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Portia.*

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I hope you will forgive me for repeating a statement which I have made before. It is this: that a poet may be judged by the reverence he shows to womanhood. It has always seemed to me that if I had ever been placed in the position of Tom Moore's hero, who went out in search of a religion, I should have chosen that in which womanhood had the most elevated place. In all religions, except in Christianity, women have been degraded by order of the gods. It is only in the highest form of Christianity that we find a woman not only called blessed, but crowned Queen of Heaven.

Similarly, we find in the greatest of all poets that the truest womanliness is exalted. In Dante, in Calderon, in Milton, in Shakspeare, all the qualities that go to make up the gentle or the valiant woman are found. But most of all in Shakspeare.

If we had any doubt that Shakspeare was a Christian, it would be dispelled by a study of the women whom, to the honor of the mother that bore him, he depicted. Cordelia, though she lived in Pagan times, could not have been conceived by a poet who had not appreciated the effect of Christianity on character. Cordelia is entirely a womanly woman. She is the one soft, silvery ray of moonlight that shines through the ragged storm-clouds and horrid murkiness of the tragedy of "King Lear." Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," is an-

other type of womanhood. She is not less womanly than Cordelia; she is less reticent, less sensitive, less humble, but not less truthful, less constant, or less firm in principle.

Moreover, the circumstances which have helped to mould Portia's character were very different from those that almost crushed the heart of Cordelia. Portia was the only daughter of a rich man, the heiress of Belmont, and celebrated both for her beauty and her learning. Learned women were not scarce in Italy in the sixteenth century, and there were many who could read Latin as easily as they played the lute. Bassanio compares her hair to that golden fleece which Jason went in search of, and says that many Argonauts went in search of her. But her father has left a strange will; and the conditions of this will make Portia weary of her life. These conditions are that she shall marry the man who chooses a certain casket. There are three of these caskets: one is of gold, bearing the inscription,

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;" another is of silver, with the legend,

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;" and still another of lead, with the line,

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

One of these contains Portia's picture. But which one? Portia knows, but she has sworn not to tell the secret; all the suitors who come to Belmont, drawn thither by her beauty and wealth, are informed of the strange test. This uncertainty is very trying; and when she sums up the qualifications or disqualifications of the applicants in talk with her maid Nerissa, we feel that her lot is not enviable, in spite of her apparently exalted position in the world.

We can imagine Portia attired in the costume of her time—a robe of white satin, perhaps,

* Lecture delivered before the pupils of St. Mary's Academy.

flowing to the ground, confined by a girdle of pearls, with a stiff ruff of Venetian lace of a yellow tint, around her neck, which the fashionable ladies of the sixteenth century liked in their lace. She had probably the red, golden-tinted hair which the Venetians most admired, and she was doubtless tall and somewhat stately in her movements. That she was witty, you soon find out. That she would hold her own in a contest of words with any of the suitors who would marry her, you soon suspect.

Nerissa, the familiar waiting maid, consoles Portia as best she can. She names the suitors one by one. Portia scorns the Neapolitan prince; he talks of nothing but horses. And then there is the Count Palatine! "He doth nothing but frown." Portia says: "I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these!" Nerissa then mentions the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon. "God made him," Portia answers, "and therefore let him pass for a man." She objects to the volatility of this gentleman. "He is every man and no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow." The young German is too fond of Rhine wine. Nerissa smiles and speaks of the young Englishman, Faulconbridge. What say you to him? "I say nothing to him," she answers, "for he understands not me nor I him." He, like the English of his time and of other times, can speak neither Latin, nor French, nor Italian; and Portia, like the Italians of all times, speaks very little English; she laughs, too, at the oddity of the English lord's dress and his manners—things which furnish the French and the Italians with subjects of ridicule to the present day. The Englishman, who is so satisfied with himself when among "beggary foreigners," was in the sixteenth century, and is to-day, a human creature whose singularity of attire and eccentricity of conduct they do not even attempt to understand. The four suitors will not accept the test Portia's father has set for them, and they are about to take their leave as the Prince of Morocco arrives. "If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach." Nerissa recalls Bassanio, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, who had visited Belmont in the train of the Marquis of Montferrat, and Portia, with a sigh, remembers that he is worthy of the kind things Nerissa says of him.

In the meantime, this Bassanio has not forgotten Portia. Bassanio is a young gentleman of Venice who has been more generous to others than just to himself. He is a good-hearted,

clever young noble, true, honorable and honest enough to wish to pay the debts he has recklessly incurred by living beyond his means. Antonio, the merchant—and Venetian merchants were as honored and as rich as princes in those days—is Bassanio's devoted friend. He has lent him money over and over again, with an open hand and an affectionate heart. Again Bassanio goes to him. He tells him of Portia; she, the virtuous, beautiful, and wealthy lady of Belmont, who has so many suitors, would not he is sure, be indifferent to him if he should appear among them. But he must rival in splendor of apparel and train the princes and nobles who approach her. If he marry Portia, he will not only get the flower of the world, but he will be able to pay his debts. Antonio cares nothing about the latter contingency, but he loves his friend so well that he will sacrifice all for him. And if we have any fault to find with Bassanio, who is very bright and amiable, it is that he should have calculated at all on Portia's wealth.

There is no calculation about Antonio; he is as generous as Portia herself. But his ships are all at sea, and he has nothing on which he can raise enough money to fit out his friend in splendor worthy of his quest for the magnificent lady of Belmont. However, he tells Bassanio to go into the city at once to see whether some money cannot be borrowed. Bassanio goes to Shylock the Jew, and asks for three thousand ducats—that is, in our money, over fifty thousand dollars. Shylock, after some hesitation, offers to lend Antonio the money, provided he will agree, if he fail to pay the debt, to let the Jew cut a pound of flesh from his body. Bassanio refuses to accept the money on such terms, but Antonio insists, and so the bond is signed.

If there is a blot on the character of Antonio it is his treatment of Shylock. It has been said that Antonio in sneering in public at the Jew, in covering him with reproaches, acted in accordance with the spirit of the age. But we expect more from Antonio who holds the world only as the world; who is grave and even sad; who does not put his heart in his riches. The spirit of the sixteenth century was one of intolerance of the Jews. They were persecuted, sneered at, even massacred. The Christians of the time seemed to have forgotten their Christianity, and that Our Lord Himself, through His Blessed Mother, was of the Jewish blood. Not long before the time in which Shakspeare's drama showed us Antonio and Shylock, the cry "Hep! Hep!" had rung through Europe. It meant death to the Jews. The streets of nearly

every large city ran with their blood. This awful yell, which, heard in the dead of night, made many a Jewish mother strain her dark-eyed child to her breast in horrible fear, was borrowed from the first letters of the sentence, "*Hierosolyma est perdita*"—Jerusalem is lost! There was only one city in the Christian world which was free from the stain of Jewish blood: this was Rome, the city of the Popes. In that city no Jew was ever persecuted. Clement VI. made laws against calumniating or molesting them. When the Popes went from Rome to Avignon, many Jews flocked thither in the hope of rest; and they found it under the beneficent protection of those Pontiffs who hated iniquity and were therefore exiled.

At the same time the Jews gained hatred by exercising the trade of usurers; they lent money out at interest, and exorbitant interest; this was forbidden by the Church. They grew rich, and riches made them powerful; but every now and then there was a fresh outbreak against them. The Jews hit back with the only weapons they could use—patience and craft. Shylock hated Antonio. He hated him because Antonio had scorned him; because Antonio held him as less than the dust beneath his feet; because Antonio was a Christian; and to Shylock to be a Christian meant to be proud, disdainful, insolent; and then, worse than all, Antonio lent money without interest, thus lowering the rate of usury in Venice. If Shylock detested any of Antonio's qualities more than another, it was this silly prodigality, which he could not understand. When Antonio waits for an answer, Shylock says sarcastically:

"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"

When Antonio signs the bond that will give him the pound of flesh if the loan is not paid, Shylock feels that revenge for all insults, for all insolence, not only to him, but to his people, is at hand. He seems to know that Antonio will fall into his power:

"Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

Antonio consoles himself with the reflection that all his ventures are not in one vessel and that all his ships are due a month before the day on which the bond is due. It would almost seem as if Shylock set abroad reports of Antonio's failures, so securely does he take for granted that he will get his pound of flesh.

In the meantime, a great blow is preparing for Shylock. He has one fair daughter, Jessica.

He loves her and his money. Which he loves the better, his ducats or his daughter, it is hard to say. He loves her, at any rate, and if he loves her as well as he loves his gains, he deserves better treatment at her hands than he receives. She steals away from his house at night to marry Lorenzo, taking with her all the money and jewels she can lay hands on—even a certain turquoise that Shylock had received from Jessica's mother when he was a bachelor. He cries out:

"A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats at Frankfort! The curse never fell upon my nation until now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels,—I would that my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them? Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill-luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding!"

Jessica may have had a cheerless home, but this did not justify her running away with Lorenzo—who is chiefly remarkable because he has good men for his friends—nor in robbing her father. She justifies it by her love for Lorenzo; but this is no excuse, nor is it a guarantee against future sorrows. Lorenzo may remember, as Othello did, that she has deceived her father and may deceive him:

"Such love is rainbow-tinted and as short
As is the life of rainbows."

One cannot help fearing that if Jessica is her father's daughter, she will make Lorenzo regret his hasty match after the honeymoon is over, and even the romantic glamour which Shakespeare throws over this episode cannot make us forget that retribution must follow ingratitude. It is evident that the great poet does not intend that we shall forget it.

Bassanio goes to Belmont to woo Portia. He takes the oath required of all her suitors, and, warned by song against the allurements of fancy, which is warbled while he hesitates among the caskets, he chooses the leaden one and finds Portia's picture. Portia is made happy by this. No more foppish, drunken, and eccentric suitors for her! She accepts Bassanio for her husband in a speech full of that womanly gentleness which the Church—it must be remembered that Portia is a devout Catholic—enjoins. But before Bassanio and she enter the church to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony, a letter comes from Antonio. All is lost—his ships have gone down; he is in the power of Shylock; the Jew, according to law, can take his pound of flesh, and that means death to Antonio. Bassanio, touched

to the heart, reads his words, acquitting Bassanio of all debts and praying for a sight of him before death comes.

Portia, when the marriage ceremony is over, forces Bassanio away. He must save Antonio—his honor and his gratitude must be before all things,—let him take of her fortune twenty times the debt! He must go to Venice and at once; Bassanio goes. But Portia has heard that Shylock will not take money; his passion for revenge has overshadowed his love of gain; besides, he has the law of Venice on his side. He can plead justice, and, if he refuse to temper it with mercy, Antonio must die.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

De Ortu Florum.*

"There were no roses till the first child died."

Nec rosa prosiluit terra, nec germina florum
Frondes miserunt, dum vita excesserat infans.
Non suaves violæ caput erexere modestum;
Jucundus clymenus veneres non pandit amœnas
Unde apis, ut latos per tractus collis oberrat,
Ducit odorati sibi roscida præmia mellis.
Nec varias herbasque auratas prata dederunt
Quæ flectunt ultro citroque, velut maris æstus
Auris impulsæ petulantibus atque protervis.
Nam, Paradiso Eva pulsa, flos occidit omnis:
Frondebis et gemmis formosis arva carebant.
Sed simul ac tulit infantem mors ferrea suavem
Tunc sacro violæ truserunt cæspite gemmas
Cærulea illius referentes lumina; necnon
Purpureæ expressere rosæ ridentia labra.
Dulci sunt omnes flores e corpore nati.

IGNOTUS, '91.

Tennyson's "Elaine."

Heroic poems have always a charm peculiar to themselves. They exert an influence upon the loftier nature of the reader and remind him that man, however exalted above animal nature, is still but human, not divine. Few poets have known that Eden of Music where Dante and Milton sang their sweetest, purest thoughts. Yet one bright Peri stood without and heard the epic hymn of Homer: in tones of exquisite harmony he softly breathed one like it to the world—it was Tennyson, the golden-throated warbler of our day. Feeble, indeed, were the strongest words of praise of those "faint Homeric echoes," the "Idyls of the King." They are pure fountains of simplicity and beauty, songs where almost "every thought breaks out a rose."

Tennyson's power of description, his simplicity, and that happy accomplishment of saying

* Translation of the sonnet "Of Flowers" from *PRELUDES*, by M. F. Egan, LL. D.

what he means, are admirably portrayed in "Lancelot and Elaine." This touching poem is one of the "Idyls of the King," and as such it claims more than attention. The story, in a few words, is this:

Lancelot was the chief of King Arthur's knights. He was brave and strong, yet one wound festered his generous heart: he loved the queen. Guinevere, too, proved false to Arthur. In a way that Tennyson touchingly describes, Lancelot happened to meet Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.

"She lifted up her eyes,
And loved him with that love which was her doom."

When the knight was wounded fighting for the diamond prize, the fond queen heard of this love, heard that he had won the favor of Elaine. At this her heart was filled with jealousy and hatred; she wept.

During a long and painful sickness Elaine nursed Lancelot with untiring fidelity. Her love increased, yet he was ever the same. And when, at last, the wound being whole, she asked to be his wife, the wretched man refused and left her. Poor Lancelot,

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

After days spent in doubt and hope, he seeks Guinevere and, presenting his hard-won diamonds, implores her not to heed silly rumors. The angry queen rebukes him, and flings the jewels through the open casement into the stream below; then wild with rage she bursts from the room.

When Sir Lancelot goes down into the court he sees a mournful sight. There at the river's edge, hearsed in a funeral barge, lay the lifeless body of Elaine. The lily withers for want of rain: the lily maiden died because she could not love. Her Lancelot had bade her no farewell, so she had come from Astolat to take farewell of him. The great knight's heart was choked with sadness; the sorry queen

"Drew near, and sigh'd, in passing, 'Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love.'
He answer'd, with his eyes upon the ground,
'That is love's curse; pass on, my queen, forgiven.'"

And then the poet ends his pretty song.

Tennyson tells the lesson of this "Idyl" in that reproaching protestation:

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true!"

All of Tennyson's greater poems contain some pure and wholesome teaching; he believes that unless poetry aims high it will fail. know-

ing that nothing impure can live, he has given us songs containing, it is true, much sentiment, but quite free from the filth of Byron. At times he adds to this purity thoughts of the highest Christianspirit. Each "Idyl" breathes that noble Catholic teaching—charity in prayer. King Arthur says: "Pray for my soul; more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of;" "pray for my soul," sighs the love-sick Elaine; Guinevere's only hope was to "pray and be pray'd for." Truly, we may honor Tennyson by calling him a Christian poet.

When one reads "Elaine" he is astonished at Tennyson's simplicity. This poet, above all others of the English language, has reached what we must now consider a perfection in the combined beauty and simplicity of expression. Words convey Tennyson's fancies; they do more: they ornament his verse. Few of our poets have fully appreciated the good of clothing their thoughts with pretty words. We suffer genius to have certain liberties, to be eccentric, to go in uncouth dress, uncombed, and sometimes even dirty; but if it takes advantage of these licenses we revere it less. We love the great conceptions of our poets; but when dressed in a foreign cloak they seem less grand. Instead of shabby derivatives, sweet Anglo-Saxon words are what we long for; and these Tennyson gives us; "Elaine" is fraught with such little jewels that stud those staunch heroics. This poem is a model of simplicity which coming writers must imitate or fail.

Tennyson began a departure for the perfecting of English versification; and he has done so much towards that end that he is now considered our greatest verse-maker. In Tennyson we find the technical force of Pope, with higher thought and more beautiful expression. Poetical license with the Victorian poet is a thing to be avoided; he writes with a skill concealed. His versifying is equalled only by his vivid descriptions.

Tennyson sketches with a vigor that charms the reader; one never feels that he is doomed to struggle through a dull passage. We can ramble with him through the verdant fields of England, or admire the doughty deeds of Lancelot, without feeling that we are in fairy land. Tennyson describes a scene with the anxious care of a friend, the knowing of an artist, the instinct of a poet. Minuteness and nicety of description—a thing we look for in all poets—is rarely found save in Tennyson and Wordsworth. Tennyson does not stop at mere description, he paints; he gives his pictures life: we almost see the air, and "mark the landscape winking thro'

the heat." We hear the music of the woods in the soft rhythm of his verse.

The human soul will always yearn for new and beautiful things, yet Tennyson's songs will greatly soothe this never-satisfied desire, and fill with cheer this dreary "vale of tears."

T. A. CRUMLEY, '92.

The Tariff Question.

BY W. P. BLACKMAN (*Law*), '91.

The subject of the tariff is purely an economic question. It is not necessarily one of a political character. For a number of years it has been under discussion between the two leading parties of this country; but it remained for Mr. Cleveland to irrevocably commit the Democratic party to free trade by his message to Congress in 1887. This was the Rubicon which, once crossed, was crossed forever. The Republican party was restored to power at the last Presidential election on account of its position upon the tariff, that of protection. The Democratic party seems not to have profited by defeat, and the attitude of the two parties towards the tariff question has not been changed. The Democratic leaders, having put their hands to the plow in this matter, will not turn back, but are making herculean efforts to propagate free-trade theories. Taking advantage of the overproduction of corn and the low price of farm products in the Western States, they are seeking to convince the farmers of those States that the depression of the farming industry is caused by the protective system. And to array them against the other industries of the country, tons of free-trade literature are being circulated among them with a vain hope that, aided by the discontent which naturally prevails in times of business depression, Republican farmers can be brought to adopt the Democratic theory of the tariff.

The object of this article is to show that the protective tariff has in no degree contributed to this depression; that the present condition of the farmer is far more prosperous than it would have been under a system of tariff for revenue only—more prosperous than it ever has been in this country when the principle of protection was abandoned—and is far better than the condition of the farmer in any free-trade country in the world.

The word tariff means a schedule or table of duties to be paid on goods imported or exported. This schedule is arranged and imposed by Con-

gress. These tariff duties are designed to furnish revenue to meet the expenses of the public service, to protect the legitimate business of the country, and to guard home industries against foreign merchants, manufactories or combinations.

As foreigners who send their goods here for sale derive all the profits and advantages from access to our markets that our own citizens do, it is thought just to make them bear some of the burdens of citizenship. They pay no taxes, and yet they have the protection of our laws and the profits of our trade. They give nothing in support of the Government, and yet if any injury or damage is here sustained by them or their property they may invoke the aid of our courts to secure redress. It is deemed proper, therefore, to make those who would enjoy the advantages incident to selling here foreign goods and products pay duties upon them. This takes very largely from the great body of the people the burden of supporting the national Government.

We pay no direct taxes into the public treasury. And yet from the public treasury must be appropriated money to pay the salaries of senators and representatives in Congress, of the President, members of the cabinet, ministers and consuls to foreign countries, employees in the departments at Washington, postmasters, judges, officers and men of the army and navy; also to pay the interest and principal of the public debt, pensions, forts, ships of war, improving rivers and harbors, court houses, post-offices, etc. It may well be supposed that if the people had to pay direct taxes for the purposes indicated the burden would be found extremely oppressive. In such case the people of Indiana, for example, would have to pay about \$10,000,000 annually in addition to the present rate of taxation. Such is the approximate recently made by Senator Voorhees of this State. But the burden is now hardly felt; for the tariff policy transfers this large amount from the masses of the people to foreign manufacturers and the wealthy classes of our own country who insist upon wearing clothes of foreign make and indulging a taste for things foreign generally. The great majority of the American people are satisfied to wear American clothes and to use the products of American art and labor. If Vanderbilt can pay one hundred thousand dollars for a painting, as he recently did in a foreign country, he can afford to pay the duty on it into his own country.

There is a great difference between taxation and tariff duties. For local purposes such as

maintaining State, county, town and city governments, maintaining schools, paving streets, improving roads, keeping up police and fire departments and the like, direct taxes are assessed or levied. These direct taxes are burdensome enough, as all know; but how much greater would they not be if the vast sums annually required to support the Government were added to them. Our Government never imposes duty on exports. England, however, which sets herself up as the teacher of political economy for all the world, for a long time not only charged export duties, but also passed statutes prohibiting the exportation of certain things. For a thousand years England had a protective tariff. Under it she built up her manufactories and industries, and raised her shipping to its unparalleled magnitude. It was not until 1846 that she cancelled the duties on most of her imports. But she did not wholly declare in favor of free-trade. A number of articles were left upon the tariff list, and she now secures as import duties about the same amount of money per head of population that the United States does.

The British tariff is "for revenue only," and is laid indiscriminately against articles of necessity and luxury, while the tariff of this country seeks revenue and protection to domestic industries at the same time. There, a round duty is placed on tea and coffee, while here both are admitted free. If the British duty on tea and coffee had been levied by the United States on the quantity imported in 1889, the aggregate would have been over \$26,000,000. This is more than was collected in 1888 from all imports of iron and steel, including tin plates. Here we get a glimpse at practical results under a "revenue only" tariff; and the question is, what do voters think of a reform that proposes to transfer iron and steel to the free list, and put a heavy tariff on tea and coffee.

England favors free-trade, because by means of it she could soon acquire control of the markets of the world. Before the passage of the Free-Trade Act in 1846 in England, the question of how such an act would benefit farmers was freely discussed in and out of Parliament, and to the credit of the free-traders of that time, it must be admitted that they frankly conceded that it would lower their condition very materially. In fact, their prominent argument was that by reducing the prices of the farmer's products, the cost of living to the other classes would be lessened; that with such reduction in the cost of living, wages would be reduced; with such reduction of wages, the cost of manufactured

products would be lessened, which, with England's large capital and shipping, would give her manufacturers the markets of the world. In short, it was proposed by free-traders to crush farmers that manufacturers might build on their ruins. Why do not these democratic orators tell our farmers about their English brethren who have all the free-trade they want? The *New York Sun* says in a recent issue:

"In Kent, England, a farm of 500 acres, that has been let for \$6000 per year, has just been re-let to the same tenant for \$2500. This is said to be a fair illustration of the decline of farm values in England."

The fall of over half in the rental value of the farms mentioned is not an isolated case. This fall of seven-twelfths in the rental value of lands in the most advantageously situated part of England, means destruction of farm values and an agricultural distress that finds no parallel in any other country, except Ireland.

Free-trade has caused this. Under its so-called beneficent influence any country that for any reason has been able to grow any farm produce cheaper than the English farmers, or that has a surplus, is invited to dump its produce in England. For forty years the tariff—for revenue only—policy has been tried in England, and during the whole period the condition of the laboring classes has been growing comparatively worse. If the system has benefited any class it has been the rich.

The object of the American Protective Tariff is, by adequate duties upon imported products, to protect American labor, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining or commercial, against the competition of low-priced and pauper labor in foreign countries. It recognizes that the American people should not and will not submit to the low standard of wages prevailing in other countries; that this is a government by the people; that the existence of the Republic depends upon the maintenance of a high standard of American citizenship, and that in all questions of public policy the advancement of the citizen takes precedence of every other consideration.

The interests of the farmer are intimately connected with the interests of every other producing class, and a blow to one injures all. If the manufactures are not prosperous, farming languishes; if farming is not prosperous, manufactures are depressed. Employment, not cheapness, is the true basis of all national prosperity.

The advocates of free-trade charge that the fall in the price of corn and wheat is caused by the protective system; but such is not the case,

the real cause being neither obscure nor difficult to understand. These prices are fixed by the same law that fixes the prices of all commodities, the law of supply and demand. Let our farmers adapt their lands and labor to the needs of our market, and there will not be an over-production.

If we examine closely the last reports of our imports we shall find that an enormous sum is paid out to foreign countries for articles of food, all of which should be produced in this country. Why is it necessary to import into this country \$2,500,000 worth of vegetables, including cabbage, from Holland; 317,156 bushels of potatoes from Scotland, beans and pease and potatoes from Canada and Nova Scotia? Why is it necessary to import over \$1,000,000 worth of hay and nearly \$8,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and over 16,000,000 dozen eggs, some of which come from Denmark and Sweden? The free-traders do not tell the farmer that last year the agricultural products imported on which duty was levied, aggregated in value over \$250,000,000; and yet this is a fact. They do not tell him that our total agricultural imports amounted to nearly \$350,000,000. The McKinley tariff bill is intended to meet both the demand of the American farmer and the American manufacturer. And so they are bound to join issues and stand by the tariff.

Going Home.

"Heimgang!" so the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some grand old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell.
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting service,
"Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" quaint and tender crying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped a nation's praying,
And the hymns that they have sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's acre"—
"Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" we are all so weary;
And the willows as they wave,
Softly singing in the breezes,
Woo us to the tranquil grave
When the golden pitcher's broken
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" we are going home!

—Ex.

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—"A sound mind in a sound body." There is in this oft-repeated saying something which college students are frequently wont to overlook as of no special import to them. It cannot be brought to one's mind too often that he is always in need of some kind of exercise to secure to his physical nature the normal and proper development of its functions, and thereby to acquire that robust, healthy constitution which is such a blessing to him who possesses it, and the envy of altogether too many. The gymnasium, with its various apparatus, is the means chosen by some, while others prefer the open air sports, such as base-ball, football, etc. No one can say that there is no benefit derived from these forms of exercise.

Besides these we have here a kind of exercise which has not received as much attention from the students as it deserves, and especially from those who need it most. This is the military company drill. By it is acquired an upright carriage and no little strength and activity; and it has the advantage of not being as violent as the other forms referred to. More interest should be taken in the military drill, both as a means of physical advancement and as a pleasing entertainment to our visiting friends. The dress parade, on occasions for special display, contributes considerably towards giving spirit and life to the day; and were the companies augmented in numbers by more recruits, the evolutions would have a much better appearance. A challenge received a short time ago by our company from that of another college to meet them in competitive drill, gives us another means of making ourselves felt by those outside. Advantage should be taken of it that, as coming citizens of this great Republic, we may be infused

with a spirit of devotion to our country; and better prepared to defend it when the call is "to arms!"

—The *Ave Maria* celebrates this week its Silver Jubilee. In keeping with the auspicious occasion it appears in silver-tinted cover, a beautiful engraving of "Our Lady of the Angels," after Bougereau's masterpiece, and ornamented letters and sketches that add a new charm to the interesting and instructive articles with which it is filled. With the opening of the month of May, twenty-five years ago, the first number of the *Ave Maria* appeared—the realization of the inspired thought of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, whose devotion to the ever-Blessed Mother of God has been the guiding-star of this home of religion and learning, leading it on in its unwonted career of prosperity. From its very inception the *Ave Maria*—the only journal of its kind in the English language devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary—commended itself to the patronage of every Christian, and it needed only to be known to be appreciated and loved. But especially during the past fifteen years, under the direction of its gifted editor-priest, it has attained a high place and a commanding influence in the world of Catholic literature. We congratulate Our Lady's Journal upon this happy anniversary, and hope for it a career of increasing prosperity made brilliant by the gems of golden and diamond jubilees.

In connection with this subject we may repeat that the *Ave Maria* commends itself to Christians everywhere. It numbers among its contributors some of the best writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Such writers as the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., Father Edmund, C. P., Father Russell, S. J., John Gilmary Shea, Aubrey de Vere, Christian Reid, Brother Azarias, Eliza Allen Starr, Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice F. Egan, Mrs. Dorsey, Miss Donnelly, and others that might be mentioned, are persons of no ordinary ability, and hold a high rank among the writers of our times. The editorial notes and miscellany are always entertaining and instructive. Altogether, the articles, essays, stories, poems, etc., that appear each week in the *Ave Maria*, make it a periodical that well deserves a widely-extended patronage. There is also a *Youth's Department* which affords agreeable reading for children. In a word, the *Ave Maria* happily combines excellence, variety and cheapness, as a result of which it has subscribers all over the world.

A Traveller's Musings.

III.

Bidding good-bye to the flourishing little city of miasma and high-water, or deep-mud, pants, we cross the O-hi-o, on the high go, over the new steel viaduct bridge of the Illinois Central RR. This grand mechanical structure, though not comparable in point of engineering skill to the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge, or the cantilever bridge, that spans the Firth of Forth in Scotland and is 8534 feet in length, gives promise that at no remote period American science and enterprise will throw a solid roadbed for the locomotive over Behring Straits, and thus connect forever with bands of steel the Old World and the New.

In the wonderful inventions of man in the 19th century we behold the fulfilment of a prophecy made by the intuitive genius of the Angel of the Schools in the 13th. Explaining the rapid conquest of the world by the Man of Sin towards the end of time, he says that in the latter days, the barriers which shall have divided the nations and races of mankind shall be thrown down, and that men, by control acquired over natural forces, will establish a most rapid communication among one another for the propagation of good or evil, especially of the latter.

If we count in its approaches, the Illinois Central bridge is one of the longest on the globe. It stretches from the wooded shores of Illinois to the green slopes of Kentucky—a distance of about four miles. Twelve massive piers of granite and limestone for its support, rise out of the river bed and shore lines. The land piers are tubular and constructed of wrought iron. Judging by the eye the river at this point is over 2000 feet in width. Its swollen waves and rapid current hastened to join the great Father of Waters a few miles below, and together with the venerable old gentleman go on a few sprees and smash the levees.

Three hours carried us over the undulating surface of the land of the Mammoth Cave and liquid Bourbon dynasty—good old Kentucky. Five hours more bowled us over the rolling ground of western Tennessee. There was not much difference in the appearance of the country through which we passed and that of southern Indiana, exclusive of the hilly and rocky region bordering on the Ohio. The farm houses, fences and other appurtenances were much the same—there were the same large tracts of virgin forests awaiting the axe of the sturdy immigrant or native tiller of the soil. However, the large brick chimneys at the gables of the houses and the withered stalks of the cotton plant in Tennessee reminded us that we were south of the famous Mason and Dixon line. Could the ghost of Daniel Boone recross the Styx, what a contrast would he find with old pioneer times! The wild deer and grizzlies replaced by short horns and thorough-bred racers; the miserable wig-

wams of poor Lo, by prosperous towns and villages; the tangled forests, by green fields bearing promise of a golden harvest; the war-whoop of the red man by the calliopean neighings of the iron horse! Running too far west of the Tennessee River, we did not get a view of that famous old log cabin that fired the poetical genius of W. D. Gallagher:

“—An old log cabin I think of
On the banks of the Tennessee.”

We could not exclaim, “let her go, Gallagher.”

Evidences of prosperity, thrift and industry in the appearance of the towns, villages and farm houses, begin to decrease the further we advance into Dixie Land. Jackson, Tenn., is, however, a flourishing city of over 9000 inhabitants. It has several important manufactures, and, like several other Southern towns of late, it is putting forth its best energies to increase them.

The State of Mississippi presents but few features of interest to the stranger within its borders. At first there are interminable tracts of hilly or undulating and sparsely wooded country. The soil, which is a barren red clay, is scarred and furrowed by washouts, the result of the heavy rains characteristic of a southern climate, and called by the Germans *Platzregen*. Then come immense stretches of pine forests, followed towards the southern portion of the state by extensive swamps. With the exception of Holly Springs, Grenada and Jackson, the towns we passed through are small and unprogressive. The villages resemble so many “Sleepy Hollows” just beginning to awake from a profound slumber that has lasted since the war of the rebellion. Neither do they lack their Rip Van Winkles in the grizzly, gray-haired, oleaginous, soapless, unkempt old Sambos into whose souls the “iron of slavery had entered,” and who now use liberty as a cloak of idleness. With occasional exceptions the dwellings in these hamlets are very poorly and cheaply built; but no matter how insignificant or frail a shanty may be, it is ornamented with some kind of a porch or verandah in true Southern style. The great bulk of the population of Mississippi is colored. There are 750,000, some say one million, of the children of sunny Africa in this State out of a total population of 1,250,000. And, judging from the little flocks of pickanninies crowding the doors of every cabin, or playing with the dogs in the sunshine—for dogs are as numerous here as at Constantinople—the descendants of Cham are here to stay, in spite of all the fine-spun theories of political economists as to the feasibility of their colonization in New Siberia, on the shores of Lake Victor Nyanza or on the banks of the Congo. One might as well talk of transporting the *lepus cuniculus* of Australia to more hospitable shores whereas the enterprising young Yankee with his bottle of Pasteur’s *bacilli* has failed in diminishing the little rodent mammals of the Australian continent! It is doubtful if the Mormon menageries could com-

pare with the colored nurseries in regard to the multiplicity of the *picados ninos*! One woolly-headed gentleman, whose Erebus hue would have filled the ace of spades with suicidal intent, sat on his little verandah surrounded by a progeny about as numerous as ever claimed the many-wived Prophet Brigham Young for papa. The train happened to stop on account of a hot box for a few minutes before his well-ventilated shanty. Several of the passengers invited the worthy *paterfamilias* to bring his dime museum out into the full light of day. As he approached the cars he held with one arm a brace of fat, shining, musky little "tootsies-wootsies." "Twins," he remarked. With the other he held suspended in air, a diminutive specimen of rotund humanity—a rubber foot-ball with eyes and nose—as you would take a plucked chicken or gobbler by the leg or wing. I feared he would say triplets! or quadruplets! to the horror of the lady excursionists; but, fortunately, his attention was diverted to candy, cake and comfits, which were handed to him by lily-white hands from the car windows. Of course, no gentleman, except a dude, will lay claim to this category. In the mean time, a dozen or two of his Memphiian heirs and heiresses in scanty raiment, scrambled on the ground for the pennies, nickels or dimes thrown amongst them by the masculine portion of the enthused spectators. Of course, the enterprising colored patriarch felt just as proud as old King Juba, the Khan of Tartary, or a Pasha of Three Tails!

For many years succeeding the "late unpleasantness," these "images of God, carved in ebony," seemed to have no other ambition than that of simply vegetating. Latterly, however, there has been a marked change for the better among many of them, especially in those states in which new industries, such as mining, iron-works, and lumber mills have been started. In Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas many of the negroes are beginning to purchase and clear up patches of land on which they cultivate a little cotton, corn, tobacco or vegetables. Their methods of agriculture are still very primitive. They scratch the soil with something like an old Egyptian plow that would send a *chill* through *Oliver*. A yoke of small, scrawney oxen—a pair of raw-boned, sleepy mules, or a diminutive scraggy horse—all usually harnessed with ropes, form the motive power on all occasions. I have seen a venerable colored gentleman drive two yoke of oxen to haul a half bale of cotton in a sort of a two-wheeled dry-goods box, to the railway station. One yoke, I suppose, was to drag the other along if it balked or fell down by the way. Most of the vehicles were like the ancient war chariots, two-wheeled and of the ram-shackle order. The old Deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay, that collapsed by the way, here would not pay—it would be too classic and aristocratic, though it might pass muster in New England. Hog, hominy, and Johnny cake form the Mahommedan Paradise or Utopia

of our colored brethren in meridional latitudes.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

If contentment be, as the poets sing, the measure of man's happiness here below,

"A mind content both crown and kingdom is,"
and if it be true that

"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise,"
the darkies are certainly among the happiest of mankind, notwithstanding their poverty and lack of learning; for of the corroding cares and vaulting ambitions of their white brethren, they know little or nothing. Who ever hears of a negro committing suicide—that growing curse of modern enlightenment, or rather learned ignorance and practical infidelity? Fill up his musculo-membraneous abdominal reservoir with possum and put a dilapidated banjo in his hand, he is as happy as Robert of Lincoln chirping on a bough:

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-liak,
Spink, spank, spink,
Chee, chee, chee!"

But the happiness of a bird, or of a frog on a log in a pool may be that of a fool. It is not that of men and women created to the image of God with noble capacities of boundless extent, destined so grand that the most brilliant speculations and flights of poet or philosopher never attained a glimmer of such glory. Revelation alone could lift the veil and point out a throne and sceptre above the stars. Hence the imperative duty of the more favored Caucasian race—to improve at any cost and sacrifice the material, and especially the spiritual condition of their unfortunate colored brethren—the victims of man's avarice and inhumanity to man. Red and black hogs with long snouts, sharp tusks, long legs and razor backs formed an important feature of the scene and supplied plenty of *pigment* for nature's canvas. They ran around everywhere almost wild, working as hard as a ward politician in the interests of *home consumption*—with them it was a clear case of "root, hog, or die."

We passed through almost interminable stretches of magnificent pine woods. The trees for virginal forests are not very large, but make beautiful logs. The logs are brought to the mills over wooden tramways, the traction being furnished by several mules or oxen driven in single file or tandem. At one place I saw fourteen oxen pulling in a line with breast-bands, traces, and belly-bands all of rope. The wood, on account of toughness of fibre and beauty of grain, is being more and more extensively used both North and South, for flooring, wainscoting, doors, casing and house trimming.

Northern capital and English syndicates are making vast inroads into these primeval forests as is evidenced by the numerous clearings, the many saw-mills, and the huge heaps of sawdust bordering the railroad. Such is also the case with the vast forests of eastern Texas. Vast areas of the best woodlands in both States

have been gobbled up by foreign capital. One of the wants of the South to-day are good laws for the protection of the virgin forests against total destruction as well as for the encouragement of arboriculture.

Leaving out commercial considerations, this might be advisable from a climatic point of view. Many of our best meteorologists claim that the wholesale hewing down of our timber entails injurious and violent climatic changes, destructive floods and perhaps prepares the way for the cataclysmal cyclone. If John Bull could not smash the Union by means of the cannon and cruisers furnished the Confederacy, he is determined to have a hand in shaping the destinies of the nation through our money and protective industries. He is buying up our Western territories, grain elevators, breweries, distilleries, iron-mills and other manufacturing interests as rapidly as *big money* will *fetch* them, and drawing his dividends to the foggy city on the Thames. But if he is not careful, the plethoric old gentleman will be compelled some day to *drop* his real estate which should belong only to the free citizens of a free country. Let him go to the Dark Continent—not the place where winter coal is furnished *gratis*, but to Africa—where he may strive to revive the decayed institution of landlordism among the Caffirs, Hottentots or Zulus. S.

NEW ORLEANS, March 2, 1890.

Exchanges.

—"Un Tour à l'Enfer" is a good thing in the current *Lombard Review*.

—"Thy Easter Card" is a pretty bit of verse in the latest issue of the *Round Table*.

—*The Fortnightly Lantern* has an excellent appreciation of Addison's "Sir Roger De Coverly."

—*The Speculum* for April contains a well-written history of the Michigan Agricultural College.

—"A King's Banquet" is the title of a poem in rhymed pentameter in the *St. John's University Record*. It is an Oriental tale, and in it there are many lines of unusual merit.

* —The Jubilee number of the *Salve Regina* is a splendid issue. It is replete with interesting reading matter, and we regret that we have not space for a more extended review of its contents.

—In an article on "An American Continental Commercial Union or Alliance," a writer in the *University Cynic* maintains that the recent Pan-American Congress was but the elaboration of a plan formulated thirty years ago by Stephen A. Douglas.

—A short time ago the SCHOLASTIC fed a little red pepper to the elephantine *University Forum*, and in consequence that ponderous journal capers about in a most amusing way. It was great sport, and the SCHOLASTIC is tempted to

try it again. Seriously, however, *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*.

—The April *Blackburnian* has a pertinent editorial inveighing against that evil so prevalent in college life known as "cramming" for class rank. The writer says, among other things:

"Search for truth 'for truth's sake.' Learn for the sake of knowing. This can be the only true purpose of a course of study. To have it said that you 'got a hundred' in examination is to excite the admiration of your fellows. But to have it known that you *know* is to command the respect of the world. To seem to know is to be praised. 'To know is to rule.'"

—The exchange man of the *Northwestern* has at last wakened up, and we regret to notice that he has awakened in a very bad humor. Replying to the gentle chiding of the SCHOLASTIC, that worthy rubs his sleepy eyes and sputters, "you're another." Well, well, you are not a bad sort, after all; but you must pardon the SCHOLASTIC if it timidly reiterates its suggestion that you would add to the already transcendent merit of your department did you use your scissors less and your pencil more.

—*The Penn Chronicle* is a college journal published monthly somewhere in the Hawkeye State. Its columns are replete with classic lore and the treasured learning of the ages. Typographically it is perfect, its literary contributions are beyond criticism, and the great moral lessons which it would inculcate eclipse the most aggressive yet given to the world. Its exchange man is a marvel in the art of repartee. The great masters of the past in comparison are "as moonlight into sunlight." The editorial man of the SCHOLASTIC in a recent issue had the temerity to suggest that Prohibition as a means of suppressing intemperance was generally considered to be a failure. Forthwith the *Chronicle* sage, with fire in his eyes and with all the nerve and skill of a practised soldier, turns his guns upon us, and in no unmistakable terms informs the public that "Prohibition is the greatest success of the nineteenth century," and fain would know "the sources from whence we draw our information." Yea, verily, brother, Prohibition is a great success, a remarkable success! All other successes pale before it! It has demonstrated clearly and conclusively to all, perhaps, but a few hide-bound and narrow-minded fanatics, that prohibition is a monstrous failure and an utter absurdity. This "I am holier than thou" policy has wellnigh ruined Iowa. Capital has been driven from the state; business stagnated; one class of people are made the prey of another. All sane people in Iowa have declared their disgust for this obnoxious measure; yet the leaders of this great moral reform (?) say that their present zeal is but a foretaste of what's to come. Prohibition in Iowa is a farce: the sale of intoxicants has not decreased. The writer has made personal observations, and knows whereof he speaks. It is clearly outside the province of a college journal to discuss political issues; but we are inclined to view this as a moral rather

than a political measure. We are among the staunchest advocates of temperance, but we see no redeeming feature in this hypocritical prohibition policy.

Local Items.

- May Devotions.
- "Muske-Muske-Muskegon!"
- The Juniors had an umpire.
- It's coming fast! Wait 'er out!
- The Tennis Court is still in session.
- Did you see that bean pole on first?
- That last was a great game. Bad luck!
- Is it a kindergarten or a lunatic asylum?
- Junior base-ball politics wax warm again.
- The Congress is over, and the Chinese must go.
- Essays are due again ere long, and "*tempus fugit*."
- Charlie's catch was fine. The right field was well occupied.
- Have you seen the new letter heads? They are things of beauty.
- How about that cheer, V. C.? Keep up your reputation as public benefactors.
- The band should appear on "ball-days." We understand that they are quite proficient in "ball" music.
- It is reported that a game has been arranged with the Jenny and Graham team of Chicago for next Thursday.
- The Junior Base-ball Association held a regular business meeting the other day; it was quite enjoyable for *some*.
- Some of our hunters, under the guidance of Bro. Marcellinus, took a trip to St. Joseph's Farm last Thursday. They report a grand time.
- It is said that Commencement will be celebrated by a grand musical entertainment by the vocal classes—an opera. Preparations have been already begun.
- During the week a box of rare and valuable books arrived for the library—a gift from the Rev. James Rodgers, C. S. C., President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- The celebrated "Invincibles" have a new diamond on the Junior campus. This famous aggregation of base-ball stars has reorganized for the season, and is ready for frays with all comers.
- The improvements made upon the pleasure boat, *Henry*, reflect no little credit on Bro. Eugene who attended to the work. The patch has been affixed with a neatness that is only equalled by its strength.
- The "stock-holders" should remember that visiting teams are the guests of the University, and should be treated with courtesy. The "guying" of the "Muskegons" and others on Tuesday, to say the least, was not very creditable.

—The devotions of the month of May—the month consecrated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary—were opened on Wednesday evening with an appropriate sermon by the Rev. President Walsh. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Very Rev. Provincial Corby.

—The Senior branch of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was reorganized last Thursday morning. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Louis P. Chute; Vice-President, Sylvester Hummer; Secretary, C. T. Cavanagh; Treasurer, J. Kelly; Censors, Frank Kelly and Jno. Cooke; Sergeant-at-Arms, Michael I. Reynolds. The society is now the largest in number and one of the most prosperous in the University.

—One of the most beautiful bouquets we have seen in a long time was presented to Very Rev. Father General the other day by Mr. August Beyer, the florist of Gorden Park Place, on the Mishawaka Road. Mr. Beyer's greenhouse is sure to be liberally patronized once its floral treasures become known to the public. The proprietor is all that one would expect a lover of flowers to be, and any orders entrusted to him will receive the most careful attention.

—As Commencement suits will soon be a subject of consideration, it might be conducive to the interests of the students to look at the local tailoring department before ordering elsewhere. Bro. Augustus has always given universal satisfaction, and this year has been no exception to the rule. Everyone, and particularly the occupants of Sorin Hall, speak very favorably of his work. It would be advisable to look over his stock before sending to other places for suits. He can please every taste.

—BOAT CLUB.—Schwartz is assistant Commodore.—The first meeting of the club was held recently for the purpose of electing officers and arranging affairs for the opening of navigation. By an unanimous vote it was decided that the race at Commencement shall be between crews representing Sorin Hall and the Yard. The following form the new administration: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Referee, Rev. A. Morrissey; President, Rev. M. J. Regan; Secretary, E. Prudhomme; Commodore, C. Flynn; Captain Sorin Hall crew, J. Hepburn; Captain Yard crew, T. McKeon. Election of treasurer and captains of other crews was postponed till next meeting.—Leonard is electioneering for captaincy of a six-oared barge. He keeps good cigars.—McPhee will be a six-oar coxswain.—Bronson made a big catch of fish the other day. Those who were with him say each fish scratched himself vigorously before biting.—Jackson took the boat house for the post office the other day.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The regular session of the Moot-court was held Saturday evening, April 26, Judge Hoynes presiding. The case of Crawford vs. Frazier came up on appeal from St. Joseph County Circuit court, C. Cas-

sin appeared for the appellee, and J. F. Flynn for the appellant. Judgment was affirmed with costs. The case of *Barry vs. Jones* was the next on the docket. This was also on appeal from the court below. Messrs. McKeon and Blackman for appellee, and Long and Lane for appellant. The decision of the lower court was reversed. Both cases involved principles in the Statute of Frauds, the main question being as to whether certain promises were original or collateral undertakings.—The law class is taking notes on Evidence at the morning lecture. In the first afternoon lecture the subject of Agency is considered.—The exercises of the Quiz class are very instructive to the Junior as well as to the Senior class, and for the rest of the session hard work is expected from all.

—The Columbians held their weekly meeting, on Tuesday evening, Prof. Brogan presiding. After the adoption of the minutes of the previous meeting, A. Ahlrichs read a criticism of the same. William Ford then delivered a declamation entitled "Eugene Aram's Dream." Mr. Ford, who is a finished elocutionist, displayed his rare abilities to advantage. His rendition of this difficult piece brought forth loud applause. The debate, "Resolved, That the Australian ballot system should be adopted in the United States," was opened by C. Brookfield, whose arguments were a sort of prelude to what followed. Raymond C. Langan opened the affirmative side in a speech deserving of praise. His remarks were pointed and clean cut. Thos. McKeon followed on the same side. His speech was elaborately brilliant, sparkling with luminous thoughts, and gracefully delivered. Hugh Carroll surprised the members with his scathing and sarcastic remarks and telling facts on the part of the affirmative. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative. O. Jackson read a selection entitled "Fictitious Writings." He acquitted himself creditably, and well deserved the rounds of applause which he received.

BASE-BALL—*Notre Dame vs. Muskegon.*

By a run of surprising luck the Muskegons downed the 'Varsity nine on Tuesday last. The game was interesting; the boys made a gallant up-hill fight, almost capturing the game in the ninth. Muskegon opened with a jump, and by sending out four singles and assisted by an error in left, brought in three runs for a starter. The N. D.'s were not as yet warmed up, and did nothing. Kelly went out by Hefferon to Birmingham; Hayes got a life on first through an error on short stop; Fitzgibbon sent the ball to Pebeau who had it easily, and Jewett struck out. Although the Michiganders got three men on bases in the second, they failed to score, and the collegians did likewise, although hits by Bronson and Long showed that they could find Miller. In the third Welch opened for the visitors by striking out; Birmingham was presented with a base on balls, stole second, waited there till Hefferon was put out by Hayes to Bronson, and then

came in on Dixon's two-bagger to centre; McMahon made a hit, and Dixon came in on Hayes' wild throw. Hayes, of the visitors, went out by Long to Bronson. It was in this inning that Notre Dame began to take a hand in the proceedings. Kelly lined out a single and took second on an error in right field which gave Hayes his first. Kelly then made the steal of the game, taking third before their very eyes. Fitzgibbon struck out; Jewett waited for four balls, got them and toddled down to first; Campbell knocked out a clean hit, bringing in a couple of runs; Bronson flew out to McMahon, and Long struck out. The score now stood, Notre Dame, 3; Muskegon, 5.

Both sides were blanked in the fourth. Birmingham was hit and reached first; but Jewett and Cooke settled his hash when he tried to steal second. Hefferon and Dixon made a hit each and both scored. McMahon went out by Hayes to Bronson, and the other Hayes allowed Jewett to put him out by a foul fly. Fitzgibbon took first on Pebeau's error and stole second; in doing so he strained a muscle in his side and was compelled to withdraw from the game, much to the regret of everyone present. Jewett struck out; Campbell was out by a phenomenal scratch catch by McMahon; Bronson made another hit, and brought Fitz in, and Long made a two-bagger and brought Ross over the plate. Cooke's single sent Long to third, but they were both left on base, as Flynn's fly to left was taken by Welch with another "phenomenal" catch.

In the sixth De Vilbiss went into the box for the home team and Long took Fitzgibbon's place in centre. Pebeau was the only Muskegonite to score. He got a base on balls, took second on a wild pitch, and crossed the plate on Miller's single. Hayes brought one in for Notre Dame. He made a hit, got second on a wild pitch, stole third and came in on an error by Dixon. In the seventh Dixon went out by Kelly to Bronson; McMahon and Hayes made some hits and both scored. Harris got around by a base on balls for a starter and a wild pitch when he was on third. Pebeau concluded to sit down after Hayes had passed his grounder to Bronson; Miller struck out. For Notre Dame, Bronson struck out; Long went out by Miller to Birmingham; Cooke sent a swift one to pitcher's box and got first, stole second, took third on Flynn's single, and scored on Birmingham's error. Kelly flew out to Hefferon.

In the eighth and ninth inning Muskegon scored nothing. Jewett's hit in the eighth inning brought Hayes home after the latter had reached second by means of a base on balls and a stolen base. In the ninth Cooke received a base on balls; Flynn brought him in by a triple to left, and Kelly's hit brought the right fielder home. Hayes went out to Birmingham, Kelly couldn't steal second, and De Vilbiss ended the game by fanning out. Bronson and Flynn did the batting this time, while Jewett did wonderfully well behind the bat.

McMahon, Birmingham and Welch were the best in the field for the visitors. A glance at the score will show that the boys played right even with their opponents; and if they were beaten, it can easily be accounted for by the startling run of luck the visitors had. The team could well be strengthened, however, and practice, not fooling, at the *Red* and *Blue* games would result in better ball playing when outsiders play here. If De Vilbiss could be trained he would make a good pitcher within a few weeks. The following is the score:

MUSKEGON.	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harris, 3d b.....	4	2	2	1	2	0
Pebeau, 2d b.....	4	2	2	3	0	1
Miller, p.....	5	1	3	0	12	0
Welch, l. f.....	5	0	1	2	0	1
Birmingham, 1st b.....	3	1	0	12	0	1
Hefferon, s. s.....	5	1	2	0	3	1
Dixon, c.	5	2	2	7	9	1
McMahon, c. f.....	5	1	2	2	0	0
Hayes, r. f.....	2	1	2	0	0	1

Total..... 41 11 16 27 26 6

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 3d b.....	6	1	2	0	2	0
Hayes, s. s.....	5	3	1	0	3	1
Fitzgibbon, c. f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Jewett, c.....	4	1	2	11	4	0
Campbell, l. f.....	5	0	1	0	0	1
Bronson, 1st b.....	5	1	3	11	0	1
Long, p. f.....	5	0	2	1	7	0
Cooke, 2d b.....	5	2	2	2	2	1
Flynn, r. f.....	5	1	3	1	0	0
De Vilbiss, p.....	3	0	0	0	5	1

Total..... 46 10 16 26* 23 5

Earned runs: Notre Dame, 2; Muskegon, 3. Total bases: Notre Dame, 19; Muskegon, 17. Left on bases: Notre Dame, 10; Muskegon, 8. Two base hits: Dixon, 10; Muskegon, 8. Struck out: by Miller, 10; by Long, 5; by De Vilbiss, 5. Passed ball: Jewett. Wild pitches: Miller, 1; De Vilbiss, 3. Base on hit by pitched ball, Birmingham. Umpire: A. E. Leonard.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

NOTRE DAME:—0 0 3 0 2 1 1 1 2=10

MUSKEGON:—3 0 2 0 2 1 3 0 0=11

* Pebeau out: hit by batted ball.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Berry, Blessington, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Brelsford, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, Campbell, G. Cooke, L. Chute, F. Chute, T. Coady, P. Coady, Crall, J. Cavanagh, Dela Pena, Dacy, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty Davis, C. Flynn, F. Flynn, Fehr, J. Flynn, P. Fleming, Garfias, Gibbons, Galen, Gough, Grothous, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, Hackett, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hepburn, Hempler, Hoover, Higgie, J. S. Johnson, Kearns, J. King, Krembs, J. Kelly, F. Kelly, Kunart, Lesner, Langan, Lancaster, W. Larkin, A. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, G. McDonald, McWilliams, McKee, McPhee, Mithen, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, Metzger, Meehan, Mandrue, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, H. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Rose, Rothert, Roberts, Reedy, Robinson, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Soden, Scherrer, D. Sullivan, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Stanton, Talbot, V. Vurpillat,* F. Vurpillat, Wright, Youngermann, Zimmerman, Huber, De Vilbis.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, E. Bates, B. Bates, J.

Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Blumenthal, Bradley, Bos, Barger, Burke, Barclay, Burns, Bergland, J. Connors, Collins, Delany, Dempsey, DesGarnes, Drumm, DeLormier, Dela Pena, Elder, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, Gerlach, Garrison, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Higgie, Hoerr, Ibold, Kearney, V. Kehoe, L. Kehoe, Kutsche, J. Leonard, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, L. Monarch, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, McNally, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Neill, O'Mara, Otis, Palmer, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Rarig, Roper, Rowsey, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sukup, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Thorn, Tivnen, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wertheimer, Wolff, White, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Crane, Coon, Croke, Durand, Drant, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Gilbert, Greene, D. Gikison, A. Gikison, J. Griggs, Girsch, C. Griggs, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Keeler, Kuehl, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonsberry, H. Lamberton, Loonie, Loomis, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Priestly, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Weber, Wilson, Wolf, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Parker, F. Flynn, Karasynski, C. Flynn, D. Phillips, Pyplatz, Bovett, Kunert, Tivnen, Reedy, Crall, Grothaus, Sanchez, W. Newman, D. Sullivan, J. Cavanagh, Latson, Cohn, Weston, De Lormier, Tinsley, F. Keough, Kearney, W. Burns, Hack, Lenard, D. Monarch, Seerey, Welch, J. Leonard, Weisse, Quill, P. Jacobs, E. Jewett, Tivnen, Dorsey, O'Meara, A. Prichard, Young, A. Campbell, Wolff, Casey.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Bradley, Crandall, Dyer, E. Fleming, Fisk, Ford, Garrison, Grimes, Heard, Hayes, Hesse, Heller, Kearns, Maher, Blumenthal, Curtis, A. Funke, Gibbons, Hynes, Hahn, Keyes, Lynch, Lancaster, Lesner, Mitchell, F. Murphy, J. Newman, Rarig, Stapleton, Treff, Metzger, Mier, Robinson, F. Schillo, Scott, Wertheimer, Talbot.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. A. Flynn, Bovett, F. Neef, Kearns, D. Phillips, J. Fitzgerald, Weitzel, Ibold, P. Murphy, Casey, Fitzgibbon, Maurus, Blackman; *Algebra*—Messrs. L. Davis, Maurus, Hennesy, Hesse, Kearney, Latson, F. Flynn, Hayes, Roper, Stapleton, Wolff; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Keyes, Bos, Boone, Dion, Higgie; *Grammar*—Messrs. F. Murphy, W. Burns, White, F. Whalen, Tinsley; *Reading*—Messrs. Hull, Martin, Neenan, Tinsley; *United States History*—W. Lorie.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Ford, Greene, Lesner; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Gross, Heller, A. Prichard, Maher, Mier, F. Schillo, E. Fleming, Kearns; *Grammar*—C. Mier; *Reading*—J. Mandrue; *Orthography*—J. Rebillot; *Geography*—Messrs. Metzger, Seerey; *United States History*—Messrs. Metzger, Bos; *Penmanship*—Messrs. McAlister, Schwarz, Rebillot, J. Connors, McCartney, Heller.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Warm thanks are extended Mr. P. Breen, of Denver, Colorado, for some beautiful and valuable mineral specimens kindly sent by him to the Academy Museum.

—The Third Seniors held an interesting competition on Tuesday last; the subject of the test was the history of Rome, in which the Misses Spurgeon and Bogner showed great proficiency.

—Among the welcome visitors of the past week were Miss A. Shephard and Miss L. St. Clair, Class '87; Miss M. Rend, Class '89; Miss A. Gordon, who received the gold art medal last June, and Miss L. Hutchinson.

—On Wednesday last the 2d Senior Botany Class enjoyed a ramble through the woods for wild flowers which they found in abundance; all seem to take a praiseworthy interest in that charming of sciences, which treats of the floral creation.

—"The Augustan Age of Literature" was the subject of an able and interesting lecture, delivered by Mr. M. F. Egan in the Senior study hall on Tuesday evening, April 30. The writers of that period were treated in a masterly manner, and a mine of literary lore was opened to the gaze of the true student.

—On Wednesday last several young ladies of musical and dramatic talent gave a most interesting entertainment in the Vocal Hall which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. All acquitted themselves with honor, and awakened such enthusiasm that the little opera was repeated by special request on Thursday evening.

—Very Rev. Father General, as usual, presided at the regular academic meeting of Sunday, the 26th, at which Miss E. Flannery read, in a clear, pleasing voice, a tribute to Sister Rose Gertrude, who lately left her home and dear ones in England to minister to the wants of the lepers of Molokai; then Miss A. Thirds read a touching article on the Patronage of St. Joseph, from the graceful pen of Eliza Allen Starr.

—On the visitors' register of last week appear the following names: W. K. Shirey, Mrs. P. Nacey, Miss M. Nacey, Mrs. O. F. Harmes, C. S. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smyth, Mrs. D. McGuire, P. Cavanagh, M. Cudahy, Mrs. J. T. Young, Mrs. T. A. Evoy, J. W. Cooper, Chicago; L. Schermerhorn, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. T. H. Rooney, London, Ontario; J. J. McGinty, Miss J. L. Marion, Denver, Colo.

—The Misses Nester and Crane read the second number of the *Chimes* on Sunday the 20th at the academic meeting; the little class paper was edited by the 2d Seniors, and was an interesting issue. The principal articles were: Essays on the advantages arising from a study of

the French, German, Latin and English languages; "Delicacy," "Poetry," "All for Science," "Spring," "Story of a Day," "Answers to Correspondents," etc.

The Sentinel's Dream.

At sound of drum and bugle call
Forth marched a valiant host,
And sadly on the bastion tall
A sentry held his post.

"They go to victory, and I,
Though brave of heart, must stay,
While for the cause my comrades die"—
He thought—"must I obey?"

The guard relieved when night dews fell,
Drew near the camp-fire's smoke,
When through the gloom, 'neath evening's spell,
The dawn of dreamland broke.

And high above in clouds of white
There gleamed a gate of gold,
While through the opening portal bright
Sweet strains of music rolled.

Then, lo! upheld by angel hands,
He saw two spirits borne;
The one was leader of the bands
Led out to strife that morn;

The other was himself, alas!
What welcome would he meet?
The hosts of Heaven would by him pass
The warrior's soul to greet.

But when at Mercy's throne they stood,
There rose a gentle voice—
"The merits of the sacred rood
Have won two souls—rejoice!"

"O leader, thou didst keep at heart
My law 'mid cares of state;
And thou, poor sentry, didst thy part,
Thou didst obey and wait."

And through the glowing ether rose
The angel's psalm of praise
To Him who, in His mercy, shows
The wisdom of His ways.

Just then the distant musket roll,
The heavy night gloom rent,
The sentry woke, and in his soul
Was born the gift—content.

The Month of May.

Scarce have the Paschal chants ceased to be heard when creation bursts forth in a universal canticle, and, sending up to heaven its perfumes and harmonies, heralds the advent of beautiful May. Now the robin vies with the blue bird in jocund carolling; the swallows and linnets join their alleluias with the voice of the murmuring brook. Flowery May it is called, and appro-

priately so: the star-like anemone sways on the wind-swept river bank; violets yield their sweet odor; the purple lilac tosses in the breeze; the sweet May-flower extends its delicate petals to be kissed by the sun; soft zephyrs fan the waving grass, and the majestic trees assume their wonted verdure, while meadow, hill and dale are clothed in the same bright hue. Light and silvery cloudlets hover in the air; the orchard bends beneath its fragrant burden, and the swaying willows are mirrored in the waters beneath. Welcome May! thrice welcome! Your thousand voices blend into one enchanting harmony in honor of the month of our Mother. The arts themselves carry on a noble rivalry in proclaiming the glories of Mary: architecture has raised magnificent temples in her honor; music has created noble harmonies, and poetry furnished sweet and beautiful canticles; but the Church has conferred the crowning honor in dedicating to her the most charming month of the year.

In the Catholic heart love of the Mother of God is innate; and if we pierce the twilight of unlettered ages we will find her praises sung as well by wandering minstrel as by honored bard. The seeds of this love and devotion were sown in the hearts of men long ages since by the hand of her Divine Son Himself, and springing up bore blossoms sweet and attractive; but not until comparatively recent times did the beautiful bloom, "May Devotions," expand under the influence of the genial warmth which dwells in the hearts of Mary's clients. To trace it to its origin. The story is told that, in one of the Jesuit colleges in Italy, a holy Father, wishing to promote the advancement of his pupils in virtue and in science, daily during this month gathered his young charges around a shrine dedicated to Our Lady; so noticeable was their improvement that the devotion soon extended to all the institutions of the Order, and finally spread throughout the world.

During this month are offered to the Queen of Heaven the first fruits of the floral kingdom; and here at St. Mary's, her own domain by so many titles, loving children gather round her altars singing sweet May carols. At her feet pale lilies gleam amid the starry light of twinkling tapers, and as they breathe sweet fragrance from their perfumed chalices it seems to mingle with the incense of prayer that ascends to Heaven from earnest hearts, while numberless voices chant:

"Make to bloom these withered souls of ours,
O Madonna, in thine own sweet month of flowers."

CATHERINE HURLEY (*First Senior Class.*)

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Bates, Bogner, Bovett, Cunningham, Coll, Crilly, Churchill, Currier, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, S. Dempsey, De Montcourt, Donahue, English, Flannery, Healey, Horner, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Holt Harmes, A. Hanson, Hellmann, Hale, Hutchinson, Hughes, Kelso, Lynch, Lauth, McFarland, Moore, Maher, McCarthy, Murison, S. McPhee, Mullaney, Marley, Moore, Norris, Nester, Piper, Pugsley, Patier, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, Clifford, Carlin, Daly, M. Davis, E. Evoy, Hickey, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Mabbs, McGuire, O'Brien, Patrick, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, Scherrer, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Sweeney, Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, K. Wright, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Eldred, M. Egan, N. Finnerty, H. Girsch, M. Hamilton, K. Hamilton, L. McHugh, McCarthy, McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

2D CLASS—Misses Crane, B. Hepburn, F. Burdick, M. Smyth.

FRENCH.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses D. Davis, E. Nester, L. Curtis, Bero, M. Schermerhorn, Hepburn, Hurff, Rinehart.

2D DIV.—Misses Lynch, De Montcourt, C. Haight, S. Dempsey, M. McFarland, Gordon, Byrnes, Roberts, L. Wurzburg, Dolan, A. E. Dennison.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ryan, M. Otis, M. Violette, M. Hickey, E. Quealy, Clarke, Murison.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Tormey, M. Wagner, K. Wood, J. Patrick, E. Philion, Young, Evoy, M. Burns, E. Burns, Moore.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, M. McHugh, M. Egan.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS—Misses Deutsch, G. Lauth, Piper, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, F. Moore, Nickel, K. Morse, Quealy.

3D CLASS—Misses D. Spurgeon, Nacey, A. Ansbach, Harmes, Koopmann.

4TH CLASS—Misses E. Schäfer, L. Ernest, Currier, L. Hagus, C. McCarthy.

2D DIV.—Misses Dreyer, E. Wagner, Rinn, C. Kasper, Levy, L. Kasper, Mestling.

5TH CLASS—Misses Green, E. Adelsperger, N. Schermerhorn, N. McGuire, O'Mara, L. McHugh, M. Wagner, M. Davis, Cochrane, L. Farwell.

Forgiving Hearts.

The heart that can forgive, and that alone,
May love, but bitter thoughts remain behind;
While memory recalls an evil done,
Then pardon's sweeter part is still unkind.

The heart which can forget when it forgives
Is God-like in the fulness of its love;
When memory of wrong no longer lives,
Then pardon is an echo form above.

T. A. M., in *Boston Pilot*.