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Saracinesca.

BY J. J. COOKE, '95.

F. Marion Crawford was born at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in 1845. His father, Thomas Crawford, was a celebrated American sculptor who went abroad for the promotion of his artistic studies, and, as it eventually proved, for life. Although Crawford was born abroad he is yet, by reason of his parentage, an American citizen. He has published many successful novels and in rapid succession.

It has been said by an eminent critic that Crawford has produced the best and worst novel ever written by an American, "Saracinesca" being the former and "An American Politician" the latter. We may indeed be inclined to doubt the assertion as to the latter, but we all certainly agree as to the former.

The story deals with the stormy period that immediately preceded the revolt of Mazzini, Garibaldi and their infamous associates against Pope Pius IX., and the subsequent wresting of the temporal possessions from that august potentate. It was a period of great uneasiness. That trouble was brewing was evident to all; and it required prompt action on the part of the authorities to suppress any revolutionary spirit that might manifest itself. The Papal Government repressed gambling as a nuisance, and the people consequently took delight in annoying the authorities by grumbling in secret places and calling themselves conspirators.

The distinction he makes between the conditions that prevailed under the gentle influence of Pope Pius IX. and those of the spoliators is delightful. He says: "Rome in those days was

peopled solely by Romans, whereas now a large proportion of the population consists of Italians from the north and south, who have been attracted to the capital by many interests—races as different from former citizens as Germans or Spaniards, and, unfortunately, not disposed to show over-much good fellowship or loving kindness to the original inhabitants." Again: "Those were the days of the old school of artists; men who, if their powers of creation were not always proportioned to their ambition for excellence, were as superior to their more recent successors in their pure conceptions of what art should be as Apelles was to the Pompeian wall painters, and as the Pompeians were to modern house decorators. The age of Overbeck and the last original painters was almost past, but the age of fashionable, artistic debauchery had hardly begun." These Romans had grown up together, had been educated together, gone out into the world together, and together discussed all the social affairs of the city. Every little trifling affair was passed upon, and engagements and marriages all formed themes for their gossip, while they passed on the relative merits and demerits of the parties. Not a house was bought or sold, not a hundred francs won at écarté without being duly considered and commented upon by the whole of society, and yet, though there was much gossip, there was little scandal.

We first become acquainted with the characters in the story at the reception of the Embassy. Don Giovanni Saracinesca was a very dark man, with a splendid physique, but a little inclined to be lean, and a man who was conceded to be the handsomest man in Rome. He lived with his father, the Prince Saracinesca, in the great Palazzo Saracinesca in an ancient quarter of Rome. The relations of the father

to the son are admirably portrayed. Although the prince differed with him on many points, and often quarrelled with him, yet he loved him dearly, and would have done anything for him. There were very few marriageable women in Rome who would not have been pleased to become Saracinesca's wife. He was honest, courteous and considerate by habit and experience. But as yet he had not met the woman he was willing to marry.

The next person we meet is Corona d'Astradente. She is the character in the book that interests us most, and around which all the others revolve, despite the fact that Crawford aimed to have Saracinesca stand out foremost. She is also a dark, typical southern beauty who, on leaving the convent, married an old, faded-out aristocratic dandy at the earnest desire of her father. She did not love him in the least, but not in any word or action did she show it. She was the very soul of honor; anything that savored of the dishonorable pained her exceedingly. She was also very proud and dignified, but not haughty. Crawford knows how magnificent are the effects of religion upon characters naturally noble, and we see this in Corona. When she was sorely tempted she had recourse to prayer, and so should it be with us; for prayer is the only means of overcoming temptation. Giovanni seemed to be attached to Corona by some irresistible charm which later had almost imperceptibly ripened into love. Corona preferred him to any of the others, and at first she thought it was only a harmless friendship; but when she could no longer blind herself to the fact that it was love, pure and simple, she became terrified. She tried to persuade herself that it was not love and to act with indifference toward him, but it was impossible.

Another person with whom we become acquainted at the Embassy is a pale young man by the name of Ugo del Ferice or, as he is pleased to call himself, "Il Conte del Ferice." He is poor, but by his engaging ways he has made himself agreeable to society. He is invited to every reception and ball more to amuse the people than anything else. He is a sort of professional jester. Bulwer Lytton describes just such a character in the "Last Days of Pompeii." Such a person is like a gilded butterfly gliding from flower to flower, amusing for the time, but leaving no impression behind and is soon forgotten. The character in Bulwer Lytton we find to be incapable of much good or evil. Del Ferice is weak and at first we think harmless; but as the story progresses

we find that he will stoop to any base act to attain his ends. He wishes to marry Madam Tullia Mayer, but she desires to marry Giovanni, a union which is very agreeable to the old prince. Ferice tries by every means to prevent this marriage.

Between Donna Tullia and Julia of the "Last Days of Pompeii" we also see points of resemblance. Julia, as was the case with Donna Tullia, was in love with a man who did not return her love, and failing to receive it she betrayed the low depths of her nature by seeking revenge. They were both society women, and when checked in their designs showed themselves to be unprincipled—the comparison is very striking between the two.

Saracinesca shows the nobleness of his nature, when the idle gossips have connected his name with Corona's he resolves, in order to silence all talk, to marry Donna Tullia. But when he asks Corona for her advice on the subject, although he does not tell her what is urging him to do it, she advises him not to marry a woman he does not love. It was at this time that she first felt that she really loved him. She felt the love growing upon her more and more, and, as was her wont in all difficulties, she turned to the spiritual advice of the good Padre Felippo.

Here is depicted, in glowing terms, and with a truth to life which is remarkable, the struggles of a proud, high-born soul—a soul that could not survive the least breath of dishonor. She tells him that he has never spoken of love to her, and that she believes he does not love her at all. But, fearing to conceal even the faintest suspicion, she adds: "And yet, perhaps he may." The monk saw that he could only reach her by attacking her pride. "Let there be no perhaps," he answered, sternly. "Think of the small dignity in loving a man who does not love you." Long after, in the privacy of her rooms, she thought of the grey-haired monk's words, and she scorned herself for being so despicable. But it was not long before she found that Giovanni really did love her. At the theatre one evening he was led on by Corona who unwittingly brings him to the point of declaring his love. She finds out her mistake when too late, and although she is sorry that it should have happened, yet it is a sorrow with which a thrill of pleasure is combined. Giovanni also saw his mistake, and decided to leave Rome for a few days until she would have recovered from the shock. It was only when he was gone that Corona recognized the vast space he had filled in her life, and day by day her spirits drooped.

When they next meet it is at the Frangipani ball. Here we find Cardinal Antonelli. He was the Governor of the papal palaces—a man of striking personality, clear-headed, shrewd, and one who, in the subsequent crisis, displayed indomitable courage in the defense of his sovereign and the liberty of the Holy See. He had a great tact of bringing a man around to his opinion. This we see in his conversation with Anastase Gouache. Gouache was a rising young artist at whose studio congregated many of the revolutionists. He came to paint the Cardinal's portrait, was finally brought around to the Cardinal's ideas, and in a few days he announced his intention of becoming a Papal Zouave. "He came to scoff, but remained to pray."

Saracinesca and Corona meet in the conservatory. In this meeting at the Frangipani ball we have the most striking scene in the entire story. It was a meeting that was terribly sweet to Corona; yet it was one fraught with terrible temptation, as she listened to the passionate words of love he uttered, she was almost on the point of yielding herself up into his arms. For a short time only she wavered. Her soul was torn with inward struggles, but the nobility of her nature helped her to overcome. Honor finally conquered over the baser, sordid thoughts of self. Never would she be so tempted again. She told him that they must never meet again; but if it was impossible to do otherwise, that he should never mention the subject again.

As they left the conservatory they heard a crashing of glass, and Giovanni, rushing up to find the cause of it, discovers that Del Ferice has been listening to all that has been said. Saracinesca provoked him to a duel which was fought next morning. Del Ferice attempted a base act of treachery, but was stabbed through the neck for his pains. We cannot but think that the old prince must have been very hard-hearted to stand by so unconcernedly while his son was fighting for his life.

The whole town was ringing with the account of the duel the next day, and the Duke being at his club, and hearing for the first time of the way society looked upon the relations of his wife to Giovanni, and that the duel had been fought for her, rushed home and accused his wife of duplicity. Although the Duke was a vain man and had peculiar ways, his love for Corona was his one redeeming feature. It was such an intense love that it was almost pitiful to behold. There stands now the decrepit old man, bewigged and powdered, his confidence misplaced, as he thinks, and his trust betrayed,

the very picture of rage incarnate. The paroxysm of his wrath seemed to lend strength to the old man. Corona, pale and trembling before this, the like of which she had never seen before in him, declared her innocence. She had great control over the man, and as she spoke, the very truth "blazed from her eyes." He believed her, and, falling on his knees, implored forgiveness. His heart, which the doctor predicted could not withstand any sudden shock, had verified the prediction. His life went out while he was protesting his love.

She felt sorry for the poor old dandy; in fact she sadly missed him in the long days that ensued. After the funeral she departed with Sister Gabrielle for the Astrardente estate in the mountains, which closely bordered on that of Saracinesca. After a short time Giovanni called on her, and after a year had elapsed they were married. Before they were married, however, Del Ferice and Donna Tullia tried to prove, by a marriage certificate which they produced, that Giovanni Saracinesca had been married some time before to one Felice Baldi. This, upon an investigation instituted by the prince, proved to be another Saracinesca, a distant relative of the family. The old prince desiring to punish Del Ferice, who had recovered from the blow received in the duel, for his actions toward his son, accused him to the Cardinal of being a traitor. His mail was examined, objectionable matter was found therein, and an order was issued for his arrest. He, however, escaped in the guise of a Capuchin monk.

And here the story ends. Corona and Saracinesca are happily married and living on the Saracinesca estates in the mountains; Del Ferice, who was to have been married to Donna Tullia in a fortnight, is a fugitive from justice, and Gouache has become a Papal Zouave and is rapidly winning distinction.

It is truly a remarkable book. Corona is drawn with the breadth and nobleness of womanhood worthy of the author who painted Deane in that other book "To Leeward." It is distinctively a Catholic novel. We cannot rise above our lower natures without the elevating tendencies of religion. True greatness cannot exist without its restraining influences. We may conquer others, but not ourselves, which is an infinitely greater victory, and so we find in the story of Saracinesca. In it Crawford has produced one of the most satisfactory works of fiction in the language. It is a masterpiece, and on it as a foundation rests the fame of its author.

"She Stoops to Conquer."

BY JAS. B. BARRETT, '95.

"She Stoops to Conquer" is considered Goldsmith's best comedy, and it ranks but little inferior to any comedy ever written. By reading this production we can form a correct idea of the manners of Goldsmith's times. The plot of the play is, indeed, humorous and interesting. It is founded on the mistakes of a night, and the drama sometimes receives this as a title. The most prominent characters are Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, their daughter Miss Kate, and son Tony, and Miss Neville, a cousin of these children. The other prominent persons are Sir Charles Marlow and his son, and Mr. Hastings. Mr. Hardcastle invites young Marlow and Mr. Hastings to his home, which is situated about seventy miles from London. Sir Charles Marlow is to follow in a few days. Mr. Hardcastle intends his daughter Kate shall have young Marlow in marriage, and he informs his daughter of the intention. In the meantime Mr. Hardcastle meets with some comical, but trying tasks in training his servants, as to how they shall act when the company arrives.

Tony is a kind of a reckless youth, and a pet of his mother. He spends the greater part of his time in an ale-house, close to his home. He happened to be at this place on the evening that Mr. Hastings and young Marlow were passing on their way to the Hardcastle home. These gentlemen were travelling all that day, and thinking they had lost their road, they stopped at this ale-house and made inquiries as to their situation, asking to be directed to the Hardcastle place. Tony knowing who they were, as well as their business, began directing them in a very complicating manner. He gave them the impression that they were badly out of the road. The keeper of the ale-house invited them to stay with him over night, but they were not satisfied with the inferior quality of the inn, and the invitation of the ale-house keeper met with scorn. Tony then told them that the best inn in that part of the country was but one mile to the west, which, of course, was the home of the Hardcastle family. The house truly resembled an inn in appearance. The two gentlemen proceeded to the supposed inn and on their arrival they were met by the supposed inn-keeper, Mr. Hardcastle, who saw that proper care was taken of the horses and baggage. Then the gentlemen entered the house escorted by the servants, who

addressed them by their names; the gentlemen supposed the servants had learned their names from Mr. Hardcastle.

The guests then began to order the servants about in a mighty manner. When Hardcastle entered the house he was astonished at the boldness of his visitors. They went so far as to order their supper and wines, and they showed much displeasure in so doing. They indulged in all the privileges of an inn. The gentlemen did not know Mr. Hardcastle, but they were acquainted with Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. They were surprised to meet the two ladies at an inn; but, thinking they were on a journey to some place, they did not discover their error. The ladies, seeing the mistake of their visitors, determined to keep up the illusion. Young Marlow was very bashful when in company with a refined lady, as was shown in his courtship. However, he could carry on brilliant conversations when in the presence of Mr. Hastings. Mr. Hastings was charmed by Miss Neville. Young Marlow thought he tired Miss Hardcastle by his conversations and he was always begging pardon.

The visitors were very much delighted with the conversations of Mrs. Hardcastle, the supposed wife of the inn-keeper. She entertained the gentlemen exceedingly well. The visitors became very intimate with their respective ladies. In the meantime, Sir Charles Marlow arrived, but the event did not change the illusion. During this time Tony made several blunders, and he severely denounced Miss Neville. Tony was reproached for his actions by Mr. Hastings.

The one important event of the time was Miss Hardcastle's stooping to conquer. She disguised herself as a bar-maid and began serving the wines. Young Marlow was fascinated by her charming appearance, and wished to show it by outward actions which were repelled. Kate informed her father of the matter, and he, in turn, told Sir Charles. Young Marlow denied the statement, however. The result of the courtship of Miss Neville and Mr. Hastings was an elopement carried out by the efforts of Tony, who really wished to sever all connections with Miss Neville. The jewels of Miss Neville were obtained by Tony's trickery. This event, together with the impudence of Tony, was very displeasing to Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle and Sir Charles were very anxious to see that the object of the visit was carried out, and a certain intimacy discovered by the old gentlemen confirmed their plans. The mistake of the visitors was now explained, and young

Marlow became despondent. Begging pardons and making apologies were no consolations for him, and he wished to leave, but was prevented by his father. The sentiments of the parents were expressed, and the result was the wedding of Mr. Marlow and Miss Hardcastle.

In reading this play, the most noticeable feature is that a woman plays a very important part, as in all great dramas. Man's conduct in different positions is plainly shown by the visitors' actions in mistaking a private dwelling for an inn. Tony Hardcastle is made to appear as a reckless youth, spoiled by being petted by his mother. His sole aim seems to be the accomplishing of trickery. He was the cause of the mistake. All the traits needed in the character of Tony were well carried out. Miss Hardcastle was an intelligent, refined and lovely lady, considering the surroundings of her country home. Young Marlow possessed all the traits of an aristocrat, and dignity greatly influenced him, as was shown in his admiring Miss Hardcastle in her dignified rather than in her humble state. Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle were a sociable and very refined couple. Miss Neville was a weak-minded lady, and influenced by aristocratic sentiments. Mr. Hastings was an equal to Miss Neville, and possessed all her prominent characteristics.

Tennyson.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Alfred Tennyson stands first among the poets of the nineteenth century. His influence on the literature of our time has been immense. He at once expressed and reflected the spirit of our age; although of late, according to competent critics, there has been a perceptible move against his teachings, or rather his ideals.

It is, perhaps, difficult for young men to estimate Tennyson aright. For we who love poetry are brought up, as it were, at his feet, and he casts the magic of his fascination over our early youth. Whatever may have to be taken from the popularity of Tennyson on account of fashion and a well-known name, or on account of his harmony with the ideas of the large majority of Englishmen, his popularity is a fact of real benefit to the public, and highly creditable at the same time. His career was at first slow; his early productions were not well received, and the critics found in them but little they admired. The men of that generation deemed Tennyson terribly obscure.

"In Memoriam," it was held, nobody could possibly understand. The poet, being original, had to make his own public. Men nurtured on Scott and Byron could not comprehend him. Now we hear no more of his obscurity. His early poems, such as "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," show Byronic reflections and influence. Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was also a favorite poet of Tennyson's early youth.

He was a laborious student, a painstaking thinker and inquirer. He has soared to the highest place in the poetical firmament. He draws from every source—Grecian, Roman, Mediæval, British. No other poet has written so beautifully of the much-maligned Middle Ages, whose chivalry has completely fascinated him, and proved the chief theme of his Muse. "Locksley Hall," "Maud," "The Princess," each enlarged the circle of his readers and admirers. But the work on which Tennyson's fame will rest is the Arthurian epic—"The Idyls of the King." It is the great epic of the nineteenth century. In it he has given us one of the finest poems in the English language. Its inspiration is drawn from Mediæval chivalry. The romance and proud loyalty to faith and sovereign of those days, so little understood, are placed before the world in brilliant settings in the entire Arthurian series. They take their sequence of development somewhat different from that of the time of writing.

Tennyson is as musical as Mozart; one or two brief examples must suffice to prove this. Take the night of the final battle in the "Morte d'Arthur." Deeply smitten through the helmet, Arthur had fallen; his knights are slain; Sir Bedivere, the last of them, bears the king to a chapel near the bloody field where was

"A broken chancel with a broken cross."

Arthur is dying. His sword Excaliber, given to him by the sea nymphs,

"And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn."

Then Arthur is borne on Sir Bedivere's shoulders to the shores of the lake. The dusky barge nears them,—

"Dark as a funeral scarf from stem, to stern,"
and the king is put in it. Before it glides away, Arthur addresses a farewell to his afflicted Knight, Sir Bedivere, standing on the shore, in a great and truly Christian strain:

"The old order changeth, yieldeth place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Throughout this poem, there is a stately, sonorous music, like that of the organ. From the majestic overture—

"For all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea"—

onward to the end, the same high elevation is maintained.

It is as an allegorical personification of the soul at war with the passions of earth that the "Idyls of the King" should be regarded. In it Arthur typifies the soul; yes, more: "He is a sort of ideal man, a blameless king, the mystically born king, victorious, defeated, but deathless." Throughout the entire poem we see the body and its passions gain continually greater sway, till in the end the spirit's earthly work is thwarted and defeated by the flesh.

Tennyson is essentially a lyric poet, giving voice to gentle and beautiful sentiments. Much of the power of his lyrics is derived from that peculiar ability of his own to make nature herself reflect, redouble and interpret the human feelings. That is the power also of such supreme lyrics as "Break, Break!" and "In the Valley of Caunterets." These, like all highest artistic work, conceal, not obtrude, art; if they are not spontaneous, they at least produce that effect. They impress one also with the power—for which no technique can be a substitute—of sincere feeling, and profound realization of their subject-matter.

In the field of the drama, Tennyson has failed; although the dramatic characterizations in "Harold," "Queen Mary" and "Becket" are excellent. Tennyson is admirably dramatic in the portrayal of individual moods of men or women in certain given situations. His plays are fine, but not nearly so remarkable as his dramatic poems.

The range, then, of this poet, in all the achievements of his long life, is vast—lyrical, dramatic, narrative, allegoric, philosophical. He is master of the most varied measures, as of the richest and most copious vocabulary.

While Tennyson must frankly be recognized as the Arthur or Lancelot of modern English verse, even by those among us who believe that their own work in poetry cannot fairly be entitled "minor," the poetic standard he has established is in all respects so high that poets who love their art must needs glory in such a leader and such an example.

Immortal bard! to thy great name we pay
This humble tribute. Thy golden lyre now is still,
No more shalt strike those wondrous chords that thrill
So many hearts with love and awe this day.

JOHN S. SCHOPP.

If anyone were to ask me what I admire in Tennyson, I would, without any hesitation, answer: The genius employed by him for a

noble purpose—to charm us by his melodious verses and to elevate us by the purity of his muse. Tennyson is a true poet; he has all the characteristics of one—a vivid, active imagination, a clear perception and the ingenuity to give his expressions a graceful and pleasant form. He is, above all, an artist, and represents objects as if they were before our eyes; for instance:

"With thickest moss the flower pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all."

Our poet's fame rests on the Arthurian epic, the "Idyls of the King." In this poem there occurs a passage which evidently shows that he does not doubt the existence of God. He makes Arthur speak thus:

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me day and night.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend."

Though believing, he has no definite conception of man's relation towards God. He is perplexed; hence he exclaims:

"But what am I!
An infant, crying in the night;
An infant, crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Tennyson is at his best in the lyrics. He gives voice to beautiful sentiments, but has not the power to exhibit the stronger passions of the soul. As a dramatic poet, he failed. One could hardly be expected to give long quotations in a short theme of this kind. Let me quote, however, the opening lines of one of his most exquisite poems:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

There are many poetical stars in the English literary firmament of the nineteenth century; but Tennyson shines, just as a blazing fire through the night, and surpasses them all.

EMIL AHLRICHS.

The literature of the Victorian period has suffered much by the deaths of Curtis and Whittier; but far more by that of Tennyson, the noblest, purest and most accomplished among the poets of our time. "To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand-playing with finely-ordered variety on the chords of emotion—a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously

into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge." This we see in Tennyson above all the poets of English literature. We need only read his earlier poems, and at once we shall be stricken with the talent and genius of this man—by his quick discernment, "so that no shade of quality escapes it." Look at "Mariana." Can we find in all literature a better word-painting than

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse,
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about."

Tennyson was much censured by the critics for the "Princess," especially for its form; but where can we find more enchanting lyrics? He, some time afterward, on the appearance of "In Memoriam," again suffered. Some said that no poet could possibly write such a light piece as the "Princess," and then turn round and become as sorrowful and desolate as the Prophet Jeremiah, for example, in "In Memoriam"; but to be easily sad and to be easily gay belongs to the temperament of the poet.

Tennyson said when he was dying that he left us his better part; and in so saying he has but said the truth, as "a poem is the best part of a poet—what makes up a poet's consciousness in his best moods." He has left us all he wrote, and had done so long before he died.

P. F. MORRIS.

The death of Tennyson has removed a most conspicuous figure of English literature. He was prominent among the poets of the nineteenth century, and in the list of great poets is placed about fifth or sixth from Dante.

Alfred Tennyson, the third son of an English clergyman, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, which is the *alma mater* of so many famous Englishmen. While at school he obtained a medal for writing a commencement poem, entitled "Timbuctoo."

In 1830 appeared "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson." Included in this volume were the "Ode to Memory," "The Deserted House," and also "The Owl." In the same year, 1830, a second volume was published, containing, among other poems, "The Lady of Shallott," "The Palace of Art," "Oenone," and "A Dream of Fair Women."

From the year 1842 Tennyson's career was assured. During this year he wrote "Dora," "Godiva," "Ulysses," "Break, Break, Break!" and many other short and sweet poems. "The

Princess" appeared in 1847, and in 1850 "In Memoriam" was published. This same year he was married, and also became poet-laureate. "The Idyls of the King" was begun in 1855, but was not completed till about twelve years afterwards. His last poem, entitled "The Foresters," was written in 1892.

Tennyson, as a poet, was without a peer during his lifetime; but it will be years before we fully recognize the merits of this great poet. His greatest work is a question of controversy; but I think, without a doubt, that "The Idyls" should be placed first and "In Memoriam" second. "The Idyls" is a series of poems describing the various vicissitudes of King Arthur's life. There is only one serious defect in this poem, although many will not agree with me, that he makes King Arthur too angelic for this world. "In Memoriam" was written as a token of respect to his friend Arthur Hallam, who was betrothed to his sister. Literature was the religion of Tennyson, although it is plainly evident that he was a Christian at heart.

In conclusion, I may say that Tennyson was a poet who combined art with feeling. He always upheld the good, and never did he become sensual. When a young man it was only natural that he should have been influenced by Byron in writing "Locksley Hall" and "Maud"; but as he grew older he cast off the Byronic influence, and became more serious and optimistic. The respect for Tennyson can be no better expressed than by repeating his own words:

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arm, turn to thy rest,
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave,
Let them rave."

J. M. KEARNEY.

—The following is a specimen of printers' technical terms; it doesn't mean, however, all it would seem to the uninitiated: "William, put General Washington in the galley, and then finish the murder you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Herculaneum, and distribute the small-pox; you need not finish that runaway match, but have the high water in the paper this week. Put a new head to General Grant, and lock up Jeff. Davis; slide that old dead matter into hell, and let that pie alone until after dinner. You can put the Ladies' Fair to press, and then go to the devil and put him to work on Deacon Foggy's article on 'Eternal Punishment.'"

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—It gives us great pleasure to announce that the Commencement Oration, on "The Dignity of Labor" will, this year, be delivered by Monsignor Seton, D. D., of Jersey City, N. J. Belonging to one of the oldest and most prominent American families in the United States, he has inherited in its fulness that philanthropic spirit so strong in the heart of every true American, and has made it his life's golden aim and end to do all in his power towards the furthering of religion and education. As an orator, he needs no recommendation: his deep erudition, and his interesting manner are sufficient to assure us that the University could not have made a better selection.

The Utility of History.

The poet of common-sense has said that "the proper study of mankind is man." In truth, there is no study, save that of religion, which attracts and demands so much of our thought and attention as this. How many great, good and noble characters are not depicted therein? What striking lessons do we not learn? What superior motives, then, should not inspire us to study it with care and diligence!

Cicero, the great Roman orator and statesman, called history the "witness of ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of

life, the interpreter of the past." But what superior motives ought not induce us to the study of that which brings us nearer to the real life of our ancestors—the saints, heroes, artists, poets and sages; peasants, freemen and slaves? If Cicero could entertain such a high opinion of history, which, to the imagination of a Christian, presented but a spectacle of bloodshed, robbery and murder, with what awe should we not look upon it since our Lord has made it so precious by His Life, Passion and Death! From Him we date the era of Christianity and, therefore, of progress and civilization.

Much depends upon our knowledge of history—with the epochs and events that make them bright or gloomy, interesting or wearisome. We must trace the causes of striking incidents and see what influence they have had on mankind. Beneath the struggles of dynasties and nations there is a religious tendency towards happiness. Although the primary aim of history is man, yet his greatest and noblest ideal is his craving for happiness. His life, his struggle, his work and his final end form our leading investigation. Our progress and "improvement can be attained by fidelity to law; but law supposes right and wrong, false and true." However great are our mental endowments, however high our sense of right and justice, we can never attain to that judgment and precision which is the attribute of the Almighty by whom the earth and the heavens are governed. Our law points to Him who is the Giver of all law.

"But while right is right and wrong is wrong, there is an instinct in man which tends to evil. There is a *self* in every man that tries to deteriorate man." No man should let his lower nature dominate over him, but strive to rise higher in the practice of good and in renouncing his selfishness that he might prove the more beneficial and serviceable to mankind. "The life of man is a warfare," but he should combat continually, prompted by the advice that love conquers all things.

The terrible conquerors of antiquity, such as Hannibal, Alexander and Cæsar, had an unbounded ambition for earthly glory and fame. We cannot blame them for their irreligion. Of their earthly fame there remain the influences of civilization in the countries which they subjugated. When the few ruled they possessed the temporal as well as the intellectual power; the masses were subservient to the few. "Humanity has suffered in proportion as the Divine has been struck out." The corruption of morals and manners of Rome was finally cleared away

by the multitude of barbarians who swarmed from all sides against her.

The age will come when civilization will blend all nations into one brotherhood; when enormous taxes for the support of standing armies shall be abolished; when national hatred and prejudice will vanish; when the eternal law of God will prevail, and when there will be perfect order and harmony among all.

C. R. S.

The Hawaiian Islands.

A question which is agitating the minds of the American people at present is, whether or not the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands should be annexed to the United States. Before giving the reasons in favor of annexation, it will be necessary to tell what these islands are and where they are situated.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands are composed of a group of eight inhabited and four uninhabited islands situated in the North Pacific Ocean, lying between $18^{\circ} 51'$ and $22^{\circ} 2'$ north latitude and 155° and 161° west longitude. The name Hawaiian is taken from that of the largest island, and is the one adopted by the inhabitants. The Sandwich Islands is the name given by Captain Cook, the discoverer, in honor of the earl of Sandwich, first lord admiralty at the time. The area of the islands is about 6200 square miles. Hawaii is about twice as large as all the others, having an area of 4000 square miles. From Honolulu, the capital of the group, the distance to San Francisco is 2100 miles; to New Zealand, 3810 miles; to Sydney, New South Wales, 4484 miles; to Yokohama, 3440 miles, and to Hong-Kong, 4893 miles. With this brief introduction I will proceed to give some of the reasons why these islands should be annexed to the United States.

Honolulu is exactly in the track of all steamers sailing to Australia from San Francisco and Puget Sound. As the trade between these points is sure to be very great at no distant day, it is of the utmost importance that this group of islands be in such a condition as to enable all American vessels to have free access to them.

When the Nicaragua canal is completed all the commerce from American ports with China and Japan must take this route. Every ship from the Atlantic crossing the Pacific will naturally sight these islands, and every one is likely to replenish her coal-bunkers at Honolulu.

When we consider that this is the only avail-

able place to stop between America and Asia we will form some idea of the importance of these islands to the commercial interests of this country. Of course, the effect on our commerce will not be much so long as the islands are in the hands of a friendly power; but let some hostile nation have possession of them and the injury to us would be inestimable.

Besides this, suppose there were to be a war between the United States and the nation in possession of the islands. What would be the effect? Our commerce on the Pacific would be completely destroyed, and our enemy would be in a most favorable position to fit out expeditions against our western coast.

Our commerce in Hawaii already amounts to a considerable sum and is steadily increasing. In 1852 the exports and imports of the islands amounted to \$500,000; in 1890 they amounted to \$20,000,000. Of the total amount in 1890, nine-tenths was with the United States.

In view of these facts, and the fact that England, France and Germany are anxious to obtain possession of the islands, it is of prime importance that they should be annexed to the United States.

E. W. BROWN, '95.

The Man in the Tower.

"Last Easter I put on my blue
Frock cuot the first time vier new;
Wi' yaller buttons aal o' brass
That glittered in the zun like glass;
Bekaze 'twar Easter Zunday."

I feel certain these lines contain a surprise for some of the boys. They were written by Barnes, one of the earliest of English poets. Many suppose that the custom followed by women, in appearing in beautiful raiment and elegant creations in millinery on the great Easter festival, is a modern custom instituted by Dame Fashion. This is far from true.

Before Britain was Christianized the pagans worshipped the goddess Eastre on the opening day of spring. It was made an occasion of joy and festivities, and flowers were placed everywhere to make the air odorous with their sweet aroma. Brilliant-hued garments were worn by the people, who assembled to pay homage to the deity Eastre.

When the missionaries went to pagan countries they became acquainted with the customs of the people, and, instead of destroying their festival days, absorbed them in the great holidays of the Church. This is one of the strongest

reasons why St. Austin and St. Patrick were so successful.

And why shouldn't the wearing of fine apparel on this occasion be continued and commended? The trees are budding, the birds return with their gay plumage, and nature is bedecking herself with fresh colors. It is only natural, then, for the Easter bonnet to hold the conspicuous place it does. Yet it is difficult to understand why the lords of creation have abandoned the old Easter custom of arraying themselves in new attire on this day, for we learn from the verse quoted above, that it was a popular custom in the "merrie days of Englande."

I would suggest, boys, that with the coming of spring a greater attention should be given to one's general appearance and neatness. Although we are all brought in contact daily, yet no true gentleman permits himself to be influenced by the adage "Familiarity breeds contempt." Some boys have no regard for dress, and look with contempt on the neat boy. Thank the stars! there are few such persons in the world, and they, as a rule, belong to the tramp *species*. No one who desires to elevate himself and make a mark in the world can with impunity disregard the requirements of good breeding, cleanliness of person and neatness of dress.

What's in a Laugh?

I quite agree with the Man in the Tower that "the giggling boy" is enough to give one the "horrors." Positively he is uncanny, much resembling a crowing hen. A laugh is an index of character; but the giggle proves the empty, shallow mind. A laugh means so much that one often asks: "What does it not mean?" Did you ever find yourself stopping to catch the delicious, rippling laugh of innocent childhood—that musical sound which reminds one of water purling over the moss-covered stones between banks fringed with the modest violet and the sweet forget-me-not; that laugh which sinks into the innermost heart and, almost unconsciously, takes us back to childhood's happy hour, when the heart was attuned to the music of nature; ere the scoffs and jeers of the worldly-wise had dried up the fountains of joyous, youthful mirth, and we had awakened to the stern realities of life? Who among us, I ask, has not at times during life heard this music? and, having heard, has not sighed for

the years that have flown? And, then, how close on the steps of childhood follows the laugh of the callow youth, often hearty and sympathetic, having the ring of true manhood back of it! But, alas! do we not sometimes detect the false, hollow-hearted, metallic ring which, under cover of a sneer, seems to say: "Don't trust me?" It is, indeed, true that the laugh is the index of character; it might be styled the reflection of our thoughts, as it has already been termed by a well-known writer of our day the "Sun-burst of expression."

Now comes the laugh of manhood, which, when it does not degenerate into the scurrilous, ribald laugh, is the most musical of all. Just as the grief of strong, impassioned manhood, like a mighty torrent, carries all before it, so does the laugh, the reflex of the soul, mirror the character of the man. The ringing laugh of true manhood speaks of patriotism, of firmness and of an unswerving fidelity to principle. It seems to say: "Place your confidence in me!" And, instinctively, the heart warms to its possessor.

And now follows the mellow laugh of old age, smoothed and softened by daily contact with the cares and toils of a well-spent life, treasuring up, as it were, the mirth and innocence of childhood. It may be likened to wine mellowed and ripened by years—a laugh which breathes peace, coming as it does from one who now enjoys a well-earned rest from toil. Looking back over a life-time, and finding naught to trouble but much to console, they catch a glimpse of that "home not built by hands." They laugh and are glad. They laugh, and in laughing they bring joy to those that listen. And it may be—let us hope that it is so—that the smile of Him who has said "I am the Resurrection and the Life" reassures them, and that the music of heaven has interwoven its melodies in the "vintage time" of those who are so soon to partake of that bliss and peace "which passeth all understanding and endures throughout an eternity." A. A.

Books and Periodicals.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Watson has done well in publishing this volume of poems at a time when the world feels keenly the loss of Tennyson and Whittier. At such times we are apt to despair, and to be discouraged at the prospect that opens out before us; and a poet who can do so much as Watson

to dispel this gloom and to prophesy good ought not to be allowed to sing his songs to himself alone. It is evidence of the highest power in Watson's verse that it has been received with anything like commendation so soon after the temporary malady that has lately afflicted him. And this impression is strengthened by a persusal of the poems themselves. Such rich, strong thought in such musical metre, such grace at once and rugged power of expression, such rare incursions into Fancy-land, and such firm grasp on the "eternal verities," can be found in no poet of the century, except the great master who was laid away last October in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Watson was the youngest candidate for the Laureateship, and if there should have been a successor to Tennyson, we cannot doubt but that Watson would have been chosen for the place. The quality of his muse may be seen from the concluding stanza of the poem entitled "In Laleham Churchyard":

"Great is the facile conqueror
Yet haply he, who, wounded, sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore—
Is greater yet."

Mr. Watson is at his best, however, in "Wordsworth's Grave" and "Lachrymæ Musarum," and, indeed, it may be said in general that his genius seems to find its best expression in elegiac poetry. We will not do the poet the injustice of quoting from these great poems. He has done a great work for us and we are grateful for it. He has done much to console us for the death of Tennyson.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for April opens artistically with a rich group of illustrations by Robert Blum, who has recently returned from a two years' residence in Japan. He has written several papers detailing in the most entertaining way his experiences while in that country, and each of these will be fully illustrated from the remarkable collection of sketches and pictures which are the fruit of his study in that country. This paper is called "An Artist in Japan," and is taken up with the vivid first impressions which that country makes on an artistic temperament. In another article in this number, "A New England Farm," writer and illustrator are united in one person, with the additional novelty that the drawings are also engraved by the author, Frank French (whose article, entitled "A Day With a Country Doctor" in this Magazine, was, as it is believed, the first example in an American periodical of a contribution written, drawn, and engraved by the same man). In the present instance Mr. French

gives a delightful picture of what a city man has accomplished on an abandoned New England farm.

—Not everybody can have the chance to visit Washington; but that is no valid reason why everybody may not become thoroughly familiar with the points of interest at our national capital, and with many things about it that only a favored few could enjoy even by a sojourn there. For example, the Foreign Legations; how many out of every hundred who visit Washington know anything about them? Yet you may sit quietly at home, without incurring the fatigue and expense of the journey, and see them all,—all the magnificent rooms and portraits of their occupants,—in *Demorest's Family Magazine*, the April number of which contains a charming paper, superbly illustrated, on "The Foreign Legations at Washington." If you admire handsome women, you will find portraits of over a score of "Society Leaders of Illinois," which form a charming gallery. The paper on "The Hawaiian Islands" is timely, and is uniquely illustrated with portraits of all the kings and queens who have reigned over that island realm; "A Débutante's Winter in New York" contains much information regarding the etiquette of marriage engagements; "En Route for Chicago" gives excellent information for women who purpose travelling alone to the Chicago Exposition; there are numerous excellent stories; all the departments are full of good things; there are over two hundred illustrations, including an oil-picture and a crayon; and altogether it is a fine Easter number.

Personals.

—Frank Bauer, '73, is in business at New Carlisle, Ind.

—Jed. C. Birdsell, '70, is a Stock Holder in the Birdsell Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.

—Mrs. Earl, of Chicago, visited her son Roy, of St. Edward's Hall, during the past week.

—The Misses Anna and Minnie Maternes made a very pleasant Easter visit to the University.

—Henry Nerdlinger (Com'l), '74, formerly of Fort Wayne, Ind., is a prominent manufacturer in South Bend, Ind.

—Charles H. Vinson, a first honor boy of '72, represents the Studebaker Bros. wagon business at Salt Lake, Utah.

—Val. Zimmerman, '90, was a visitor here during the past week. He is now a prosperous undertaker, at Rochester, Ind.

—Felix Livingston, '72, is partner in the Firm of Meyer Livingston & Sons, South Bend, Ind., and is also manager of the "Famous," 117 Mich. St.

—Edward Milburn, '70, conducts the Wagon Works with great success at Toledo, Ohio. When at Notre Dame, Ed. was one of the banner boys of the Junior department.

—W. P. Nelson, '69, is the senior partner of the firm of W. P. Nelson & Co., State street, Chicago. The company's business has reached vast proportions under his skilful management, over 600 men being necessary to execute its contracts on the World's Fair grounds.

—Mrs. Wm. M. Devine and Miss Gracie Devine, of Chicago, were welcome visitors to the University, and St. Edward's Hall during Easter week. Their numerous friends among the Community and students were delighted to see them, and hope to be favored with many such pleasant visits.

Matrimonial.

ROCKFORD, ILL., April 5.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Miss K. J. Doran and Mr. Charles O. Bryant, of Rockford, Ill., were united in Holy Matrimony at St. Mary's Church, Rockford, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. James A. Solon. Miss Doran for years was a pupil of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, and by her admirable qualities of head and heart made many warm and lasting friends, and graduated, from the above with the highest honors. Quitting school she turned her attention to business, opening extensive Millinery and Dressmaking Parlors on South Main Street this city; and here, as in her academic life, success and friends were never wanting. Mr. Bryant, the groom, is a well-known and successful business man of this city, and by his kind and affable manner has a wide acquaintance, and is the possessor of many staunch friends. M.

Military Dress Parade.

The dress parade Sunday afternoon, by the Hoynes Light Guards, was one of the best ever held here. Promptly after dinner the Cos. A and B appeared on the lawn in front of the main building, and were followed by the Sorin Cadets, and were loudly cheered. Col. Hoynes appeared in full uniform and inspected the members, complimenting them very highly on their proficiency in the manual of arms. After the dismissal of the parade both companies gave exhibition drills and were heartily applauded. Acting Adjutant Fred Schillo read the following

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2, HOYNES LIGHT GUARDS.

The following are the resignations, appointments and promotions:

2d Lieutenant Lindeke, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 1st Sergeant A. W. Funke commissioned 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. A; 2d Sergeant T. A. Quinlan, Co. A, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned

to Co. A; 3d Sergeant G. Carter, Co. A, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 4th Sergeant N. Luther, Co. A, resigned and resignation accepted; 5th Sergeant V. Magnus, Co. A, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 1st Corporal A. Leonard, Co. A, promoted 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 2d Corporal W. Schueler, Co. A, promoted 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. A; 2d Corporal G. Johnson, Co. B, resigned and resignation accepted; 3d Corporal A. W. Funke, Co. A, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. A; 3d Corporal G. H. Sweet, Co. B, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 4th Corporal E. Krembs, Co. A, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. A; 4th Corporal P. R. Stephens, Co. B, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 5th Corporal J. B. Marre, Co. B, promoted 4th Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private P. Foley, Co. A, appointed 4th Corporal and assigned to Co. A; Private J. Maternes, appointed 1st Sergeant, and assigned to Co. C; Private Blumenthal, appointed 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. C; Private Kuehl, appointed 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. C; Private R. Brown, appointed 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. C; Private Langevin, appointed 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. C; Private G. McCarrick, appointed 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. C; Private E. Coolidge, appointed 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. C; Private Stearns, appointed 4th Corporal and assigned to Co. C; 4th Sergeant R. Brown, Co. C, resigned and resignation accepted; Sergeant A. Leonard, Co. A, Commissioned 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Sorin Cadets.

Local Items.

- Easter Week.
- Yes; which way!
- He was too busy to take dinner.
- Navigation opened Tuesday noon.
- The Denver batting are in the lead.
- Where are the cricket fiends this year?
- Vincent says that animals should be killed humanly.
- Where is Fred's flower garden?—and the rosebud?
- Mickey says that the water in St. Joseph's Lake is quite wet.
- LOST—A fountain-pen. Finder, please leave at students' office.
- Wonder who has stolen the heart of the black haired youth?
- Patti wants to know what Synnix means. Don't let him know.
- Magmurph is now singing "When Shall These Bones Rise Again?"
- LOST.—A cloak. Finder will please leave the article at Room 14, Mt. St. Vincent.
- The Blonde says "it was a face that the street pavers used to break rock with."
- Sir John says it is a *foul* thing to accuse a man of a *base* idea, especially an umpire.
- Very Rev. Father General has the thanks of the princes for a basket of Easter eggs.
- The job lot corner is doing a thriving business. He says "all goods sold above cost."
- The Blonde would like to know why his intimate friend goes to Michigan so often.
- A game of base-ball has been arranged with the Champaign, Ill., University, due June 8th.

—The spring meeting of the Athletic Association has been postponed till next Thursday.

—The Blonde says that the reason some of the students part their hair in the middle is to balance their brain.

—Have you received a "quietus" yet. Four members of Brownson Hall received the requisite 2000 on Monday.

—The sheriff of the Moot-Court says that he does not like to be awakened from the land of nod to adjourn court.

—The Brownson Hall boys are now in active training for the boat-race, and are determined to win from the Sorin crew.

—Tim would like to know why two bicyclists made such rapid strides to reach the campus from the lake one day last week.

—The five-mile bicycle race this spring promises a number of starters, and some have entered into active practice for the event.

—The members of the Band were out for a walk Monday, and rendered a few excellent selections in front of Wahington Hall.

—An entertainment will be given in Washington Hall Wednesday next by Mr. W. W. Carnes, the distinguished elocutionist of Chicago.

—Wonder who was the young gentleman of Sorin Hall that received the epistle April 1, and if he showed the contents to his admiring friends?

—The Minims wish to return thanks to Prof. Edwards and the members of the Orchestra for the concert given in their hall Monday evening, April 3.

—Every student should look upon himself as a committee of one to make the spring field-day a success. Every student should be encouraged to contest for some prize.

—Monday an exciting victory was won by Captain Cavanagh's "Stalwarts" over Bro. Hugh's "Good-enoughs." The score was 9 to 10 for ten innings.

—Messrs. Whitehead and Brennan wish to inform their friends that navigation has opened on St. Joseph's Lake, but say that the water is somewhat chilly yet.

—The Ann Arbor base-ball team wanted to play a game here next week; but on account of the 'Varsity nine not being chosen yet, the game was postponed until some future day.

—The Minims have organized their base-ball association for this session. Sandy's perch is still vacant, and it is likely to be so for some time. Billy is not hardy enough yet.

—There was a large crowd present at the *soirée* given for the benefit of the orchestra in the Senior reading-room on last Wednesday. Refreshments were served, and all report having had a very pleasant time.

—"Spike" gave vent to his feelings to a certain young man who accused him of talking about him at the tea table in the following language: "I was talking about a cup (le) that

I sau-cer, and did not contem-plate any trouble from you."

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roby, of Chicago, favored us with invitations to the party held in honor of the 21st birthday of their son, Charles F. Roby, of Brownson Hall, at their residence, Loyal Hall, 108th Street and Avenue H., on Thursday evening, April 6.

—The second nines were in good trim this week, as the result of their games shows. The first game Sunday afternoon resulted in a tie, 14 to 14. Batteries: Linehan and Flynn, Marckhoff and Flynn. The second game on Monday afternoon was won by Captain Magnus' men by a score of 16 to 14. Batteries: Flynn and Carter, Beck and Flynn.

—The rivalry between several tables in the refectory for supremacy on the base-ball diamond creates a good deal of excitement, and good games are played. The game between Bro. Just's and J. Brady's tables on Monday was one of the best played here this year. Score: 6 to 1 in Bro. Just's favor. Batteries: Flynn brothers and Brady and Curran.

—A highly interesting game of ball was witnessed on the Carroll campus Monday afternoon: Captain Wright of the *Reds* vs. Captain Loser of the *Blues*. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
REDS:—0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 1=4
BLUES:—1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1=3

2 Base hits: Bixby and Lambka. 3 Base hits: Bixby and Lohner. Struck out: Lohner, 6; Miles, 7.

—The first boat crew organized this year—to take part in the regatta at Commencement—was that of the six-oared crew of the *Evangeline*. The members are T. Ansbury, Captain and Stroke; J. Barrett, No. 5; W. Kirby, No. 4; M. McGarry, No. 3; E. Brown, 2; J. Cullen, Bow; J. Farrell, Coxswain. They had the boat out for the first time Thursday afternoon, and from appearances they will be hard to beat. They are very confident of wearing the anchors after commencement week.

—Thursday the Carroll Campus was alive with over ninety ball-players to witness the game between "Cincinnati" and "St. Louis." Excitement was great, and it took a strong man to umpire over four innings without receiving his walking papers. "Cumisky" was very graceful, but his curves were "out of sight" (literal). The principal hit of the day was O. Wright's home run. Score: *Cincinnati*, Capt. Loser, 21; *St. Louis*, Capt. O. Wright, 19.

—Several good games were played during the week between the *Whites* and *Blacks*, of Brownson Hall. The first game was played Sunday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for the *Blacks* by a score of 12 to 8. Batteries: *Blacks*, Covert and Maynes; *Whites*, Dinkel and O'Neill. The second game was played Monday afternoon and resulted in a tie at the end of the ninth inning, the score standing 8 to 8. Batteries: *Blacks*, Flannigan and Chassaing; *Whites*, Duff and Marckhoff. Base hits: *Blacks*, 13; *Whites*, 10.

—The eleventh regular meeting of the St. Boniface German Literary Society was held Wednesday, March 29. Master Miller read a very good paper on the inauguration of President Cleveland, and Master Dannemiller recited the poem "Fatherland" in a clever manner. Bro. Boniface gave a most interesting and delightful talk on the importance of the German language, and offered great encouragement to the society by his many brilliant remarks.

—The fruit-growers at Riverside, Cal., have reason to be proud of their famous seedless oranges, car-loads of which are now sent to all the large cities in less favored states. This variety of the fruit is naturally preferred to all others, being more delicious, juicier and less pulpy, besides seedless. It is a marvel of horticulture. Who could taste this "fruit of gold" without wishing it were in his power to send a box of it to every hospital and orphan asylum in the country? The Riverside lemons are hardly less famous. Both fruits were awarded gold and silver medals at the World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case before Judge Hoynes, of the University Moot-Court, Saturday evening, was that of Walter Sandford *vs.* James Wilson. The statement of facts is about as follows: As administrator of the estate of Solomon Green, deceased, James Wilson was directed by an order of the Circuit Court, sitting in the exercise of probate jurisdiction, to sell the real estate of the intestate, and convey the same by deed. Accordingly he sold ten acres of the land to Henry Wright, and the rest of it to other parties. In his deed to Wright he covenanted as administrator to warrant and defend the premises against the claims of all persons. The covenant in terms is made with the grantee, his heirs and assignees. Soon afterward the grantee conveyed the premises to Walter Sandford, the plaintiff, but without any covenants. A few months later an adverse claim was set up to the premises. As the result thereof the title was found to be defective, and Sandford was ejected from the premises. He now instituted this action on the covenant, making Wilson defendant as covenantor.

Wilson sets up as a defense that he acted simply as administrator under order of court, and that for whatever he did while acting in that capacity he is not answerable to any one; that even though he were liable, yet he would not be answerable to the plaintiff, who bought not from him but from Henry Wright, whose deed to the plaintiff contained no covenants. The case was presented to the court in a forcible manner by the attorneys; but the court, after reviewing the case, decided in favor of the plaintiff. The attorneys were Messrs. Cullen and McGarry for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Ansberry and Duffield for the defendant.

—BASE-BALL.—For the past four years, base-ball at Notre Dame has been steadily on the

decline, and from present indications the lack of interest will be greater during the coming season than ever before. Last year no interest was taken in base-ball. The benches were vacant; and the active participants in the game were the only ones to applaud a brilliant play. The rest of the boys, however, cannot be blamed, as the games are not made interesting. The blame rests with the players themselves. Only when our special nine plays outside teams are the benches crowded with spectators. Four years ago our "special" stood on a level with other college teams; we had our own pitcher and catcher, and hiring outside players was a thing unthought of. Then when our team won, which it usually did, no newspaper was able to taunt us as one of the Detroit papers did last spring, when, with the aid of a league battery, our boys captured a few of the many laurels that encircled the brows of the men from Michigan. Our boys talk of victories achieved years ago, and in a tone of disgust compare those teams with our present ones. Yet we have as good base-ball talent to-day as we had six years ago, when the Green-Stockings—the team that stood head and shoulders above all other teams in the Indiana State League—feared to cross bats with our college nine. All that is needed is to bring the base-ball talent out. The spring of '91 saw some exciting games between the two rival halls, for both went in with a determination to win. Both halls are now well matched, and if the boys make a vigorous effort to revive this fast declining sport there is no reason why the effort should not be successful. B.

—THE MINIM ATHLETE CLUB.—One of the most interesting and entertaining features of the big stir made by the athletic fraternity at the opening of spring is the Minims' exhibition in their well-equipped gym of St. Edward's Hall. After the long winter training the little athletes are better able to enjoy bright, warm weather. And while our big boat crew is selecting and looking for brawny, wide-shouldered men to lift the "six-oared," the leader of gymnasts in the Minims is looking with just as much care and interest for able-bodied men to help him uncover the bags of bats and balls and stocks of bases in the club rooms. Master W. Gavin is the proficient little chief of athletes this year in that department. He has forty-eight hard-muscled young champions to choose from. It is not very remarkable to see boys of Prof. König's class do the "half-giant" "still drop," or watch the same large boys "tumbling" over several bucks at a time; but when one witnesses—as did the visitors to the Minims' gym on Monday afternoon—the buck vaulting, the turning on the horizontal bars and the many feats of muscle and activity performed by Master Gavin's select forty-eight, one realizes the progress of the Minim class under their efficient Prefect. All of the boys are

under thirteen, and the majority under eleven years of age. Masters Scherrer and McCorry are, perhaps, among the very smallest, and they figured conspicuously in the most striking act of strength and skill of the evening—the pyramid on parallel bars. By the measurements of their Professor the ten first in condition and improvement from winter training are Masters Gavin, McCarthy, Berthelet, Lohner, Pieser, LaMoure, Graff, Emerson, Segenfelter and McCorry. The base-ball association will be reorganized now, and will commence their championship games the latter part of this month. The election for captaincy of the different nines has already taken place with the following result: Masters Barrett and Gavin Captains of first nines; Bopp and E. McCarthy, second nines; A. Romero and R. McCarthy, third nines. All know to whom the Minims owe thanks for this advancement in their athletic clubs, and join the visitors in thanking B. Cajetan for his enjoyable entertainment of Easter Monday.

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The Minims were greatly elated, as they signalled by their loud applause, to find among the distinguished visitors Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. Fathers Corby and Granger. The evening was spent in the large play hall where the Crescent Club Orchestra discoursed sweet music from their extended *répertoire*. The Orchestra is stronger this year than it has been for some time past, and we wish to give our full appreciation of Professor Edward's musicians in some future number. Just now we will content ourselves with thanking Professor Edwards and the members of his Orchestra, that they hastened the evening hours and filled them with pleasure for the Minims and visitors.

About Bertrand.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

In a late issue of your paper I read an article anent the little town of Bertrand, treating it and its estimable inhabitants with undue severity. The writer indulged in a great deal of levity and apparent nicety of reasoning. It would have been enough to express dislike for the town, but to ridicule was indeed stretching liberty of opinion too far. People are never so sensitive as when home and all that clusters about it are held up to scorn. In the heart of every human being there is a deep reverential feeling for that particular spot, be it lowly or grand, that garners up all the memories of early youth and simple childhood. I hold that no human habitation can be so humble, or its situation so remote, as to permit one to speak of it or its inhabitants with anything but respect.

I have spoken thus far not so much out of desire to express my own sentiment as in con-

demnation of what your correspondent has written. It was my good fortune to have been one of the party that visited the little village in question. My recollections of the occasion are all of a pleasing nature. The day was mild, my companions were gay, and we all had that sense of awakening that infuses itself into every living being with the coming of early spring. What was still more exhilarating, perhaps, was the fact that we were out on a kind of a Don Quixotic excursion of adventure. Like him we were, each and every one of us, ready to fight wind-mills, or water-falls, or sound the praises of some fickle Dulcinea. I think we might have had the hardihood to uncage the lion, and we would at least have attacked and scattered the famous knight's flock of sheep. It was glorious with such high feelings to march like conquerors through an open, beautiful country. There was poetry, almost religion, in the warm rich sun, and a spirit of benevolence in every beam.

At last we reached Bertrand, rich in ancient lore, and hoary in antiquity. To all the old *quidnuncs* of the village we became at once a most engrossing object of curiosity. Each and every old gossip felt it his or her bounden duty to obtain as much information from the strangers as possible. By lucky chance the tea-table talk in Bertrand was not to flag for the next six months or more. But turn which way we would, we found that while the older folks seemed willing to meet us on some terms of intimacy; the boys and girls and even the dogs had sought shelter. We wandered about reckless and felt, perhaps, a little like Alexander did when he complained that there were no more worlds for him to conquer. But the spirit of conquest was in us, and so we ranged about in search of prey. Any foe, from a crusty old pie to a pugnacious bottle, had been welcomed as a source of proving our mettle. A poor lone rabbit that had been doing sentinel duty in the centre of a wheat field was caught napping, and narrowly escaped with his life.

The school house—the citadel, if I may so term it—was the only place where we met any resistance. Early in the raid on the town this had been closed and fortified; and though the garrison were evidently few and weak, yet it promised a vigorous resistance. However, we would have stormed and taken it at once, had we not been in doubt as to whether the loud noises we had heard in that direction a few minutes before were shouts of defiance or of welcome. Then, too, our chivalrous spirit was aroused by the fact that a woman commanded the garrison. On perceiving this we concluded to withdraw for the present, promising ourselves, however, to return soon. It was our desire as well to draw off some of our followers who were not "true knights" and consequently could not be permitted to join in the attack. While we were deliberating among ourselves as to the best plans to pursue, a lawyer in the crowd, famous for his tricks and wiles, suggested that we try

stratagem. "Let us coax the defenders out," he said, very wisely, "and once we have them at our mercy we can dictate the terms of peace." The advice seemed good.

We at once withdrew to the only arsenal of supplies in the town. Here we armed ourselves with great long sticks of peppermint candy, our sage adviser observing "this will make it hot for 'em!" We now approached the citadel from the lee side, and without difficulty stormed and captured two of the outer buildings. The strength of our weapons now began to tell, and we saw at once that with our candy sticks we might work much destruction.

The enemy literally pressed forward to fling themselves against our cudgels. In a short time we had penetrated to the centre of the works, met the haughty commander, and received a formal surrender of the place. Our joy knew no bounds, and in that moment of triumph we could well afford to be magnanimous.

Our gallant lawyer, whose chivalry was only equalled by his bravery, stepping forward said: "Madame, it is a high honor and we are indeed proud in having captured this stronghold, yet great as is the glory we must feel we would much prefer that of defending it as you have done."

On marching away I noticed a very little girl, wearing a blue hood, whom I had remarked not only for her prettiness but also her politeness, waving defiantly one of our abandoned sticks of candy at her little brothers. It would seem that war was not yet over—but then we had to go.

We then went to a place where the conquered and conqueror are all equal—the cemetery. It was so coldly quiet that we all became thoughtful, even sad. It was a retired spot indeed, yet who could doubt but that above some of these lowly graves had been felt all that genuineness of grief that rarely graces the bier of the great. Among the mourners we might well conceive were none who wept because of glory dimmed or favors withdrawn. The great only are selfish. The conqueror is mourned as much for his departed magnificence and munificence as for himself. It is not the going down of the sun that is sorrowful, but the withdrawal of its beams. Here such could not be. Here a mother might have laid away her fair young child, her heart's idol, without feeling that her boy might have grown up to the glory of anything more than humble toil, yet a Cæsar or an Alexander might never have the tribute of a more genuine tear. How easy it was to picture some funeral cortege coming slowly by waving grain or flowering meadow to lay to sleep here forever the aged and the weary, or the young and the innocent. It was amid such musings as these that the train whistle sounded in the distance and we turned away from broken cross and crumbling stone, to come back again to the College at once happier, sadder and wiser.

J. W. R.

Roll of Honor.

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