at either side of the Atlantic. Every issue speaks volumes for the high culture and splendid bearing of the students and their gifted professors, and for the magnificent progress of Catholic collegiate education in the New World. What a blessing if such records were available for posterity in the days when Erin took first rank among the nations as the island of saints and scholars and if the work of Lismore and other glorious seats of olden learning and sanctity here had been told like this in happy, far away Indiana! We study the pages of the SCHOLASTIC with unflinching pleasure, and have marked several poetic gems and other literary extracts for our columns.

THIS "Midsummer Number" is the first issue of the SCHOLASTIC for 1896-'97. We present it to our readers without apology, feeling assured that we have not wandered from the way of our predecessors. Much of the credit of this number belongs to the Staff of last year. They edited the major portion of it before their departure for the vacation. The orations delivered by Messrs. Bryan and Wurzer at the contest of June 11 are printed entire; that of Mr. Brennan is especially reserved for the first number in September. The other orations were seen in the "Commencement Number." The oratorical contest of last year occasioned such favorable comment that we feel a real pleasure in presenting the work of the men who competed for the medal. The account of our new dramatic club, the University Stock Company, with the picture of the members, will be welcomed by all who saw their magnificent rendition of "Richelieu."

The Coming School Year.

THE courses of study in the University are so fully outlined in the annual catalogue as to make further reference to them unnecessary. Except the addition of a few names, the *personnel* of the Faculty, we are happy to say, remains unchanged, and extra efforts have been put forth during the vacation to bring the work of the classes into line with the most urgent requirements of modern progress. It may be useful, however, to refer in detail to two features which are to receive special attention.

It is recognized that one of the most urgent needs in university work at the present time is a thoroughly equipped department of practical electricity. To meet this need an elaborate and carefully considered course in electricity, electrical physics and special mathematics has been organized under the direction of Professor Jerome Green and Mr. W. L. Benitz, M. E., late of Cornell University. Mr. Benitz spent four years at the Ithaca institution, which he entered upon a scholarship won in a severe competitive examination. The organization of this course has already been widely noted by the press of the country. No doubt, as the *Colorado Catholic* observes editorially, "This will be welcome news to Catholics whose sons anticipate a course in electrical science, for in addition to a thorough knowledge of the science, there will be the added advantages of a Christian education in an institution of deservedly high repute."

The most valuable education, perhaps, is that derived from association with noble and cultured minds. Hence the course of Special Lectures plays an important part in the University curriculum. President Morrissey has already secured the services of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Bishop Watterson of Columbus, Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls; of Mr. Geo. Parsons Lathrop, the distinguished *littérateur*; of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the famous art critic; Major H. F. Brownson, an author of distinction and the son of the illustrious Dr. Brownson; Mr. William P. Breen, a distinguished *alumnus* of the University; Mr. Joseph Walter Wilstach, author and lecturer; Hon. Washington Hering, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*; the Rev. J. F. Mullaney, brother of Brother Azarias; the Rev. T. H. Malone, editor of the *Colorado Catholic*. Besides these, the course of public lectures which proved so popular last year will be continued during '96-'97.

The University Stock Company.

THE history of dramatic performances at Notre Dame is replete with brilliant successes. Even before the new Washington Hall was dreamed of there were "giants on the boards," who fought Richmond's earl again on the field of Bosworth, or convulsed delighted listeners with the oddities of Falstaff. It mattered little that the old kerosene lamps and tallow dips spluttered and smoked in the footlights, or that the green logs sizzled and hissed in the old "drum" stoves; the souls of the artists were above mean surroundings, and the audiences forgot little discomforts in the enthusiasm of their applause. And when modern appliances came to assist the actors in a new theatre gorgeously decorated by the brush of a master, it was found that the "race of giants" was not extinct, and that our "latter day Booths" remembered the glories of their predecessors.

But though the plays of other years are often recalled today, it is always because of some actor who specially distinguished himself. Provided there were one or two capable leading men, it mattered little who acted the minor rôles. When the "star" was off the stage interest lagged. It was the actor and not the play that occupied attention. Those who had never before appeared in public were assigned the minor parts. This necessarily caused a lack of evenness in the performances. That nice balance in all the actors, which is requisite for a finished presentation of a play, was impossible when raw recruits were cast with those who had been already made bold by the glare of the footlights.

It was with a view to remedy this defect in our presentation of plays that Mr. Joseph A. Marmon, in the March of 1895, organized the University Stock Company, which was to include the best talent of the University. The Company was to be a purely dramatic organization. There were to be no "stars." He who acted the hero in one play, might be cast for a servant in the next. This arrangement contemplated a thorough "rounding off" of all the members with the design of giving artistic performances. The choice of plays, too, was to have this end in view.

As is the case in the establishment of foundations which mark a departure from accepted institutions, it was some time before the new company was placed upon a solid footing. Many candidates for membership were tried before

the founder was satisfied that he had gathered about him a company of players who could stand the test of criticism. The original Company was composed of eleven members; Mr. Marmon acted as manager and called to his aid the Reverend William A. Moloney to be the dramatic director, and Professor Newton A. Preston the musical director. The cast for the first performance, which was given on May 29, embraced all the members. "Vacation," a comedy in two acts by Charles Townsend, and "Forget-me-nots," a curtain raiser acted on the regular stage by Felix Morris and dramatized by B. C. L. Griffith, were the plays presented. Messrs. Eustace Cullinan, John A. Devanney, Arthur M. Funke, Leigh F. Gibson, of the Class of '95; Joseph A. Marmon, Arthur W. Stace, John G. Mott; Francis W. Barton, of '96, and E. Frank Jones, Thomas T. Cavanagh, and Elmer J. Murphy, of '97, took part in the first performance. It was voted a success; other performances were demanded.

During the year just past the Company appeared twice. On January 29 they presented Maurice Francis Egan's one-act drama, "The Rising of the Moon," an adaptation of Coppee's "Le Pater," and Sydney Rosenfeld's laughable farce, "The Hair Apparent." Both were well received. But the performance which established the reputation of the Company for high class acting was the rendition, on June 10, of Bulwer-Lytton's celebrated drama, "Richelieu," with a full cast. How well the actors played their parts is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

The University Stock Company is now solidly organized. The membership has been limited to fifteen. All who have a fine stage presence, possess a good voice, and have ready wit—in fine, those who have an undeniable talent for acting, are eligible as members. No personal feeling is permitted to enter into the selection of candidates. The choice is left to a committee, who pass judgment on the merits of an applicant after a careful examination. It is the wish of the Company to put on the stage every year one or two plays by local dramatists. Next year will witness on our stage the presentation of the first play written by a student at Notre Dame. Mr. Joseph A. Marmon has cleverly dramatized Molly Elliott Seawell's prize novelette, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," under the title of "One Way to Make a Fortune"; and he has entrusted it to the Stock Company, feeling assured that it will not suffer at their hands.

With Our Exchanges.

THE college paper is an essentially American institution. In this country the college or school that is so careless of its reputation as not to have a representative paper is considered to be behind the times and deficient in an almost necessary accompaniment of modern education. But it is pleasant to know that there are very few such colleges or schools. Abroad, the college paper has not hitherto, in an equal extent, been looked upon in the same light, and hence in other countries there are places of learning of no mean reputation that are without this index of their capabilities, the want of which would be thought a great defect in an American school of equal standing. This difference in appreciating a means which, if not necessary, is, at least, very useful to the end in view, cannot but redound to the honor of education in America.

The chief end in view in founding college organs is to provide students a medium wherein to exercise their literary talent. The criticism and praise of companions in the class-room is certainly an incentive to effort, but the criticism and praise of a wider circle is a greater incentive; this wider circle is provided by the broader field of the college paper.

Though the college paper exists to foster and perfect the ability of the students, it would be a mistake to suppose that its columns are open only to efforts of a literary character. The scope of the college paper includes the efforts of the students in every branch of study. Literature, art, science, philosophy, history, all the divisions of modern education, are the subjects that should engage the attention of contributors. There is no subject treated in the class-room that should not be treated in the college organ also. If teachers made their pupils understand that this was required of them and encouraged in them such healthy ambition, if the staff of the paper refused a sameness month after month in the contributions, there would be a marked advance in the class-room and a pleasing variety in the college paper. The college paper would then be a correct standard whereby to judge the success of a school; it would be a capital means to show a large number of parents the progress their children were making. Besides this, a college paper might contain mention of events happening in the outside world, with commentaries thereon, a summary of events at the college, and personal

notices of former students. In this way a knowledge of the spirit of a college would be gained, and a bond established between the former and actual students, binding all to one another and to their college home.

During the college year that has just closed we had ample opportunity to form an opinion of the degree of merit reached by the college representatives we received. Upon the whole, we were pleased to see the proficiency reached by our brother students, and were more than ever convinced of the importance of the college paper as an aid to progress.

We have noticed, however, certain indications which naturally tend either to destroy the *raison d'être* of a college paper, or, at least, materially to interfere with its usefulness. There were in some of our exchanges, and oftener than there should have been, contributions from professors, the only justification for which intrusion seemed to be the necessity of filling the allotted space. This officiousness of professors encourages laziness in pupils, and destroys the mission of the college paper. Professors may certainly contribute, when occasion demands, an article above the reach of students, or when an example of the manner in which articles should be written would be beneficial to the students. What has been said of the contributions of professors may be said of those of alumni. A worse feature than this is that species of trickery which was sometimes painfully evident in some of our exchanges. We refer to careful correction of contributions by older heads, corrections which were so sweeping as to leave nothing original, nothing that the student could, with any approach to truth, call his own. We have read, time and again, articles under students' signatures that neither for matter nor manner could have come from students' pens. We do not object to suggestions from professors, or even to general outlines (though these should, as a rule, be avoided); but we do not see how compositions that have been corrected and changed and remodelled from all their blunders and crudeness can be set down as the work of young writers. Besides the palpable dishonesty, it nurtures a self-sufficiency that will not listen to suggestions and submit to control when absolutely needed.

Again, it has appeared strange to us that our young writers should almost totally avoid all subjects but those that are considered strictly literary. The various subdivisions of science and art have been almost completely ignored, or treated in a very superficial and half-hearted

manner in our college papers. And of the strictly literary contributions themselves the story and the descriptive essay were the magnets that drew all towards them. We have no fault to find with these two forms of composition, except when, by their constant presence, they exclude all others and become tiresome. They are the easiest forms of composition, those into which the beginner naturally glides; hence their all-pervading presence. There is at least one other form of composition superior to the two just mentioned which is conspicuous by its absence. Literary criticism, a knowledge of which should be the aim of all those, at least, who take the English course, has very seldom appeared in our exchanges, and when it did, was a painful failure. To acquire the faculty of appreciating the works written in his mother tongue should be one of the chief ends of a student's education; he should be enticed to the pursuit of it by constant example in the classroom and in the college paper. To be able to say why he likes one part of a book and dislikes another is no small advance in judgment and culture.

There is no department of the college organ better adapted to develop the faculty of criticism than that of the exchange columns. The student in charge of this department has a great variety of subjects on which to exercise this faculty. He must learn what to omit and what to choose. He has to praise what is good, and condemn what is bad, stating at the same time his reasons for praising or blaming. This entails a great deal of sifting and weighing, which sharpens his appreciation, besides helping to acquire the faculty of putting his judgments into words with clearness and ease. Also, he does good to those whom he criticises; for it often happens that it is only from those who are far removed from us that we learn our defects in all their unloveliness. This department of a college paper is one of the most difficult to conduct as it is one of the most prolific of gain.

Personals.

—Wilbur P. Blackman, Law, '91, is an attorney at Winona, Minn. He is meeting with great success in his profession.

—F. Kuhn, B. S. '83, M. S. '95, is the efficient Secretary of the Board of Public Works and Affairs of Nashville, Tenn.

—Michael A. Hartigan, Law '87, promises to pay us a visit to renew the friendships he made when a student. He is now at the head of a prosperous law firm in Hastings, Nebraska.

—William Iverson Morrison, B. S. '90, in a recent letter from Fort Madison, Iowa, where

he is doing business, says: "I don't know of any place I would rather see now than Notre Dame."

—John J. Kleiber, A. B. '87, A. M. '89, is making a name in Brownsville, Texas, as a successful practitioner of law. In a letter of recent date he sends best wishes to the University and all his friends here.

—Ferdinand Long (student '90), of Kansas City, is making a course of art at the Art Students' League, New York. He has our heartfelt sympathy in the recent loss he sustained in the death of his good mother.

—Thomas T. Griffin, Law '88, is now county attorney for Woodbury Co., Iowa. Those who remember Mr. Griffin speak of him in the highest terms of praise. They knew him as an energetic student and a devoted son of Notre Dame.

—The SCHOLASTIC is happy to learn that Mr. C. C. Fitzgerald, '94, who for the past year has been engaged upon the Engineering Corps of the Big Four Ry., is now promoted to the position of Assistant Engineer of the Peoria and Eastern Ry. We have hopes that "Chris" will pay a visit to his friends and *Alma Mater* in the near future.

—General R. W. Healy, A. B. '59, A. M. '65, is the president of the Ross-Meehan Foundry Co. of Chattanooga, Tenn., one of the largest establishments for railroad and general foundry work in the South. Under Mr. Healy's presidency the company has developed and flourished until it has now a reputation for enterprise and good workmanship second to no other in the Southern states.

—Clarence T. Hagerty, B. S. '90, M. S. '95, is Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Mesilla Park, N. M. He writes: "The SCHOLASTIC keeps me well informed about Notre Dame, and it has been a most welcome visitor ever since I left my *Alma Mater*."

—Frank J. Vurpillat, B. L. '92, Law '91, is the man chosen by the Democratic party to be the prosecuting attorney of the forty-fourth judicial district of Indiana. Ever since leaving Notre Dame he has been practising law at his home, Winamac, Ind. He has just completed a term of office as Deputy Prosecuting Attorney of his district.

—Walter W. Marr, '96, accompanied by his uncle, the Reverend Father Marr, of Washington, paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater*, July 12. He regretted that he could not remain for some length of time at his old home. Walter might be placed among the old settlers—he came to Notre Dame in knickerbockers—and his love for his old college is beautiful.

—Among the distinguished visitors to the University during July was Mr. V. H. MacCord, Superintendent of the railway system of southern Peru. Mr. MacCord is a citizen of

the United States, who went to South America thirty years ago and became closely identified with the commercial interests of the Peruvians. It will be remembered that he was arrested lately by the government on the charge of conveying insurgents over one of his railroads. He was about to be executed when the indignant protests of the Americans, who offered strong proofs of his innocence, caused the officials to release him. Secretary Olney has demanded an indemnity for the outrage. Mr. MacCord comes from Arequipa, Peru, and was on a visit to some of the students from that city who are here during the vacation.

Obituary.

AMOS K. CLAY.

It is with regret that we chronicle the sudden death of an old student of *Alma Mater*, one who was connected with the University in the 60's, and who made for himself a reputation as deserved as the esteem in which he was justly held by his friends in later life. Amos K. Clay has been successfully practising law for many years, and his loss will be deeply felt by the bereaved community. His death occurred at Miamisburg, Ohio, June 14. Notre Dame extends heartfelt sympathy to his family in its affliction.

HON. FRANK H. HURD, LL. D., '77.

The death of the Hon. Frank Hurd removes from public life an eminent political leader and a devout Christian. He was born on Christmas day 1840 at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. In 1858 he was graduated from Kenyon College, and immediately entered the law office of his father, Judge Hurd, an eminent jurist. He was elected to the State Senate of Ohio for two terms, and served in Washington as a representative from the tenth district of his state for a period of six years. He was a recognized leader in Democratic councils, and several important positions in the power of the President to offer were tendered him, but he declined them all, preferring to devote his attention to law and to the cause of Free Trade, of which he was an ardent champion. He was received into the Church in 1869, and for over a quarter of a century his voice was strong in protest whenever her rights were in jeopardy. Notre Dame conferred upon him the well-deserved title of Doctor of Laws in 1877. A zealous Catholic, a sterling patriot, and a man of strong intellectual gifts, Frank Hurd leaves behind him the record of a life which shall last as long as honor and devotedness find a place among the virtues of men. America is the better for having had such a son, and the Church, in his death, mourns for one of her most faithful children.

Local Items.

—The entrance to Science Hall is now protected by a porch.

—A thorough dose of hair invigorator has turned the griffins who guard the steps leading to the study-halls from gray to jet black.

—Galvanized caps, surmounted by crosses, were placed on the gables over the main building. They are beautiful in design and come from the local tanners.

—Our painters have been busy for a month and a half on the outside of different buildings. Cornices, window-sashes and galvanized ornaments were given new coats.

—The Reverend J. B. Scheier, Professor of Latin, lectured before the Madison Summer School on "Galileo and the Inquisition." The lecture was a thoughtful discourse and was well received.

—A summer school for the Brothers of Holy Cross was opened July 6, and continued its sessions to Aug. 8. Several members of the faculty of the University were on the staff of teachers. The school did good work.

—Rain fell in abundance throughout the day and night of Sunday, July 19. It was the greatest fall of rain in years here. Everything seemed to get new life from the down-pour, and the lakes began to reach their old limits.

—The removal of the tower-like niche, which sheltered the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the site of the old Grotto, was effected after the statue had been placed in the new Grotto. When the statue was taken away the niche meant nothing and was a disfigurement.

—Thirty-five hundred copies of the present number will be printed today. This large edition of the "Midsummer Number" is justified by its excellence. See that you secure a sufficient number of copies for your friends, as there is a threatened run on the edition.

—Messrs. Arce and Hay are the only members of Brownson Hall remaining during the vacation. Mr. Arce is in charge of the Library. Three of the students of Carroll hall—Girsch, Cottin and Mulcare—and about ten Minims paddle in the lake or make guesses at the prospective crop of apples in the neighboring orchards.

—Fathers A. Kirsch and S. Fitte, and Dr. O'Malley, each gave a course of lectures at the St. Mary's Academy summer school during July. Father Kirsch went over the field of natural sciences; Father Fitte lectured on philosophy, while Dr. O'Malley was engaged four times a week in a comprehensive study of English. The lecturers received high praise for their work.

—At a meeting of the University Stock Company, held Tuesday, June 16, Messrs. John H. Shillington and Peter M. Kuntz were

enrolled as members. The Company will begin next year well provided in numbers and talent.

—Extensive improvements were made in the Main building. The study-halls and classrooms were repainted, and new flooring put in the corridors of the second and third floors. The corner of the Carroll gym., where Herron, Schaack, and Weadock held their councils, much to the danger of the whole building, was torn away and rebuilt. Even Landers would feel safe in that corner now.

—The Rev. President Morrissey preached an eloquent sermon at the laying of the cornerstone of the new church dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo in Chicago. He chose as his theme the sanctity of the Church. It was a grand eulogy of Christ's Church, and was additionally good in being delivered by Father Morrissey. Our President is recognized as among the first pulpit orators of the West.

—A new steam house is to be built in the rear of Science Hall. It will be used to supply steam for Science Hall, the Music Hall, Tech Hall and the gymnasiums. No longer will audiences sit in discomfort throughout a concert or a lecture in Washington Hall. All the other buildings were well heated in the past, Washington Hall alone excepted. But the thermometer will now register comfort in the auditorium. Even Remenyi may come back to us.

—The St. Cecilians may boast next year of one of the most inviting society rooms in the University. A new carpet is laid on the stage, the statues and walls have been renovated, and other improvements are now going on. The old boast—"To be chosen to the ranks of the St. Cecilians is one of the highest marks of honor,"—which made the members of this society the pride and envy of their fellow-students, will be strengthened during the coming year.

—A blinding flash of lightning, followed by an awful clap of thunder, caused a sensation here on the night of July 14. Many thought that the dome over the Main building had been struck. Nothing at Notre Dame, however, was touched. A gentleman who claimed to have been in the middle of the flash gives a terrifying account of his experience. He was standing in the corridor of one of the buildings, and the lightning struck Oliver's plow works in South Bend; his account is vivid and, of course, accurate: he was "in the middle of it,"—three miles from the place damaged.

—The biennial retreat for the secular clergy of the diocese will take place at Notre Dame during the week beginning Monday, August 17. Bishop Rademacher will preside. Preparations have been made for a large attendance of priests. Notre Dame is an ideal spot for religious exercises of this kind, especially during the vacation months. Removed from the worry and noise of distracting cares, the soul

more easily finds solace in prayer and serious reflection. And then the beauty of the numerous shrines appeal to the heart and direct one's thoughts to God and His Blessed Mother. The retreat will be a season of great grace.

—The yearly pilgrimage to Notre Dame by the Catholics who form St. Augustine's parish of Kalamazoo, Michigan, will be held this year on August 12. It is due to the great zeal and beautiful devotion of Father O'Brien, pastor of the church, that this annual act of religion is so well attended. The conduct of the pilgrims is deeply edifying. On arriving at St. Mary's station, ranks are formed and, marching two by two, these devoted children of the Church tell their beads and sing hymns on their way to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where Solemn High Mass is celebrated. A short pause is made at the Grotto, and prayers are said. During the day visits are made to the various shrines, and in the evening the pilgrims assemble for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholics of Benton Harbor will make a pilgrimage this year on August 15.

—When recently it was determined to construct here at Notre Dame a fac-simile of the Grotto of Lourdes, the question of site aroused a great deal of discussion. Some were of opinion that the hill near the Seminary offered exceptional advantages in point of natural beauty and fitness, while others thought that the ground around "Calvary" was the only ideal situation. In the end, however, neither of these places was chosen. Just behind the presbytery is a little wooded dell which has always been regarded as one of the charming spots of Notre Dame. For years past the pilgrims from Kalamazoo and Jackson have chosen it as a resting-place after their long journey; it has been a favorite walk with visitors at all times; and during spring and autumn those who live at Notre Dame seek it instinctively for its coolness and attractiveness. It is here that the grotto has been built. At present little can be said of the ultimate appearance of the grounds around the grotto, except that they are intended to look exactly like the grounds at Lourdes. The grotto itself, however, has been completed, and it is easy to testify to its similarity to the famous European shrine. As a matter of course, it is constructed entirely of unhewn rock. Great boulders, some of them weighing as much as two and three tons, go to make up the foundation, and even near the keystone of the arch the stones are so large as to give one an impression of instability. All this lends a natural grandeur to the work and saves it from artificiality. A curious thing happened while the laborers were digging for the foundation. Just to the left of the cavern, in relatively the same spot from which the miraculous flow at Lourdes proceeds, a spring of the clearest water was accidentally struck. To say the least, the coincidence is remarkable.

Although it will be some time before the work around the grotto is fully finished, it is proposed to have things sufficiently cleared up by August 12 to receive the first pilgrimage. On that day a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes will be carried in procession and placed with appropriate ceremony in the niche which has been prepared for it. That the construction of this new shrine has proceeded to its present state of tolerable completion is due chiefly to the generous donation of the Reverend Thomas Carroll, of Oil City, Pa., who is remembered as a theological student at Notre Dame. Other friends, also, prompted by devotion to our Blessed Lady, have contributed to the undertaking.

Examination Averages.

SORIN HALL.

E. Brennan, 70; H. Bennett, 88; W. Burns, 89; J. Barry, 92; C. Bryan, 94; F. Barton, 86; T. Cavanagh, 79; M. Costello, 95; F. Eyanson, 91; W. Fagan, 91; A. Gaukler, 79; J. Lantry, 91; W. Marr, 95; E. Murphy, 89; J. Miller, 83; J. Murphy, 94; J. Mott, 88; A. Mulberger, 88; J. McNamara, 93; F. McManus, 85; W. McDonough, 87; M. Ney, 82; R. Palmer, 93; G. Pulskamp, 85; P. Reardon, 87; J. Rosenthal, 89; P. Ragan, 92; T. Reilly, 95; J. Sullivan, 89; R. Slevin, 87; J. Shannon, 88; A. Stace, 94; J. Sanders, 83; S. Steele, 82; W. Weaver, 83.

BROWNSON HALL.

J. Arce, 93; A. Calvin, 69; J. Armijo, 71; C. Atherton, 87; J. Byrne, 80; R. Barry, 63; A. Ball, 87; J. Browne, 78; L. Brinker, 79; R. Browne, 65; J. W. Browne, 75; C. Blanchard, 68; J. Blackman, 77; E. Bowlin, 62; R. Berthelet, 81; J. Brucker, 92; M. Campbell, 88; E. Campbell, 96; E. Crilly, 80; G. Cypher, 69; A. Carney, 87; C. Cullen, 80; F. Confer, 90; J. Davila, 80; B. Daly, 81; E. Delaney, 95; J. Ducey, 68; M. Daly, 79; J. Dowd, 70; A. Duperier, 75; F. Dukette, 97; L. Eyanson, 70; T. Finnerty, 74; J. Forbing, 81; C. Foulks, 80; P. Follen, 80; W. Fitzpatrick, 81; C. Flannigan, 77; R. Fox, 73; A. Fehr, 77; N. Farrell, 67; B. Fitzgerald, 60; A. Farley, 70; J. Goetze, 84; L. Gerardi, 77; N. Gibson, 71; E. Gilmartin, 89; W. Geoghegan, 88; W. Golden, 89; A. Galen, 89; E. Gilmore, 71; E. Hay, 72; F. Hesse, 93; L. Healy, 74; T. Hoban, 79; G. Hanhauser, 86; A. Hanhauser, 81; F. Harrison, 88; J. Haley, 78; E. Hierholzer, 82; M. Hennebray, 80; J. Howell, 67; W. Hindell, 81; W. Hengen, 82; J. Hesse, 79; H. Henry, 76; J. Hinde, 78; J. Johnson, 78; W. Kegler, 88; J. Kelley, 81; E. Kelly, 84; T. King, 70; T. Kerwin, 74; P. Kearney, 88; E. Lindau, 66; E. Mingey, 94; H. Mattingly, 72; T. Medley, 85; E. Moran, 82; F. Menig, 73; R. Monahan, 68; E. Maurus, 74; J. Meyers, 68; H. Mueller, 62; J. McGinnis, 83; W. McCarty, 65; A. McWilliam, 77; S. McDonald, 88; M. McCormack, 80; R. McGuire, 92; C. Niezer, 84; J. Naughton, 78; H. Neeley, 60; W. O'Brien, 67; T. O'Brien, 82; J. O'Brien, 76; R. O'Malley, 82; R. Powel, 85; A. Pietrzykowski, 84; J. Putnam, 78; C. Piquette, 83; E. Pulskamp, 84; J. Phelps, 70; H. Pim, 66; C. Paras, 71; J. Quinn, 89; T. Ryan, 68; J. Rowan, 71; E. Rauch, 62; J. Ryan, 72; J. San Roman, 80; A. Sammon, 89; F. Smith, 82; C. Schermerhorn, 93; H. Speake, 76; T. Steiner, 91; S. Spalding, 75; R. Spalding, 67; W. Sheehan, 94; F. Scott, 75; S. Schults, 79; G. Stuhlfauth, 92; F. Smoger, 96; O. Tong, 75; H. Taylor, 66; H. Tracy, 64; C. Tuhey, 61; J. Thiele, 89; F. Thacker, 69; W. Walsh, 70; L. Wheeler, 76; G. Wilson, 70; E. Wade, 76.

CARROLL HALL.

G. Abrahams, 75; P. Armijo, 77; L. Beardslee, 94; E. Brown, 90; W. Berry, 82; T. Burns, 72; E. Burke, 76; J. Begley, 79; A. Bernardin, 89; J. Berry, 83; J. Curry, 70;

D. Cottin, 84; F. Cornell, 80; C. Crowds, 74; E. Cave, 77; J. Cuneo, 82; A. Coquillard, 88; P. Curtis, 80; G. Cowie, 71; E. Darst, 72; M. Devine, 67; E. Dugas, 76; W. Dinnen, 86; F. Druiding, 88; J. Donovan, 77; A. Erhart, 76; R. Franey, 61; M. Fuhrer, 80; J. Flynn, 89; J. Fennessey, 92; A. Fox, 70; H. Foster, 79; L. Frank, 64; J. Fischer, 60; C. Girsch, 88; J. Gerardi, 75; E. Gimbel, 68; E. Gainer, 83; R. Garza, 92; W. Hermann, 82; E. Herron, 67; W. Hagerty, 70; E. Hake, 91; L. Hake, 87; A. Hayes, 84; W. Healy, 76; M. Hunt, 82; A. Jelonak, 79; P. Kuntz, 71; J. Kuntz, 78; G. Keeffe, 79; A. Klein, 78; A. Kasper, 66; G. Kasper, 80; F. Kasper, 69; M. Kirk, 85; J. Koehler, 84; J. Landers, 72; W. Lovett, 77; G. Leach, 74; A. Long, 85; C. Langley, 78; T. Lowery, 88; W. Land, 76; A. Loomis, 75; H. Moorhead, 68; J. Meagher, 70; A. Mohn, 70; W. Mohahan, 81; R. Murray, 71; W. Morris, 79; M. Monarch, 67; A. Merz, 91; W. Massey, 65; L. Meagher, 82; F. Mooney, 64; T. Mulcare, 62; G. McNamara, 87; E. McElroy, 65; F. McKinney, 76; W. McNichols, 78; F. McNichols, 83; H. McCorry, 74; T. Noonan, 84; J. Naughton, 82; D. Naughton, 64; T. Naughton, 80; A. Newell, 65; F. O'Brien, 86; J. O'Malley, 87; F. Plunkett, 63; A. Pendleton, 71; W. Page, 86; C. Pulford, 87; D. Padden, 74; O. Quandt, 68; H. Rasche, 83; W. Ryan, 76; A. Ryan, 90; C. Reuss, 80; E. Reinhard, 78; E. Shipp, 80; J. Shiels, 89; F. Smith, 62; H. Stearns, 72; A. Schoenbein, 94; F. Summers, 89; C. Shillington, 65; J. Sheekey, 72; J. Scherrer, 76; W. Scherrer, 81; A. Spillard, 74; C. Schaack, 71; F. Stare, 61; O. Schaffhauser, 65; E. Saul, 81; L. Szybowicz, 74; J. Thams, 68; F. Tescher, 65; J. Walsh, 87; T. Watterson, 76; J. Wimberg, 90; G. Weadock, 60; R. Wilson, 82; F. Ward, 81; C. Wells, 70; V. Welker, 80; J. Webb, 76.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

J. Atkinson, 92; A. Allyn, 92; L. Abrahams, 76; F. Breslin, 95; F. Brissenden, 90; I. Bergeron, 92; W. Bullen, 92; R. Brissenden, 90; W. Blanchfield, 80; C. Bode, 94; F. Bode, 89; A. Bosworth, 85; F. Cottin, 96; J. Caruthers, 92; P. Cotter, 94; J. Coquillard, 90; E. Campbell, 78; C. Cressy, 76; K. Caspari, 85; J. Cunnea, 82; F. Caruthers, 91; R. Catchpole, 92; A. Davidson, 90; G. Davis, 92; B. Davis, 92; R. Dowling, 74; G. Dugas, 90; E. Elliott, 94; E. Ernst, 88; W. Finnerty, 90; J. Fitzgerald, M. Flynn, 90; A. Flynn, 92; T. Fetter, 90; N. Freeman, 92; H. Giffin, 98; D. Goff, 85; K. Giffin, 92; W. Hall, 90; L. Hubbard, 89; L. Hart, 93; M. Jonquet, 89; L. Kelly, 96; C. Kelly, 94; R. Kasper, 90; M. Kopf, 88; J. Lawton, 85; G. Moxley, 90; R. McIntyre, 95; J. Morehouse, 95; N. Maher, 95; J. Mulcare, 95; C. Marshall, 95; C. McMaster, 88; P. Manion, 90; E. Manion, 90; P. McBride, 90; L. McBride, 85; H. Pollitz, 76; W. Plunkett, 92; O. Phillips, 90; J. Pyle, 90; J. Polk, 89; W. Pollitz, 75; C. Paul, 90; L. Patee, 85; E. Quertimont, 87; G. Quertimont, 85; L. Rasche, 90; H. Rees, 80; D. Rasche, 92; D. Spillard, 95; E. Swan, 98; T. Sexton, 95; H. Sontag, 90; L. Terhune, 94; F. Van Dyke, 92; J. Van Dyke, 90; R. Van Sant, 92; L. Van Sant, 90; W. Waite, 90; K. Weber, 94; G. Weidman, 92; F. Weidman, 93; F. Welsh, 90; E. Weis, 85; L. Weidner, 90.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

G. Bothel, 87; A. Boerner, 79; P. Carroll, 78; C. Coyne, 79; P. Dalton, 93; A. De Lorimier, 93; F. Dreyer, 77; P. Dwan, 90; H. Gallagher, 88; L. Heiser, 83; J. Hennessey, 95; G. Hollander, 87; E. Long, 89; G. Marr, 93; W. Marr, 87; P. Moynihan, 80; F. McKeon, 63; S. Niedbalski, 74; J. Nieuwland, 98; E. O'Conner, 85; M. M. Oswald, 98; M. Oswald, 90; D. Powers, 67; P. Ritter, 88; J. Roy, 86; M. Schumacher, 98; J. Stennule, 88; M. Szalewski, 79; J. Trahey, 87; A. Vennent, 85; J. Weisbacher, 86.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

S. Bouwens, 75; J. Boylan, 68; W. Burke, 68; W. Boylan, 80; R. Curran, 78; J. Clarké, 74; V. Dwyer, 72; F. Dwyer, 80; F. Dreher, 78; F. Dorian, 79; C. Elitch, 72; G. Fredéll, 77; P. Frahllich, 79; V. Jones, 79; R. Jones, 81; W. Jameson, 82; J. Kelley, 88; W. Loshbough, 86; F. Lyons, 77; T. McCarty, 63; J. McElligot, 82; J. McIntyre, 82; M. Neville, 86; A. Oberly, 71; J. O'Connor, 77; J. Powers, 86; J. Sullivan, 95; R. Singler, 84; G. Thurin, 67; L. Van Hessche, 85; A. Van Rie, 68; A. Wolf, 85.