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Ver et Vita.

† RISTIS hiems lento tandem decedere passu
Incipit, et veris gratia blanda micat.
† Gramina fecundo viridant gratissima campo,
Virgultis reudent arboribusque comæ.
Melliflua volucrum resonant dulcedine silvæ,
Ac subito juvenum pectus amore calet.
Nec jam bos, nec oves stabulo gaudere videntur,
Quin etiam pueros non juvat esse domi.
Omnia terrarum vasto mutantur in orbe,
Multa renascuntur; nulla perire valent.
Naturæ putrido surgit nova vita sepulchro,
Visceribusque soli vis inarata subit.
Si quis enim humanam posset restinguere mentem,
Æterni jam non esset imago Dei.
Nonne dies rapidi fugiunt ut somnia? Nonne
Ut verni flores omnia facta cadunt?
Labitur ætatis flumen, vanescit ut umbra
Ambitio, et famæ nomen inane silet:
Ast animo virtus viget æternumque vigebit,
Quippe cui præstet gaudia vera Deus.

S. F.

Two Dramas by Tennyson and Aubrey
de Vere.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.



AMID the splendor, brilliancy and popularity which the good old poet Tennyson enjoyed, the real worth of a few of our greatest modern poets has, alas! been dimmed, and Aubrey de Vere, the Celtic bard, with his poetic lyre so sweet and so harmoniously attuned to the mysterious diapason of the human soul, is one of them. Tennyson was certainly a great poet.

He had in his soul's composition much of that peculiar, indescribable something which no one can define, but all of us have felt. Analysing the witchery in the true-toned rhythm of his siren-like strains, there is sweetness and pathos and purity and love. His poems, and especially some of his lyrics, seem to have been written in answer to the yearnings of our own hearts. They touch us, and we cannot say why, other than that they are bits of poetry.

But strikingly beautiful as Tennyson's verses are, he is great only through a few of his qualities. He lacks strength. With all his harmony, winsome grace of expression and delicate exactness of technique, he is wanting in force and passion. The best lines show little of the earlier influence of Byron. We do not find even any of the ordinary romantic, chivalric, dramatic instinct of this most impassioned of English poets. And yet Tennyson attempted and fairly succeeded in dramatic writing. It is an interesting study to compare the relative merits of Tennyson's most representative drama, "Becket," with its artistic treatment and fine finish, and De Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury," which, though less perfect in regard to lightness of expression and dramatic effect in the method, is far nobler, truer and grander than "Becket."

I have always held that religion, art and literature must go united, hand in hand; that without the healthful atmosphere of the supernatural there can be no true art, nor can we produce the best literature. This Aubrey de Vere has done. He has made his poetry thoroughly Christian—almost too Christian if such a thing can be called a fault. It is to be regretted so many poets have gone back to paganism to draw inspiration. Aubrey de Vere

is a living poet, the exponent of the nineteenth century. The intimate friend of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, he was, of course, more or less influenced by them. They gave to the majestic virility of his poetry all of its color, sprightliness, and lightness of touch. I believe some of the passages in his dramas equal in merit anything Shakspeare has given us. You see we have every reason to be proud of him. Mrs. Meynell, a trustworthy critic, is loud in her praises of him; Swinburne, unlike him enough to be against him, speaks of his great qualities as a poet; and Sir Henry Taylor, the author of the tragedy "Philip Van Artevelde," wrote:

"No lesser light
Than was lit in Sydney's spirit clear,
Or given to saintly Herbert's to diffuse,
Now lives in thine, De Vere."

Cold, classical, often sublime, he is grander, his themes greater than those of the English poet. And though they are less musical, less perfect in technique and wanting that exquisite style so peculiar to Tennyson, De Vere's writings have a subtle excellence of diction, a religious spirit and elevation of thought which are at once forcible and charming.

All these personal qualities of the two poets are shown in their dramas, "Becket" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury." Tennyson was a great admirer of the exterior of the Catholic Church. He knew little and understood less of her doctrines, but he loved the poetry in her ceremonies and symbols. With De Vere it was different. He was a Catholic. He had no doubts and misunderstandings, and not only dear to him was the poetry of the Church but far dearer the Divine Truth behind it all—Truth that inspires grand ideas. So he made his play, "St. Thomas of Canterbury," a true historical drama.

In writing "Becket," the English poet had to search for his plot. He had none of the spirit of the Church, and knew absolutely nothing of her inner self. What he did learn about the Church he had heard from others or taken from unreliable historical documents. Nor should we blame him much. The facts of the reign of Henry II. are not clearly explained in our histories, and surely to one outside of the Church they must seem the more hazed and blunted. However, the essence of the plot of this drama is correct. It is an eloquent apology of the Church's position toward the State during the reign of Henry II. of England. The great saint is represented by Tennyson and De Vere,

with the exception of a few inaccuracies in "Becket," in the true light—as a martyr to his consistency with sane principles of government. It is a worthy theme for a great dramatist. The vacillating policy of Henry and the vile intrigue of his courtiers make a striking contrast to the good Archbishop's purity and determination of purpose. It teaches a needed lesson. There must be, of necessity, an interdependence of Church and State; especially so, in realms where there is a recognized State religion. The dire results of Cæsarism, or the despotic centralizing of power, civil and ecclesiastical, in one person, the king, are illustrated in De Vere's play as they actually happened in England at that time. There is no distorting of facts. Tennyson, for the sake of stage effect and dramatic interest, made a breach against art, truth and good taste in bringing into the play the fair Rosamund.

Thomas à Becket, who is the principal character in both plays, was in his youth a lover of the world. The poor son of a London merchant, he naturally sought gaiety, show and riches. To be influential and live in luxury were the desires of his heart. It was only in after years that he chose and followed truer ideals. He must have been a handsome fellow, brilliant, graceful and the possessor of all those qualities which usually engage the affections of men. In some way he attracted and gained the friendship of King Henry. Thomas was gifted with many talents and his versatility seemed to fit him in a special manner for politics. At any rate, the king dearly loved him; and as Becket's influence strengthened he was raised from mere court companion to higher and higher offices until he at last became the idol of the young sovereign as the Lord High Chancellor, the Primate of England. But Thomas à Becket paid for the king's friendship with the hatred of the courtiers. The Archbishop of Canterbury was dying, and Becket was proposed by the king to succeed him. Fitz Urse speaking of him in Tennyson's play, is made to say: "How should a baron love a beggar on horseback, with the retinue of three kings behind him, outroyalling royalty? . . . And this plebeian like to be Archbishop!" In the meantime the news of Canterbury's death is brought in, and Becket, after much persuasion, accepts the Archbishopric and receives Holy Orders, his selection having been approved by the Pope.

Now comes the quick change in the entire current of Becket's life. To be the bosom friend of the king and the keeper of the Great Sea

of England is one thing; but to be also at the same time the Archbishop of Canterbury is decidedly another. The English people who had been freed by the Church from every manner of thralldom naturally guarded zealously the liberties of that Church; while on the other hand, the king, who had inherited an arbitrary rule, sought to undermine these liberties. There was the rub. That the relationship and harmony which should exist between them was well and ill understood may be gathered from some of the ideas expressed by the courtiers. De Luci, a political seer, speaking with the Earl of Cornwall, says in "St. Thomas of Canterbury,"

"I note in every country at this hour
A warfare twixt the men of mind and might,
The crosier and the sword; these two kingdoms
In every kingdom front to front opposed,
Yet needing each other."

CORNWALL: "Up, good sword,
And strike the crosier down!"

DE LUCI: "Cornwall, that cry
Hath in it more of the courtier than statesman.
The crosier down, justice were driven from earth
And chaos come again."

Thomas à Becket says upon this subject:

"With doubly linked allegiance
He serves his king who serves him for God's sake;
But he who serves thus must serve his God o'er all."

John of Salisbury explains "that ecclesiastical censures, while troubling not allegiance in civil things, keeps pure the things of God."

These are the principal facts on which the plot of both plays is based. De Vere's play is drama for the closet, not for the stage. Tennyson's tragedy was written to be acted. It seems more strained and less noble, probably due to the necessity the author felt of making it fit the arbitrary refinements of the stage. For instance, Tennyson has spoiled a magnificent character by making Becket, on the eve of his martyrdom for right and liberty, sigh for what he might have gained had he married:

BECKET: "There was a little fair-haired Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house: if Rosamund is
The world's rose, as her name imports, she
Was the world's lily."

JOHN OF SALISBURY: "Ay, and what of her?"

BECKET: "She died of leprosy."

JOHN OF SALISBURY: "I know not why
You call these old things back, my lord."

BECKET: "The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life just ere he dies."

There are some people who may think this to be pretty sentiment, but it is certainly a distortion of truth; and to the vision of a Catholic it is

positively a glaring wound to whatever sweetness the play may have. Surely Tennyson did not understand the character of Becket. It is unfortunate that the English poet made light of a sublime opportunity to bring out what was best in him. As for the fair Rosamund, perhaps the late laureate would never have introduced her had he not been required to give a leading dramatic lady something to do. It is strange that a poet who gave us such a type of purity and chaste elevation and exquisite loveliness in the "Idylls of the King" should be so careless as to make such unpardonable mistakes as these. Of the real meaning of the heavenly inspired deeds of St. Thomas, and of his relations as Primate, Chancellor and Archbishop, with the king, our dramatist appears to have been in the darkest ignorance. One might imagine Tennyson considered the great saint almost an ambitious revolutionist who tried to tyrannize over king and people. If it is true that in "Queen Mary" he drew his facts from Froude, and in "Harold" from Bulwer Lytton, it is easy to believe that he depended on his own fancy for the greater part of "Becket." One thing is evident: Tennyson must have ignored the authentic chronicles of his time. St. Thomas, like St. Anselm, died fighting against the advancing waves of royal despotism. To the Church, and especially by means of these two men, England owes her liberty. They fought for the freedom of the Church, and that then meant the freedom of the people. Thomas à Becket pleaded for the establishment of the old English laws in preference to new ones devised by the Normans to tighten more closely the fetters of serfdom on the Saxon people.

The so-called "Royal Customs," which St. Thomas so strenuously resisted, were not customs at all, but simply innovations made by the conquerors for their own selfish purposes. What a haughty prince of the Church Becket must have been when he sacrificed his life in his obstinate desire to crush royal freedom in order that he and the monks might triumph! At any rate, what mysterious things these "Royal Customs" must have been! Aubrey de Vere puts into Becket's mouth this description of these infamous *customs*:

"I war not, sirs, on way traditionary;
The Church of Christ herself is a tradition;
Ay, 'tis God's tradition, not of men!
Sirs, these your Customs are God's laws reversed,
Traditions making void the Word of God.

Sirs, I defy your Customs: they are naught.
I turn from them to our old English laws—

The Confessor's and those who went before him,
The charters old and sacred oaths of kings:
I clasp the tables twain of Sinai;
On them I lay my palms, my heart, my forehead,
And on the altars dyed by martyr's blood,
Making to God appeal."

All of this is true; and equally so is the entire story of De Vere's play. The reign of Henry II. was an "epoch-making" time, and the Catholic poet felt that it was worthy of a grand commemoration in an immortal poem. The only incident in which De Vere has departed from the chronicled truth is in the episode of Idonen de Lisle, the ward of Becket's sister. This in "St. Thomas of Canterbury" fills the place that the fair Rosamund does in "Becket." It is natural, possible and artistic. The scene in Tennyson's play in which Rosamund is saved by Thomas from the dagger about to be used by Queen Eleanor is quite worthy of a sensational play. The character of Rosamund, and particularly her relations with the Archbishop, are full of extravagance and nonsense—all done to make the play in keeping with theatrical traditions. The author also causes Becket to appear scarcely better than a love-sick bachelor, who cries and sighs when it is too late because he has been jilted. Such lines as these are actually disgusting on account of their falsity to history:

"Dan John, how much we lose, we celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of child!"

To which the unmanly and pessimistic reply of John of Salisbury is an outrage. No gentleman, much less a priest and counsellor, would talk as he does. It all only goes to show how impossible it was for Tennyson to comprehend a priest of the Church. His idea of St. Thomas was, indeed, very human. From that point of view, I must say it is well done. But a great poet ought not and would not have depicted such a sublime character from that low vision. It calls for a stronger effort, and it is for this reason that Aubrey de Vere shows himself to be the grander poet and the truer delineator of a hero and a saint whom it is sacrilege to misrepresent for the sake of stage effect. Considering that De Vere had already given us an almost perfect play, I cannot understand why Tennyson should have attempted a subject which he must have known he was unfit for. He cannot present any valid excuse for so many unpardonable false versions in his drama.

Historians tell us that Thomas à Becket was calm and dignified in all trials; but the Becket

of Tennyson is frequently carried away by gusts of his ill temper, and at times is as base and unreasonable as any of his enemies. The scene at Northampton is ridiculous in its unloyalty to truth; and the scene of the signing of the Royal Customs by Becket was really at Clarendon instead of at Roehampton as Tennyson makes it. And in the last scene, where the Archbishop was murdered, the English poet pictures Becket as if he were rushing to his death from want of self-control, pride and stubbornness. He rails bitterly at his enemies, throws one of them from him, pitches another headlong and calls the good monks, who have tried to persuade him to save himself, cowards. Then—as we would expect in an inferior drama—Rosamund rushes in and implores the murderers not to kill the Archbishop; whilst they, deaf to her entreaties, slay him just as a thunderstorm breaks. How desperately tragic!

There can be no doubt that in picturesqueness and dramatic action Tennyson's play is vastly superior to the one which has made De Vere's name glorious in the literary annals of our century. "Becket" has grace and delicacy, pointed epigrams and poetic fancy and the contrast of prominent characters—but these are all the lower qualities. "St. Thomas of Canterbury" has all the higher. There is no disappointment, no anti-climax. Sometimes its beauty is lost in the majesty of its strength, but the development of the plot is always what we expect it to be. Comparison only brings out more strongly the excellent qualities of De Vere's play and makes more glaring the faults in the English poet's drama.

But "Becket," as acted by Henry Irving, seems to be a most magnificent production; and it is. Let us remember, though, that it is the artistic performance of the tragedian and the skill of the stage director that do so much to cover up the defects of the dramatist. Even so, no wonder the Chicago people seemed lost a few months ago, when the great English actor appeared in the cast of Tennyson's play. They could not understand the meaning of the play—and, really, I cannot blame them. St. Thomas himself could not.

We Catholics owe much to De Vere. With some of that divine fire with which Shakspeare helped in such great measure to form English thought and spirit; at once strong, pure and true to his ideals both in poetry and religion, he has brought what *seems* to be a new element into our literature—that of the Christian idea.

"Easter Chimes."

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

HEAR the old Cathedral chime,
The sweetness of the silver bells;
I know its joyous music tells
The presence of the Easter time.

About me happy people move;
I see in every smiling face
New peace, new joy, new birth of grace,
The Easter gifts of God's great love.

Ah God! we mourn the by-gone years;
Each man has something to regret,
Has something he would fain forget,
Has something to erase in tears.

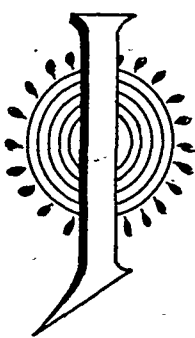
There is a joy in being sad
When sadness is for evil past;
But heavy sorrow cannot last
When all the world beside is glad.

Ring on, O bells! in your wild glee,
Repeating the good news to men:
"Rejoice, the Christ is risen again,
And man once more is free, is free!"

Albeit in a simple way,
Each creature seems to feel a part
Of common gladness in his heart—
Ring on, the earth is glad to-day!

An Underrated Poet.

F. M. M'KEE.



IN the works of Emerson there is a mystic chain that binds the admiration and love of man and man together. Its links are beauty and sublimity.

In him do we recognize a true poet, one possessing that fire, that divine afflatus, which is the heritage of poets. He is, above all, imaginative, occasionally sublime. Throughout his works there is magical uplifting of the soul, dissolving material conditions, and reaching truth behind the fact. His verse has the same aim as his prose, and when he chooses a subject sublime enough to match his genius, the result is incomparable—the loftiest and profoundest poetry produced in our country.

He was rigid and exacting with himself, and confined himself generally to prose; but he loved poetry, and there was within his heart a tender chord, that vibrated and sent out all the

love that burned and struggled for expression within him. He looked upon poetry as something too high and noble for constant use; for for he says of himself that he wrote in verse only in certain happy moments of inspiration for which he had to wait.

Although his prose is irregular, it is filled with brilliant and sparkling thoughts, and the rhythm of some of his sentences is in reality more melodious than the best of his short couplets. If he had devoted more of his time and attention to that inner calling of his soul, he would undoubtedly have been one of America's greatest bards, for the lofty and beautiful thoughts found in his essays would naturally have found vent in some form of poetical expression.

We talk of the present period as the twilight of the poets, and say our literature is on the decline, because we have not a Dante to picture the flames and torments of hell, the shrieks and cries of its occupants, the beauty and magnificence of Paradise, or a Milton to describe the picturesqueness of heaven; but in fact, men never wrote better than they do now; never was there such an interest taken in literature. The truth is, our present great poets are not appreciated.

Poetry does not hold the same place in literature that it did some years ago, when the public waited anxiously for the appearance of a volume of Longfellow; but it remains for the next generation to instil into the hearts of the people a love for the finest of the fine arts. Every age has its peculiar form of literary expression. Verse, as we understand it to-day, has more of the technique; and true poetry—that is, poetry of the heart—is giving place to scientific forms, instead of being the language of the soul.

In America, critics are too anxious to praise the warbling of muses in distant lands, and too eager to criticize and pull down the few bards of our own clime instead of encouraging them. The nation that has not poetry in its literature is uncultured; for poetry gives expression to those fainter and more delicate feelings which all must experience. It deals with life in its highest possibility, and points the spirit upward to the unattained.

Let us therefore encourage and sing the praises of those that do not receive from the public the attention they deserve; for we are all prosy. We need beauty in our speech, in our looks, in our actions, or we remain uncultivated. There are many true poets in our

country, but none is more imaginative than Emerson; and we are sorry to say that he is not fully appreciated.

In criticising an author's works we should study his environments, his temperament and the influences that are brought to bear upon his life. Emerson is a man so logical, and so different from other writers that we naturally conclude that his poetry is uninteresting and dry; but on closer investigation we shall find him a poet to be appreciated by the young as well as the old. In estimating the relative worth and rank of his poetry, we are bound to consider not merely "the possession of the vision and faculty divine," but the originality of his power. Did his poetry approach his ideal, or was his verse an imitation? Did his poetic nature work on new material, and occasionally add an individual flower; or did he create new material for poetic treatment?

As I have said, he stands apart from most American bards, above all imaginative, investing stones and dust with humanity, and making them the work of reason. Holmes says of him that "he was not only a poet, but a remarkable one, finding in every phenomenon of nature, a hieroglyphic; other of his poems measure and describe the monuments, and he reads the sacred inscription. His poetry moves in a world of universal symbolism, and the sense of the infinite fills it with majestic presence, abounding in celestial imagination." He has not confined himself to any one line of thought; his muse sings with matchless grace on various subjects—sometimes of love, at others of the depths and heights of the mightiest topics.

His poems recall no other bard, and leave little for others to say. Many are philosophical, and a few noble in style treat of the visible world, and of the spiritual meanings of scientific achievements, such as "Merlin and Hamatraya." In "Threnody," we find a pathos in which grief does not burst forth passionately from the heart, but is passed through the imagination and intellect before it is allowed expression in words. In the same poem, speaking of the loss of his child,

"The hyacinthine boy for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world wherein he was born,"

he reveals a pathos too deep for tears; more of an outburst of the heart, under the agonized feeling of an irreparable calamity. All through the poem we find each bright thought sparkles

with unborrowed lustre, and some stanzas speak like oracles.

The "Sphinx" is a mystical poem, with many questions asked and answered to explain the origin of evil. It is picturesque and imaginative, showing the keen perceptive power of the poet. All through it, there runs a dreamy, fanciful peculiarity, and it resembles very much Mariana in the "Moated Grange," not so sweet, but equally imaginative. The "Humble Bee" is not a representative poem, but one of the most picturesque, containing all the qualities of a poem, together with that individuality of Emerson, showing that he wrote not for mere pastime, but prompted by his soul; for the poetic feeling was in him, and he longed to place it in a form called verse. In speaking of the bee he says:

"Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

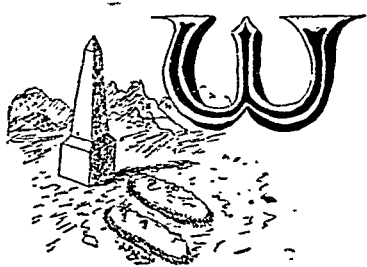
With a light, easy touch he describes the bee coming like a breath of summer, putting before our eyes a picture, a landscape that reminds us of June. The fields are decked in their summer attire; the gentle zephyrs carry songs of merriment; we catch once more the odor of the sweet-smelling clover, and the old question resounds in our ears: "What is so rare as a day in June?" It recalls the word-painting of Tennyson; it possesses that warmth and tenderness of heart that is born of love of nature. In "Wood Notes" he is in his most rapturous mood. He speaks to us in every line; and, throwing off every shackle of conventionality, he sings as if he were the only one in the world. There is nothing strained or labored in his productions. He seems to write without effort from the depths of a tranquil, reverent, beauty-loving spirit.

Emerson is not, like many of his contemporaries, cold and barren, but always animated and inspiring. His verse reflects his thoughts as they really existed. Although paying little attention to metre, his poetry will ever hold its place in literature; for he pours into his verse a rush of inspiration not often perceptible in the axiomatic sentences of his most splendid prose.

In reading Emerson we feel that we are in communication with an original poet, whose character is as brave as it is sweet, as strong as it is beautiful.

Ireland's Right to Self-Government.*

BY JAMES F. KENNEDY.



WE are assembled here to-day to lay a wreath of immortelles upon the blessed grave of him who brought the priceless heritage of Christianity to the people of Ireland. For centuries

this day has been commemorated by the scattered children of St. Patrick as a day of rejoicing commingled with sorrow—rejoicing in Erin's glorious past, and in the possession of that faith which has emerged untainted by blood-stained centuries of persecution; sorrow for the unhappy condition of Ireland during that heart-rending period, and for the unsuccessful, though brave efforts, she made and is still making in the cause of liberty and nationality.

It is meet and just that Erin's sons, in whatever clime or country their fortune may have been cast, should unite, on this day, in proclaiming anew their admiration for her past virtues, their solicitude for her present prosperity, their high and holy hopes for her glorious future.

Devotion to kindred and home is one of the noblest traits of the human character, and no people possess this quality more abundantly than the Irish. With them it is the dominant passion—their very life. Thousands after thousands of these home-loving people have been obliged to leave their native land. They are to be found in the ice-bound regions that verge upon the Northern lights; and in those distant lands that lie beneath the Southern cross there are traces of their presence. In the Orient and in the Occident, in Australia and in Alaska, upon the tented fields of Russia and upon the pampas of South America are to be found the exiled sons and daughters of Erin. Everywhere they are loyal to the land that bestows citizenship upon them, but everywhere too one sacred spot in their hearts is reserved for the dear old land that bore them. As the Mussulman in prayer turns his face towards Mecca, the city of his hopes; as the faithful and unwavering sun-flower has ever its face turned upon the bright orb of day, so at this very hour Irishmen

throughout the world cast a fond yearning glance upon the Emerald gem of the Western sea, and pause long enough to breathe a prayer for her speedy deliverance.

We need not dwell upon Ireland's glorious past, her ancient civilization, her renown as the home of saints and scholars, the matchless bravery of her sons upon a thousand battle-fields, the heroism of her martyrs, her loyalty to truth and her sacrifices for liberty,—these are emblazoned in undying characters upon the pages of the world's history. It is needless to picture the period of her desolation, the intensity of her sufferings, the iniquity of her penal laws,—laws which had for their object the destruction of that faith which was cherished by the Irish people as dearly as their very heart's blood; these are attested by her ruined monasteries, her desecrated temples, her confiscated lands, and her institutions of learning levelled to the earth.

The question that claims our attention for a few moments to-day is a living issue. It is a question that appeals to every heart that loves right and hates wrong; it is the question that has enlisted in its aid the good will of every lover of constitutional liberty; it has knocked at the legislative door of the British Empire and finally entered; it has become the pivot upon which parliamentary elections turn; it interests not one people but the whole world—Ireland's Right to Self-Government. The underlying principle upon which this right is based, is the inalienable right of a nation to frame, enact and administer her own laws; to develop her own industries; to foster her own schools; to tell her own story to the world and not through the falsifying voice of another country; in short, to have a free opportunity of exercising her own national genius.

One of the noblest of principles is that which holds supreme the public good. It is an axiom with all true men. It is the spirit which has actuated the patriots of Ireland for the past century in their efforts in behalf of their country; it is the spirit which has cheered them in their defeats and impelled them to brave a felon's cell, a convict's ship or a traitor's gibbet rather than see unlicensed tyranny reign supreme in that land which they call mother.

Ireland possessed this right not more than three generations ago. She was then under a National Parliament. Under that native Legislature the Irish people proved their capacity for Home Rule. No country advanced with

* Oration of the Day, March 17.

such rapid strides in prosperity as Ireland of that period. It was—

"That one lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when filled with its soul,
A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant touched Liberty's goal."

But it was defective in a most essential point, in that it admitted only a small minority of the people into its council. Still it was a Parliament independent of England. The ruler of Great Britain had authority over it not as King of England, but as King of Ireland. In this position she was gradually taking her place as a country of commerce, and it was only a question of a short time when to all her people would be granted freedom of conscience.

But Ireland's prosperity soon aroused the jealousy of her inveterate enemy. This rival must be crushed; her industries must be annihilated; the charter of her liberties must be annulled, and her rights placed wholly within the hands of England's Parliament.

A pretext was soon found for exercising that duplicity which has ever characterized England in dealing with a weaker country. A rebellion was fomented and put down. Now was her time to do the unholy work. The means by which the Legislative Union was consummated were notoriously corrupt and criminal. Deceit and treachery were called into service. The floodgates of Government patronage were thrown open, and the torrent swept away in its turbid course the freedom of a nation.

O where is there a parallel for such a crime?—a nation deprived of her very life through means so vile! A nation robbed of her birth-right and her life, imprisoned in a foreign legislature—a legislature that had ever been loath to give ear to the cry of justice! How could Ireland hope to obtain redress of her wrongs from such a despotic body? Every demand of her representatives was frowned down by this tyrannical majority—a majority composed of men who possessed an undying hatred of everything Irish—a majority which inherited all the cruelty of Henry VIII., the ferocity of Elizabeth, and the brutality of Cromwell.

Such was Ireland's sad plight; but still worse were the burdens that weighed her down in this hour of her deepest affliction. A system of religious proscription existed; she was compelled to support a State Church that had no meaning to the mass of the people save as another weapon of persecution; she was cursed with a Landlordism that had unlicensed con-

trol over its tenants. Ireland was completely enslaved.

Then like the first ray of that dawn which, we hope, is to follow her dark night, appeared that illustrious hero, the man of courage and unflinching purpose, the genius of his age, welding together the people in their campaign for God and liberty, towering above all men in debate, the author of true political reform, the unrivalled orator of the world—Daniel O'Connell.

It took thirty years of incessant labor to win for his people their fair recognition as men—a relief that was wrung from England after repeated demands, and granted by her only through fear of civil war. All this time Ireland's commercial interests were deteriorating under injurious legislation. Industrial and material prosperity soon fled. Forced to the last resort, the people had to depend upon agriculture alone as a means of sustenance.

Legislation favorable to their country's interest was demanded; the return of the home legislature was again asked for from England, since every hope of obtaining redress from a foreign parliament had disappeared. It was answered when the people's representative was arrested and tried as a traitor. He was charged with no other crime than advancing the claim of his country through the means allowed by the constitution; but, alas! that constitution had no meaning for Irishmen.

Then followed the bitter fruit of England's crimes and iniquities. Distress, famine and desolation swept over the land. Warnings of its approach had been given. Appeals for the alleviation of the distressed were denied. What cruelty from a Christian nation which makes paupers of her people and laughs at their starvation! No wonder there have been insurrections! No wonder men were led to attempt to throw off the yoke of oppression in 1848 and 1865 when all hope of constitutional reform seemed futile!

They asked for the rights of Englishmen and were given coercion laws—laws which Englishmen themselves would not submit to; nay, they even executed their king and revolutionized his government rather than consent to them; laws that tended to destroy man's confidence in his fellowman; that proscribed free speech, free press and the right of a jury trial; that bred informers and made vice a virtue; that repealed all law and placed the lives and safety of a people within the hands of Ireland's secretary and his henchmen.

Out of this miserable condition another galaxy of patriots arose to lead their country on to victory. Following in the footsteps of their noble predecessor, keeping within the bounds of the constitution, new life was infused into Ireland's cause. Through the valiant work of Parnell, Dillon, McCarthy, O'Brien and a host of others, whose names will be remembered for ages, Ireland's Right to Self-Government has passed through the crucial stages of agitation and controversy. Fair-minded Englishmen have been led at last to admit the justice of her claim. The voice and pen of the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century have taken up her cause, braving the hatred of a titled nobility, himself one of the noblest of nature's noblemen—William Ewart Gladstone. His was a new rôle before the world—pleading Ireland's right to Self-Government, breaking down the barriers of enmity and race hatred that have existed between the two nations for centuries, telling all men that Ireland is and has been the most cruelly governed state in modern times. He made her issue his party's watchword in the late election; he carried the day: Ireland's cause has now reached the last step of her contest—Legislation.

Months of long and tedious debate followed; the measure had been passed by the Commons, and democratic England spoke in that vote. The lords act. They summon every member to be present to vote upon the question. Delicate lords, whose sleek faces had not been seen there for a generation, sat in that Parliament and flippantly voted away the liberties of five millions of Irishmen. So inveterate was their hatred that they refused to allow it to pass—refused with a majority almost unanimous. They refused to Ireland what Canada possesses; what every colony of the Empire—nay, even what the few English acres that constitute the Isle of Man enjoy—a legislature. They try to justify their acts by saying that they wanted to preserve the unity of the Empire; that the rights of Protestants would not be safe in the hands of Catholics. What evidence have they of this? Have not the bonds of union been strengthened between Canada and the Empire by granting her local rights of legislation? Has it not been the same with Australia and other dependencies?

As to the danger of Irish Catholics persecuting their Protestant countrymen, the statement is simply preposterous. Search the records of the past. Where can there be found a more tolerant race of people in matters of religion

than the Irish Catholics? Have they not reposed confidence in Protestants, given them places of honor, followed them as leaders while living, and commemorated their heroism when dead? Has there ever been an instance in which they withheld their confidence from or refused their support to a man because he was not a Catholic?

The lords had no good reason for their action. They stayed the progress of Ireland's cause, but they cannot destroy it. It is moving on, gaining new strength and force each day until it will have become such a power that neither lords nor Tories can withstand or check its course to victory. It matters little whether Gladstone retires or not, though his voice has ever been potential in the cause of justice; though he has taught the world what one man of unswerving purpose can accomplish in alleviating the sufferings of his fellowman, and has shown the privileged few that they cannot longer practise their misdeeds; though he has done so much in harmonizing the discordant elements of the empire. And now that his noble and well-spent career is drawing to an end, let us hope that he may receive the eternal reward which his noble life has merited; and if he should not be spared to see the consummation of his life-work—justice to Ireland—yet he may well feel assured of its ultimate success. It will ever be the great issue of the English Parliament until it is disposed of satisfactorily. Delay only enlarges its powers. A more liberal charter will be granted in the next trial than in the last. It must come; it is inevitable.

Then Ireland will enter upon a new life; she will rejuvenate her arts, her manufactories, and her trade; improve her harbors, reclaim the ruins of her literature and learning, and place her people by just and equitable laws in the highest plane of citizenship. She will once more sit enthroned among the nations and resume her ancient honorable place

"In the parliament of man the federation of the world."

And to-day, while we pause awhile, thinking loving thoughts of the little green island that lies over the sea, let us breathe a prayer that the hour of her deliverance may be hastened, and that Heaven may deign speedily to crown with success the brave efforts of Erin's sons for God and country.

The introduction to wickedness is always stunning, a circumstance proving goodness to be the natural order.—Wallace.

New Birth.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

FROM Heaven's lofty throne God sent to man
His Martyr Son; and not in proud disdain,
Nor yet in glory did He come to reign
A King on earth. In truth, his mortal span
Of years was short, and turbulently ran
His stream of life. He soothed the bed of pain;
The outcast cried for mercy, not in vain;
He conquered sin, our world's most deadly ban.

Dear Saviour, gentle Son of Galilee!
Thou didst not live for naught. Those thorns which pride
Pressed on Thy brow the souls of men remind
Of sweet humility. Those bands have made us free
Which bound your limbs. Thou, Saviour crucified,
In dying, gav'st new birth to all mankind.

A College "Stiff."

BY J. M. KEARNEY.



AY, Tom, let's have some fun
For the last few days I've
been thinking of a plan that
will make some change in our
dull, daily routine."

"Well, out with it, and don't
keep us waiting. I'm nearly
frozen to death, and would like
to hug a steam pipe."

"Now, listen. You know that Roberts is
always amusing himself at some one else's
expense; and, somehow or other, manages to
keep clear of all traps laid for him. I propose
to give him a dose of his own medicine. But
come upstairs where no one will disturb us and
I'll tell you what I intend to do."

The foregoing conversation took place on the
campus of the University of —, in one of our
Western states. Ed. Stout, the first speaker, was
a jolly, whole-souled fellow, ever willing to give
and take a joke. His companions were three
classmates who needed no second invitation
to indulge in a little diversion. Except that
they were never guilty of boisterous or rough
jests, they resembled Brom Bones and his
rollicking party, always ready to re-echo the
ideas of their merry leader, for such was Ed.
acknowledged to be.

With eager steps they ascended the stairs
leading to the laboratory where the utmost

privacy was assured. Ed. sat on one of the
tables and the others took seats as close as
possible to him.

"Some of you let it out that we were to have
a 'stiff' and Roberts has heard it. He has
been plaguing me with all sorts of questions,
wanting to know when we were going to dissect
our subject, and how it was to be done. He
seems very much interested, and asked me to
let him see the operation. I promised to do
so, and here's where we shall have the fun."

"But how can you do that when we have no
'stiff,' and poor prospects of getting one?" said
Tom Wells, one of the listeners.

"Don't bother me with such trifles. I'll man-
age it. He'll be so excited and nervous that it
will be impossible for him to tell a dead from
a living man. Now, Tom, I'll leave it to you
to fetch him up here at seven thirty to-morrow
evening."

He then proceeded to unfold his plan. They
would clear one of the tables of microscopes
and other utensils, and lay the "stiff" out as he
had once seen it done at a medical school. He
seemed in no hurry to explain where the "body"
was to be procured, but assured them that there
was no need to worry over such a small matter.
After a few moments' pause, he suddenly
exclaimed:

"Dutch, you must be the 'stiff'!"

"I?" gasped young Hines, familiarly known
as Dutch.

"Yes, you. It won't be much trouble, and for
the whole performance you need only take off
your coat; you can also feel easy, for your
valuable services will be required but for a very
short while."

Dutch was to lie on the table covered with a
long sheet; no part of his body except his hair
and one arm was to be exposed, and to make
the arm feel and look as "natural" as possible
he would have to put it in cold water until it
was white. Then Roberts was to be brought
into the laboratory and given an introduction
to the corpse.

All that evening Tom was telling Roberts
about their "subject" and the operation to be
performed the next evening. Probably he
could obtain permission to bring him into the
laboratory while the dissection was taking
place. Roberts was all eagerness, and assured
Tom that nothing would so please him as to
see a genuine "cutting up." Before separating,
Tom sounded him upon his courage.

"I don't suppose you'll be nervous or afraid?"

"Afraid? I never saw anything yet that

frightened me, and I don't intend that a dead man should do it," quickly answered Roberts.

"That's good, and in the meantime keep everything quiet," said Tom, turning aside his head to conceal a smile.

The next day all arrangements were completed, and Ed. repeated his former instructions as to the manner everything should be conducted.

"Dutch, you're to keep one arm out, and don't move a muscle. Tom, you'll bring Roberts to the door at half-past seven. Lewis and myself will be the reception committee. Pretend that you are afraid of being seen, and above all be very serious."

The moon had just risen, and the trees in front of the laboratory window partially prevented its light from entering the room; but the illumination was sufficient to distinguish objects. In one corner was a small lamp turned as low as possible, shedding its feeble light over a very small space. The waving of the branches caused the shadows to fall here and there, making the outlines exaggerated and grotesque. The winter wind blew from the north and its moaning could be heard throughout the large building. The branches of the tree would now and then rub against the window sash, making in reality little noise, but in the still room it was heard with an unnatural distinctness. The surroundings were enough to frighten the bravest, and once or twice Ed. gave a little tremor. The table was so placed that the moon's light should fall upon the upper part of the body.

These canny preparations produced their effect upon Dutch who bewailed the fate that had chosen him to play dead man. His fear nearly overcame him, and it took Ed's most persuasive arguments to induce him to play his part. A knock at the door made it impossible for Dutch to make further protest unless the whole scheme was to be given up, and this he did not wish to happen. Accordingly he placed himself upon the table and Ed. and Lewis arranged the sheet. Hearing the knock repeated Ed. asked: "Who's there?"

"I, Tom. Let me in!"

"Anyone with you?"

"Yes, Roberts. Open up!"

"We can't allow strangers to come in; but as long as you are with him I suppose we must make an exception to our general rule," said Ed. as he unlocked the door.

Roberts stepped in very cautiously, and gave a quick, nervous look towards the corpse. With hesitating steps he advanced to within a

few feet of the "body," but his resolution failed. He was somewhat assured by Ed's coming up to him, but still trembled as he approached the table.

"Don't be afraid to take off the sheet," said Tom, giving a knowing look to his companions.

Roberts hesitated; but not wishing to be thought a coward took hold of the cover. No sooner had he done so than the "stiff" began to rise. Roberts gave one terrified scream and started for the door. On his way he stumbled over two chairs, and got up in time to see the corpse roll to the floor. It took but a moment to reach the door, and two flying leaps to descend the stairs. Nor did he then stop; discretion was the better part of valor, and he lost no time in fleeing from a place where dead men were able to move.

The scene in the laboratory was even more ludicrous than the flight of frightened Roberts. Dutch became entangled in the folds of the sheet which was large and strong. To make matters worse he rolled off the table during his violent struggle, and as soon as he recovered from the concussion began to yell at the top of his voice. This was more than Ed. had bargained for, and his two companions were petrified at the sight. Their self-possession returned, and Dutch was released from his uncomfortable predicament. He was completely worn out by his exertions, and they led him to a chair. After a short rest his strength returned, and in a scarcely audible voice asked what they had done to him.

"Nothing," answered Ed. "And now you tell us what was the matter with you. Why did you try to get up just at the time the fun was to begin?"

"I thought you were going to turn the joke on me by dosing me with water, or playing some of your other tricks," answered Dutch with an attempt at smiling.

"Well, well! That's a joke all around. But there was excitement while it lasted, and I hope it will teach Roberts not to boast of his courage and be more careful with his jokes."

At this the four of them commenced to laugh over their late experience. Many a time since then, when they have had the "blues," their spirits were enlivened by the recollection of Roberts and the College "Stiff."

THE moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it: all words become idle to him, all theories.—*Ruskin.*

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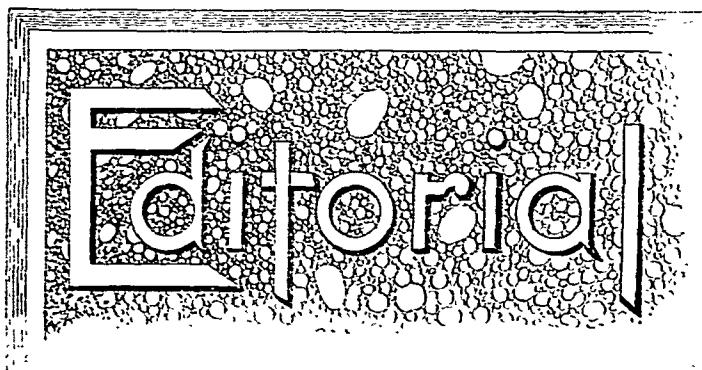
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—We go to press too early to give a report of the exercises of Holy Week. The singing of the different parts of the Office was impressive and beautiful. Our next issue will contain a full account of the week's ceremonies.

—We feel a gratification in presenting to our readers this week an excellent likeness of our beloved President. Those who have never met Father Morrissey, and who thus have had no opportunity to become acquainted with his many estimable qualities, may form some idea of his geniality and amiability from the present picture.

—We desire to warn those who send open letters to the SCHOLASTIC for publication that as soon as personal animosity enters into their communications we shall refuse them a place in

our columns. The writers must know that an open letter is always open to criticism; and it is therefore foolish in them to resent having their opinions contradicted. Let there be more of trees and less of tears in the present discussion.

—The good weather will soon bring out the bicycles in force, and once more will our sense of the beautiful be offended by the sight of "that hump." We have wheelmen hereabouts who insist on riding with a crook in their backs, no matter at what speed they are going. It is useless to tell them how injurious and ungraceful the habit is. Advice is thrown away on them.

—When "cribbing" comes into an inter-collegiate oratorical contest, it is time for some of the colleges so disgraced by their representatives to make a stand in the matter. In three of such contests that we have heard of—and possibly there were other instances—evidences of plagiarism were found in the orations. One contestant had the effrontery and the stupidity to take bodily a prize oration delivered in 1877. Such a man should be branded with infamy and expelled from college. In an inter-collegiate contest, the speakers are not for themselves alone. Each represents his college, and disgrace attaches to it as well as to the man himself in case of dishonesty.

—The students of Harvard intend to present the "Phormio" of Terrence in April, and have advertised the play in a unique fashion. The posters are printed in Latin, and when they first appeared caused the worthy people of Cambridge no little alarm. The good folk fancied that the anarchists had issued manifestoes to destroy their household gods, whilst that brilliant body named A. P. A. insisted that "Popery" was concealed in the posters. They attempted to tear down the dreadful things, and when the police prevented them they appealed to the Governor. This learned gentleman, after a careful perusal of the posters, assured his frightened children that there was no occasion for alarm—the posters merely announced that one Phormio, an Italian would open a *table d'hôte* somewhere. What an excellent field for the university extension movement!

Our Honored President.

WHEN the lamented Father Walsh lay dying in Milwaukee, one of the last wishes he expressed was that Father Morrissey might succeed him as President of Notre Dame. The abilities of the brilliant young priest had long before been recognized, and Father Walsh, in naming him as his successor, was only voicing the well-known

and carry it out with the vigor and prudence necessary to its magnificent and certain issue. That man, happily, was immediately and unanimously chosen.

Born in Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1860, Father Morrissey is consequently but thirty-four years of age. In 1870, while Bro. Bernard, C. S. C., who has since died, was paying a visit to Thomastown, the subject of this sketch, who was his cousin, resolved to accompany him back and devote himself to



VERY REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY, C. S. C., PRESIDENT OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

sentiments of all connected with the University. The two men had long been associated in their work at Notre Dame, and to their labors is justly credited the most progressive decade that Notre Dame has ever witnessed. And when Father Walsh was stricken down, with his ever-widening plans unfinished, there was but one man, it was felt, who could take up his policy,

the priesthood at Notre Dame. After pursuing a long and brilliant course of university study, he entered the Novitiate, which was then under the direction of the Rev. A. Louage, now Bishop of Dacca, India. He completed his Novitiate in 1880, and was at once appointed to a professorship in the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis. There, within a year,

he was successively advanced to the offices of Prefect of Discipline and Director of Studies. In 1884 he was ordained a priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss, at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee.

When Father Walsh, in 1881, was elected President of Notre Dame, his first care was the selection of a man to whom he could confide the difficult, delicate, and all-important office of Director of Studies. Father Morrissey's administration of that charge in the Wisconsin college immediately attracted his attention. The superiors there, however, were loath to part with him, and it was not till 1885 that he was installed as Director of Studies at Notre Dame, an office which, together with that of the Vice-Presidency, to which he was promoted in 1892, he so genially and ably administered until his recent selection as the University's President.

An enthusiastic devotee of the classics, and a ripe mathematical scholar, he combines with their difficult conjunction the rarer fame of an orator. His talent in practical matters will find ample scope in the management of Notre Dame's immense interests. Personally kind, genial, and profoundly sympathetic, he is the idol of the students, and beloved by all who know him. Possessing, in a high degree, all the qualities of a model college president, he excels in ability and amiability.

St. Patrick's Day.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated last Saturday with all the ceremonies usual to the occasion. The day was ideal. The weather was that of a May day, lacking only the verdure and flowers of the beautiful May time. The celebration began with the holy Sacrifice of the

MASS.

The celebrant was the Rev. Father French, assisted by Rev. Fathers Regan and Cavanaugh as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Fitte, who treated of Ireland's faith in a masterly manner. He gave a short review of its beginning and its spread, and ended with an eloquent eulogy on the Isle of Saints. To the children of St. Patrick who have cast their fortunes in America he paid the following high tribute:

"Look around you and see if you do not find Irishmen everywhere in the United States. In large cities and in small towns, in stores and factories, in the halls of legis-

lation and on the bench of justice, they have quietly but successfully filled all private and public offices. And they have come to stay—and stay they will: to work, to pray, to vote, as honest men, good Christians, and loyal citizens. For in the New World, as well as in the old country, the Irish race is religious and patriotic. If indeed in Europe many of them have bled and died to defend against tyranny their God and the rights of conscience, here, conscious of their deeds in peace and war, they will not allow anyone to doubt their sincere allegiance to the free institutions of America."

After Mass

THE BAND

made its appearance in new and tasty uniforms of blue and gold. A tour of the different departments was made, each being favored with numerous selections of a high order of merit.

At noon the students partook of a sumptuous dinner. At one o'clock the military companies appeared on the parterre in

DRESS PARADE.

The alignment of the battalion was imposing. Company "A" has few members; but on this, the first dress parade of the year, their few men made a good showing under the command of Lieutenant Funke. Captain E. Scherrer of Co. "B" had more men out, and his company too were deserving of notice. But the honors of the day fell to the sturdy young Sorin Cadets who, under the command of Captain Quinlan and Lieutenants Otero and W. Scherrer left the best impression.

At four o'clock all repaired to Washington Hall to attend the entertainment prepared by

THE COLUMBIANS.

The entertainment opened with "Echoes from Ireland," an overture exceedingly well rendered by the orchestra. This was followed by a chorus arrangement of "Come Back to Erin," rendered by the Philharmonics. The chorus was well sung, the fresh young voices of the Minims adding much to the effect of the song.

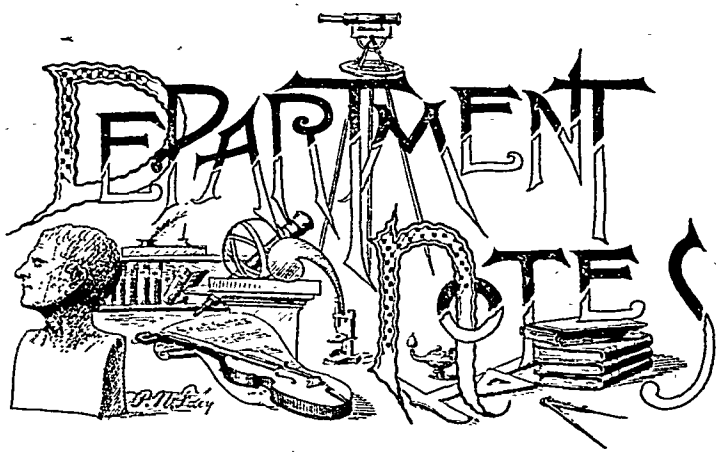
Mr. J. F. Kennedy then stepped upon the stage, and delivered the Oration of the Day. His speech appears in another part of this issue.

Before the play began, the orchestra rendered another fine overture. Between the prologue and Act I. there was a cornet quartette which, for some reason or other, went badly. After Act I. the Mandolin club played an "Irish Medley" that called for an *encore*. The hit of the day in the musical line was made by the University Quartette. They rendered a song, "Sweetest Time for Dreaming," that brought

rounds of applause. For an *encore* a local song written by D. V. Casey was given, which brought down the house. The audience called for more, and in answer the quartette sang "The Bold Fisherman." The last song gave full scope for Mr. Bates' wonderful bass voice, and was applauded to the echo. It has been said that the Quartette never sang better than on this occasion.

The play was "More Sinned Against than Sinning." Mr. Cuneo, as *Marmaduke Hilton*, the hero of the piece, did very well. His one fault was that his manner was somewhat stagy. Mr. Bates, as *Squire Hilton*, presented the part of the old man in a dignified and natural way. *Major Lookout*, in the person of Mr. Roby, was very well done. Mr. Roby was the most unartificial man on the stage. Mr. Kelly's delineation of *Teddy O'Neill* left nothing to be desired. As *Alphonsus Bellhaven* Mr. Duffield was much too stiff, as was Mr. Slevin as *Dick Harvey*. The minor parts as taken by Messrs. Cook, McVean, Cavanagh, Galen and Callahan were acceptably filled. Mr. O'Brien also performed his part well and with dispatch.

The play, on the whole, went very smoothly, considering the very short time the Columbians had for preparation, and they are to be congratulated for their performance. They are further to be congratulated on the audience they drew. In spite of the scaffolding that was so inconveniencing in the Hall, the building was crowded with a most select audience.



ENGLISH.

—The Literature class listened to a lecture on the "Divina Commedia"; the next lecture will be on Goethe's "Faust." They have finished reading the "Letter of Introduction," the "Lady of Shalott" and "Locksley Hall." The subjects for the April essays were given out.

—In Criticism, the class came prepared for an

analysis of the fifth canto of the "Inferno of Dante" (Carey's translation). The work was done with great interest and enthusiasm, Messrs. Murphy, Esgen and Cullinan distinguishing themselves. Professor Egan is continuing his lectures on our noted American authors. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Washington Irving have been the subjects of the two latest lectures. Emerson holds a twofold position in the minds of men. The Professor thinks that he deserves a high place among literary men, but that as a philosopher he is an utter failure. His essays are made up of numerous little brilliants joined together. They are bright, scintillating, but unconnected and illogical. This is due to his peculiar literary method. He constantly kept a note-book at hand and whenever an idea struck him as being especially strong he jotted it down. At the end of a year or so he combined all his thoughts on a certain subject and made an essay of them. The Professor thinks that his poetry deserves far more consideration than it generally receives. A very entertaining and instructive lecture was given on the life of Washington Irving. Incidentally the Professor made a strong plea for the country of our birth. We should visit our own famous places before we go to Europe, and we should make pilgrimages to the birthplaces of our own authors before making them to those of authors of foreign countries. During the week a specimen of style by John Ruskin, was analyzed, and it gave rise to quite a discussion concerning the way in which he would class the poets. The reading of "As You Like It," has also been begun.

—The Belles-Lettres class considered on Saturday the position of Montaigne as an essayist, in the course of Comparative Literature. Prof. Egan compared Cicero on "Friendship" with Cicero, Bacon and Emerson on the same subject. He then passed to the practical work of constructing essays on subjects suggested by Messrs. Frank McKee, J. Flannigan and J. Kearney. An essay, he said, must be syllogistic; the rules that governed the sonnet must govern the essay. A writer who had not acquired the logical habit could never write even a discursive essay which could be read with pleasure. Montaigne and Oliver Wendell Holmes were both discursive, but underneath all the leaves and straying tendrils there was the circle without a break. Emerson was not logical. Compare Bacon's "Friendship" with Emerson and show this. There was a great difference between Addison's essays and Macaulay's—which were rather reviews than essays. Two short essays on the syllogistic plan were constructed by the Professor and the students. "It is easy," Professor Egan said, "to write an interesting essay, if you will think logically and go into your own mind for your material. Define your subject first; get your terms clear; don't go to Webster's Dictionary for a half understood definition of your subject. Think it out yourself. Define it; describe, illustrate from your own experience and reading, and it will grow almost unconsciously."

ART.

—As soon as the designers are finished with the SCHOLASTIC work, they will begin to illustrate a very interesting novel.

—One of the drawings of Demosthenes is so life-like that the boys are required to walk on tip-toe in order not to waken him.

—The Electrical Engineers are busy making drawings of electrical apparatus, and the Junior class is exercising in Sepia and neutral tints.

MUSIC.

—Prof. Preston is at work on a Band piece.

—The orchestra is, as usual, doing excellent work under Prof. Paul.

—A "Regina Cœli" composed by Prof. Preston will be rendered at Vespers to-morrow.

—The Quartette seem to have made a "ten-strike." They are working on new songs, and have an extensive repertoire.

—The Orpheus Club is in *statu quo*, financially. Musically it is as flourishing as ever. A concert from the club is on the list for some time in April or May.

—The Band Concert to be given by the University brass Band next Monday evening promises to be one of the finest ever heard in Washington Hall. The character of the pieces is classic, dramatic, descriptive and humorous, and the whole will be strictly in accordance with the performance of professional bands.

SCIENCE.

—The class of Experimental Physics is busily engaged in verifying the laws of the great Camaldolite monk, Mariotte, and in determining the specific gravity of various gases, liquids and solids. They have also gone over, in detail, the classical experiments of Torricelli, Pascal and Plateau. They are now preparing to repeat on a grand scale Foucault's celebrated pendulum experiment, of which we shall give a fuller account in a later number.

—Our young physicists are specially interested in the phenomena of capillarity. Making and measuring glass tubes from the one-hundredth to the one-two hundredth of an inch in diameter they regard as a simple pastime. Working with the most accurate and delicate instruments of precision, they find their exercises in exact measurements not a task but a pleasure. Having at their disposal a fully equipped cabinet of the finest specimens of the instrument-maker's art, they cannot fail to get reliable results.

—The class of Second Chemistry has finished the study of nitrogen, and its oxides, and is now giving its attention to the various forms of carbon. The reaction by which marsh gas or "fire damp," as it is known among miners, is obtained, was carefully studied, and the reasons for the great explosive force of the gas were shown. The class had an opportunity to examine a Davy's safety-lamp, and the peculiar action of the wire gauge which has saved so many lives was exhibited to the class by

means of experiments. During the past two weeks much time has also been devoted to the writing of graphical formulas. As was to be expected, many strange figures were evolved from the brains of the students.

ENGINEERING.

—The planet Saturn can be seen about nine o'clock, four degrees north, and a little east, of Spica, in the constellation of Virgo.

—The first field work of the season was some preliminary levelling for the new macadamized road to run due west from the church and connect with the road running south by the barn.

—The Civil Engineers of '94 have so far eclipsed those of former years in the way of class work. No later than last week they finished Mahan's Civil Engineering, a volume of over six hundred pages, and at once took up the subject of Hydraulics, as treated in the fourth part of Church's Mechanics.

—Some members of the Engineering class, with the Professor, paid a visit to the sewer under construction in South Bend. It is of circular cross section and seven feet in diameter. The improved machinery for removing the excavated earth was examined and greatly admired, and much useful information was obtained.

—The single clap of thunder last Tuesday, was the first of the season. A young engineer thus interprets the phenomena. "It was unmistakably a terrestrial salute welcoming the coming of spring, and the disturbance was sufficient to rouse nature from her quiescent state. She is at present busily engaged in making her toilet, to appear at the formal opening a few weeks later, when the new styles will be in vogue."

—The class in Hydraulics found out that the air exerts a normal pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch on all surfaces at the sea level. This intensity of pressure is called *one atmosphere*. Now the body of an ordinary sized man has a surface of 2000 square inches, and is therefore subject to the enormous pressure of 30,000 pounds. One does not feel this gigantic crushing force, because it is counteracted by the air within his body.

—The moon was visible all this week and, was quite an attractive object for the Astronomy class. They looked at it from a scientific point, however, and did not see any beauty in the soft rays that illuminated the evening sky. They studied the different *phases* of the satellite, with a view to comparing them with the various aspects of the planet Jupiter, which has been carefully examined in class. It is well to remember that this is the largest planet in the system.

TECHNOLOGY.

—Bauer and Hesse have turned out some nice cut gears.

—Sweet and Moore are each working on small engines.

—Frank Wagner is becoming an expert in tempering tools.

—The "boys" will open their eyes, when they see, McVean's "cue!"

—Charles Kunert, is building a two horse-power engine as a graduating piece. She will be a "beauty."

—The Wood Department has been placed at the disposal of Charles Roby, who will build four canvas-covered canoes for the Boat Club. Charles is an expert.

—Emil Franke is building a 25 light dynamo. He intends lighting his father's house with it when it is finished. F. Chauvet is giving him some valuable help.

—Ralph Palmer is working on two sets of standard taps and counter-bores. When finished they will be equal to anything turned out by any "school" in the country, as the counter-bores have an improvement on them.

—We expect a boom in the Mechanical Department next year, as the eyes of the students are being opened to the fact that they are not in the "race," unless they have received an elementary training in Practical Mechanics.

—The Mechanical Library has now a solid foundation. It consists of forty volumes of the best that has been written on mechanical subjects. The class are willing to receive donations from outside parties. Come! Help the good work along.



—Wm. T. Ball, '77, was renominated as Assessor by the Republicans of the North Side of Chicago.

—P. J. O'Connell, '73, was nominated by the Democrats of Lake for the office of Collector for the town of Lake.

—Mrs. T. A. Quinlan, of Chicago, spent several pleasant days at the University during the last week, visiting her son Tom, of Sorin Hall.

—James R. Fitzgibbon, '92, is studying law at the Ohio State University. We wish him success in the comprehensive field of jurisprudence.

—F.H. Schlink, '78, who has been practising medicine for the past fourteen years in Cleveland will leave that city for New Riegel, Ohio, his new field and home.

—C. O. Burkett, '83, is practising law in Findlay, Ohio. The *Findlay Register* speaks of him as

one of the prominent attorneys and leading citizens of that city.

—J. R. Marlette, '83, is connected with one of Frohman's companies, and is playing a leading part in "Alabama." We are glad to hear that "Jim" bids fair in the near future of becoming famous in his chosen profession.

—An honored and welcome guest last week was the Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P., better known as the Rev. James Kent Stone, author of "The Invitation Heeded." Before his conversion to the Catholic Church Father Fidelis was President of Hobart College.

—Edward and Albert Gall, '80, are with their father in business at Indianapolis, and are rapidly coming to the front. Since their father has been Treasurer of State they have had a better opportunity to show their business qualifications and have not been found wanting.

—Frank W. Bloom, '81, is one of the most popular and successful young business men of Vincennes, Ind. Frank is the proud father of three daughters and one son, and a brighter, happier, or more pretty quartette of children cannot be found in the State. He is always pleased to see any of his old schoolmates.

—Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., who for years was at the head of the Commercial Department of Notre Dame and who is now Director of St. Columbkille's School, Chicago, celebrated on last Monday the Silver Jubilee of his entrance into the Congregation of the Holy Cross. For twenty-five years he has been identified with the cause of education, and few instructors have met with greater success. We join with his many friends in congratulating him, and hope that he may be spared many years to continue his good work.



—The Carroll campus has been sodded.

—The penmanship class is again flourishing as of old.

—LOST.—A Van Dyke. Finder will please return to the owner.

—The students received Holy Communion in a body last Thursday morning.

—The rain on Sunday prevented the Carrolls from having the scheduled baseball games.

—LOST.—A part of a link cuff-button. The finder will please leave in students' office.

—The members of the Band return thanks to all whom they serenaded, for the favors received.

—The weather is so fine now that the storm windows on the different buildings should be removed.

—A paper published in Melbourne refers to Notre Dame as "one of the greatest cities in America."

—That the "Lamentations" are never so impressive as when sung in parts was shown this week at the "Tenebræ."

—The military companies will have a dress parade to-morrow, and after it Co's A and B will hold a competitive drill.

—The impromptu concerts given by the Gym Quartette are very much appreciated, and help to while away dull hours of care.

—Read "The White Easter at Topeka" in this week's *Ave Maria*. You will say it is one of the prettiest short stories you ever read.

—Messrs H. O'Donnell and F. Carney spent St. Patrick's Day in Jackson; Messrs. F. Hennessy and O. Schmidt wore the green in Kalamazoo.

—The recent rains brought out the buds on the trees, and made the campus a thing of beauty. The beautiful weather is a surprise; Spring was never ushered in more pleasantly.

—The evenings are so pleasant that the privilege of the walk to the stile should be extended the students of Sorin Hall. It would be an innovation for which the Sorins would be thankful.

—The members of the Law class are organizing a baseball team. They will soon get down to work, and are confident that they will have a team superior to that of any at the University.

—The Columbians desire to thank all those who so kindly assisted them in their entertainment given on St. Patrick's Day, and in particular the University Quartette and Mandolin Club, who contributed largely to its success.

—The work on the ball field is progressing rather slowly. The sods have been cut off, but the field is left in a very uneven and poor condition. This work should be hurried, as nothing can be done in the way of practice games until it is finished.

—Last Saturday evening a reception was tendered to the students in the Seniors' Reading Room. Those who had taken part in the Columbian play were present in costume; about ten or twelve students from Sorin Hall were also present in grotesque costumes. The evening was very enjoyably spent, and all who participated join in thanking Prof. Edwards, through whose kindness the reception was given.

—Last Thursday afternoon was dreary and did not promise a very good game between the Brownsons and Carrolls. The Carroll specials were to play the Brownson's first nine on the former's campus. To even up the sides, the Brownsons consented to allow the Carrolls to have Stack and Schmidt. The game was interesting from the start; but it was only when the

eighth inning came, with the score of 2 to 2, that the large crowd which had gathered on the Carroll Campus became wildly enthusiastic. When the ninth inning had been completed, the crowd fairly broke loose and yelled as each man went to bat and was put out. In the tenth neither side made a score. In the eleventh each made one tally, which left the score 3 to 3. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth innings saw no change, and the game had to be called on account of darkness. It was the best game that many of the students had ever seen, and some say it was the best ever played at Notre Dame. The following is the score by innings:

INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
CARROLL HALL:—1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0=3
BROWNSON HALL:—1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0=3

Struck out by Stack, 21; by Maynes, 13. Base hits off: Stack, 2; Maynes, 7. Batteries: Stack and Schmidt, Maynes and Sweet.

HEAD QUARTERS HOYNE'S LIGHT GUARDS.

Colonel William Hoynes commanding

LIST OF RESIGNATIONS AND PROMOTIONS, ASSIGNMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS UP TO THE DATE.

P. H. Coady, captain company "A," resigned and resignation accepted; F. E. Schillo, adjutant and 1st lieutenant company "A," resigned and resignation accepted; A. W. Funke, 2d lieutenant company "A," resigned and resignation accepted; T. A. Quinlan, 1st sergeant company "A," commissioned captain and assigned to company "A"; A. M. Funke, 2d sergeant company "A," commissioned 1st lieutenant and assigned to company "A"; E. A. Krembs, 3d sergeant company "A," commissioned 2d lieutenant and assigned to company "A"; F. B. Chute, captain company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; C. W. Scherrer, 1st lieutenant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; E. A. Scherrer, 2d lieutenant company "B," commissioned captain and assigned to company "B"; J. W. Miller, private, commissioned 1st lieutenant and assigned to company "B"; private C. W. Reber, commissioned 2d lieutenant and assigned to company "B"; M. A. Quinlan, captain company "C," resigned and resignation accepted; T. A. Quinlan, 1st lieutenant company "C," resigned and resignation accepted; T. A. Quinlan, captain company "D," resigned and resignation accepted; P. H. Coady, captain Sorin Cadets, resigned and resignation accepted; T. A. Quinlan, 1st lieutenant Sorin Cadets, commissioned captain and assigned to Sorin Cadets; P. H. Foley, 4th sergeant company "A," promoted 1st sergeant and assigned to company "A"; P. L. Maynes, 1st corporal company "A," promoted 2d sergeant and assigned to company "A"; J. E. McVean, 2d corporal company "A," promoted 3d sergeant and assigned to company "A"; O. F. Schmidt, 3d corporal company "A," resigned and resignation accepted; W. W. Weaver, 4th corporal

company "A," promoted 4th sergeant and assigned to company "A"; private W. W. Wilkin, promoted 1st corporal and assigned to company "A"; private A. R. Rumely, promoted 2d corporal and assigned to company "A"; private T. A. Klees, promoted 1st sergeant and assigned to company "B"; private J. E. Sullivan, promoted 2d sergeant and assigned to company "B"; private R. E. Clendenin, promoted 3d sergeant and assigned to company "B"; private A. F. Zoehrlaut, promoted 4th sergeant and assigned to company "B"; private H. O. Wilson, promoted 5th sergeant and assigned to company "B"; private E. A. Franke, promoted 1st corporal and assigned to company "B"; private W. F. Gavin, promoted 2d corporal and assigned to company "B"; private J. W. Gounalen, promoted 3d corporal and assigned to company "B"; G. W. Gilbert, 1st sergeant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; J. L. Tong, 2d sergeant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; E. A. Dorsey, 3d sergeant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; D. F. Hilger, 4th sergeant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; R. E. Slevin, 5th sergeant company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; G. W. Funke, 1st corporal company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; G. E. Sweet, 2d corporal company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; G. W. Johnson, 3d corporal company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; J. W. Marr, 4th corporal company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; P. R. Stephens, 5th corporal company "B," resigned and resignation accepted; M. S. Otero, 4th corporal Sorin Cadets, commissioned 1st lieutenant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; W. W. Scherrer, 1st sergeant Sorin Cadets, commissioned 2d lieutenant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; R. E. Berthelet, 2d sergeant Sorin Cadets, resigned and resignation accepted; A. E. Loomis, 3d sergeant Sorin Cadets, resigned and resignation accepted; W. F. Gavin, 4th sergeant Sorin Cadets, resigned and resignation accepted; W. G. Crandall, 5th sergeant Sorin Cadets, promoted 1st sergeant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; private A. E. Lohner, promoted 2d sergeant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; G. E. Scherrer, 1st corporal Sorin Cadets, promoted 3d sergeant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; J. G. McGinley, 2d corporal Sorin Cadets, promoted 4th sergeant and assigned to Sorin Cadets; D. G. McAlister, 3d corporal Sorin Cadets, resigned and resignation accepted; private H. E. Pollitz, promoted 1st corporal and assigned to Sorin Cadets; Private R. G. McCarthy, promoted 2d corporal and assigned to Sorin Cadets; Private L. W. Thompson, promoted 3d corporal and assigned to Sorin Cadets; private G. W. Dugas, promoted 4th corporal and assigned to Sorin Cadets; company "C" disbanded; company "D" disbanded; company "A" consists of 24

members; company "B" of 48 members; Sorin Cadets of 40 members, making a grand total of 112.

Signed this day, March 17, 1894.

WILLIAM HOYNES, Colonel;

T. A. QUINLAN, Acting Major;

A. M. FUNKE, Acting Adjutant.

—The Lambs met as usual in weekly session last Thursday morning. There has been a great deal of curiosity manifested with regard to The Lambs, and many have been the surmises and conjectures, of the uninitiated as to the object and membership of this jolly club. As the weeks go by the curiosity seems to increase, and every Thursday morning at the hour of meeting the curious can be seen, with the apparent intention of unveiling the air of mystery which surrounds the Lambs, gathered around the Hall, in which the weekly business is transacted. And yet notwithstanding this system of espionage, which has been especially characteristic of the members of a rival club, nothing definite has been learned, nor has any light brightened the darkness of the ignorance of the inquisitive. It might be stated here that the membership of The Lambs is limited; and to correct an erroneous impression, it might further be stated that no "black sheep" can be found within its folds.

The meeting was called to order by the President, and as he rapped for order it was seen that he was wearing a new four-in-hand, and an unusual smile. The President evidently believes that four-in-the-hand is worth two in the bush, for he wears no others. It was a matter of congratulation, he said, that there were a few attendance, and this too, without prospects of having the cravings of the inner man appeased; and if ever the inner man asserted himself he certainly does so with a vengeance among the Lambs.

At this juncture the Cuspidor Rejuv. made his appearance in a very dilapidated and forlorn condition. He had made his escape from the caterer, he said, and was subject to further orders from the society. He was requested to keep quiet. Before doing so, however, he stated that he had heard to what indignity the President had been subjected the week before by having his manuscript stolen. The idea of it being stolen, he said, was a wrong one; for when passing through the study hall one day, he had noticed a paper lying on the floor, and picking it up he discovered that it was the President's much boasted poem. He had read it, he said, and had torn it up, as being utterly devoid of merit. The President was on his feet in an instant, and said that such harsh criticism was well worthy of a "thinkless crank." After this pleasant exchange of amenities the meeting resumed its normal condition. The Cuspidor Rejuv. then surprised everyone by the following original poem, which although not on the subject given out, was easily the best of a bad lot.

Here it is, as it was written in his captivity:

"I know a maiden whose sweet form and face
Has all the lovely symmetry and grace
Of Aphrodite, and whose charming ways
Deserve the highest meed of praise;
And yet 'tis hard for me to say,
In this my first poetic lay,
She knows me not.

She knew me in the days of youth,
When I was verdant and uncouth;
She "liked" me then, but time will fly,
And happy days will soon go by;
The welcome in her eyes and brow
No longer greets me—strangers now—
She knows me not.

O May, I loved you in the days gone by,
To recall which evokes a silent sigh.
When I revealed the workings of my heart,
Then love was not considered as an art;
You knew me then, far better than myself.
Now like a tome forgotten on the shelf,
You know me not.

What is the cause, oh, maiden, may I ask,
That I no longer in your favors bask!
Why is it that you cause this burning pain,
And treat my pleadings with such cruel disdain?
I wait. Alas no answer do I hear,
For I remember, as I drop a tear,
She knows me not.

Those days she knew me, happy was my life;
I hoped that some day she might be my wife.
A foolish boy; but then I thought
That time could not have changes wrought.
Alas! those happy years have quickly fled,
And now to me she is as one that's dead—
She knows me not.

This was quite a surprise to his fellow-members, who imagined, that he was one of the most prosaic and matter of fact persons in the fold; the sentimental effusion given above would lead one to think differently, however. When he had received the prize, which was a leather medal, he returned to his seat and found the following pertinent suggestion:

"Steady, my friend, you need a tonic;
As you grow old, you grow Byronic.
Think not that all the world is dead
Because a girl has turned your head."

One of the members was noticed dozing in the corner of the room, and he was promptly fined two postage stamps by the Treasurer. It was remarked by some that it was rather queer that the Treasurer, should go to the post-office immediately after; but some one explained that he had been carrying two letters around in his pocket for the last month, and this made matters plain. An investigation will soon be made of the treasurer's accounts.

It was learned that a rival club, known as the Pansy Club, had started up in opposition to the Lambs; but as most of the members were in "detention" no meeting could be held last Thursday. It was further learned that the Rosebuds had ceased to exist, died of inanition, as it were.

The SCHOLASTIC was made the official reporter of all the proceedings of the Lambs. From this time forward all debates will be dispensed with among the Lambs. It was

found that they were not productive of much good, and it was decided to abandon them altogether. The meeting closed with a song by the President. These songs, as rendered by the worthy President, are capable of closing and bringing to an abrupt termination any meeting whatsoever.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devanney, Dempsey, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, Murphy, Marr, McGarry, Mott, Powers, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Amberg, Arce, Brinker, Baur, Barrett, Byrne, W. Bates, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, Cullinan, Crane, Cavanagh, Cooke, Cuneo, Chirhart, C. Clark, Conway, Corby, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Delaney, Edwards, Fagan Foley, A. Flynn, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, Golden, Halligan, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Johnson, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Krembs, Kortas, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Maguire, Mott, Murray, McHugh, McVean, Manchester, Montague, Oliver, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Ruppe, Rumely, J. J. Ryan, C. Roby, Reilly, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Steinhaus, Turner, Tong, Vignos, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Arnold, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Barry, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davezac, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding, F. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, Ortiz, O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Swigart, Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Wensinger, Waters, Whitehead H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Crandall, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Herschey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Taylor, Wagner, York.