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BY THOMAS J. HENNESSY, '94.

MUCH like a child that changes as the vanes
Is golden-fountained April, now in tears
And now in smiles a-chasing all her fears
Athwart the emerald crystal-beaded plains;
While the barbed winds that winged the sleety rains
What time March died are hushed; the throstle cheers
The woodlands zephyr-fanned, and the swain hears
The song which pays him for his winter pains.

'Mid April's dying tears fair May is born,
The loveliest month of all the orbèd year,
By none surpassed for nature's rich display:
Ah! welcome, May, sweet rose without a thorn,
To Christian hearts thy days are doubly dear
Wherein the Virgin's crowned the Queen of May.

Thackeray's Cynicism.

THE nineteenth century is an age of shams and text-books—sham culture and refinement, sham enthusiasm for art and music and letters, text-books innumerable, upon everything under the sun. It is fashionable, nowadays, to be literary, and natural, always, to be lazy. Manuals of English literature are cheap in more ways than one, many of them, and thousands read them, adopt, without question, their views, and pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the works of everyone worthy of mention from Shakspere and Milton to Ibsen and Omar Khayyàm. And the worst of it is they air these "acquired" opinions of theirs upon any and every occasion, and are so glib and positive that they make many half-hearted converts to their theories, even among those who really know more about the matter in hand than they do themselves. Not that text-book ideas are all wrong, generally the critics estimate a man very fairly; but sometimes, and especially in their more oracular moments, they are wretchedly unjust, and never more so than when they dogmatize upon the cynicism of that "gentle censor of our age," William Makepeace Thackeray.

So Thackeray was a cynic—the creator of Cadd Colonel and Esmond and Warrington, of Ethel and Helen and Madame de Florac was, after all, only a cynic, a snarler, a seeker after motives, who was perfectly satisfied beforehand that every human action is dictated either by self-interest or self-love? To my mind he is satirical, humorous, sentimental—anything but cynical. Even his satire is not the satire of Swift and Dryden and Pope—bitter, malicious and personal—but kind and loving and gentle,

scorning to attack individuals, utterly without mercy when it deals with the vices and the meanness of a class. For Thackeray ridiculed, not human nature, nor true feeling, no matter how extravagant in expression, but servility—the snobbishness, the selfishness and the hypocrisy of society. He was a moralist by nature, a novelist by accident, and a satirist because he saw that the upper and middle classes of Englishmen were vulnerable at only one point, their vanity. It did no good to preach to them about the wickedness of certain social customs and prejudices; to appeal to their patriotism was almost as useless; but once show how foolish, how absurd these customs were and they surrendered at discretion. Had Thackeray been an Elizabethan he would have taken kindly to allegory; as it is, there is a touch of it in "Vanity Fair." Brilliant, ambitious, daringly wicked Becky is a type; she is the outcome of a social condition that he never could but see and hate, and her career itself is a stinging arraignment of the society that could tolerate such a condition. He had a message for the world; he was a preacher, though a modest one; his text: "Be each, pray God, a gentleman." Call him not cynical, therefore, if he seems to censure rather than to praise, for to reprove is the duty of a preacher.

Early in his career, before he was the great Mr. Thackeray of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," and while yet only a contributor to *Punch*, his genius was recognized in Edinburgh, and eighty grateful "Edinienses" sent him a silver statuette of his master, Mr. Punch. Acknowledging his "little friend in silver," he writes: "Such tokens of regard and affection are very precious to a writer like myself, who has some difficulty still in making people understand what you have been good enough to find out in Edinburgh, that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person. . . . I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me." And this is the Thackeray whom the philosophers of the text-books call a cynic! A charming description, that of a cynic, "a sentimental gentleman, under a mask satirical, who means not unkindly to anyone!" And how delightfully cynical is his hope that he "may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright according to the eyes which God gives him!" This love of truth in him amounted almost to a passion; it is the keynote to his character and his writings. The critics grumble about the scarcity of great and noble characters in his novels; but he was too honest to paint perfect men and women when he met them so seldom in real life. He was a realist in that he put fidelity to nature above all else; but his realism is not the brutal, sickening camera-work of Zola, nor the commonplace of Howells, but a faithful, sympathetic portrayal of the life he saw about him.

Thackeray is always a humorist, and in his treatment of those of his characters who walk not in the straight and narrow path of righteousness even something of a sentimentalist. You smile at that "sentimentalist," and think of his one great rival for popular favor, Charles Dickens.

It may not be uninteresting to compare the literary, or rather the artistic methods of the two. Dickens used—if you will allow a metaphor—but three or, at most, four colors: blue and green, white and black; blue and green for his landscapes, white for his Olivers and little Nells, black for his Fagins and Uriah Heeps. His good people are all "high light," with a good deal of the ethereal in their composition; his bad ones all shadow with just a suggestion of horns. Except David and Agnes, I don't remember any one of his characters which is not something of a caricature. For it is possible to make a portrait a caricature by accentuating too much the outward marks of piety and goodness. Fancy a St. Francis d'Assisi with a long face and a figure in the Norman-Gothic style! Men are not wholly bad nor wholly good; there is a spice of evil in the best of us, and none are so wicked that there is not a streak of good somewhere in them.

But there is none of this contrast in Dickens' portraits; no delicate shading, no blending of good and evil as we find it in the men and women of real life. We can hardly be said to remember the persons of his drama. We have a hazy sort of recollection that Dora and little Nell were sweet young creatures whose greatest accomplishment seems to have been the art of dying prettily; that Fagin was a wicked old wretch who did all manners of mean things to that dear, good little chap, Oliver, and that Uriah was Davy's *bête noir*. But with Thackeray it was altogether different. He painted with a full palette, and gave his rogues as much color and life and heart as he could without making them too honest to be of any use. Except Sir Francis Clavering, who is simply a booby with a spark of honor or manhood in his make-up, his rascals are reckless, good-natured, light-hearted spendthrifts, with whom

we sympathize even while we wish that they would quit dodging bailiffs and live like Christians.

Very little can be said for old Sir Pitt, Colonel Altamont and Barnes Newcome, but still less for Fagin and Squeers and Uriah Heep. Even Lord Steyne, who is almost Satanic in his wickedness, has heart enough to feel sorry for Major Pendennis when he hears of Pen's illness in London. Barry Lyndon is the cleverest, brightest, most hateful scamp in the Three Kingdoms, but no one has anything but liking for merry, amiable Chevalier Dick and poor, stupid, loving Rawdow who is a very mild type compared with that wretched Mulberry Hawk.

But it is as a humorist that we ought to consider Thackeray, and a humorist in his own sense of the word. "The humorous writer," he says in his lecture on Swift, "besides appealing to your mere sense of ridicule, professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him." And more than any one of the great English humorists, whom he almost made to live anew, does he merit our regard, admiration and love—regard for an intellect as great as that of the "terrible Dean" himself; admiration for a character as manly as Fieldings, an honesty as unqualified as Addison's, and a hatred of cant as uncompromising as bluff old Doctor Johnson's; love for a heart as big and tender as Trooper Dick Steele's, and a charity as wide as gentle Oliver Goldsmith's.

Thackeray was a true humorist, not a mere buffoon, nor a savage, merciless wit; but something far better, more potent for good than either. It was not enough for him to find out the follies and faults of mankind, to poke fun at them after the manner of our comic journals; his purpose was infinitely higher and nobler; he tried to laugh them out of existence. What Carlyle said of Jean Paul Richter can be said of him:

"In his smile a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears. He is a man of feeling in the noblest sense of the word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth in sympathy with gladness or sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation. Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness awakens in his bosom a response; nay, strikes his spirit into harmony."

D. V. CASEY, '94.

The Pathetic in Shakspere.

LIKE poetry, pathos has never been accurately defined. Not that our language is deficient in examples of this quality of style; for the novelist, the orator and the poet have each adorned our literature with works whose merits are greatly enhanced by the fact that they possess pathos.

The great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens, have each left us striking examples of this tender passion. But what a difference in treatment do the works of each exhibit! The former is always the refined and polished artist, whereas the latter is more generally the melodramatist. Compare the few but exquisite lines on the death of Colonel Newcome to the strained and, to a certain extent, unnatural description of the death of "Little Nell." In the former, by one master-stroke, the artist awakens within us a feeling of genuine sympathy. The laconic "Adsum" of the dying soldier speaks volumes. But Dickens, although his works undoubtedly possess pathos, does not seem to understand his art so well as Thackeray. He passes the limit which the true artist must always observe; and we see not the delicate touches of the master, but rather a laborious straining for effect. But not to digress too far from the subject, let us return to the consideration of Shakspere's pathos.

If the pathos of Thackeray and Dickens has aided materially in making the works of these men live; so in a similar manner has the pathos of Shakspere, clothed in the beautiful language of the poet, preserved and enabled them to command admiration in our own day.

Of the plays of Shakspere the one which seems most truly pathetic, and that to a remarkable degree, is

"KING LEAR."

This is a play of ingratitude, misplaced love, madness and death. It pictures the old king in his second childhood, with all its whims and fancies. To be brief with the plot, the old king, weighed down with years and the cares of state

wishes to divide his kingdom among his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. And so he asks each one how much they love him. He doubts not the devoted love of his children. Goneril and Regan answer him with glowing words of flattery, which to the old man, who is as a child, seems sincere. But Cordelia, who knows that her sisters love not Lear but his possessions, sighs, and says to herself:

"What shall Cordelia do? Love and be silent."

Lear now turns to Cordelia, his pet, the apple of his eye. If the protestations of love given him by his other two daughters have pleased the king in so great a measure, how much more must he expect from Cordelia! So, turning to her, he says tenderly:

"Now, our joy, although our last not least. . . . speak."

But Cordelia is unwilling to play the hypocrite:

"Good, my lord,
You have begot, bred me, loved me, I
Return those duties back as are right fit—
Obey you, love you, and most honor you."

At which Lear, unable to believe what she says, asks:

"So young, and so untender?"

To which Cordelia answers:

"So young, my lord and true."

Here the old King gives way to his wrath, and leaves Cordelia dowerless to the King of France, who is able to see her real worth.

The kingdom is divided—Cordelia has gone to France. And the terrible tragedy deepens. The old man is deprived of all his retinue, neglected, left to wander, exposed to the wind and the rain, accompanied by Kent and the fool. The attachment of these two for Lear is indeed touching. The old king thinks of Cordelia, and the thought almost turns his brain.

The fool is at all times reminding him of his treatment of the ever-gentle, loving and true Cordelia. But he is still blinded to the truth the fool would make him see.

When he is rudely rebuffed by Goneril, the awful truth begins to dawn upon him; but still he is not yet convinced that his love has been betrayed. It is indeed touching to hear the old man raving furiously at the ingratitude of his first-born child, Goneril. He feels now

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

In his grief and rage Lear now turns to Regan of whom he says, speaking to Goneril:

"I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable."

The action of Goneril begins to turn the old king's brain. He feels a strange foreboding that Regan may serve him likewise. But he tries to stifle this thought, and to persuade himself that she must be true. It is sad to hear the piteous appeals the old man sends up to heaven that he may not lose his reason:

"O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad."

But when he is coolly told by Goneril that she will not receive him with his retinue, that he was wrong in not obeying Goneril, the old man is beside himself with rage and grief. But the terrible truth is too much for him to bear. He had expected more from Regan. But he loved her more than Goneril and feels he cannot pour out his wrath upon her head as he had upon the head of Goneril. So he says, beseechingly:

"I prythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child, farewell!
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine.
. . . . You think I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause for weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a thousand flaws
Or e'er I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!"

We see how much he was attached to the fool. He turns to him, with the piteous exclamation: "O fool, I shall go mad!"

Let us follow to the heath. Here, 'mid the wind and the rain, he wanders, still followed by the faithful fool. He rails at the elements. The awful truth is no longer hidden from him. In his mind arises that terrible picture which almost turns his brain—the picture of ingratitude personified in Goneril and Regan, while he sees contrasted with this the simple but true love of Cordelia. Shakspere has here produced a masterpiece in dramatic painting. Lear in the throes of real madness, Edgar with his feinted madness. While, true to the last, Kent and the fool are beside the old man and now try to soothe him. But the old brain is turning, the poor heart is breaking. It needs but little till all will be over.

"My wits begin to turn—
Come on, my: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself. . . . .
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

The poor fool is becoming almost heart-broken, for he sees the end is near; he tries to cheer the old king with snatches of song.

"He that has and a tiny little wit
With hey ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day."

could not be pronounced. It is true that no author's memory was ever burdened with so many profuse and worthless criticisms; but when such a tribute as the above is paid by one who stands on the highest pedestal in the dramatic profession, sufficient room will always be found in Shaksperian collections in which to cherish such golden words.

It seems strange that out of so many varied characters perfectly depicted public attention should be concentrated on only a limited number. Nearly all Shaksperian readers take the opinion of competent critics as their infallible criterion. In other words, they acknowledge as their favorite play one which has been styled a masterpiece by dramatic specialists. This statement may appear to be an exaggeration, but it is not. It is verified by observation, which indicates that, outside of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," and maybe a few others, very little is publicly known of Shakspere's dramatic writings. On literary subjects the ordinary individual seems to be contented in taking as his standard the sentiments of others. He accepts universal impressions without individual research. Persons differ greatly in tastes, judgment and temperament.

Now, if every impression concerning England's immortal bard were formed exclusively by individual study, many plays which now appear insignificant would become prominent. Some persons would select a certain tragedy as their favorite, others would express their devotion to comedy, while still others, who are neither interested by the passion and strength of tragic composition, nor by the playfulness and beauty of the more prosaic comedy, would find their attention captivated in the mingling of the two with the supernatural, as in "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," which are two of the noblest efforts of Shakspere's amazing and unlimited genius. In these plays he allows his imagination to draw from a fountain of spiritualism and ascend above the limits of nature, without, however, letting it soar beyond the bounds of reason. He rather seems to carry nature along with him on his imaginary journey. In this new departure of dramatic writing he becomes a disciple of a new school, that of using magic. So perfectly are tragedy, comedy, poetry and song interwoven with this spiritualistic element that the result serves but to add new laurels to the reputation of this versatile genius.

"The Tempest," though one of the poet's most wonderful imaginative productions, has of late years been almost entirely abandoned by actors. The reason probably is that on account of the presence of spirits and a magical hand it could only with great difficulty be adapted to the modern stage. Actors are therefore prone to not attempt its production. The play is a story of marvellous fancy and sublime beauty, attention being centred chiefly upon the enchantment. Critics agree in saying that it is one of the poet's last efforts. It is so accurate in detail and precise in description, and the dramatized story appears so reasonable, that one is led to accept their opinion. Shakspere never attempted enchantment in his early works, though he probably kept a store-house in which materials had been deposited for many years. The house gradually became taxed to its highest capacity under the pressure of many beautiful ideas. Finally they burst forth in the exquisite garb of "The Tempest." The form they assumed must have been a great gratification to the author in his declining years, as he could point to "The Play" as one of the most charming productions of his matured mind. It has been appropriately said that "'The Tempest' has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman."

The scene is laid on a desert island, which is supposed to be inaccessible, being the abode of desolation and guarded by storms and dangerous cliffs. Beyond these fortifications it is pictured as the habitation of wondrous charm. All the elements of life are present, as dwellings, food, luxuries, springs and even prisons. The inhabitants even labor to obtain the treasures stored up in nature's apartments. All the details of the scene indicate that it is in perfect unison with fairy life. The imposing tropical foliage serving to enhance the loveliness of the situation, Shaksperian students have attempted to locate this island. They have endeavored to claim it as a member of the Bermudas. But what care we to know where it is situated. The poet pictured it as an enchanted island without designating its position. If he wanted its boundaries known he would have described them. It is therefore impertinent to seek its existence. The name is not given because Shakspere had an artistic motive in not particularizing it. One concludes that its locality must have been in the poet's mind as the following words indicate:

"From this day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen:
Some say it's buried deep
Beneath the sea which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores
Nor e'er is known to sleep."

At last when the tired mind and frame are forced to seek rest, the old king exclaims, incoherently:

"So, so, so, we'll go to supper in the morning."

This is too much for the poor fool, and he exclaims in his despair:

"And I'll go to bed at noon."

But the climax of pathos is reached in the last scene. Cordelia and Lear are prisoners. He is, nevertheless, cheered at the sight of his one true daughter whom he has wronged. He first reproaches himself in her presence, then tries to be gay and to cheer up the spirits of his daughter. But when Cordelia is sacrificed to the barbaric hatred of Goneril and Regan and her body laid in his arms, he seems to rally from his child-like helplessness. He bursts forth in a torrent of passionate grief:

"Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! Stay a little, ha!
What is it thou sayst? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman.

. . . . . .

And my fool is hanged! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!"

Ah! this is indeed the master stroke, by which the great artist completes this wonderful picture.

But turning to Hamlet we find pathos of a more delicate shade. It is not so grand, lurid and great as that of "King Lear." Still it is as equally tender, while it is less perceptible. Take, for example, the scene in which Ophelia appears beautiful but mad, bearing flowers, and singing snatches of songs and ballads she had learned in childhood. She offers some flowers to Laertes, her brother, not recognizing him as such.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. ..... I would give you some violets, but they are withered all, when my father died.....

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul."

Ophelia of course refers in the concluding lines to her father, whom Hamlet has slain for his perfidy to him.

Every student of Shakspere knows the plot of "Hamlet." It would be idle to give it here in detail. It will suffice then to pass over the details. We now come to the scene where Laertes and Hamlet are playing with the foils. The King, Queen and Laertes have died; the latter's last breath, one of forgiveness to Hamlet and regret for his sake. Hamlet, who is informed that his death is close at hand, says:

"Horatio, I am dead:
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied."

But the generous and noble friend Horatio, like Socrates of old, "deeming it better to follow his friend into that undiscovered country" than to live and suffer the loss of his friendship, says in answer to Hamlet:

"Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left."

But Horatio survives Hamlet. The latter exclaims pathetically, as he feels the cold sweat of death upon his brow:

"O God, Horatio! what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

How sublime are the words of Horatio, as Hamlet's soul takes its flight to its Maker:

"The rest is silence:
Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Thus far this article has treated of the pathos of Lear and Hamlet. But these are of themselves sufficient to illustrate the pathos of Shakspere's plays. "Cæsar" and "Othello" also contain fine examples of pathos.

Whether in a short sentence, or in several lines, the pathos of Shakspere loses none of its strength. For instance, Lear exclaims:

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

While we see the beautiful lines, on the death of Ophelia, which the queen utters:

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There, with fantastic garlands, did she come.
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook."

JOHN A. DEVANNEY, '94.

The Spiritualistic Element in "The Tempest."

BY ALBERT E. DACY, '93.

EDWIN FORREST remarked in a conversation with Edward M. Alfriend: "There are three things that cause me to believe in the immortality of man: Christ's Sermon on the Mount, Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill, and the genius of William Shakspere." Such a eulogy coming from an actor so intimately acquainted with Shakspere as Mr. Forrest, shows the reverence in which the great dramatic poet is held by renowned tragedians. Did ever the critic's page contain more fitting praise? No; for a more appropriate encomium

II.

Shakspere must have been unconscious of his brilliant inventive faculty as he seemed to prefer the idea of borrowing materials from all sources, thereby founding his plays on historical events, to that of exercising his creative ability. But in "The Tempest" he deviated from his usual routine and drew exclusively upon his imagination. His unlimited power of invention, profound skill, accurate study of character and extensive knowledge of events were all brought into practice. In one play were pictured kings, princes, courtiers and sailors, all in realistic garb. The agency of airy spirits and the workings of enchantment were also introduced. A raging storm, a shipwreck, the adventures of a desert island, the natural effusion of untaught affection, retribution and punishment of crime each in their turn occupy the bard's attention. The climax is reached with the description of Ferdinand and Miranda, whom Providence seemed to have enamored of each other at their first meeting.

Prospero, formerly Duke of Milan, is the master of the enchantment. He conjures spirits from the deep controlling Ariel and his band of phantoms. So perfectly is the enchantment carried on that it almost appears natural. The supernatural element is rationalized, the spirits having the appearance, speech and characteristics of human beings. A bit of art was used in placing the scenes away from all indications of civilization. In so doing, the necromancy, which is used as a kind of connecting link between events, does not appear to be greatly exaggerated. This peculiar power possessed by Prospero is instrumental in introducing and terminating all new occurrences. Ariel and his band of airy nothingness seem to be accidental; but they always appear at Prospero's call. Ariel seems to direct a bewitching kind of music which makes human beings drowsy, and finally lands them in the arms of Morpheus. This music is his wand of magic directed by the will of Prospero. The melody sounds natural at first, but soon transcends nature. When it is carried on every zephyr the spirits assume fantastical shapes and conquer the most realistic senses. Prospero is thus enabled to baffle not only the designs of human beings but all the most unconquerable forces of nature. Several of the characters therefore speak under delusions, as did Lady Macbeth and Hamlet, making their conversation appear to be the outgrowth of a deranged intellect. Ariel's mission is to travel with the elements and assume various shapes dictated by occasion. He carries on conversation only by the aid of music. While guided by Prospero, yet he is of a capricious nature, and delights in amusing himself by his magic power. At times they quarrel; but Prospero, being the stronger character, always succeeds in tightening his grasp over Ariel and holding him a prisoner. Under this companionship the most delicate and refined elements of Ariel's character are developed.

Caliban, the deformed savage, servant to Prospero, is a low being. In him are embodied the degraded and animal sides of humanity. His appearance is hideous, his passions are low and his intellect is dwarfed. His very appearance would repel the idea of education and refinement. While Prospero has elevated him much above his original state, yet he is still little above the brute. He is cowardly, base, false and malicious in his inclinations, his general appearance serving to show his character under a more depraved light. He is low, but his vulgarity is of a different kind from that of his drunken companions. If Ariel signifies the ethereal element, Caliban is certainly identified with heavy earth. The story of his life is the repeated tale of the wrongs perpetrated by civilized over savage people. Before Prospero was cast upon the desert island Caliban was an unmolested king, but soon became transformed into a servant. However the change was for his welfare. The compensation he received for his possessions was a home, educated associates and a good living. But the gap which separated the two contracting parties was too wide to invite close familiarity. When Trinculo and Stephano give Caliban liquor he becomes intoxicated and desires to slay his master. This gift of civilization to the savage changes him into a demon. When his brain is fiery, like that of his drunken companions, one would be inclined to place them on a level. But the savage is certainly above his two associates as he is ignorant of the effects of liquor, while they freely and enthusiastically wallow and take pride in their degradation. The attempts of drunken Caliban on the life of Prospero are merely a feint, as one knows they will be outwitted by the skill of the learned magician.

III.

Miranda, daughter of Prospero, is accurately depicted as a child of nature, free from the assumed manners of court life. She is a picture of ideal maidenhood. Instead of being surrounded by royal society she has been brought up on a secluded island away from all worldly dissipation. Unlike most princesses, she has

had her learned father for a teacher instead of some frivolous tutors. The results of a broad intellectual training are apparent in her actions and conversation. Though childlike at times, she can assume the dignity of an elderly woman when occasion presents itself. She is possessed of a strong character and a resolute determination. On the whole, she is one of Shakspere's most beautiful female characters.

From the time of the first meeting of Ferdinand with Miranda their two hearts seem to beat as one, and their final union appears to be inevitable. Their courtship is developed through short but charming scenes. It is the story of the love of a chivalrous and honest young prince, full of magnanimity for a beautiful and accomplished young virgin inspired by frankness. No more charming or natural tale of love is found in any author's collection. Prospero, doubting the sincerity of Ferdinand, throws apparent obstacles in their way to test the truthfulness of the prince, whose actions stand the most severe tests. At last Prospero is satisfied. At his command, in that dreary wilderness, amid the charms of enchantment, the happy young couple are united.

In the characterization of Prospero one sees a most striking proof of the unique inventive and imaginary faculty possessed by Shakspere. The sketch is one of his most original. Though not having that play of passion and depth of meaning so characteristic of his tragedies, yet it is enveloped in a fascinating mantle of fantastical weirdness which arouses an intense feeling of interest. When Prospero and Miranda were cast upon the island the former realized the loneliness of the situation, the imminent dangers, and the impossibility of freeing himself and daughter. He contented himself with reading his books and teaching his child. Only for their companionship he would probably have soon ended his existence. So closely was he endeared to Miranda that he lived for her only. In his darkest hours the radiance of her presence illuminates his surroundings. His only pastime is instilling into her the profound principles of a thorough education.

While in his uncouth study, pouring over his books, Prospero soon finds himself possessed with the powers of magic and is able to conjure up spirits and work enchantments at his will. Whether he discovered this by some scientific experiment, or by digging a "Philosopher's Stone" out of the work of some alchemist one is unable to decide. It comes on him unawares, he knows not from whence, nor does he inquire. He believes that by its aid he will some day be able to bid adieu to the island, and is satisfied. He finds himself able to defy the inclemency of the elements, attacks of wild animals and the molestations of savages. But the fatigue and suffering he had undergone well merit his new-found power. It was purchased at the dear price of a life-long study and twelve years of seclusion and tragic encounters on a desert island. In his new-found weapon he glories in playing providence. He prophesies the end and rehearses the final act with his spirits. When the culmination arrives his loftiness of character is shown in forgiving the false Caliban who conspired against him, and in liberating Ariel who had not always been true to his promises. Amid the ecstasies of the supernatural banquet Prospero is thanked as the rescuer of those imprisoned on the lonely island.

By the artistic and interesting manner in which an element of weirdness is interspersed throughout "The Tempest" one sees the expediency with which magic may be employed in dramatic composition. Also in "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" did Shakspere connect his study of character with this powerful element forming a chain of marvellous beauty and strength. Nor has this idea been confined to dramatic composition alone. It is also used with great effect in novels as in Dumas' "Count of Monte Christo" and in Scott's "Monastery." When opportunity sees fit poets also employ it foremost among them being Goethe in his "Faust." The success of this co-operation with witchcraft is due to man's desire to know more of nature's mysteries. He is ever on the alert to listen with an eager ear to all that pertains to the supernatural. The phenomena of dreams, delirium and madness are closely studied that he may penetrate into the future. From his very origin he has loved to associate himself with this romantic element. It seemed to have been a tradition with the ancients as it is mingled with all early history and scientific investigation. The first teachings of astronomy, for instance, were one series of illusions based upon mythological hallucinations.

The use of magic is a great help to an author. It exercises an unrestricted imagination, allows it to erect "castles in the air," and incites it to surpass the bounds of natural possibilities. The inanimate is personified, and the reins of Providence appear to be given to man. A broader field is thus presented to an author in which he is to work; a more complicated problem is submitted to him for solution; and his abilities are put to a severer test. If he succeeds in surmounting the obstacles that confront him his name is immortalized. It is evident that if this fascination for mystery, which draws man on, is brilliantly treated it can be successfully introduced into every department of literature.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 6, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

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.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

—We take pleasure in reproducing on the first page of the present issue the artistic design for the frontispiece of the World's Fair number of the SCHOLASTIC. As will be readily seen it is emblematic of the work of our *Alma Mater* in the cause of religion and education. For this beautiful design we are indebted to the kind attention of the distinguished *mæstro*, Signor Gregori.

—In another column we present our readers with a notice of the tribute recently paid by distinguished members of the Catholic Hierarchy and laity of the United States to Miss Eliza Allen Starr of Chicago. It is a well-merited testimonial in recognition of eminent services rendered to Catholic literature and art, as well as for the noble work accomplished in connection with the Catholic features of the World's Fair.

—Notre Dame has been highly honored during the week by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel, of Montana. On Sunday Pontifical High Mass was sung by the distinguished prelate in the college church. Sunday afternoon at the opening of the May devotions, and Tuesday evening, Bishop Brondel treated the students to discourses that will long be remembered by all who heard him. May we often receive such a visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop!

—A large oil-painting, for exhibition in the College art gallery, was received on Tuesday from Cincinnati, Ohio. The picture is the work of Mr. Charles Svendsen, Jr., a rising young artist of the Queen City. It represents the Agony of Our Lord in the Garden, and the subject is well treated. The coloring is rich and the execution needs nothing but maturity to soften it. Mr. Svendsen made his studies at St. Joseph's College, West 8th Street, Cincinnati, conducted by the religious of Holy Cross.

—Students wishing to secure the Official Directory of the World's Columbian Exposition should subscribe at once. The whole purpose of the work is to furnish a useful book of reference and a beautiful souvenir of the greatest civic enterprise which has ever graced the annals of civilization. It will contain 850 pages, 125 of which will be engravings of the finest description. It will be handsomely bound in best English cloth, gold and black stamping, marbled edges, and will be sold at $2.50 a copy. Subscriptions may be handed to Bro. Laurence.

—The World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, at Chicago was formally opened on Monday amid much pomp and ceremony. The address of President Cleveland on the occasion was characteristic of the man—concise cogent and replete with matter for reflection. In a few clear words he set forth the deep significance of the event in its illustration of "the growth and progress of human endeavor in the direction of a higher civilization." "As by a touch" he said, "the machinery that gies life to this vast Exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity, and the freedom of mankind."

—ATHLETIC:—By mistake no mention was made of the excellent entertainment given by the members of the gymnastic classes of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls, which took place in

Washington Hall, April 22. The military drill, by a squad picked from Co. *B*, was the best drill ever given by any company at Notre Dame, and Capt. Chute was heartily congratulated on the showing made by his men. The Minims went through various movements, including the wand exercise, buck jumping, calisthenics and pyramids, etc., and proved that they could go through the calisthenic exercises with more grace than their older brothers. The performance on the horizontal bar by Messrs. Marr, Nichols, Corry and McGarry was well worthy of mention, and the gymnastic class covered themselves with glory in their table and hand tumbling. During the performance Prof. Paul Beyer made his appearance, and we certainly have never witnessed his equal in that line in this country. On the whole, it was one of the most pleasant evenings spent in Washington Hall, and was a fitting finale of the gymnastic class of '93.

Good Books.

A GOOD book has been likened to a well-chosen orchard tree carefully tended. Its fruits are not of one season. Year by year it yields abundant product, and often of a richer hue and flavor.

Perhaps the calmer industry of the matured taste helps it to find the hidden fragrance. Many flowers—gay and flaunting—the commonest insects may rifle; but only the bee's tongue reaches the honey where it lies in a long tube. Moreover, the toil of the bee is always tranquil; its hum ceases over the blossom. From numberless books the fluttering reader —idle and inconstant—bears away the bloom that only clings to the outer leaf; but genius has its nectaries, delicate glands, and recesses of sweetness, and upon these the thoughtful mind must settle in its labor, before the choice perfume of fancy and wisdom is drawn forth.

The truest blessing of literature is found in the inward light and peace which it bestows. Bentley advised his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; as if the thrush in the May-leaves did not contradict the caution. The music of wisdom is in the heart.

A sincere lover of literature loves it for itself alone; and it rewards his affection. He is sheltered as in a fortress; whatever troubles and sorrows may besiege him outside, his well of water, his corn and his wine are safe within the walls; the world is shut out. Even in the tumults of great affairs he is quite undisturbed.

A story is told of a Roman who expended vast sums in purchasing a household of learned slaves. He wished to have the best poets and historians in living editions. One servant recited the whole of the "Iliad," another chanted the Odes of Pindar. Every standard author had a representative. The free press has replaced the bondman.

Literature is no longer an heirloom, nor can an emperor monopolize Horace. A small outlay obtains a choicer collection of verses than the ancient amateur enjoyed, and without the annoyances to which he was subject.

He had no familiar book for a corner, nor any portable poet to be a companion in a cornfield or under a tree. Not even Nero could compress a slave into an Elzevir. Moreover, disappointments sometimes occurred. Perhaps the deputy "Pindar" was out of the way, or a sudden indisposition of "Homer" interrupted Ulysses in the middle of an harangue, and left Hector stretching out his arms to his child in vain.

Pleasant it would be for us in our gloomy hours of time and sadness, if we might imitate that Indian bird which, enjoying the sunshine all the day, secures a faint reflection of it in the night by sticking glow-worms over the walls of its nest. And something of this light is obtained from the books read in youth, to be remembered in age:

"And summer's green all girted up in sheaves."

Coleridge said that the scenes of his childhood were so deeply written on his mind that when upon a still, shining day of summer he shut his eyes the river Otter ran murmuring down the room with the soft tints of its waters, the crossing plank, the willows on the margin, and the colored sands of its bed. The lover of books has memories also not less sweet or dear. Having drunk of the springs of intellect in his childhood, he will continue to quench his thirst from them in the heat, the burden, and the decline of day. The corrupted streams of popular entertainment flow by him unregarded. He lives among the society of an elder age. Tasteful learning he numbers among the chief blessings of his home; when clasping the hand of religion it becomes its vassal and its friend. By this union he obtains the watchfulness and the guidance of two companions, loving and beloved, who redouble his delights in health, bring flowers to his pillow in sickness, and shed the lustre and the peace of the past and the future over the blackness and the consternation of the present.

B.

The Man in the Tower.

A FEW words about myself this week, kind readers, with your indulgence. As you know, house-cleaning time has reached us, and the "Maid of the Mop" has ousted the "Maid of the Mill." Really, with all our progress and advanced views we are slow. Contemporary writers tell us this is an age of inventions and scientific discoveries. Where is the man who will add fame to his genius and invent an automatic, instantaneous, non-combustible, double-action, self-repeating house-cleaner? I found my supposed inaccessible Tower invaded the other day by a delegation from the Mop & Broomstick Society. They remained two days, and my dearest and most familiar friend wouldn't recognize the Tower or the Tower Man if they were to see them now. This delegation proceeded to raise "Cain" and dust to such an extent that I fled. Towards evening, when the shades of night had fallen and the laughing stars blinked into view, I hastened homeward; but what a sight I beheld! Home? It was home no longer. Where is the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? My editorial boudoir looked like a den of iniquity. My desk had become the "catch all" for shoes, rugs, brushes and all imaginable house decorating paraphernalia. My valuable (?) papers, pigeonholed for future use had disappeared as waste material. Yet I would forgive and forget all if my broomstick was returned; for how can I take my nightly broomstick rides of observation without it?

***

Who that has read the charming poem "The Coming of May," by Justin McCarthy, and felt all the pleasure and gladsome contentedness expressed in the verses, does not feel irritably disposed towards the present disagreeable weather? stop before you complain, and think whether a little chilly breeze, or two, does not check a few evils attendant upon warm spring days. There is the festive pestive fly who demurely crawls off and hides himself when he finds a cool reception from the weather, yet lurks concealed ready to pop up serenely when Old Sol smiles more fondly on Dame Nature. This buzzing fly has no rules of etiquette, and never waits for an introduction even to the most exclusive members of society. He flutters about us in his countless species, exasperating us to the white heat degree. We are openly hostile, and even place our engines of war before him in the shape of sticking-plasters. He enters the meshes of our traps in hundreds daily, yet there are thousands applying next morning for the positions made vacant by the defunct buzzers. Statistics show that one fly in March corresponds to 8,349,000 in August! Figures never lie.

***

A greater evil, however, is that uncontrollable, popular and much-encouraged disease, spring fever. Who escapes it? It is useless to ask who has it; for the high and mighty, poor and lowly, all fall ready victims to this agreeable sickness. Among ourselves, we find students catching it under different names. The French scholars listlessly roam about, and are only well enough to tell you, with a decided nasal accent, that they are suffering from "owng-we." The "Iroquois" throw down the hatchet and get "heap much sleepy," while the "Mohawks" generally want to fight when thus afflicted. The nice boy admits that he is awfully tired; "but it is the weather, you know," he adds by way of excuse. Ask the candid base-ball player how he is, and then we get the true name of the fever. "Oh! I am lazy; don't bother me," he answers, and we leave him, admiring his honest reply and advocating cool weather.

Books and Periodicals.

THE NOVEL: What is it. By F. Marion Crawford, New York: Macmillan & Co.

No recent book of a controversial nature, with the possible exception of Howell's "Criticism and Fiction," has attracted so much attention as Mr. Crawford's dissertation on the novel. No man, moreover, has a better right to excite literary sensations by discussing the novel than has the author of this charming little book. His credentials are found in the twenty successful novels that bear his name—some of them the very best, and all of them among the best, that have ever been produced. Mr. Howells, it is well known, is an ardent supporter of what is called in literature the realistic school, and his literary philosophy is therefore tinged with a rebellious, bushman-like quality. Mr. Crawford, on the contrary, is the spokesman of the romanticists—the only school of novelists who have clearly demonstrated their right to exist. Briefly speaking, Mr. Crawford has made this book about the purpose-novel—only that and nothing more. He contends that a

novel is "a little pocket-theatre," and that no man has a right to smuggle old musty sermons into public confidence under the guise and label of "entertainment." Mr. Crawford's contention is a just one—but within limits. Every man of culture is quite willing to anathematize Robert Ellsmere, John Ward, Preacher, and the literary theories that are responsible for their existence. But if Mr. Crawford means utterly and finally to divorce fiction from morals, we must point to Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and whoever else gives us entertainment without taint of morals, as our representative novelists, and we are not yet prepared to do this. Man is a moral being. When he acts he acts morally; and as long as his actions, real or fictitious, have any moral meaning, fiction and ethics must go hand in hand. Mr. Crawford's theory is almost the right one, and the art with which he defends it almost makes one a convert in bad faith.

—The Exhibition Number of *Scribner's Magazine* is the contribution which the conductors of that periodical make to the great Exposition at Chicago. They have planned to make it as fine an example of an American magazine as can be produced. It is put forth as a representative number to show the literary, artistic and mechanical resources that are employed in such a publication, and is fully representative of the individual writers who have made the existence of a great magazine possible. This issue contains nearly one-third more matter than the regular numbers of *Scribner's*, and the illustrations are of extraordinary abundance and richness, including twenty-five full pages, two of them in colors.

Personals.

—Mr. Louis Pim, '89, of St. Louis, has been graduated in medicine, and is now an active physician in his native city. All luck to you, Louis!

—We wish all success to Mr. Paul Schnurrer, '78, in the practice of his profession in Brooklyn. He is now a full-fledged doctor with a good deal of work on his hands.

—The very pleasant visit of Mrs. Gerdes, Mrs. Reis and Miss Krehnbrink was terminated on Monday last when they left on the early morning train for their home in Cincinnati.

—Mr. Leon Grever (Com'l), '88, is a very successful business man in Cincinnati, Ohio. He is Principal in the Firm of Remer & Grever, Wholesale Dealers in Cigars and Tobacco.

—The Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., spent Sunday at Niles, Mich., where he assisted the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, who administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards is in Chicago superintending the Notre Dame Exhibit at the World's Fair. The first instalment which he accompanied comprised nineteen large boxes with an aggregate weight of 15,000 pounds. More will follow in a day or two.

—Miss E. Bixby, of St. Louis, Mo., was the guest of her brother, Master Guy, of the Carrolls, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. On Wednesday evening Miss Bixby was entertained by the Orpheus Club in the large parlor, and all had a very enjoyable time.

—The *Watertown Gazette* in its last issue has an interesting item in reference to the decorations of the rooms of the St. Patrick's Literary Society of Sacred Heart College. "Under the master hand of J. B. Murphy, of the firm of Straw & Murphy, what was a mere meeting place has become a beautiful frescoed room. The society has received an elegantly-finished crayon picture of the Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., founder of the Sacred Heart University, which will be the most conspicuous picture of the many that will adorn the walls. Father Corby's love for Watertown, where he labored many years, is not dimmed a whit by the roll of time, and the college Literary Society may be congratulated on possessing a beautiful picture of one of the most famous priests of the West."

Local Items.

—5.30.

—Bazaar!

—Shoot the dog!

—Oh! where is that dog?

—Does the judge eat pi?

—The disconsolate tin horn!

—Touch me on the nose, "Puck!"

—Spike avers that it was not original.

—What's the matter with half-past five?

—Yes, an hour's "catch on" would be nice.

—☞ Half-past five! Don't you forget it!

—Batting on Yeager's side was very heavy.

—Dick wants to know how you spell mail?

—Red said the captain had a spite against him.

—A barking dog never bites—while he's barking.

—See the boat-club bazaar. World's Fair is nowhere!

—Captain Yeager defeated O. Wright on Thursday.

—Dick's laughter anent his contract was remarkable.

—A little penance now and then will do good for the bust of ——.

—They are allowed to play aloud after supper beginning May 29.

—The hop-step-and-jump delivery did not have the desired effect.

—Tim says that he is now a full-fledged member of the Iroquois.

—Commodore Cannon-ball and Texas are organizing an engineer corps.

—Co. *B's* officers have come to the conclusion that the, "whirligig of time,"—etc.

—The members of the boat crew missed their beacon light during the past week.

—LOST—A gold pen. Finder, please leave with Bro. Emmanuel at Brownson Hall.

—Captain Coady appointed J. McVean, O. Schmidt and B. Weaver corporals of Co. *A* this week.

—LOST—A plain gold sleeve button attached to a cuff. A suitable reward will be paid at students' office.

—The first drill for the medal, to be awarded to the Sorin Cadets, took place last Sunday and was won by L. Thompson.

—The lone fisherman with his tin horn entered a state of innocuous desuetude after the first inning of Tuesday's game.

—Five times to the bat, F. Cornell five times sent the ball star hunting, his three-bagger was very effective. Score, 18 to 11.

—Did you notice the splendor of the world-renowned adjutant of the Columbian Cadets as he marched through the campus?

—It is peculiar to note in literature that in the past a Lamb wrote on "Roast Pig," while at present Rosebuds write on Lilies.

—B. Valerian received 15,500 stamps from B. Francis de Sales, C. S. C., which were collected by the students of St. Columbkille's, Chicago, Ill.

—Thursday afternoon the first set of the Brownson Hall tennis club championship was won by T. Monarch against D. Monarch by a score of 6 to 4.

—The second nine of Brownson Hall and the Manual Labor School nine played a matched game Tuesday afternoon, the latter winning by a score of 12 to 6.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
MANUAL LABOR:—	0	2	3	0	2	3	1	0	1	=12
SECOND NINE:—	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	=6

—The best game of base-ball this season was played on Wednesday between the "Stars" of St. Joseph's Hall and the "Special Nine" of Carroll Hall. The former won by a score of 10 to 8.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
STARS:—	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	3	1	=10
CARROLL HALL:—	1	0	1	0	0	3	1	1	1	=8

—The "James J's" and the "Fredericks" of the Seminary played their first game for the championship Wednesday. Most of the former team have good records in the art of twirling; but only a few of the latter can boast of any renown in ball circles. Yet by dint of hard work and good-fortune, which always helps the winner, the "Fredericks" were victorious. Some excellent playing was done on both sides, and the interest in the game was intense to the very close. Messrs. Kennedy and Hennessy of the first nine were well matched by Costello and Duffy, who formed the battery for the "Fredericks." Score, 10 to 6. Umpire, W. Smoger.

—BASE-BALL:—A series of five games have been arranged between Sorin and Brownson Halls in hopes that the old friendly rivalry will be revived. The first game was played Tuesday afternoon, and was certainly the best played here this year. Both teams were determined to win the first game, and the members of both halls were present giving words of encouragement to their respective teams. The Brownson Hall boys threw the ball more accurately than their opponents, and won the game by a score of 5 to 6. The Sorin Hall boys labored under a disadvantage in not having played together this year, but promise to retrieve themselves to-morrow when the second game will be played.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
BROWNSON HALL:—	0	1	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	=6
SORIN HALL:—	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	=5

Two Base Hits: Covert; Burns, 2; Keough, 2; Flannigan, Thorn and Bolton; *Bases on Balls:* by Funke, 8; McCarrick, 2; *Struck out:* Cullen, 2; Schmidt, Burns, Roby, Chassaing, O'Neill, Hannin, Flannigan, 2, Thorn, Jewett, 2, McCarrick; *Passed Balls:* Schmidt, 1. Time of game, 2 hours. *Umpire*, E. Schaack.

MILITARY NOTES.

After the drill the other morning Capt. Chute tendered the members of Co. *B* a "set up" at the store.

There is a tall member in the rear ranks of Co. *A* who takes a very conspicuous place in military drills.

The latest addition to Co *A* is Capt. Coady's military moustache.

Co. *B* have commenced their skirmish practice.

Capt. Coady expects to commence the competitive drill in the Sorin Cadets on Sunday next. There will be seven drills, and the one winning four drills will receive the gold medal. The event promises to be one of the most interesting since the organization of the cadets.

The "dark horses" sometimes win.

Co. *B* has forty-five members on its roll.

Preparations are being made for the reception of Mgr. Satolli by the military companies, and a few fancy drills and movements will be indulged in.

—Co. *B* had its first drill for the gold medal last Sunday. This was the most interesting drill of the year, A. Rumely winning. On Thursday Private Reber stood up last in the drill-down by the privates; Sergeant Slevin was the last of the officers up in their drill, and Corporal George Funke won the final drill in which both officers and privates took part. These last three were given a "set up" apiece for their good standing.

The weekly drill of the Sorin Cadets was held Tuesday evening, and was won by C. Girsch. Rev. Vice-President Morrissey, the Rev. Dr. Kieran, of Philadelphia, and Prof. Edwards

were in attendance, and complimented the boys highly on their excellent drill.

Capt. M. Quinlan, of Co *C*, informs us that it will be impossible for his company to drill with their new guns this session; but the authorities give assurance that their new equipments will be ready for use the first of next session.

Sunday morning Capt. M. Quinlan, of Co. *C*, let his non-commissioned officers compete for the medal awarded weekly, and as a result J. Maternes, 1st Sergeant, now wears it.

The outlook is very promising for a large membership in Co. *C* next year.

Lieut. Thos. Quinlan has been detailed to take charge of Co. *D* of St. Joseph's Hall, and is holding three drills a week, and will soon have the members as skilled in the manual of arms as those of the older companies.

LAW DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The members of the law room faculty for the past week were Messrs. Ferneding, McCuddy and Chidester.

The flip of a penny is an important factor in de-side-ing cases.

Mac wants to know if he can "rebutter" his bread.

"Did you see Tiedman on Real Property?"

"Take lessons from me in shorthand," says the legal light from Oregon.

One of the coming events that is anxiously looked forward to is a lecture on the method of pleading before a jury by Prof. Brick.

Among the duties during the past week were the making out of marriage licenses and a chart of Blackstone's division of estates in land.

The postgraduates say that the peripatetic mode of teaching as now in vogue is a rapid way of acquiring knowledge.

Prof. George Clarke delivered several lectures on Equity Jurisprudence during the absence of Col. Hoynes, who was called to Chicago on business.

Messrs. Ragan, Henley and Duffield have charge of the study-hall this week.

Drew *vs.* Jones is the next case on the docket and will be on trial to-night.

MOOT-COURT.—The case before Judge Hoynes Wednesday evening was that of Franklin, Adams & Co. *vs.* John H. Hemingway. The suit was brought in assumpsit, and the damages set at $500. The facts were about as follows: On the 19th of June, 1892, John Hemingway, of South Bend, applied for lumber to Franklin, Adams & C., of Mishawaka, at their lumber yard in that place. Adams accompanied him into the yard, and showed him the lumber they had on sale. After looking at and examining several piles of it, Hemingway went into the office with Adams, who referred him to Franklin for any further information he might desire. After talking over the matter, Hemingway gave Franklin an order for 30,000 feet of pine at the aggregate cost of $500. He directed that the lumber be taken from the piles nearest the bank of the St. Joseph River, and that it be planed and grooved and shipped to him at South Bend. Franklin thereupon stated that his firm did not possess the necessary facilities for planing and grooving the lumber—that, in fact, its business consisted in buying and selling—but that, nevertheless, there were two planing mills at hand, and that at either or both of them the work could be well, cheaply and expeditiously done. Adams and Wilson (the latter being the "Co." of the firm) entered into conversation. They stated that the lumber was of the best grades, and that the planing and grooving could be done in less than a week at the nearest mill. Thereupon Hemingway directed them to have the lumber planed and shipped to him as speedily as practicable, with a bill for the price thereof and also a bill for the planing and grooving. No payment was made at the time, nor was the contract written. The afternoon of the same day the plaintiffs took the lumber to O'Brien's planing mill, and directed that it be planed and grooved in the manner agreed upon in the contract with Hemingway. The following day the work was begun upon it; but during the night a fire broke out, and burned both lumber and mill. Hemingway refuses to pay for the lumber, and the action was brought for its price $500. The declaration set forth the facts as given above, and it was demurred to by the defendant as not stating a cause of action, and on this demurrer the case rested The attorneys cited numerous cases and argued very forcibly for their respective clients; but the court sustained the demurrer, and said there was no such sale as would warrant a recovery. The citations given by the court were McConnittee *vs.* N. Y. & Erie R.R. Co. 20 N. Y. 495; Schindler *vs.* Hurton, 1 N. Y. 261, and Mucklow *vs.* Mongles, 1 Taunt 318. The attorneys were P. M. Ragan for plaintiff and P. H. Coady for defendant.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, Hannin, Jewett, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Sinnott, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

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A Tribute to Miss Starr.

A movement inaugurated some time ago by Dr. Richard H. Clarke, of New York, and having for its object the presentation of a becoming testimonial in recognition of the exalted merit and services of Miss Eliza Allen Starr in Catholic literature and art was consummated recently by the forwarding of the beautiful token to the distinguished recipient in Chicago. The following correspondence will be read in all parts of the country with emotions of pleasure:

THE ADDRESS.

"The exalted work which you have so long and ably performed in the promotion and cultivation of Christian art in America has merited and won the admiration and gratitude of many of your countrymen. The undersigned had only to present this testimonial in order to receive the immediate and cordial approval and co-operation of eminent members of the Hierarchy, the clergy and the laity. They unite with me in tendering to you this tribute of their admiration for your labors; appreciation for your zeal and devotion; earnest thanks for the valuable services you have rendered to religion and to Christian art; a deep sense of the obligations we, as well as the rising generation, feel for the instruction received from your pen, pencil and voice; sincere respect for the many virtues and graces which have adorned your life, and for your many good deeds, and personal friendship for yourself.

"Asking your acceptance of the accompanying offering, be assured that we all wish you many years of health, happiness, usefulness and grateful appreciation. While subscribing in behalf of those uniting in this tribute, I remain sincerely and faithfully your devoted friend,

"RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL. D."

MISS STARR'S REPLY.

"ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
"299 HURON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

"RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL. D.

"DEAR DR. CLARKE:—It would not be possible for me to deserve the august 'testimonial,' so beautifully engrossed, which I have received from you this very morning! The names of so many shining lights in the Church of God and in our American Hierarchy, of so many ecclesiastics of distinguished rank, so many lay gentlemen who stand as guards around the thrones of our prelates, with their learning and social influence; I say again, 'It is impossible for me to have deserved this!'

"Yet the consideration in no way takes from the value of the testimonial; rather, I may say, increases it tenfold; inasmuch as it is a proof of the kindness with which they regard my labors, however far these may be from accomplishing all that I have at heart.

"The opening of your registered letter disclosed the full purpose, the generous intention of the embossed testimonial! My surprise was complete, because the testimonial itself contained what would be to me a superabounding reward in the midst of toil, and taking the sting from almost inevitable solicitudes.

"There is but one way to show my appreciation of this testimonial, which is to go on with the old enthusiasm in my work as long as God gives me the capacity. I hope to live to finish 'Three Keys to the Camera della Signatura,' being full explanations of all the personages represented in Raphael's three wonderful frescoes in the Vatican under the age of Julius II.; exponents as they are of centres of thought from the beginning, we may say, until now; these explanations to be accompanied by reproduction of the frescoes in a way to make them intelligible even to young people in the higher grades of educational institutions. I have almost promised myself as well as my friends, who realize what responsibilities are incurred by publications of this sort, never to be called popular, that this shall be my last; but the kindness of friends will, perhaps, prolong life and labor and the sweetness of appreciation.

"Begging you, Dr. Clarke, to be the medium of conveying to so many friends my deep and almost solemn sense of their goodness, I remain, yours faithfully in Christ, "ELIZA ALLEN STARR."

Among the contributors to the testimonial were the following Archbishops: His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore; Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago; Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Most Rev. W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis; Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco; Most Rev. J. B. Salpointe, Archbishop of Santa Fé; followed by fifty-four Bishops, three Vicar-Generals, and fifteen of the distinguished laity in the United States.