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A Shamrock Found in March.

FIRST herald of the coming of the spring-time,
First promise of the sunshine April brings,
Your trefoil green, half-hidden by the oak-leaves,
That fell when robins southward spread their wings,
Is like the hope in hearts you fill with gladness—
The Irish heart that, spite of sorrow, sings.

Dear shamrock of the Saint who found our Erin
A land of blood, and left it all aglow
With faith and love, the frosts of Winter spared you,
The oak-leaves guarded you, and softer blow
The March winds for you, but his country's glory
Lives on a memory, a song of woe.

X V C, '95.

A Benefactress of Her Race.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

Without desiring to lessen in the slightest manner the indubitable influence which written or chanted verse exerts upon those who delight in reading or listening to its measures, and with no wish to narrow in the smallest degree its admitted potency as a formative agency, it may, perhaps, be questioned whether Fletcher of Saltoun would not have given expression to a better maxim if, instead of his often-quoted sentiment, he had declared that he would little care who made the laws of a land provided it was permitted to him to write its popular stories. True it undoubtedly is that there have been instances in which some grand poem or stirring song moved multitudes to noble action, and awakened impulses that no prosaic tale, however deftly told, could arouse. But such instances are comparatively very rare ones; and the

statement cannot well be gainsaid, that the story-tellers of the world have won more triumphs, as moulders of popular thought and action, than the singers thereof have achieved, be the explanation of that result what it may.

And in looking over the list of American Catholic novelists whose books have enjoyed popular circulation, it is doubtful if a single one can be found whose works exerted in their day—and still continue to exert, in a certain measure, not at all small—a wider, deeper or more beneficial influence than those of Mrs. James Sadlier. Other authors may have written more artistic tales than hers (though there is not one of her books in which the reader cannot discern superabundant evidence that, had her stories been penned under other circumstances than those that attended the production of most of them, it would have been an easy task for their author to give them the literary grace and finish, whose absence rigid criticism may deplore); but few fictionists have written more effective stories. The very simplicity of her style, the naturalness, so to speak, of her characters, the unaffected tone of their conversation, and the plain, unvarnished way in which she inculcates religious truths and homely virtues, are, it may be, the very things which rendered Mrs. Sadlier's books so popular, and gave to her pen an influence which very few Catholic writers of her day wielded. In fact, it may be said that, taking into consideration the times in which she wrote, the class of readers whom she principally sought to reach, and the purposes she had in view, Mrs. Sadlier's stories, without claiming perfection for them, were admirably adapted to the audiences she addressed and the aims she always endeavored to accomplish. And among the potent agencies to exert a salutary influence on her Catholic

countrymen and women in those earlier days, when their religion was subject to constant assault and misrepresentation, and when temptations of various sorts beset them on all sides, must be reckoned those of her writings in which the Catholic Church and faith are defended with such womanly warmth, the rewards of fidelity to Catholic teachings so pleasantly described, and the consequences of disloyalty thereto so graphically portrayed.

Nor is the reign of her influence ended yet by any means. Her books are still in demand, and the devout Catholic of to-day cannot read the simplest of her stories without experiencing a warmer religious fervor and a larger love for his Church; the careless one cannot peruse her pages without feeling a sense of shame for his tepidity; and who can tell how many wayward souls, that might otherwise have become castaways, have been stayed in and recalled from their wanderings by reading the remorseful tale of that repentant renegade whose confessions closed with these terrible reflections: "I am old, friendless, childless, and *alone*; burdened with harrowing recollections, and ready to sink into the grave, unhonored and unknown. I was poor and unlearned in those days which I now look back on with regret, but I had many hearts to love me. 'Now,' said I bitterly to myself, 'I dare not breathe my name to any hereabouts, for the memory of my crime is traditional amongst the people. And, did they recognize me, all the wealth I have would not bribe them to look with kindness on him who was once—an apostate!'"

Mrs. Sadlier, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Madden, is a native of Cootehill, in the County Cavan, Ireland, and was born on the closing day of the year 1820. Her father was Francis Madden, a man of refinement and literary tastes, and a highly respected merchant. Her mother, who died when her talented daughter was still a child, shared her husband's love for poetry and the legendary lore of their native land. Business embarrassments and financial troubles hastened Mr. Madden's death; and in 1844 his bereaved daughter came to this country, bringing with her, among her other treasures and relics, a goodly number of old and valuable books, including some rare editions of the English poets which had formerly belonged to her father. In November, 1846, Miss Madden became the wife of Mr. James Sadlier, one of the original partners of the well-known publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Company, and went to Montreal to reside, her

husband being then the representative of his firm in that city. For the ensuing fourteen years Mr. and Mrs. Sadlier remained in Canada, and it was during that period that several of her most successful stories were written; while, in addition to her other literary work, she contributed copiously to the columns of the *New York Tablet* and other publications. In 1860 his business interests compelled Mr. Sadlier to return to New York, to which city he accordingly removed his family; and he continued to reside there until the date of his untimely death, nine years subsequently.

During her husband's life Mrs. Sadlier frequently received most valuable assistance and inspiring encouragement from his wise counsel, keen business instincts, and truly Catholic spirit. In his capacity as publisher, Mr. Sadlier enjoyed especial facilities for ascertaining the tastes of the Catholic reading public of his day; and he was, consequently, enabled to offer his good wife many timely suggestions in regard to the character and scope of her novels. He would never permit her to become a contributor to any paper—and many were the publications which then sought her stories—of which his conscience in any way disapproved. And in matters of this kind he was not only a stern censor of his contemporaries, but also a model Catholic publisher himself, carrying his principles to that extent that, when he was the business manager of the *Tablet*—then the property of his firm—he time and again peremptorily refused advertisements, no matter how advantageous the terms on which they were offered, to which the slightest objection could be made by the most captious critic; preferring to sacrifice the popularity and prosperity of the paper rather than endanger its Catholic reputation.

In return for all the aid which Mr. Sadlier rendered his devoted wife in her literary labor, he received much useful assistance from her ever-ready pen and versatile talents. Not alone did she gladly help him to keep the *Tablet* true to the lines on which he thought a Catholic journal should be conducted, but she furnished its columns with much of the original matter they weekly offered its readers; was now its editor, then its sub-editor; and securing for it contributions from many of the prominent Catholic writers of the day, won it the distinction of being one of the leading and most intelligent exponents of Catholic thought and sentiment. It may be mentioned here that among the highly distinguished men who edited the *Tablet*, while that publication remained the property

of the Sadliers, were Dr. Brownson, Dr. Ives, Dr. Anderson, and the lamented John McCarthy. It would be no easy task, even now, to select four more illustrious names from the whole catalogue of American Catholic journalists.

Mrs. Sadlier's first literary ventures were sent, while she was still in her teens and a girl at Cootehill, to *La Belle Assemblée*, a London magazine of that time, of which Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson was the editor, and Mrs. Norton, the poetess, one of the chief contributors. After her marriage, and during the period of her residence in Montreal, Mrs. Sadlier wrote for many Canadian and American publications; frequent articles from her pen appearing in the *Literary Garland* and the *True Witness*, both Montreal papers; and in the *Boston Pilot*, the *New York Freeman's Journal*, then controlled by James A. McMaster, whose death is still deeply deplored; and the *American Celt*, the editor of which was the brilliant Darcy McGee, who during his life was one of our novelist's warmest friends and admirers. The simple fact that such editors as these not only accepted, but gladly welcomed and persistently sought her writings for their papers, is of itself sufficient proof that they possessed high literary merit. And in addition to the articles she sent these journals, Mrs. Sadlier was at this time a regular contributor to the columns of the *Tablet*.

The first book to appear with Mrs. Sadlier's name as its author was a collection of short stories entitled "Tales of the Olden Time," which issued from the press of John Lovell & Co., Montreal, and met with a very flattering reception from the critics. After this first venture, which proved a financial success, came: "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Willie Burke; a Tale for Boys," and "Alice Riordan," a companion story for girls. The late Dr. Brownson was always a great admirer of "Willie Burke"; and readers of Brownson's own writings do not need to be told that it was no easy accomplishment for a woman to win his praises as a story-teller. "Alice Riordan" first appeared as a serial in the columns of the *Boston Pilot*. Among Mrs. Sadlier's other best-known works are: "The Confederate Chieftains," "The Blakes and Flanagans," "Confessions of an Apostate," "Daughter of Tyrconnell," "MacCarthy More," "Maureen Dhu," "The Hermit of the Rock," "Bessy Conway," "Elinor Preston," "New Lights; or, Life in Galway," "Con O'Regan," "Aunt Honor's Keepsake," "The Heiress of Kilorgan," "The Old House by the Boyne," "Old and New," and "Father Sheehy

and Other Tales." There were many others; her novels and translations numbering upward of sixty volumes.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that in all, or nearly all, of her works, Mrs. Sadlier had an especial aim and a distinct object in view, in addition to the general desire of furnishing the Catholic masses with reading that should be an antidote to the pernicious literature which was then current, and which was often thrust upon Catholics by persons desirous of accomplishing their religious perversion and ruin. For instance, "The Blakes and Flanagans" was written to warn Catholic parents of the perils to which the faith of their children was exposed in the public schools, wherein sectarianism was then so rife and belligerent. "Bessy Conway" was principally penned for those Irish-American girls who were employed in service where their religion and, sometimes, their virtue were constantly and insidiously assailed. Again, it was chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing that silly and vulgar imitation of Yankee ways and speech which certain Irish immigrants affected, and to deride such individuals for being ashamed of their kith and kin, that "Old and New" was published. Others of her books aimed at making Irish Catholics, no matter to what other country they owed allegiance and fealty, proud of their native land and their mother Church; and at keeping alive and active their affection for the old folks at home, and the good old Catholic customs and practices of their forefathers.

Not a few of her books were written at the request, or upon the suggestion, of eminent ecclesiastics or distinguished laymen, who, recognizing what a potent agency for good her writings were, naturally desired to see new additions made to the number of her books. "Aunt Honor's Keepsake," for example, was undertaken at the instance of Dr. Ives, with reference to the then vital issue of the New York Catholic Protectory, in which, as the prime mover of the institution, that distinguished convert took an intense interest. "Bessy Conway" was prompted by some conversations the author had with the late Father Hecker; and it was at the request of Archbishop Hughes that our author translated the Abbé Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin," as a companion volume to which she subsequently rendered into English De Ligny's "Christ." Among her other devotional works, the greater part of which were translations, may be named: "The

Year of Mary," "Collot's Doctrinal Catechism," and "The Catechism of Examples." Mrs. Sadlier also compiled a "Catechism of Sacred History," which is still used in Catholic schools.

Perhaps the most prominent trait of Mrs. Sadlier's character is, and always has been, a natural love of retirement, that prompted her on all occasions to shrink from and to shun publicity as much as possible; and that rendered her indifferent to the distinction which her many literary successes often brought her. So long as she was assured that her books were being productive of good among the people for whom they were principally written, and as long as she knew that the purposes she had in view in writing them were being attained through their influence, she cared very little for the accidents of literary fame or reputation. Let it not be concluded, however, that she was in any sense cold or reserved. On the contrary, of a kindly and sympathetic nature, she received people of all ranks and conditions, befriended all alike; and the humbler or poorer the caller upon her was, whether it was her charity or her patronage that was solicited, the warmer was certain to be her welcome, and the more generous the assistance she proffered. The genteel poor were her especial *protégés*, and she was always gracious in her demeanor to young literary aspirants.

Her correspondence during the period of her literary activity was as extensive as it was unique and curious. Letters came to her from all parts of the world—from every quarter and corner of this country and Canada; from various countries of South America; from all over Ireland, and from all parts of Great Britain; from Continental Europe and far-away Australasia; and, in fine, from every locality where "the sea-divided Gael" had found a habitation—and where is the region which that ubiquitous race has not penetrated?—some glowing with warm praises for her books; others criticising this or that passage, character, or bit of local description in them; these full of the tenderest pathos, and telling of dear but sad recollections awakened by reading her pages; those racy with humorous recital, and thanking the novelist for having so faithfully portrayed some cruel, rackrenting landlord or heartless agent; and each and all bearing indubitable testimony to the incalculable amount of good her gifted pen was accomplishing among the scattered children of her native land, by confirming them and their descen-

dants in the faith and virtuous ways of their fathers.

And it is when her writings are viewed in this light that Mrs. Sadlier stands pre-eminently forth, and is justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactresses of her people in this and other English-speaking lands. Especially was she such a benefactress to her countrymen and country women in those lands, their entrance into which was surrounded by circumstances similar to those that attended their coming hither. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Catholics occupied a far different position in the United States and in many parts of Canada from what they now enjoy. It is unnecessary to mention here the many changes for the better that have since taken place. At the time when Mrs. Sadlier was writing her novels, Catholic books, and more especially Catholic stories, were comparatively scarce, while anti-Catholic tracts and tales were many and multi-form. The Catholic press, it is true, was even then doing valiant duty in defence of religion and truth; but there was an immensely large element, and no small section of it Catholic, which the Catholic newspaper failed to reach. It is the same to-day. For that Catholic element Mrs. Sadlier's books were chiefly written; to that audience she addressed herself; and addressed herself so well that it listened and laughed and learned, as she told it of its duties, amused it with her wit and humor, and warned it of the dangers that surrounded it. Her work was all the more valuable because there were few persons then capable of performing it in the acceptable manner she did. And that she was regarded as a real benefactress of her race was abundantly proven by the many flattering recognitions of her labors on the part of prelates and priests, of persons eminent for their learning and piety; and it was demonstrated, perhaps in the most eloquent manner, by the many letters which came to her from humbler classes of her readers, who wrote to thank her for a moral victory won or a better spirit awakened by the perusal of her books.—From the *Ave Maria*.

Mortality.

New years are born and old ones fade away;
Men, too, arise and stumble to their graves,
And ev'ry other thing shall find its day
Of death: Time deigns no respite, nothing saves.

J. B.

Euripides and His "Medea."

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

Much has been written and said by way of making a comparison between the civilization of the ancient Grecians and their Roman conquerors; but to my mind nothing more emphatically indicates the higher refinement and culture of the Greeks than the position which the tragedy held among them. It is true, the Athenian slaves, with whom Rome teemed, imparted to some degree their own learning and elegance of bearing and manners to the sons of their masters; but the material, more than the intellectual, civilization of the conquered city appealed to the Roman youth. The Romans sought rather luxury and effeminacy than a thorough knowledge of the arts and letters. They laid aside rude virtues in order to practise refined vices.

Although some of the rough corners were knocked off of the Roman populace, and outwardly they were more polished than before, still the Grecian influence could not soften the savage cruelty of their hearts. Tragedy was never popular among the Romans. They took no delight in the display of the softer emotions and feelings; the workings of human passions and the desires of the human heart held no interest for them. The grim tragedy of the arena was their pastime. The awful realism of the contests of wild beasts and gladiators, the sight of men torn, bleeding and lacerated, and of enraged animals biting and clawing each other to death,—these were their amusements and sports.

The Grecian mind was differently constituted, and the tragic art held a high place in the affections of this people. They had a true cultivation; the better qualities of the intellect and the heart were developed, and they were swayed and carried along by the power of the tragedian. While the play lasted it was as much a reality for them as the brutal combats of the arena for the Romans. Admiration for the actor and sympathy and pity for his distresses filled their hearts. So great was this antipathy to deeds of violence in the Grecian character that even in their plays nothing of the kind was ever allowed on the stage. A Grecian audience never witnessed Medea killing her children, and only by the pitiful cries and moans coming from the house were they enabled to tell what was happening inside.

Judging an author's ability by the number of works which he produced, we would certainly have to give Euripides the foremost place among the Grecian writers of tragedy. Seventeen of his plays have been handed down to us, and they are the least impaired of any of the ancient dramas. There is a good reason for this. He, most of all of the ancient dramatists, indulges in long speeches on philosophical questions, and he never lets an opportunity of moralizing go by unaccepted; this was very dear to the hearts of the Grecians and made him well liked by them. He was an observer of human nature, and his precepts and maxims are applicable to all conditions of life, to the ruler as well as the slave. What he says comes home to everybody; in every play there is one line at least which relates to every reader's mode and condition of life. That majesty and nobility of thought and elevated idealism of Sophocles is wanting in Euripides, but there is more of the practical and common-sense. It is but natural that the masses should appreciate more keenly Euripides' words on the ordinary relations of life than the poetic flights of Sophocles and the lofty principles of conduct which govern the actions of his characters, and the consequence was that he became extremely popular among the common people. He was more widely read and more often quoted than either Sophocles or Æschylus, and, although the critics and the better educated classes recognized his inferiority, still his reputation among the people steadily became greater; and, at the close of his life, his plays were demanded on all sides. On this account copies of his tragedies were multiplied, and we have been able to get them very well preserved and close to the original.

The personal history of Euripides is not at all well known. Many of the incidents told concerning his life are, on the face of them, purely legendary. He lived in the fifth century before Christ, and, tradition says, he was born at Salamis on the very day of the great battle of the ships. It is thought that his parents came from the lower classes. He was of a very serious turn of mind, and applied himself diligently to study; he was especially interested in the disputations of the philosophers of his time. It was not until he had reached his twenty-fifth year that he presented his first play, and thirteen years more passed by before he had succeeded in obtaining the first prize.

He was naturally of a morose and pessimistic disposition, and his apparent failure during his early life served to make him more reserved

and bitter in his relations with his fellow-men. He lived apart, confining himself to his books and his work. His married life was especially unhappy; his first wife seems to have brought him only trouble and pain, and, although he was courageous enough to risk matrimony again, his second venture resulted no better. No wonder then that he should be so hard on women in his plays, when he had them at his mercy; nor should we blame too severely this disappointed husband for his evident dislike of the female race. The last years of his life were spent abroad, and he died in a foreign land. He left three sons, and the youngest of them followed, as a dramatist, in the footsteps of his father.

The "Medea" of Euripides was produced in 43, B. C., and received only third place. It is among the earliest of his plays and is, probably, the finest and the best known. Medea, the heroine, is a woman who has retained her half-savage and barbarous instincts, which she inherited from her forefathers, even after she has come among a civilized and cultured people. The hero is her husband, Jason, who, by her aid, managed to wrest the Golden Fleece from Medea's father. The Golden Fleece was in the possession of Æetes the king of Colchis. Circe is the sister of Æetes and, like her, his daughter Medea is conversant with the powers of magic. Jason, leading the Argonauts, arrives at Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. Medea falls in love with the stranger chief and, by means of the black art, enables him to accomplish the tasks imposed on him by her father, with the understanding that Jason will make her his wife. Jason successfully yokes the bulls who breathe fire; sows the dragon's teeth and brings about the destruction of the warriors who spring from them, and, finally, kills the terrible dragon that keeps watch over the Golden Fleece itself.

The Argonauts flee to escape the wrath of Æetes taking with them Medea and a younger brother. When they are pursued by the king and about to be taken, Medea causes her brother to be killed and cut in pieces and then thrown into the sea. While Æetes delays to gather up the remains of his son, the Argonauts make good their escape, and finally arrive in safety at Iolcus in Thessaly. Jason is the rightful king of Thessaly, but the cunning Pelias, his uncle, had seized the throne at the death of Jason's father and was then ruling the land. Jason is a constant source of fear and trouble to Pelias and, at length, Medea, in

behalf of her husband, brings about the death of Pelias. She induces his own daughters to kill him and place him in a cauldron of boiling water in the hope that Medea, by her arts, may bring him back his youth. On account of this crime both Medea and Jason are forced to flee to Iolcus, and they make their way to Corinth.

At Corinth, Jason soon grows tired of his beautiful but half savage wife, and besides, wishes to form a union which will bring him wealth and power in the land. Imbued with this desire he deserts Medea and forms a union with the daughter of King Creon.

Here the play begins. All Medea's worst passions are aroused at this insult to her pride and she casts about for a plan to avenge herself on the false Jason and make him experience the full "fury of a woman scorned." The action of the tragedy consists in Medea's carrying out her resolution of being revenged and the manner in which she does it. She manages to send a poisoned robe to the princess which causes the death of this new wife of Jason's and also of Creon the bride's father. Then she murders her own children, and, as Jason comes on the scene to prevent her escape, she appears above her house, with the bodies of her children, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons. She taunts Jason on the failure of his schemes, predicts his early death and then disappears, going to Athens where King Ægeus has promised her an asylum.

The plot of the tragedy was well conceived and carried out. It is highly exciting and the interest is well sustained throughout. Euripides' great love of moralizing, though, leads him into some errors. Long philosophical discussions are found in the most unlooked-for places, and he makes low and ignorant characters hold forth eloquently and learnedly on the most abstruse propositions regarding right and wrong. The old nurse woman often speaks as though she had been the constant companion of a Plato or an Aristotle. This fault often delays the action of the play. A character moralizes through fifty lines when it would be only natural for him to act on the spur of the moment; as has been remarked before, he has none of that lofty power of conception which belonged to Sophocles, he is more everyday and commonplace. His poetic fire was not at such a white heat, and he is more a philosophic writer of poetry. He pays strict attention to the unities. The scene is laid at Corinth and the whole action takes place in one day.

To portray in the clearest manner possible

the workings of human passion, to develop character, this is Euripides' highest aim. There is a flavor of the realistic touch of the present day about him. He does not especially deal in myths—except, of course, in his plots,—and there is nothing in his work like the hereditary sin and fate which follow *Œdipus* and his family.

In "*Medea*," the interest all hinges on this unfortunate woman's passion. The love of this poor creature for Jason, a love strong and deep, but not powerful enough to obtain her pardon for him when he had wronged her, the strength of the hate which succeeded her love and the terrible measure of her revenge,—all this formed a theme well suited to his genius. He purposely chose a foreign woman that he might depict the effect of Jason's treachery on her half-savage soul. *Medea* is a strong character, well portrayed, but there is nothing about her to elevate and make better anyone. We can sympathize with her in her distress, but it is hard to see how even the Greeks could approve of her awful crimes.

We probably could forgive the death of the princess and Creon, but the murder of her own children, the Grecians even, with their motto of strike back when you are struck, could hardly desire to see. The revenge of *Medea* was certainly complete. She not only deprived Jason of his bride but of his children, thus cutting off all hopes of posterity for him, the worst thing that could happen a Grecian. But even this could not be accepted as a sufficient excuse for her act. Jason is a mean, despicable villain, and we waste no tears over his lot; but the awful fate of the innocent children appeals strongly to us.

There are some very powerful scenes in the play. When Jason appears before *Medea* the first time, and tries to excuse his conduct, then we have the *Medea* of our desire. She is then an injured lioness at bay. All the pride and scorn of her injured love is shown when she rejects Jason's offers. And again, when she is about to send her boys to the princess, there is a remarkable mixture of real and pretended feeling on her part. In the end her mother's heart conquers and she sheds tears at the fate she knows is awaiting them. But the most powerful scene of all is the one in which she kills her children. There is an awful battle waged in her heart. Her wounded pride, her love trampled upon, all her savage feelings urge her on to this crime, but her mother's love, her human tenderness, fight fiercely for the lives of her

children. She hesitates, she is almost conquered, but the thought of Jason nerves her to the awful deed, and she sacrifices them to her pride. There is an awful reality about *Medea* all through the play. It shows what a bad woman, robbed of the only thing she prizes in the world, her husband's love, is capable of doing. We can only partially sympathize with her; we are glad that she attains her end, the ruin of Jason, but we cannot approve of the means she takes.

Euripides was a thorough woman-hater. *Medea* is made to appear as a crafty, deceitful woman. She uses everything in her power to hurt Jason. She works upon his and the king's better feelings in order to encompass their own ruin. She lies to the king to obtain a favor, and she obtains the favor in order to kill him. It seems that women talked quite as much in the time of Euripides as to-day. *Medea* requested the chorus of women to keep all knowledge of her from Creon; this they faithfully promised to do, and still scarcely a minute passes before Creon arrives on the scene knowing everything that occurred. He makes his women wavering, inconstant and too talkative. In "*Medea*," however, the chorus does not play such a prominent part, their odes are often very short interludes having nothing at all to do with the situation. Euripides has many faults, and he cannot be compared to Sophocles, but still we must admit that he had a dramatic genius of high order.

Scott's "*Marmion*."

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

A statue of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey represents him in a sitting posture, a hound with upraised head, and ears that seem to quiver with interest, crouched at his feet. A glance at this statue would convince one that Sir Walter was a lover of the hunt. And so he was; his ideal of pleasure was to revel in the romantic beauties of nature; and he has pictured those beauties as no other poet has ever done. This love of nature grew stronger within him as he advanced in years, and it became the predominating feature in his character. The untamed savagery of the forest inspired his heart with feelings he alone could interpret and express. His is the language of nature. He heard it by the lonely shore of some mountain lake, far from the haunts of men, and frequented

by wild fowl and the still wilder deer. It echoed in the splash of the brooks and in the deep murmur of his native rivers. By such environments was the poet surrounded during his youth and even later in life. They were his greatest teachers, and he was a ready pupil. The wild scenery of his native Scotland was impressed upon his mind, and he paints it to his readers in some of the most graphic descriptions in poetry. His "Lady of the Lake" abounds in these vivid portrayals and is, without doubt, his greatest poem.

But Scott was endowed with more forcible qualities than even this. His full-length portraits of the knights and ladies of his romances, whether prose or metrical, prove that he had studied minutely the conditions of life in feudal times. In this lies "Marmion's" strength and its claim to its high rank as a poem. It is a work with great faults and still greater virtues. The tale, at times lagging and void of interest, bursts suddenly forth into impassioned eloquence or wonderful description.

The characters in "Marmion" are represented as living at a time when Europe, with the exception of England, was torn internally by the quarrels and squabbles of petty lords who acknowledged no king but their own wild caprice or passion. The crown of England, however, during the reigns of the later Tudors, had given the death-blow to feudalism. The nation's strength was centralized in the sovereign who checked at once any encroachment of ambitious subjects on his power. And so we find Marmion, who, with like opportunities, might have become a second Warwick, humbly submitting his will to the dictates of the king. In this poem, Marmion, the hero's rival, is not so much of a villain after all. When the reader considers his undaunted courage, his promptness to resent any injury to his country, and his tragic death on Flodden Field, Marmion deserves sympathy rather than condemnation. The poem opens with a description of Norham Castle at sunset:

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's great river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battle towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone."

This stanza and the one following are poetic in the highest sense of the word. Such descriptive power as is here manifested, stands almost unrivalled. The poem is romantic from beginning to end. There is splendid movement

in the rhythm, in the rhyme, and in the story itself. I fancy that Scott stood amid the ruins of some old castle when this scene was pictured to his imagination.

Next follows a description of Marmion, his entrance into the castle and his reception by the lord of Norham. Marmion was no novice in the art of war. His countenance wore the stern features of a warrior, and his cheek was marked by a scar—a souvenir of Bosworth Field.

"His square-turned joints and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim."

This was the Marmion who, unheeding the priest, and shaking the fragment of his blade above his head, died with the cry of victory on his lips. A strange, proud, romantic character.

The scene in which the nun, Marmion's former paramour, is doomed to a living tomb is unhistorical and merely the result of the poet's imagination. Nowhere in his other writings does Scott maliciously malign the Church. We have therefore every reason to believe that it was through ignorance that this blemish crept into "Marmion." But a blot it will ever remain as an exemplified result of bigotry's teachings.

In several of Scott's novels, the monks, whose most conspicuous trait is their worldliness, may really have existed. At that time abuses had crept into the Church. By some its dignities were viewed only from the standpoint of gain. Kings and rulers desired to become the spiritual as well as the temporal heads of their subjects. This led to a contest between the Pope and his royal subjects, and the abuses were gradually eradicated. But in the portrayal of the nun's death Scott has let his imagination play with his convictions. Could history confirm such an act, the Reformation would not have waited until the sixteenth century.

Nothing eventful marks the progress of the journey northward. The tales of the host and Sir David Lindsay are weird and romantic, and serve to break the monotony of the march. Marmion is introduced at the Scottish court where he is royally received. He treats King James with all the deference due to a sovereign. The character of the latter excites more than a passing interest. Proud and fiery as his father before him, his heart was, at the same time, full of tender pity for those who were in distress. But in Marmion he found his equal in pride. When James hints at the success of his intended invasion of England, Marmion responds with force and sarcasm:

"Much honored were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood.
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

"Lochinvar" is a dashing, thrilling song, though by most reviewers it is passed over unnoticed. The weird vision on Dun Edin's Cross, when the result of Flodden's fight is foretold, is in keeping with the superstitions of the time. No less so is the warning King James received, but disregarded. The scene between Douglass and Marmion, in the former's castle yard, has been declaimed in colleges and schools everywhere and needs no comment. The next picture is a battle-piece, the fight of Flodden Field. This I take to be the most graphic representation of conflict ever produced in poetry or prose. The sympathy, fire and pathos of the scene stamp it indelibly upon the reader's memory and cannot be easily forgotten. Marmion was a welcome figure on the battlefield, as one may perceive from the confidence his presence inspired:

"He first in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of 'Marmion! Marmion!' that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes."

The most redeeming feature in Marmion's character is his valor. The crime which stamped him as a villain was that of forgery, and some writers criticise this as an error on the part of the author, alleging that forgery, at that time, was unknown among the nobility. From the onset to the last despairing stand made by the Scots the battle is one continued series of combats:

"Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!"

The picture of the combatants after the first charge is painted with broad, firm strokes, and the pain and slaughter is lost sight of in the flash of weapons and the waving of plumes:

"Wild raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;

Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly."

Marmion's men-at-arms, who were resting on a neighboring hill, from which they viewed the fight, when they see his banner disappear, forget their master's command and plunge into the fight to save him. FitzEustace alone remains with Lady Clare. He too soon grows anxious of his lord's fate, and is about to join his companions,

"When fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by."

Marmion's death is stirring and pathetic. Scott has so interwoven his character into an ideal of bravery almost to rashness, that his faults, for the time, are forgotten. It is human nature to admire bravery, and we forgive a soldier almost anything if he is truly brave.

After the death of Marmion, the description returns to the conflict. That Scott was a true son of Caledonia is obvious from his sympathy with the defeated host of King James. When all hope of victory had fled, the Scots formed a deep circle around their king:

"The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

The poem has more of lament than of narrative in it when it comes to the final dispersion of the Scots. And when one contrasts the light-hearted James of the ball-room with the cold, stark form of Scotland's king lying on the bloody sands of the battlefield, pity for the unfortunate monarch cannot be withheld:

"He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain.
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseeemed the monarch slain."

The strength of the whole poem depends on Flodden fight. The romance of De Wilton and Clare falls into second place beside the contest of the two kingdoms. From Marmion's arrival to the dispersion of the Scots, the strain is almost epic. In concluding Scott says:

"Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

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—It is with pleasure the SCHOLASTIC announces that Right Rev. Bishop Keane, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., will lecture at Notre Dame on the 28th of this month. The distinguished prelate needs no introduction to the University students, by whom he is well known, and to whom an intellectual treat is always assured whenever the great Bishop pays them a visit.

—The Reverend D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., who has been for several years past connected with the University in the capacity of Prefect of Religion, left us on Wednesday, in compliance with the wishes of his superiors, to take charge of the new Church of the Sacred Heart now building in New Orleans. While his Reverence will be missed at Notre Dame, the SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of the student-body, wishes him all success in his mission to the sunny South.

—At the entertainment, last Tuesday, the familiar figure of Professor Paul was missing from his accustomed place in the Orchestra. For many years Professor Paul has been its Director, but the distance of his new home from the University made it impossible for

him to conduct rehearsals as often as he wished, and he was forced to resign. Every year the music by the University Orchestra has been one of the most enjoyable features of our college entertainments. Professor Paul is himself a brilliant performer on the violin, and his many friends will be sorry to hear of his retirement. Professor Preston, who has made the Mandolin Orchestra what it is, succeeds him.

—As the students of Brownson Hall go to and from their various lecture rooms they pass, among other painted portraits, one which attracts attention on account of its remarkable Rembrandt effect. This picture was made by the lamented Paul Wood whose untimely and tragic death, three years ago, startled our college world. A melancholy interest centres around the painting from the fact that the solemn strains of the Church's requiem and the tolling of her funeral bells have scarcely ceased to reverberate around the tomb of Cesare Cantu, the original of the portrait. Of the many gifted sons Italy has produced none ranks higher as a historian than Cantu. He was born at Brivio, not far from Milan, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1807. In his youth he aspired to the priesthood, but finding he had no vocation he became at eighteen a professor in one of the colleges of his native land. In 1831 he published a work, "Lombardy in the Seventeenth Century." The patriotism displayed by the author earned for him the hatred of the Austrian Government. He was arrested and thrown into prison. While there he wrote "Margherita Puslerta," a romance of merit. His most learned work, a "Universal History," in twenty volumes, is the best universal history ever written. Accuracy, the first essential requisite of an historian, deep research and a tolerant spirit, characterize every chapter of the work. A "History of Italian Literature," and a "History of the Italian People" also bear his name. In politics Cantu was a liberal of the right kind. He sighed for the time when Italy would be a republic, with the Pope as president of a confederation composed of the various kingdoms and states of which Italy was composed before they were united under the present Sardinian government. Honors of all kinds were showered upon him by his countrymen. His immortal work, the "Universal History," will be his monument. By his death the foremost place in Italian literary circles has become vacant.

The Lætare Medal.

The President and Faculty of the University of Notre Dame announce that the Lætare Medal will be conferred this year upon Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, of Montreal, Canada. The medal will be presented to Mrs. Sadlier by the Most Rev. Archbishop Fabre, D. D., while the presentation address will be read by Very Rev. Father McGarry, C. S. C., President of St. Laurent College.

The Lætare Medal, it is generally known, is annually conferred upon some member of the Catholic laity who has been distinguished for important service to the Church or the public. It is the highest honor within the gift of the University of Notre Dame, and is universally regarded as carrying with it the approbation of the Catholic clergy and laity of America. The Medal is a heavy gold piece depending from a bar, and bearing on its obverse side the legend: "Magna est Veritas, et Prævalebit," together with "Lætare Medal," in large letters, and the year of presentation below. The reverse side bears this inscription: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier in Recognition of Distinguished Services Rendered to the American Catholic Public." Accompanying the medal is an address, printed on rare watered-silk with an appropriate design in painting. The artist has admirably symbolized Mrs. Sadlier's life-work by an open book and cross interwoven with shamrocks.

The value of such a distinction as the Lætare Medal necessarily depends on the discrimination with which the medalists are chosen, and a cursory glance at the list of those who have already received this honor shows that the high standard established at the foundation of the Lætare Medal in 1883 has thus far been faultlessly sustained. The first recipient of the honor was John Gilmary Shea the distinguished historian and scholar. It was then successively conferred on the architect, Patrick Keeley; on Eliza Allen Starr, the well-known art-critic, and on Gen. John Newton, the engineer of the Hell Gate explosions. Other recipients were Commendatore P. V. Hickey, Anna Hanson Dorsey, W. J. Onahan, Daniel Dougherty, Henry F. Brownson, Patrick Donahue, and, last year, Augustin Daly. It will be seen that these names constitute the Roll of Honor of the Church in America, and establish traditions that consecrate the Lætare Medal.

The name of Mrs. Sadlier is now most happily added to this list. She holds a unique place among the Catholic *littérateurs* of America, and her life-work, of which we present an admirable sketch in this issue, has been a service which amply deserves recognition. It carries one back to the time when large numbers of Irish boys and girls flocked to our shores seeking service in families where too often their faith was in jeopardy. Priests were few, and for multitudes of these immigrants the only vehicle of Catholic instruction was a good book. But there was practically no Catholic literature, and Mrs. Sadlier set herself to supply the need. How successfully she performed that duty we need not say. There are thousands of families in the United States that owe the preservation of their faith to her inspiring works, and in this fact lies her claim to the gratitude of the Church as well as of individuals. She made them proud of their faith at a time when it was despised and without honor. She sang of its past glories and prophesied its future victories; she struck the central chords of feeling, and on them played such rare harmonies as strengthened the faith of the friendless immigrants, and steeled their hearts against the temptations that compassed them on all sides.

The action of the Faculty of Notre Dame, in conferring the Lætare Medal upon one whose claim to it was so distinct and imperative will doubtless meet with the approbation of the Catholic public. Others with talents like hers have rushed noisily into the public view, and have had their reward in fame or fortune or the other prizes of life. A career of self-sacrifice such as hers can have no such recompense; the only earthly reward worthy of it is the gratitude of those whom she served. Her title to that reward is admirably summed up in the following address which accompanies the medal:

"Friend of the friendless, Lady, peace to you!
 You that in past days fought our fight alone,
 Benignant and firm-hearted, while the moan
 Of your poor race in exile upward flew,
 And found its answer; fresh as morning dew
 After parched days,—as scent of lilacs blown
 When snows are gone,—that answer, all your own,
 Gave sad hearts joy and kept the tempest true.
 Doubt feared the nimbus lucent of your pen;
 You showed the exiled race their golden past,
 In dreams you raised them from the sordid dross
 Of daily toil; you made them live again
 In ancient splendor; o'er their lot you cast
 The light of Hope, and kept them near the Cross!"

St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame.

With everything against them, last Tuesday afternoon, the Columbians scored another triumph on the boards of Washington Hall. The St. Cecilians claim President's Day as their own; on the 22d of February, the Thespians do honor to the name and memory of Washington; and from time immemorial the Columbians have run the sun-burst and shamrocks of Ireland up to the peak on St. Patrick's Day, and kept it there against all comers. This year they were unfortunate in half a dozen ways. The play was not cast until the first week in March, and it took hard work, and no small amount of it, to learn the lines of "Waiting for the Verdict" in less than two weeks.

The 17th falling, as it did, on Sunday, the presentation of the play was postponed until Tuesday, the 19th; and the only celebration of the feast was the religious one. A Solemn Mass was sung at ten o'clock by the Rev. D. J. Spillard, with the Rev. William Moloney and Rev. Joseph Just as deacon and subdeacon. A stirring sermon on Ireland's influence on Christendom was preached by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, who is never more eloquent, more forceful, than when he takes Ireland for his theme.

But there was trouble in store for the Columbians. Tuesday morning it was whispered about that the costumes for the play had been sent to the wrong depot in Chicago, and that there was no hope of their coming in time. The telegraph confirmed the news, and at noon there was little gayety in Columbian hearts. There was no lack of courage, however, and the actors and their friends went pluckily to work to improvise costumes in place of the missing ones. Willing hands and kindly hearts helped them, and when the curtain rolled up at three o'clock no one, not in the secret, would have guessed that the jackets and caps and shirts were not imported. Professor Edwards was especially kind and not a little of the credit of the "make-ups" is due to him.

Half past two found Washington Hall crowded with students and invited guests waiting for the performance. The overture by the Orchestra was the old familiar "Echoes from Ireland" which, with the chorus, "Come Back to Erin," seems to be an indispensable part of every St. Patrick's Day programme. After the Glee Club had sung our favorite chorus, Mr. Peter White (Law), '95, delivered a panegyric on the Apostle of the Emerald Isle, which was re-

ceived with rounds of applause. It is only justice to Mr. White to say that his oration was hastily written, after the news came that Mr. Ryan, who was to have been the orator of the day, was too ill to speak on the 19th. Mr. White did wonderfully well, for four days' practice, and few of our men would have been brave enough to face an audience under the circumstances. We give his oration in full:

"The growth of civilization has been a never-ceasing contest between Christianity and paganism, and Christianity has endured that society might live. It is but natural that we should honor those heroes who have successfully done battle for our progress. Conspicuous among these, and especially worthy of our veneration, is the noble Saint in whose memory we have met. It is a fallacy of modern times, due to that spirit of secularism which the Reformation fostered, that the saint is a being apart from all earthly men, and that the terms hero and saint are incompatible. The truth is that the hero of the past is the saint of the present. The hero of the past forged a chain that bound—and still binds—the spiritual and the temporal. The saints were good citizens, patriots, not always living apart; but beings who loved Christendom as their country and all men as brothers. Such a man was St. Patrick, who, in the spirit of the grandest Christian patriotism, gave a new nation to civilization.

"The Christian heart swells with admiration as it contemplates the achievements of this man, who, animated by an unselfish love for humanity and sustained by an undying faith in the justice and mercy of God, freely devoted his life to the salvation of Ireland. With a few humble followers he entered that land, where, but a few years before, he had labored an exile and a slave. And unawed by the threats of its pagan kings, he began the emancipation of its people; and what was the result? Search the pages of history and you will find nothing to equal it. In the line of human achievements it stands unique. He came to subdue the passions of the people who had successfully withstood the onslaughts of armed hosts, and without the shedding of a drop of blood, he destroyed the worship of ages; and from Tara's lofty heights, where for centuries the fierce Druid had kindled the light of Baal, arose the light of the living God.

"He rang the death knell of paganism, and out of its ruins sprang schools and churches, those bulwarks of civilization, whence went forth the men who were to Christianize the Western world. Peace and prosperity dwelt within the land; and, while Rome was waging an unequal struggle against Goth and Vandal, Ireland became the nursery of science and religion. For three hundred years, her learning and her civilization were the wonder of an admiring world; but the faith which Patrick had so auspiciously planted in the land was to be sorely tried. Attracted by the wealth of Ireland, the plundering Northmen came to ravage her shores, and in the centuries that followed, the patriotism, courage and religion of the people were subjected to the severest test; but the heroic virtues of Patrick's teaching were impregnable, and the savage invader became the peaceful citizen. Centuries of conflict had devastated and weakened the land, but Ireland at last triumphed over the barbarians who had conquered England.

"The land of saints and scholars was destined to become the land of suffering and martyrdom. Her peaceful valleys were to be drenched with the blood of the defenceless, and her mountains to become the haunts of famine and disease. In the name of liberty her homes were to be pillaged and her children butchered, while her saints were to die upon the rack. The time was at hand when, in the name of justice, the haughty Elizabeth robbed the people of homes, where for centuries their ancestors had lived and died; and in the name of religion she proscribed the faith whose followers had given her subjects the right of trial by jury, and who had, ages before, wrung Magna Charta from the crown of England.

"Under the plea that they were incapable of self-government, England attempted to rule by coercion a people who asked of God only to be free. From the blood of this race sprang signers of the immortal Declaration of American Independence; and exiled heroes, who, like Sarsfield, were the bravest of the brave, who saved Fontenoy for France, a hundred battles for Spain and who gave Commodore Barry to the sea and General Sheridan to the land.

"The history of Ireland has been one long-continued struggle against oppression. The monuments of her greatness are in the dust, but her spirit remains unbroken. Her miseries have but increased her efforts in the cause of liberty.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind."

"For centuries, the policy of England in her treatment of Ireland was most inhuman. She compelled the people to submit to the most infamous penal code in the history of the world, and under pretense of elevating, she reduced to abject ignorance a nation which was once the school of Western Europe. Yet Ireland has never been forgotten. Her sterling virtues have made friends of the English enemies who came to her shores. The illustrious O'Connell hurled his resistless eloquence against the English throne until rewarded by Catholic Emancipation, and the ablest of her hereditary foes have steadfastly labored in her behalf.

"The most peerless diplomat and the most able statesman of our century, William Ewart Gladstone, has gloriously crowned a noble life by enlisting all the forces of his mighty mind in favor of her cause. The dawn of a new day is at hand; bright-winged peace has come with soothing balm to heal the wounds of an unhappy people, who have proven themselves to be the most generous and most faithful defenders of liberty that the world has ever known. The hearts of the exiled sons of Erin go out to her to-day bearing messages of loyalty and love; and while sorrowing for the sufferings of her past, they are animated by the sublime hope, that the heritage of their fathers may again take her place among the nations. The doctrine of the inalienable rights of man is bearing fruit, and from millions of sympathetic souls throughout the world ascends the prayer that, in the words of Lincoln, 'The country of their love shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people,' shall at last crown with joy a land long doomed to sorrow."

The "Nita Polka," by the Mandolin Orchestra, and the flute solo, Terschak's "La Favorite de Vienne," by Mr. Schmidt, were very well received, and the other musical numbers were uniformly good. But the real interest centred in the play, Hazelwood's "Waiting for the Verdict,"—a melodrama of English life, full of movement and dramatic scenes. Individually, the Columbians were very good; but they did not support one another as effectively as they might have done. For instance, in the scene where Jasper's father (W. P. Burke) prays that his son's name may be cleared, and again in the last scene of all, when Jonas Hundle confesses, the two heavy comedians—who were really very funny—lessened the dramatic effect of both situations by their exaggerated demonstrations of grief and joy.

Mr. James Barry, as Jasper Roseblade, the hero of the piece, held himself well in hand, and never failed to bring out the fullest meaning of his lines. Over-acting is the vice of amateurs; but Mr. Barry, though a novice in things theatrical, was natural, and his characterization of Jasper was flawless. There was strength and earnestness in his acting, and the suspicious redness of some of the Carrolls' and many of the visitors' eyes, after the play, was the best evidence of Mr. Barry's success. As Jonathan Roseblade, Jasper's father, Mr. W. P. Burke was an ideal old man, broken under the weight of his misfortunes, bowed down with grief at the terrible charge against his son. Mr. T. J. Finnerty, as Claude, Jasper's younger brother, played a difficult part unusually well. His clear, fresh voice is admirably suited to juvenile parts and his figure is still boyish enough to carry out the illusion.

We fancy that Humphrey Higson, if he ever had an existence, was not quite so much of a villain, at least on the surface, as Mr. Brennan made him in the play. If he were, even the fact that he was steward to an earl would not have saved him from being thrown into jail as a suspicious character. Mr. Brennan's acting was even and consistent throughout, his motions easy, his voice good, his make-up of the best. As the other villain, Jonas Hundle, a poacher who had reformed because there was more money in watching, than in stealing, hares, Mr. Jones did some clever work in the first and last acts. He managed his part with great skill, and his struggle with Claude in the wood, and his despair when Claude escapes with the tell-tale bludgeon, were realistic to the last degree. As

the Rev. Owen Hytton, Mr. W. J. Burke made the best clergyman we have ever seen behind our college foot-lights. His part was really a minor one, but he made it one of the best, and impressed everyone with his cleverness and originality.

The two eccentric "sports," Blinky Brown (Mr. T. T. Cavanagh) and Squinty Smith (Mr. E. J. Murphy) deserve a paragraph to themselves. Their costumes were fearful and wonderful, and there was a broad grin on every face while they were on the stage. It would be hard to say which of the two was the funnier, for their methods are wholly different. They both take naturally to comedy; but Blinky Brown's oft-repeated and always effective "there's nothing like it" give him an advantage that even Squinty Smith's absurd make-up could not balance. They made a decided hit, and furnished an immense amount of amusement for their audience. There were more than thirty Columbians in the cast, and it would be impossible to criticise them individually. Messrs. Howley, White, Costello, O'Malley, Hermann and Hennebry, though, deserve special mention for their careful work in the minor rôles. "Waiting for the Verdict" was a signal success, and the Columbians of '95 are to be congratulated on the splendid showing they made, in spite of circumstances.

Personals.

—Mr. Charles H. Herman, of Edgerton, Ohio, was the guest of his brother, Adam G. Herman, of Brownson Hall, last week.

—Thos. J. Dundon, '73, has quite an extensive law practice in Ishpeming, Michigan. His office is the McKey Block, Main street.

—Mr. Connelly, formerly one of the largest wholesale grocers in Chicago, paid his three grandsons of St. Edward's a visit during the week just past.

—Mr. Arthur Nester, student of '92, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit last Sunday. His many friends were pleased to meet him and only regret that his stay was so brief.

—John T. Cullen (Law), '92 and Earl Brown (Law), '93, have formed a partnership and opened an office in Sheldon, Iowa. They have a bright outlook for an extensive practice.

—Mrs. J. L. Steiner, of Lima, Ohio, and her sister, Mrs. Dr. C. E. Right, of Gilman, Ill., practicing physician and a graduate of Bennett Medical College, of Chicago Ill., are visiting Masters J. B. Steiner, of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. John M. Flannigan, '94, one of last year's Staff, is going to Oelrichs, South Dakota, where he has been chosen to fill a prominent position in one of the banks of the city. John's sterling qualities will fit him for any position of trust that may be confided to him.

—Mr. W. F. Murphy (student), '91, General Manager of *The Minneapolis Tribune*, speaks in glowing terms of the old SCHOLASTIC, as he familiarly styles the college journal. He says that he knows of several of the old students working in his office who read the SCHOLASTIC with as much relish as they do their own city papers. We are always pleased to learn that our paper is a welcome visitor particularly to the "old boys."

Local Items.

—Basket-ball still holds the ascendancy in the Carroll gym.

—Students should not now venture on the lakes. The ice is unsafe.

—The bicyclists have taken advantage of the good weather during the past week.

—"There's nothing like it," remarked an unfortunate skiver on finishing two thousand cool.

—The class of Physics made some interesting experiments in Statical electricity during the week.

—The Mandolin Club furnished music for the St. Patrick's church fair in South Bend last Saturday night.

—The candidates for the Varsity team played a game on the Carroll campus last Thursday. They showed the need of out-door practice.

—The tennis players have begun practice. The courts are well filled during "rec." hours. Towards the end of May we may look for a grand tournament.

—A blushing maiden, commenting upon the distinguished appearance of Lord Elmore, was heard to say: "What a pity that such a handsome man should have been killed so soon!"

—The Philodemics met last Wednesday to discuss Thomas Nelson Page. Excellent papers on the author and his works were read. These literary evenings are growing in favor.

—The Band played a well-arranged *répertoire* of Irish and American airs last Sunday and Tuesday in the different buildings. The music was excellent. Our Band is well organized and under able direction.

—What was the surprise of a Carroll who had never seen a baseball before when he attempted to catch one and found it hard. "Why," he innocently remarked, "it's not a *tamale*; it's a horrid stone."

—A certain bright boy in Carroll hall asked another while walking the campus the other

day: "When are the Hoynes' Light Guards considered charitable?" "Why," replied his friend, "when they present arms!"

—Americanized French and Spanish is now the popular jargon in Cosmopolitan Flat; but those unearthly noises still continue to disturb Woodchuck's cogitations, and white-winged peace is trembling in the balance.

—There was an exodus of some of our most popular pulpit orators on St. Patrick's Day. Our Rev. President preached in Fort Wayne, Father Fitte, in Batavia, Ill., Father Klein, in Woodstock, Ill., and Father Cavanaugh, in Saint Patrick's Church, South Bend.

—In order to meet the large demand for books to be read in the English classes, the Librarian has placed upon the shelves several copies of each work. This will enable the members of these classes to read the required books before the end of the session.

—A number of peripatetic philosophers of Sorin Hall walked to Bertrand last Thursday afternoon. They returned late in the evening, weary and disgusted. One of them spoke for the others when he said: "Oh, it was a miserable town! All you could get in it was a plug of tobacco and a stick of candy."

—An unfortunate kitten attempted to cross the Carroll campus last Saturday, thought it had reached a great desert, and died just in sight of St. Edward's park. Not even a well-fed mule could find grass enough for desert on the romping-ground of the Carrolls. But they are content, for their campus shows out better than the others after a rainy day.

—Our stage management is in good hands. Mr. Marmon is interested in his work, and is making big improvements back of the foot-lights. He has secured a corps of faithful co-laborers, and, if his suggestions are followed there will be no hitches in future performances. Mr. Marmon is also the manager of the Dramatic Stock Company. Under his direction the performances of the Company cannot be other than successful.

—The departure from set lines for a strained comedy effect was one of the few blemishes in the play last Tuesday. It will not do for one who is personating a serious character to make violent efforts to be funny, and when the clerk of the court in giving the oath substituted Jack Robinson for the name of the Almighty he proved himself irreverent, and shocked the better feelings of his audience. Actors would do well to stick to their lines if they be not intelligent.

—The *Jackson Morning Patriot*, in its account of the banquet given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians on St. Patrick's day, says of Mr. Thomas D. Mott (Law), '95, who represented the University on the occasion:

"Thomas D. Mott, of the University of Notre Dame, made a scholarly response to the toast, 'Our Catholic

Universities,' the main thought of which was that the Catholic seats of higher learning had for ages demonstrated that mental and religious training should go hand in hand."

—The Cecilians assembled in their society room on the 20th for their regular weekly meeting. Owing to the absence of Rev. Mr. Donohue, the chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Maguire. The musical entertainment by Prof. Paul was postponed till the President's return. Several selections were rendered by the members, everyone doing exceedingly well. Voluntary stories and riddles were given in order to pass away the remainder of the evening pleasantly.

—An ancient mongrel, with hungry look and yellow coat, made his appearance here last week and has been with us since. He has plainly come to stay until his funeral, which has been arranged for an early date. The local editor, who cannot be accused of being a skilled judge of dogs, thought the wretched cur an excellent hound, until he received a deep scratch, a testimonial of affection and regard. He is now looking for the man who is responsible for that dog's appearance.

—The exchange editor broke his glasses the day he was expected to hand in copy, grew furious, and no copy came. Since his column does not appear, the following note finds a place here:

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, the weekly representative of our neighboring University. The last number of the SCHOLASTIC is especially noteworthy on account of Professor Egan's defense of Shakespeare as a Catholic. It deserves larger publicity.—*Literary Bulletin* (South Bend).

—The falling of the scene during the play of last Tuesday showed plainly the need of better arrangements for the scenery. It is next to impossible to stage a play properly in the present crowded condition of things. All the grooves are filled with scenes, the back and sides of the stage are crowded with them—rendering smooth work impossible. An addition to Music hall extending into the Carroll yard would make an excellent place to store away scenery when not in use. This improvement must be made some time—why not now?

—"Did you ever see a finer pair of horses?" asked the portly old gentleman who wields sway west of Sorin Hall, just as a spanking team flew past. "They are goers, sir, goers. There is good blood in them—none of your sluggish cart-horse breed. And they are to be kept for buggy use; I've seen to that. I tended to those horses from the day of their birth, sir, and I know an undertaker's nag from a prize-winner." He, of the SCHOLASTIC, having in mind future spins with the animals, proceeded to establish a reputation as a judge of horse-flesh. He was getting on famously until he asked if Cub was sire of either. There are no buggy-rides in store for that reporter—Cub was the undertaker's hack fifteen years ago.

—The coming baseball season at Notre Dame will eclipse any of its predecessors. In no previous year has there been such activity and earnestness to place Notre Dame first among the college teams of the West. Those who remember the famous contests with the Green-Stockings in '87 and '88 do not hesitate in saying that the outlook for this season is brighter, and that a team better than that which faced the green-legs will go into the field this spring. The fact that the golden jubilee of the University will be celebrated this year has been an additional incentive for good work.

Nothing is being left undone to prove that we have a superior nine. The schedule embraces the best Western college teams—no college which had a doubtful team was considered. The victories will rest upon the merits of the players, and the best nine will win. Out-door practice will begin next week, if the weather be favorable, and it will be a practice that means improvement.

The team will have a competent and energetic captain. Schmidt is an ideal leader, enthusiastic and hard working, and he enjoys the confidence of his men. It was mainly through his efforts that so many candidates presented themselves for places, and to him is due, in a great measure, the erection of the grand-stand. Just now he is trying to procure a set of well-padded suits—those of last year not being comfortable.

Fourteen men will compose the team, and all will play in one or more games of the schedule. Though nothing definite can be learned at this writing, it is more than likely that the following nine will face Ann Arbor on the 22d prox.: McGinnis, *Catcher*; Stack, *Pitcher*; Schmidt, *3d Base*; Chassaing, *2d Base*; E. Funkhauser, *Short-stop*; Anson, *1st Base*; Sweet, *Centre-Field*; Wellington, *Left-Field*; R. Browne, *Right-Field*. It is needless to comment on the abilities of these men—with the exception of McGinnis, Anson and Browne, all have been seen at Notre Dame before. With this array of talent Notre Dame should be invincible. Among the candidates who have shown good work in practice, Dinkel, McGurk, Mapother, Barrett, Monahan, and Hindel stand good chances for positions.

If the day be fair, the candidates will play a practice game to-morrow. Two nines, composed of the following will begin play on Brownson campus at 3 o'clock:

WHITES

Stack
McGinnis
Chassaing
Mapother
Dinkel
Barrett, Jno.
Monahan
Moxley
Carney

Pitcher
Catcher
2d Base
Short-stop
1st Base
3d Base
Left-field
Right-field
Centre-field

BLACKS

Wellington
Sweet
Gibson
Hindel
Anson
Schmidt
Browne, R.
Campbell, A.
McGurk

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Casey, Davis, Dempsey, Devanney, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, T. Mott, James McKee, John McKee, McManus, Marmon, D. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Alber, Anson, Barry, Baird, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Browne, W. Byrne, Cunnea, Corby, Crane, Craft, Chassaing, Costello, Crilly, Cullen, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Dillon, Eymer, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmore, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hengen, Hanrahan, Hinde, Hennessey, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lingafelter, Lassig, Landsdowne, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Moran, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, Montague, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, M. Ryan, Spengler, Schulte, Scott, Sheehan, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, Sullivan, S. Steele, C. Smoger, Spalding, Schmidt, Sweet, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, P. White, S. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Wellington, C. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Eytinge, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fitzgibbon, Fox, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Jones, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lane, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheekey, Storey, Sullivan, Stearns, Schaack, Strong, Scott, Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Waters, Wright, Wigg, Wells, Weidman, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene Breslin, N. Boyton, Brinsanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, Clarke, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopt, Leach, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, R. McCarthy, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pöllitz, W. Pöllitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Robb, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, Lawton.