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Vexillum Stelliferum.

UNDATIM fluitat flamine libero
Nexis tergeminis arte coloribus
Vexillum populis stelliferum micans
Orbis stemmate laureo.

“Salve” mille sonant undique vocibus
Per terras hodie; millibus undique
Vexilli decus hac gaudia fert die:
Nam quis natus America,

Vel cui nunc patria est, cordibus intimis
Hujus nomine non fit cito fervidus?
An sit nobilius nomen in orbe quam
Washington Patriæ Pater?

Libertas generat quod mala servitus
Non unquam poterit: proficiunt opes
Artesque ingenii; prosiliunt statim
Audaces animi, novis

Vires qui ingeminant artibus impigros,
Nequaquam dubitant trita repellere,
Jam mentis capiunt aurea comoda—
Majoris pretii manent.

Circum tempora agit frondea sarta Dux
Recte: consilio quis sapientior?
Quis magis patiens mente pati mala?
Cui curæ socii magis?

Laudes inde patet nos soboles dare;
Nos gaudere licet nam patrios lares
Pax fecunda regit,—tempore floreat
Felix Patria perpeti.

J. B. S.

“LET our patriotism be a sort of religion, urging us to elevation, seriousness, and chastity of thought and desire; for, after all, our confidence that popular government is the best rests on faith, not on knowledge. . . . What gives pleasure is of little moment; what gives power and wisdom is all-important.”

The Work of Sidney Lanier.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.



WHILE, perhaps, genius, or rare talent—call it what you will—may be an assurance of success, very few, indeed, are the instances where men gifted with it did not labor long and hard before realizing, consciously or unconsciously, those exalted positions so universally desired. So, at least, it was with Sidney Lanier. To read the life of this poet and scholar is to learn what may be accomplished by will-power in the midst of constant misfortune. He did not come to perform any particular mission, but while he lived he worked and was content.

Judging from the meagre biography which Mr. W. H. Ward has given us, Lanier was a man who viewed art with a zealous student's eye, deriving therefrom at the same time the intense pleasure which it is capable of giving. There was no affectation in him, none of that superficial ardor which characterizes the fanatic—he was stern, yet unassuming. Everything that he has written, even his poems in dialect, is graced by a dignity peculiar to himself. From the beginning he showed a wonderful talent for music. When a mere lad he became familiar with several instruments, particularly the flute. His parents, however, looked upon music as an unworthy pursuit; and later on the boy seemed to think himself capable of greater things, but he never laid aside his favorite instrument. In the year 1860, Lanier was graduated at Oglethorpe College, a school then flourishing near Midway,

Georgia. Shortly afterwards, he enlisted in a volunteer regiment. The next four years were spent in the struggle for the Southern cause. It is said that on several occasions he was offered promotions, but he refused them, preferring to remain with his brother in the ranks. When finally the two boys did separate, each to take charge of a vessel, Sidney's was captured and the young commander placed in Point Lookout prison, there to remain five months. On his release in 1865, he returned home only to find, a few years after, that he was a victim of consumption. Not discouraged, he resolved to make the best use of the little time which was left him. In 1873, he went to Baltimore, where, as first flutist in the Peabody Symphony Concerts, he gained considerable fame as a musician. It was at this time, from 1873 to 1875, that he delivered his lectures at Johns Hopkins University and wrote several poems, among them, "The Symphony," "Corn," "Psalm of the West," and the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

Often while working at his studies, or writing lectures, he would let his malady get the better of him, and as a result be forced to his bed. From one place to another—from Texas to Florida, from Pennsylvania to Tennessee—he travelled in a vain effort to find relief. Not withstanding his weak physical condition, and the constant disturbance of moving about so frequently, he has left among his important works, besides his poems, that valuable book, "The Science of English Verse," and his lectures on the novel, published in 1883, two years after his death.

In "The Science of English Verse," Lanier has given a thorough explanation of rhythm and its relation to music. Instead of dividing a line of poetry, according to the old method, into feet made up of syllables marked long and short, he proposes a division according to the number of musical notes, designating at the same time by the ordinary signs of musical notation, the quantity of each pause and sound. The author has treated the subject fully, often going into minute detail, without in any way becoming obscure or complicated. By means of the rules which he has set forth, many of the difficulties experienced in scanning certain lines which, by the old method, were left as impossible, are easily overcome.

His other work, already alluded to as consisting of lectures, was published under the title of "The English Novel." In this series of essays he gives an elaborate treatise on the novel and its

development. Beginning with the Greek drama, he traces the great mediums of expression down to the works of George Eliot, whom he considered a true genius, unsurpassed by her contemporaries. By means of quotations taken from the great novelists, much that otherwise would be more or less vague is brought out clearly and forcibly.

A keen student and a true philosopher, Lanier possessed a mind which could readily turn from the bare facts of science to the idealistic side, looking upon nature as does the artist. In him the poetic instinct was highly developed, so much so that by his poems he will be best remembered. It might be inferred by some who have read his book on verse, that workmanship is the one prevailing characteristic of his poems. This can be said of him no more than of other writers. His strong, sympathetic nature could not permit sentiment to be a secondary thing; the music he well knew depended upon his own exertions. Had he lived to classify and arrange his poems, his popularity would be far greater than it is. Time, however, will reverse the decision of the present, and then we shall see Lanier accorded his true place among the poets.

In glancing over his poems, one cannot but notice how frequently he sings the praises of nature. He loved flowers, birds and running waters with a sort of religious fervor quite in harmony with his life, which was largely spent in the open air. To him the Creator and the Creation were two truths never to be separated. Not only to show this trait, but also to make clear the musical effect which he loved, I put down here the little poem of two stanzas, entitled "A Ballad of Trees and the Master":

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent for love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and shame would woo Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

There is no deep thought here, nothing that requires great study, yet it is the simple expression of a mood, like Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," and Longfellow's "Rainy Day," which arouse in us particular emotions.

To illustrate the activity of his wonderful imagination, I have taken at random this portion from "Corn," one of his longer poems:

"Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
That leads the vanward of his timid time
And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—"

This poem was not the work of a dreamer, it rather reminds us of Shelley's "To a Skylark"—an earnest reflection, prompted by the feelings of the heart. This same spirit of sincerity and meditation is apparent in all his greater poems, in the "Marsh Hymns" and the "Psalm of the West." These two, and especially the latter, contain a number of beautiful lyrical stanzas, though here and there are lines which seem heavy and awkward.

The poet, in his "Science of English Verse," has touched in passing on the sonnet. Judging from his comments he seems to favor the couplet at the end. In his own sonnets, with few exceptions, he makes the last lines rhyme together, which is not in accordance with the true Italian form nor the best English work. So far as thought is concerned, some of them, as "To My Class," and "The Harlequin of Dreams," are very strong, but as regards technique they could never withstand the test of criticism. Not to mention the couplet, there are many instances of similarity of vowel sounds in the rhymes. It is strange that so great a metrist as Lanier should not have understood the sonnet.

Besides his more serious poems, Lanier wrote a few in dialect, among them "Thar's More in the Man than Thar is in the Land" and "The Power of Prayer; or, The First Steam-Boat up the Alabama." This last one was written in conjunction with his brother Clifford. They contain bits of quiet humor, and are of a local character.

The whole number of his poems, including those of his early days, do not fill a large volume. By comparing his poems, one can readily see how from the very beginning his art gradually grew until it reached its culmination in those beautiful lyrics, "The Hymns of the Marshes," which are considered his greatest production.

AN EASY RIDDLE.

The strong man quivered; his tears fell fast,
But his eyes were not the fountains.
He sneezed; thin tears o'er his moustache passed—
He'd simply caught cold on the mountains.

G. W.

A Twilight Revery.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

It was only a joke in a funny paper—such a bit of humor as we see every day, smile over and straightway forget. It had been a dull, dreary day; the snow had fallen steadily since morning, and now at twilight it was coming down faster than ever. I was in a pensive mood, and the joke started a stream of thought which carried me away from my fast darkening room. There was not much in the joke; it was only a bit of conjugal repartee.

"SHE: 'I suppose you would have been happier if you had never married me?'"

"HE: 'Yes, but I would not have known it.'"

It had grown too dark to read further and I loved the twilight too much to turn on my lamp, so in the dusky winter's evening I read their story in the falling snow. And what a tale it was, full of disappointed hopes and unfulfilled promises.

He was a handsome, good-natured young fellow, well educated and a lawyer of great hopes. She was the daughter of a wealthy lumberman, beautiful, fairly clever, but having little education and caring for nothing save society and her own pleasure. It was at Mackinac that they met. They were much together and the romantic atmosphere of the place soon turned their friendship into something stronger. They felt as if they had known each other for a lifetime instead of three short weeks.

One evening they sat on the beach alone. That day they had visited the Lovers' Leap, and the story of the Indian pair was still fresh in their minds. The moon was slowly rising over the quiet waters of Lake Huron. The air was perfumed with the odor of the pines; that a gentle breeze brought from the forests on the mainland. The night was filled with love and poetry, and so it is not strange that she thought she loved him. Perhaps she did, but the love of a shallow, selfish heart is not much at its best. That evening he asked her to be his life-companion, and she consented. Their short engagement was marred by no unpleasant occurrence, and in the early fall their marriage took place. Of course, it was a brilliant affair, and of course their friends said it was a case of true love, and predicted a happy future for them. Friends are not always good prophets, though, and in this case they judged from the fallible social standpoint, and consequently judged wrong.

Before their honeymoon was over, they began to understand each other better. He began to find that she cared nothing for the intellectual pleasures which were his chief delight, and she found him too prosaic and serious for her light nature. Then they returned to their luxurious home, which the goddess of peace deserted soon after their advent.

Their first quarrels were not serious, and their love was still fresh enough to bring about speedy reconciliations. But their quarrels were founded on differences of character, so that they grew more frequent, and reconciliation grew more difficult. At first they went into society with a zest; but his work in his office and in the courts was tiresome, and when he came home in the evening he had little desire to spend his free hours at balls and parties. He found that he would have to give up his work or give up society, so he gave up society. She, of course, did not like this, and objected to staying at home with him, consequently, he spent evening after evening in his library alone with his cigar and book. He was a home-loving, affectionate chap, and, with a congenial wife, his home would have been a heaven on earth to him. But she loved society more than she did him, and one man's happiness was lost forever. Their quarrels caused indifference, and the unhappiness of their wedded life, together with the knowledge that they were bound to each other forever, soon caused indifference to grow to a state worse than hate.

His nature was not the kind that loves for a day or a year, but he could not be blamed if he did not love this woman. He had loved a girl with her face and actions and, as he thought, with a mind and soul; but when he found his idol clay, he could not be blamed if he still cherished his ideal and despised the clay. This was not the girl he thought he had married. He had been deceived and so had she. But his soul was the greater and his nature the deeper, so he suffered the more. He had taken her for "better or for worse" and he would be true to his vows. He was patient, but her petulant and sharp words often provoked an angry retort. This is the state they are now in. That is the story I read in the snow. How will it end? Heaven only knows. They can have no hope of ever again being happy together. Their love is dead, and it can be revived only when each conforms to the ideal the other thought he had married; but their natures are too opposite ever to bring about this conformation, and, I fear, there is no hope for them. Perhaps I am

too pessimistic, but sometimes the statements of a pessimist are correct.

We see such jokes as these every day and often we laugh at them. I don't know why. It may be because our American nature is so barbaric as to delight in the misery of others; but I hardly think this is true, as we have long since passed the age of barbarism. I think the true reason is that we are always in such a hurry that we take only a superficial glance at an article; if there is anything of humor in it we laugh, and never go deeper to see what lies below. To some people the manner in which a breezy daily paper announces a fatal accident is amusing. Take the following, for instance: "Mr. John Jones, of Podunk, disputed the right of way with the Limited Express yesterday afternoon. The funeral will take place as soon as the remains can be collected together." This is terse and expressive and may be humorous; but I doubt if the widow and orphaned children of Mr. Jones can see just where the humor comes in.

But are such cases as that of our unhappy couple frequent? The daily papers and the divorce court records say they are. When a young man thinks of this he does not feel very much inclined to venture on the sea of matrimony. In most cases it is but a game of chance. If you win, you win lifelong happiness, but if you lose, God help you!

Stories and novels are romantic pictures of love and happiness; but did you ever notice that, except in rare instances, the story-teller will take his hero and heroine through trials and troubles without number, and bring them safe to the marriage altar and there leave them? Only too often their story just begins there; but it is too real, too prosaic, to interest the author, therefore he leaves them to the tender mercies of the funny paper which sees to the narration of their future history.

But now we are getting altogether too pessimistic. Because the day is dreary we should not be likewise. Let us take a brighter view of the subject. Our own experience has not led us to take such a gloomy outlook for our future. Our childhood homes were not unhappy. We saw none of this conjugal infelicity. Our homes were little spots of paradise left on earth after the fall of man; they were filled with joy and happiness, with love and goodness. Loving and loved, our youth was spent in the hallowed precincts of what was to us the dearest place on earth. Why should not our futures be likewise? If others have made mis-

takes we should profit by them and not do likewise. *Experientia docet*, but the experience does not necessarily have to be our own. It is foolish to trust our lifelong happiness to a game of chance. It is too precious a thing to thus hazard it. Why not use reason in making our choice? The cause of so many unhappy marriages lies in the fact that the marriages are hasty, and the contracting parties do not know each other well before the ceremony.

One idealizes the persons one loves; he sees charms in them which they do not possess. If the person appears to fulfil the requirements of the ideal, one's love is given to that person; but if all, or nearly all, the characteristics of the ideal are found to be wanting, the love for that person dies. If the knowledge of a person's deficiencies comes before marriage it causes a disappointment, but if it comes after the ceremony, a life of misery is sure to follow. If the lover's eyes have been opened and he sees the faults and virtues of the one he loves just as they are, and if she still remains his ideal, then his love is true and real. It will last forever.

At this point my reverie was broken by the clang of the supper-bell, and my thoughts on the subject of matrimony fled into the snow and darkness. As I turned on my light the first thing my eyes rested upon were these wise lines in another paper:

"Men should be careful how they act,
Think well what marriage brings.
She's fancy now, then she'll be fact
And 'facts are stubborn things.'"

Mid-Summer Memories.

N. J. M.

Fancy still cruises, when poor sense is tired.—YOUNG.

There was no question about its being a fine evening. The sun had sunk to rest in his watery bed, bordering each wavelet of the great Pacific with a golden fringe, and crowning each snowy peak of the Sierra Nevadas with a diadem of glory. The earth seemed to stand in breathless ecstasy in the mellow light of the after-glow, while the moon in radiant splendor threw a delicate halo around the gilded dome of California's Capitol, and distant rolling worlds began to be visible to the eyes of mortals. Cringing crests of creamy clouds formed a purple pathway for the pale Mistress of night, and the trembling stars hung like clusters of golden apples on the trees of Hesperus.

No; there could be no doubt about its being

a fine evening. Even the dark-eyed *muchácha* from the sunny South—that realm of flowers where the violets, daisies and purple roses fall asleep in the noonday sun, and the golden bees are cradled in the bosoms of snow-white lilies—admitted that. But her golden-haired sister from the North was far more enthusiastic. Indeed her transports were so many and so eloquent that we feared she might evolve into a great exclamation point and go ringing down the vestibule of time, heralding the glories of Occidental scenery. But beautiful sunsets which fade away under canopies of creamy clouds, mountain tops which bid fond farewells to the dying day, and crystal rivers gliding on in opalescent tints, are rare in the vicinity of New York Bay, and that partly accounted for the delight of our fair friend from the North.

These two modern Cleopatras—it is a subject of dispute even among the best authorities whether Cleopatra was a blonde or a brunette—had just returned from a bicycle ride. But one thing may be taken for granted, Cleopatra did not ride a wheel, or wear bloomers, and that is to be deeply regretted; for she would have looked real "cute" astride a pneumatic tandem with that Roman adorer of hers. The *muchácha*—for that is the Spanish for girl—was one of those daughters of the South to whom nature had been very kind. She had long, wavy raven tresses, lips like an almond blossom, oval cheeks of the most delicate olive and dark eyes of the most entrancing lustre. But it was when the *muchácha* smiled, and her cheeks curved into dimples, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth, while her laugh filled the world with music, that she appeared loveliest.

Her sunny-haired sister from the North, whom we called Goldie for short, possessed all those essentials that combine to make woman beautiful—she had the voice of a siren; her golden curls hung about her snowy neck in glistening ringlets; her complexion was as delicate as a rose; while those blue eyes of hers were as gentians. What distinguished Goldie from most of her sisters was that she combined physical beauty with a sweet disposition and a noble nature, and that is a rare mixture. After all, what a poor thing is mere physical beauty without its complement—nobility of soul! Deliver me from the shrew—even if she has a pretty face!

We four—the *muchácha*, Goldie, myself and her cousin, Sagie we called him, not on account of his sagacity, but because of his weakness for sage tea—were spending the warm summer months at one of those delightful resorts in

Sacramento, and had appointed this evening for a boat-ride down the river to Suisun Bay and Benicia. You, kind reader, will no doubt tire of these diversions; bear with me, I know I am vexing, but I really promise to behave myself in the next paragraph.

Never since those biblical ancestors of ours arrived at the plain of Shinar and said: "Go to, let us make brick," and then began the erection of that stupendous tower, to which they never succeeded in putting the finishing touches, has there arisen upon this "oblate spheroid" of ours, a more glorious testimonial to the handiwork of man than that dream of architecture—the colossal Capitol of California. It stands in a fairyland of ferns and flowers, interspersed here and there with dreamy pines and trembling aspens, murmuring fountains, and placid pools in which the water-lily floats at anchor.

In the brilliant glow of daybreak, when the grounds are filled with the melody of early birds, the lilacs bend nearer one another as if in confidential intrigue against the coming breeze; the morning-glories cling closer to their friendly elms, while the great beds of fuchsias, ivy and sweet-peas run riot up the stately pines, and give off clouds of perfume to the rising morn.

But never does this splendid pile appear so magnificent as in the silent noon of night, when nature's deep sleep is unbroken by the rustle of a leaf, the ripple of a wave, or the murmur of a fountain; when the birds of night dare not scream, and this old world seems to stand breathless, waiting with sweet expectancy to hear the fabled music of the spheres.

It is when the moon peers through the solemn pines and gilds those glossy marble walls with a pale, delicate radiance, and duplicates in deep shadows that polished peristyle of Corinthian columns, that one is led to exclaim: "Had Rome on her seven hills, or Venice on her hundred isles, ever a scene more gorgeous!"

How sweet to glide from the midst of mercenary men, from the busy haunts of gain, boisterous buildings and smoky thoroughfares, and, for a season, mingle with the universe! The grandeur of mellow moonlight, marble mansions, lofty mountains, peaceful valleys and the roaring ocean, makes us yearn for those happy days when the world was filled with poetry; when Neptune ruled the waters and when the flowers bowed and the waves smiled at the approach of Venus; when Pan roamed the forest and Ceres ruled the fields and chaste Diana made love to the sleeping Endymion.

But Pan is dead, and mankind in its mad

rush for riches, has forgotten the beauty and simplicity of early customs. Men have become machines. They estimate one another, exclusively, by the number of figures which stand before their names at the bank; and the love and harmony of primitive fellowship have degenerated into that hollowest of all mockeries—modern society.

That was a long digression, kind reader, and I offer all sorts of apologies. In my transports over beautiful architecture, and my laments at social degeneration, I almost forgot about the *muchácha*, Goldie, Sagie and that boat-ride down the Sacramento to Suisun Bay and Benicia. Just think of floating away betwixt flowery banks beneath a starry sky, with two of the sweetest maidens in existence by your side! And now I hear some chronic bachelor say: "Bah! that fellow has wheels!" But, my bilious brother, I make no apology for my superlative adjectives. It were well for you and me were we half so good as our sisters. They are the ones who fill our lives with poetry and sweetness and make this otherwise dull old earth a bright, beautiful world.

The night was perfect. The moon hung, a lovely crescent, just above the snowy crags of the Sierra Nevadas, and the foot-hills over toward San Francisco stood out a purple peristyle against a dusky sky, making the valley a flowery court of honor. On either bank stretched away great fields of grape-vines, broad acres of wheat, rye and alfalfa, bordered with flowers. Here and there are great peach and apricot orchards with their luscious clusters blushing from the mid-summer sun. Shortly we arrived in Suisun Bay, and after a brief run on its placid waters, we headed for Benicia, and were soon riding up the shady avenue that leads to the arsenal. From this vantage ground we had a splendid view of the coast and San Francisco Bay. Benicia is thirty miles from the ocean just at that point where the Sacramento River mingles with the waters of the strait. The arsenal is a pretty spot, with long, shady walks and forests of flowers. And there we sat on those rustic benches listening to the breaking billows and talking nonsense with great decorum, until the clock struck ten, when we turned our footsteps homeward. But before Sagie and I bade the *muchácha* and Goldie good-night, we four clasped hands and swore by the eternal Styx that we would meet again in the golden West, and take twilight walks in the shadow of the marble Capitol, and stand on the arsenal hill and watch the coming in of the tide.

Varsity Verse.

ANOTHER VIEW.

POET-LAUREATE, thy songs are cold,
Are but an echo of the old,
Old musings of thine ancient peers,
Nor wake to deeds, nor move to tears,—
This be the judgment critics hold.
Thou'rt said to stifle numbers bold,
To cherish—so we have been told—
Of power and place unmanly fears,
Poet-Laureate.

Can this be true? Hast honor sold?
Hast crept like fox into the fold?
Hast longed for office all these years,
To get it with a nation's jeers?
Thou art, we trust, of finer mould,
Poet-Laureate.

J. B.

EVOLUTION OF A NAME.

Five.

When she was young and plump and small,
She did not seem to care at all
Whene'er she heard her mother call
Her
Kitty.

Ten.

When older,—not by many a year,—
To Fashion's songs she lent an ear;
It shocked her strangely not to hear
But
Kate.

Twenty.

She's tall and graceful, fair; but how
A few years changed her! Still, I vow
I loved her modest childhood. Now
She's
Katharynne.

E. J. M.

NON VERECUNDUS SUM.

A lovely time at Saratoga, eh?
Well now you should have been around with me.
I spent two weeks at Alexandra Bay,
And every week I promised two or three,—
I know I broke their hearts, but then, you see
Winter and the new year must be merry;
The time for *Mae* is over, and, by gee!
I must find a maid whose name is January.

E. E. B.

TO THE VALLEY OF DREAMS.

To memory land we often go,
And yet, I wonder, if we know
Just why we slip from life's rough way
To wander back, for hours to play
Mid other scenes that charm us so;

Or why, when sinking sun is low,
And changing blue is all aglow—
We journey through the twilight day,
To memory land?

But long as sunset breezes blow
And field-flowers sweet wave to and fro,
So long will you and I obey
The tender notes, th'entrancing lay
Of bard of dreams, and hie, I trow,
To memory land.

T. B. R.

A Drama of Calderon's.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '98.

In Madrid, in the first year of the seventeenth century, Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born to parents of noble birth and high position. At the age of ten he was placed under the care of the Society of Jesus, to be educated. Later he was matriculated at the University of Salamanca. While still at Salamanca he wrote his first drama, and before he was graduated was known as a writer for the stage. This made him very popular among the court-people and his fame steadily increased. His renown was at its highest during the reign of Philip IV. of Spain, who in nearly half a century of misrule dragged his kingdom from that of a glorious military power to a weak nation. Although unable to rule, Philip had an amiable character and was a patron of art and literature. This was fortunate for the world and for Calderon. With Calderon the age of letters declined as had the brilliant power of his country's arms. As a writer in the *Dublin Review*, January, 1877, expresses it: "Calderon de la Barca came at its close, his name shining out like the magnificence of a sunset, all the brighter because it is fast followed by night." When thirty-five years old, he was called to court and wrote dramas for the royal stage. Sixteen years later he entered a religious brotherhood and was soon afterwards ordained to the priesthood.

At the age of sixty-three he was again called to court as chaplain to the king, which position he held until his death in 1681. Of him Bouterwek says: "His name deserves to be transmitted to the latest posterity." Augustus Schlegel proclaims him "A poet, if ever any man deserved that name." He has been given the title of the Shakspeare of Spain. Mr. Lockhart speaks of "the two greatest dramatists the modern world has produced—Calderon and Shakspeare." Critics all agree in calling Calderon a genius.

His works are many and of great value. They represent the life and character of a people. They are full of poetic spirit; the scenes and descriptions are full of imagery and uncommon thought, which make his works when translated have a foreign grandeur about them not found elsewhere. His language, style and refinement are well adapted to the needs of the Spanish stage. There is a certain polish in his works which shows the labor of a master-hand. It is greatly to be regretted that when

the old romantic national drama reached its climax under Calderon, there was no one able to take his place when he was gone, and keep it from the decay that followed.

Up to the time that Calderon connected himself with the religious house, he wrote secular dramas. He afterwards wrote religious plays called "Autos Sacramentales," which were devoted to praise of the Blessed Sacrament. He regretted ever having written any dramas but the *Autos*, fearing that the others would not exert a good influence on the world.

The "Autos Sacramentales" are worthy of individual consideration; therefore I shall only mention them in this paper. "Life is a Dream," "The Wonder-Working Magician," "The Two Lovers of Heaven" and "The Constant Prince," are probably the best of those dramas which have been translated. We are greatly indebted to Denis Florence MacCarthy for the valuable translations of them which he has given to the English-speaking world. He retains the fire and spirit of the original while preserving the poet's metre as closely as is possible in our language. Shelley's translations are poetical, but they are Shelley's, and not Calderon's, plays which we get from his work. Archbishop Trench also made a translation of some of the dramatist's productions.

"The Constant Prince" is considered the best of Calderon's dramas. The following will give some idea of this play. Fernando, a Portuguese prince, makes an expedition into Africa against the Moors. The king of Fez, Fernando's opponent, has a daughter Phenix, whom he has promised in marriage to the king of Morocco. She despises her father's choice, for she loves General Muley, who had been taken prisoner in a charge against the Moors. Fernando admired the bravery of the Moor, and after he had made friends with him, Muley told him of his love for Phenix, how the king had treated him, and how his absence would keep him from his love. Fernando released him that he might go back to her. Before leaving, the Moor swore that he would be his friend and slave always. Soon after the prince was taken in custody by the king. He gave the prince the choice of giving over to him the Christian city of Ceuta or bearing the sentence which he would proclaim. For God's Kingdom the Prince receives the sentence:

THE KING— "Immediately
Let this captive here be treated
Like the others: let him be
Laden neck and feet with fetters;
Let him tend my horses' stall
And the baths and gardens, so that
He be humbled as are all;

Let him wear no silken dresses,
But poor lowly serge instead;
Let him eat black bread, and swallow
Brackish water; let his bed
Be the dark and humid dungeons,
And to all who on him wait,
Let this sentence be extended:—
Hence remove them!"

MULEY:—"How unmerited!"

Muley offers to free the prince, but he refuses liberty for fear that by accepting it Muley would be compromised with the king. Alphonso now comes from Portugal, and offers the king of Fez any sum of gold for the prince's ransom, but the king refuses to release him on any condition except for the delivery of Ceuta. Alphonso then identifies himself as King of Portugal, declares war against the Moors and returns to bring his fleet. The prince grows weaker day by day. The king sees his wretchedness, and tries to make him yield but the prince only answers:

"No triumph o'er the Church thou'lt have;
O'er me, if you desire it, triumph;
God will my cause defend and save,
Since it is His for which I struggle."

Before Alphonso returns to his rescue, Fernando dies. His ghost appears to Alphonso and bids him now strike. He obeys, and is led by the ghost with torch in hand. They go against the King of Morocco, who is carrying off Phenix, and capture the whole train. Then Alphonso is led to the walls of Fez and has audience with the king, and offers his captive for the prince. The king is perplexed, for the prince is dead. Rather than see his daughter slain before him he confesses all and humbles himself. Alphonso only asks the body of the prince and the release of the other Spaniards and returns his daughter, but besides commands the Moorish king to give Phenix to Muley in marriage, for he was a friend to Fernando. The king grants all. Then the army is marshalled in funeral train, and in sadness they bear the body of their prince to the fleet.

FRIENDLESS.

Alone and dead the old tree stands,
Spreading its branches o'er the sands;
Devoid of leaves for many a year;
Its crooked limbs are brown and sear.
Where once a forest large and grand,
Looked out upon the neighboring strand,
This mighty oak is standing here,
Alone and dead.

Beneath the tree in the willow wands,
With eyes upturned and clasped hands,
With no kind friend or comrade near,
Unmourned, unwept by one sad tear,
A stranger lay in stranger lands
Alone and dead. P. J. R

Book Notes.

"THALASSA AND OTHER POEMS."

Everyone knows them,—these square little volumes, modest of mien and dingy of hue, which are the legacies of obscure makers of forgotten rhymes to a world too busy to read "Lear" and "Hamlet." Their titles find no place in publisher's catalogues, bibliophiles frown scornfully at mention of them, even critics, the men who live to chop poets into little bits, loathe and detest them. But the "sorrowing relatives of the deceased" pay the bills; and the job-printers chuckle at thought of a second edition. They are bad, as a rule, from every point of view, even when the afore-said job-printer does not "work in" his choicest "programme" and "general utility" cuts.

Once in a thousand these memorial verses are literature. It sometimes happens that a man of real talent is too sensitive to criticism to give his work to the world, and it is only after he is dead that we find he was a poet. Adrian Worthington Smith was one of these. He died in early manhood, and the score of sonnets and lyrics in "Thalassa and Other Poems" were all done in the last three years of his life. He was not a great poet—far from it; his metre shows the touch of the student hand; his lines are not always lucid, but there are at times glimmerings of the vision of eternal beauty, promises of a sureness of touch that was never to be realized. His sonnets are, perhaps, his best work, though "Thalassa" and "The Merry May" have a lyric flavor to them that is very pleasing. He was fond of irregular stanzas, and "Egeria" and "The Emperor in Exile," the longest and most ambitious of his poems, are written in varied measures.

Though he never attained the fulness of his powers, we cannot but feel that, had his days of work been thirty instead of three, he might have sung, as he dreams in "The Merry May,"

"A wild and tender lyric that shall swell
In silver sound,
And wake the soul to weeping, like the bell
The thrush doth ring at morning's gate to tell
Her love profound."

Of his sonnets, we give place to his "Saint Sebastian," the best, we think, of the half-dozen the book contains:

"In thee doth shine the vision of life's end,
In kinder lights than martyr-bleeding paints,
Of fears and pangs 'neath which the spirit faints;
For death was thy long-sought and wished-for friend.

What gift had life thy hope could not transcend,
When every peerless gift in life's command—
And life to thee gave gifts with open hand—
In thy supreme and holy love did blend?

A weary heart can welcome death's release,
Because it stills the wish for gifts denied;
A coward heart can beg life's strife to cease;
And humbled hearts can die from pain of pride;
But all thy wounds, with arrows opened wide,
Teach that God's love brings death as perfect peace.

The little volume bears the imprint of Porter and Coates of Philadelphia; and it is prefaced by an "In Memoriam," a tender and graceful elegy from the pen of the poet's sister, Helen Grace Smith. "Thalassa and Other Poems" may not be a trumpet-call to battle; but it proves beyond doubt that its author had the insight and sympathy and the feeling for words that are the attributes of the poet. If Adrian Smith accomplished but little, it was because his time on earth was short, and not for lack of inspiration.

ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. By Hall and Knight.
Revised by F. L. Sevcnak. MacMillan & Co.: New York.

This work deserves high rank as a text-book on Algebra. It is one of the simplest yet most thorough works on Elementary Algebra. The transition from quantities with certain, definite fixed values with which the student has been accustomed to deal in Arithmetic, to the more general quantities and operations denoted by symbols in Algebra, is gradual and easy. There is no long chapter of definitions and worthless theorizing at the start to discourage beginners. On the contrary, every new symbol, and every new operation, is carefully and fully explained in its proper place. Abundant problems are given for illustration, and at every step the student is encouraged by the ease with which he progresses.

The chapter on Factoring deserves special attention. The subject is thoroughly developed and all obstacles to this difficult part of Algebra are practically removed. The chapters on Fractions, Quadratics and Elementary Surds contain all that is necessary for a complete understanding of these subjects. In the revision of the work, many important changes have been made, notable among which is the addition of the clear and comprehensive chapter on the General Theory of Equations. The binding of the book is of very good quality, the paper and printing are excellent. Answers to the problems are bound separately in paper. The work is one which we recommend to all teachers of Elementary Algebra.

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—The one hundred-and-sixty-third anniversary of the birth of Washington will not soon be forgotten at Notre Dame. The Alumni and the Class of '96 conspired to make it memorable. The event of the morning was the dedication of the new flag-staff, the gift of Mr. Samuel T. Murdock, '86. At ten o'clock the exercises were begun in Washington Hall. The programme was very simple. After the singing of "America" by a grand chorus of all the students, Professor John G. Ewing, a classmate of Mr. Murdock's, presented the flag and staff to the University, and it was accepted by Father Morrissey in a few happy sentences. Another chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner," and Mr. Daniel Vincent Casey, '95, read a brief poem written for the occasion. "Columbia" followed, and the Hon. William P. Breen, '79, delivered a short but admirable address on "Washington and Our Flag." Then, the beautiful flag was raised, and with another round of cheers, the dedication was completed. In our next issue we shall give a detailed account of the day's doings.

—The mid-winter examinations will be the feature of the coming week. Everyone understands, we believe, that the impending trials are quite as important as the finals which will

be held in June. In fact, under the present system, each bi-monthly examination is final as regards the work done during the preceding two months. On them, too, depend the awards of class-honors and medals which will be made at commencement. Honest and consistent work alone will win the prizes of the school-year, incomparably dearer and more precious than the applause we give our athletes. The brilliant idler has no chance of winning the knot of college ribbons and the tiny disk of gold that go always to the faithful and capable student. If you would win the coveted distinction—and it is only he who has seen another carry off the medal he might have earned that knows what heart-ache is—you must bestir yourself now, and fight for the honor like a gentleman.

—Why not a "service" flag? If one thousand square feet of "Old Glory" at the peak is a gallant sight on a half-dozen days of the year, surely the same spread of bunting would be an inspiration on the three hundred and sixty which are not national holidays. It means much—this flag of ours. It is the type and symbol of our nation—the great peace-power of the world, terrible even in the nakedness of her strength. It has never floated over any but an honorable battlefield; butchery it has never looked upon, and the crimson of its folds is of the life-blood of its defenders. It is distinctly decorative—there are some of us with enough of the jingo in our composition to think that it would add a new beauty to the fairest scene the sun gives color to—and no valid objection can be offered to our plan.

We must needs have another flag, of course, and one paid for by a popular subscription. It would be ungrateful to raise Mr. Murdock's bit of bunting every day, for it would be whipped into streamers within a year. Besides we would have a little share in the enterprise ourselves—it is our right, and the service flag should be all our own. Make the graduating class of the year its guardians; give them the honor of raising it each morning and lowering it each night; they would be proud of the distinction. It is a bonny flag—our Stars and Stripes—and the American who can see it streaming out in the wind, and, knowing that it has never been struck but to an overwhelming force, not feel a thrill of pride and gladness, needs sadly a lesson or two in patriotism. We cannot have too much of "Old Glory."

Moses, of the House of Primrose.

W. C. MCDONOUGH, 1900.

The Reverend Doctor Primrose writes that he was always of the opinion that the man who married and brought up a large family was a better citizen than he who continued single and only talked of the population. With this motive, he had scarcely been ordained a year before he began to contemplate matrimony. He chose for his wife a woman of sterling qualities. Unlike the Doctor, she was not versed in the ancient classics, but she was descended from a good family, and possessed traits of character more solid than brilliant.

During the early part of his career, the Doctor was pastor of a small congregation in the village of Wakefield, England. He was a man of unbounded energy. He was not content simply to expound the Gospel to his parishioners, but believed that every one should practice what he preaches. Hence, he proceeded to obey the divine injunction to be fruitful and replenish the earth. In course of time, and at irregular intervals, children to the number of six—two beautiful daughters and four healthy sons—came to add cheer to the already happy household.

For many years Doctor Primrose had been in comfortable circumstances; but through the dishonesty of one of the merchants of Wakefield, to whom he had intrusted the care of a large amount of property, the Doctor became almost penniless. A small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered him in a distant neighborhood. With this proposal he joyfully closed, and the family at once moved to their new home. They took up their abode on a small farm belonging to Squire Thornhill, a wealthy young man of good family.

Moses, the second son, was destined by his father for business, and received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. He was early taught self-reliance, and soon developed a shrewdness scarcely to be looked for in one of his years. Soon after the Primroses were established in their new home, the young landlord, with several of his friends, was invited to dine with them. Here it was that Moses found an opportunity of displaying his reasoning powers. During the course of the conversation, the Squire inadvertently cast some reflections on the priesthood. This caused a heated argument between himself and Moses. Although not able to

convince the Squire of his error, Moses produced an array of facts which amazed his opponent and the entire company.

Though, owing to their late reverses, the family had not the means to maintain their former social position, they yet resolved to keep up some show of gentility. They owned a colt which was anything but handsome, and they determined to sell this ungainly animal at a neighboring fair, and to purchase a horse that would carry single or double and make a good appearance. On account of his shrewdness, Moses, who was then about fifteen years of age, was to bargain for the sale of the beast. This decision was no sooner reached than it was acted upon. Early the next morning Moses, mounted on the colt, started for the fair. He was dressed in a coat made of cloth called "thunder-and-lightning," and a waistcoat of gosling green. His hair was carefully dressed, and his hat was cocked with pins. This matter of his toilet had been looked after by his sisters.

Late in the evening of the same day, Moses returned home with a large box strapped upon his shoulders. "What have you brought us from the fair, Moses?" asked his mother. "I have brought myself," cried Moses. "That we know," replied his mother; "but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," replied Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and two-pence." "Come, let us have it, then," returned she. "I have brought back no money," said Moses. "I have laid it all out on a bargain, and here it is." Moses then proceeded to exhibit his bargain—a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases. The innocent youth had been imposed upon by a sharper at the fair, and had been induced to invest the proceeds from the sale of the colt in the worthless spectacles.

Although Moses had been duped by a knave and severely censured by his mother, he endeavored to profit by his mistakes, and continued to advance in wisdom. The hand of his sister Olivia had been promised in marriage to a young man of the neighborhood named Williams. "Moses," said his father, "we shall soon have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?" "My opinion," said he, "is that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall have the loan of his cider-press and brewing tubs for nothing"—an answer worthy of a Kuppenheimer or a Feltenstein.

Cruel as had been the fate of the Primrose family, they were yet to be subjected to greater

hardships. The enmity of Squire Thornhill was incurred, and through his inability to pay his rent, the Doctor was thrown into prison. Here again Moses showed the ability of one of mature years, by providing for the helpless family while his father lay in prison.

Though it is often the lot of the worthy to be persecuted, the clouds will eventually lift from the horizon, and reveal peace and contentment beyond. The merchant who, years before, had absconded with the fortune of the Vicar, was apprehended in a foreign country and the fortune recovered. The Doctor was speedily released from confinement, and he and his dear ones once more enjoyed the comforts of a happy home.

During all the years of prosperity and adversity which marked the career of the Primrose family, Moses acted in a manner becoming a dutiful son, and displayed his business talents whenever occasion required them. We have no authentic record of the part he played after he reached his majority, but at last accounts he was looked upon with favor by the accomplished daughter of Solomon Flamborough, a worthy farmer of the neighborhood. If he was so fortunate as to win her hand, we are sure that he followed the example of his father, and that the good fame of the Primroses was upheld, even after the kindly, philosophic old Vicar was laid to rest in his own churchyard.

The Night-Blooming Cereus.

O'er desert wastes that mock the traveller's fate,
Where death seems regnant, life an idle jest,

On rugged cliffs thrown wild,
Of trackless vales the child;

The hardy cactus lifts its careless crest.

When night upon these fields her blessing sheds,
And ocean's breeze from stormy wandering dies,

Her last caressing breath
Is come to kiss in death

A bloom that is too precious for day skies.

No sun has pierced its pure, ecstatic depths;
Its chalice trembles with the night's cold tears;

The moon, more gently bright,
Is pouring veiled light

On this pulsating wonder-work of years.

A saintly life is like this modest plant,
In garish day a thing of little worth,

Until the soul in prayer
Exhales its perfume rare,

A secret grace invoking on the earth.

—“*Thalassa and Other Poems.*”

Exchanges.

It is not easy, nor, indeed, possible, for any one of us to have his powers so completely under control as always to show them to the best advantage; moods will come without his seeking, in which his efforts are blessed with a naturalness and a degree of merit that surprise, and chagrin when those moods stay away, not to be recalled by any artifice. These changing humors, inseparably connected with our mortal condition, are in no sphere more noticeable than in that of literary composition.

It is therefore with no great surprise that we find the present number of the *Chimes*, on the whole, not up to the usual excellence of the representative of the well-known St. Mary's Academy. To be sure, there are parts of it equal to the best the *Chimes* has ever given us.

“Christian Rossetti” and Whittier's “Snow-Bound” are essays in literary criticism, interestingly and ably composed. Of course, they do not trace to their depths the merits and defects, and the results springing therefrom, nor do they distinguish between the finer niceties of one beauty and another found in the authors under review; this is not expected in the efforts of the young. But they show that the writers have already the sense to avoid the vagueness decked out in striking stock phrases, the unsuitableness of quotation, the exaggeration of praise, and the general vacuity which mark most of the literary criticisms in college magazines. They also show how, when a summary of an author's life is prefixed, the dry statistics of an encyclopedia may be interestingly interwoven with befitting comment and sentiment.

“After Thoughts” is a little essay in which the appositeness of ideas and feelings is exceeded only by the charm of expression. The difference between the father's emotions and those of the mother over the infant's grave is skilfully portrayed.

The goddesses of poetry are worshipped in a special manner at St. Mary's, and they repay the earnest devotion of their young followers with such felicities as this:

“... Chimes from the blue-bells that ring through the
brake,

Echo the music that vale lilies make.”

* * *

The *Buff and Blue* of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., is a new exchange with attractive outside and pleasing contents. John Erricson, the Swedish-American engineer, has an article

devoted to his personal history and inventions; the early difficulties bravely overcome, the untiring assiduity with which genius created a name, and the invaluable services rendered to America and the world are briefly and clearly narrated. The story of a fishing incident, told with ease and interest, is cleverly saved from blame for exaggeration by being laid in the land of dreams. The editorial notes in the *Buff and Blue* are carefully and ably written.

* * *

The *Mount* offers great variety of interesting essays, which gives evident proof that thought and facility of expression are by no means wanting in the contributors. Carefulness, however, must be the chief feature of a college paper; and, to this end, every contributor must himself closely revise his effort, and also, since others see our faults more easily than ourselves, submit it to the revision of the editor-in-chief. In this way the articles in the *Mount* would be freed from the traces of carelessness in punctuation, grammar and thought which now disfigure them. They are gems almost straight from the mine, as it were, without the final cutting and polishing which are necessary to give them the effective setting.

* * *

We note with pleasure a marked improvement in the *Salve Regina*. The last number contains matter of a nature to test the writers' powers; and the manner in which it is handled is not unworthy of the matter. Music, architecture and biography are the topics that claim attention, which is bestowed with carefulness, correctness and simplicity.

Obituary.

BROTHER WILFRED, C. S. C.

Another connecting link between the old and new Notre Dame has been broken. On Tuesday morning Brother Wilfred (Robert Sergeant) peacefully passed into a better life. For years he had been stage director at Notre Dame, and the former and present students remember that it was due to his skill and ingenuity that many of their dramatic attempts were made successes. He was a genial, kindly old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in every phase of student life. His death was sudden; but a life of devotion and ceaseless religious zeal had prepared his soul for its entrance into another life. May he rest in peace!

Personals.

—Mr. Weber, of Toledo, Ohio, visited his son of the Minim Department during the week.

—Mr. H. A. Geoghegan, of Lockport, New York, is visiting his son, Walter, of Brownson Hall.

—C. H. Pierson (student, 81), of Terre Haute, Ind., was at the University last week renewing old friendships.

—Mr. A. Berthold, a prominent real estate dealer, of St. Louis, Mo., paid a short visit to the University last week, and entered his nephew, B. C. Sanford, as a student.

—Among our most welcome visitors of the past week were Mr. Thomas A. Dillon ('69) and Mr. Charles T. Cavanagh (A. B. '91), of Chicago, who spent Sunday at the University. Mr. Dillon was the brother and Mr. Cavanagh the nephew of the Rev. Father Dillon of revered memory. Mr. Cavanagh was the medal man of his class. Both gentlemen have scores of friends at Notre Dame to whom their visit was most enjoyable, and who hope that it may be repeated in the near future. We also had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. A. M. Becker and his son Alfred, of Adrian, Minnesota.

—We are always glad to receive news of the old boys and to hear of their success in life. We are all sons of Notre Dame, and we bear a brotherly feeling towards each other. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we publish the following item, clipped from a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Times*:

"James A. O'Reilly, President of the Reading Union Traction Company, and formerly president of the Common Councils there, yesterday visited the Mint to congratulate personally the new cashier, Joseph D. Murphy, on his selection by Major Kretz, superintendent, who is also a Reading man. Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Murphy were classmates back in the '60's at Notre Dame University, Ind., and in the same class were Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan; Adrian C. Anson, of Chicago and baseball fame; and Dr. M. J. Skilling, of this city."

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of John S. Hummer to Miss Laura G. Doolittle, of Chicago, on Saturday, February the 15th. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the many friends of Mr. Hummer in wishing him and his fair bride many happy years of wedded life. The following notice of the wedding is clipped from last Sunday's *Times-Herald*.

"John S. Hummer and Miss Laura G. Doolittle were married at St. Jarlath's Church yesterday morning, Rev. Father Cashman officiating. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother the wedding was strictly private. Mr. Hummer, the groom, is a graduate of Notre Dame University, and for several years has been associated with ex-Judge Richard Prendergast in law practice. He has been closely identified with the younger social and literary element in Catholic circles, and is President of the Young Men's Institute of St. Jarlath's Church. The bride is the only daughter of the late Mrs. S. I. Doolittle, of 47 Park avenue, and is widely and favorably known in West side social and art circles. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left on a brief wedding trip. They will be at home at 5335 Prairie avenue after May 1."

Local Items.

—The Carroll Temperance Association will meet next Sunday evening.

—“What’s that fellow doing up on the flag-pole, War Horse?” “Guess he’s ‘After the Ball.’”

—The Carroll reporter wishes to assure his friends that he will swear off from hand-ball and basket-ball.

—It is said that the “Shorties” base-ball team has issued challenges to the Minim 4th nine, the Carroll Specials and the Varsity.

—It makes us shiver to think of the next competitions, which are coming off in a week. Will they be as hard as those of Christmas? Ugh!

—Boru says that every one who does not play whist is a degenerate. The poor fellow is forced to indulge in a quiet game of *solitaire*.

—Last Wednesday afternoon Dr. O’Malley entertained the class of Literature by a talk on Venice and Venetian life. A study of Hamlet will be begun Friday.

—The lights seemed to be very weak, and Cavanagh remarked that he could hardly see Costello’s joke. Just at that moment McKee made another brilliant—er shot, and the joke was clear.

—Jonathan Rollo Morehouse has discarded the celluloid collars, smokes cigarettes, parts his hair in the middle, and drinks Hood’s Sarsaparilla. If he keeps up this rapid pace much longer they will not know him when he returns to Paris next June.

—Colonel McKenzie has a new song called “Henwiettah, Have You Met Hah?” Everybody knows that the Colonel can dance like a fairy, but only his intimate friends have heard him sing. Those who have heard “Henwiettah” are indeed fortunate.

—“I jest wonder what they put sech a fancy dome on that ‘er little buildin’ fer?” said the man from Paris as he surveyed the Observatory. He appeared satisfied when Confer explained to him that that was the main-building of Notre Dame thirty years ago.

—The Criticism class has begun the practical study of Shakspeare. “King Lear” is now being read in the class-room and its construction critically noted. The next exercise in metre is the sonnet, of whose form and qualities there seems to be a thorough knowledge.

—During the past week a “punching-bag” platform was erected in the Carroll “gym.” It was braced and rebraced so that there is now enough of iron on it to plate a man of war. The “gym” faculty says that he will not remain in the building while that platform is there—what if it should fall?

—After one of the rehearsals in Washington Hall last week several members of the Band

brought their instruments down to the reading-room, and the boys had a gay time dancing for a couple of hours. All of the “faancy daances” were practised in order to have them down pat for the charity-ball.

—That was Barney Barnato Weaver who attended the Carnival last week, not Barney Babbington Weaver. These “Local Items” are often hurled into space without receiving the proper amount of attention, so mistakes are liable to creep in occasionally. We stand corrected, Mr. Weaver.

—FAGAN (on the way to Sorin Hall): “Did you see the last *Century*?”

POWERS (with five almanacs under his arm): “No; but I have five years here. Is that enough?”

FAGAN: “You deserve ten years for that.”

MARMON: “He ought to go for *Life*.”

POWERS: “There’s a bit of *Truth* in that.”

—The solemn faces and dignified bearings of the Law students would lead one to suppose that they are guiltless of such foolishness as giving a college yell. They’re not, though. Here is the yell that the versatile Confer fixed up for the lawyers last week:

Hullabaloo Kazoo Kazoo!

Ex delicto N. D. U.!

Who are we? We are who?

We are the Laws of N. D. U.!!

—Although those new trees in the “yard” look a little bewildered at present from their constant moving, they will be all right when the flowers bloom in spring. As soon as the hot weather arrives the students will build a stand near the fence, place tables and chairs under the trees, sprinkle saw-dust on the ground, and rest from their labors. Then, while the band plays “Die Wacht Am Rhine,” we shall gather round the tables and sip our—ah!—lemonade.

—The vandal is again loose. This time he got into the Library and mutilated magazines and periodicals mark his progress. The librarians complain that some of the bound volumes of magazines no longer procurable are so mutilated that they are unfit to put on the shelves. In some cases full-page illustrations and entire articles have been clipped from the volumes. How any one who lays claim to a last remnant of honesty can boldly thief in this way is marvellous. But the vandal has no conscience; he is devoid of honor.

—Wonder who wrote that glowing description of Notre Dame’s baseball team in the Chicago *Chronicle*? The writer of the article evidently knows more about the prospective players and their positions than Captain Burns. According to the *Chronicle*, Brown will be the only old player on the team besides the captain. The *Chronicle* not only gives positions to several new men, but goes into details about their baseball abilities, showing thereby that the reporter must have a vivid imagination. Who wrote it? we ask,—and the echo answers, “Who?”

—Nearly everybody in Brownson Hall has given up, or promised to give up some favorite habit during Lent. Golden has given up the weed; Geoghegan has stopped talking French; Willie O'Brien writes no more poetry; Carney has stopped shaving; Ducey lets the punching-bag alone; Smith & Co. have quit worrying those poor trees; Fera has given up painting signs for the "Chief," and Crilly and Bostang-Browne have given up the theatre. Now, if Doctor Piquette would only throw away that box of "Pittsburgs" our happiness would be complete.

—The competitive drill in Co. B resulted as follows: Cadet Shillington, 1st; Lovett, 2d. Dugas, 3d; Moorehead, 4th, and Brown 5th; These Cadets are promoted to Corporal and will rank in the order named, In the Sorin Cadet Company 1st Sergeant H. Pollitz is promoted to 1st Lieutenant; 2d Sergeant M. Garrity, 2d Lieutenant; 3d Sergeant S. Breslin, 1st Sergeant; F. Sexton to 2d Sergeant; W. Polliiz to 3d Sergeant; I. Bergeron to 4th Sergeant and E. Swan to 5th Sergeant. The following Privates are promoted to Corporal, ranking in the order named, A. Allyn, L. Kelley, E. Ernest, W. Waite and G. Weidman.

—A visit to the library of the Minims' reading-room revealed a large collection of books suited to pass away profitably the long winter afternoons. And they all came from friends—for the little fellows are bewildered by numbers when naming their friends. Their truest friend—whose name is withheld by request—sent them the best part of the collection, books calculated to interest wide-awake boys with time on their hands. And Bro. Cajetan, who looks after the Minims so well and who fights so shy of publicity of his work, made use of several donations to stock the library still further. Then Mr. Sexton, of Chicago, whose son is a member of St. Edward's Hall, placed the Minims under lasting obligations by his recent gift. Altogether, the library contains the choice of a wide range of reading for boys, and the Minims are to be congratulated on having so many and such generous friends.

—In matters carnival the Carrolls could take their older brothers into confidence and talk for hours on proprieties in costume to them. The masquerade affairs, which in the past have represented the joint efforts of Sorin and Brownson Halls, were but as the plays of children when compared to the carnival of the Carroll Crescent Club last Saturday evening. The dancers were so well masked and carried out their parts so well that not until the unmasking were their friends able to discover them. It would be impossible to describe in detail the various costumes, so we shall content ourselves with a word about the noted. The chief persons of interest were a bright, cheery miss and a hideous Sioux squaw. If prizes had been awarded for costumes and acting they would have been taken by these two. Charley

Wells, as the young lady, was made up beyond criticism. He wore a parti-colored ball-dress covered with bells, and on a wig of flaxen hair was jauntily set a saucy little cap. He bore out his part so well that some were deceived into the belief that one of South Bend's daughters had come to dance with the Carrolls. Every one wanted to dance with him. As the squaw Ed Reinhard came next for a large share of attention. His mask and wig were well chosen and fitted perfectly. And then his every action had so much of the witch in it that people naturally shrank from him, not knowing that behind the hideous leer and awful face was the smile of Ed. Ernest Dugas and B. O'Malley were also arrayed in skirts; W. Scherrer looked like a sailor of H. M. S. Pinafore; Fred Kasper was arrayed in a blue dômina; McCorry and Frank Taylor were fixed up from remnants left by Coxey's army; P. Kuntz was a German student; Pendleton, a clown; Stare, a typical cow-boy with a complete tool-chest of weapons; Shillington, a decayed gentleman enjoying his summer's outing; Monarch, a valet; Leonard, a professor seeking his owl; Darst, a gentleman with a penchant for dining out, while J. Kuntz and McElroy represented the sporting fraternity. The affair was a most enjoyable one and reflects great credit on the Director and the Club.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—The members of the Athletic Association of St. Joseph's Hall met last week for the purpose of electing officers. William P. Grady was chosen Captain of the Specials, and Maurice A. Neville, Manager. J. Francis Corr will captain a picked team to practise the Specials. As a result of the ballot for captain of the second nine, Francis Dorian was elected.

ST. CECILIANS.—The St. Cecilians successfully carried out an interesting programme last Wednesday evening. Francis Druiding read a selection about Washington in a pleasing manner, and A. Loomis presented a well-prepared essay. An impromptu debate, "Should a Christian dye his hair?" followed. The negative was defended by Messrs. Cornell and Morris, while Messrs. Burke and Flynn upheld the affirmative. The programme for the next meeting will consist of a declamation by G. W. Kasper, an essay by J. P. Flynn, and a debate, in which Messrs. Naughton, Burke, Walsh and Franey will participate. The Rev. President charmed the society by his rendition of "Roger and I."

THE PHILODEMICS held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening. Mr. C. Ryan made a few good criticisms on the reading and pronouncement of the persons on the programme at the previous meeting. Through the efforts of Mr. Bryan, the heretofore sadly neglected office of critic will become one of the important offices of the society. Julian Ralph was the author under consideration for the evening. Mr. A.

Gaukler read "Dutch Kitty's White Slippers," one of Ralph's stories of New York tenement life. A paper on Julian Ralph was read by Mr. G. Pulskamp, which was followed by the reading of "Pete Burke and His Pupil" by Mr. C. Bryan. On account of the exercises which will be held in church on Wednesday evenings during Lent, the society has decided to have its meetings on Thursday evenings.

COLUMBIANS.—Thursday evenings's meeting was the most interesting of the session. In the first debate, Messrs. Ducey and Barry read two strong papers on the affirmative, but the weight of Mr. Campbell's paper and Mr. T. Finnerty's contradictions induced the judges to favor the negative. Hence, "In great national struggles hereafter, members are not supposed to remain neutral." In the debate, "Is Lynch Law ever justifiable," a heated argument was carried on. The unlucky disputants on the affirmative side did noble battle for a lost cause. Mr. Michael Hennebry's paper was persuasive enough to excite the members to mob-law on the least provocation, while Chas. Neizer's extemporaneous speech was the best rendered in any debate so far. Mr. McGinnis was single-handed for the negative, but had an able paper and followed it in a second round with further substantial arguments. A few members who feared the success of Lynch law, volunteered assistance to the negative side, which was slightly victorious. Messrs. O'Malley and Harrison gave select readings between acts, and L. Healey gave a stirring declamation.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The most enjoyable meeting of the year took place last Saturday evening. The subject of the debate, "Resolved, That a tour through America can give more pleasure and profit to an American than a trip through Europe," was an unusually interesting one, and was well handled by both sides. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Regan and Mingey, the former giving colored and picturesque descriptions of Yosemite Valley and other natural beauties of America, and the latter confining himself entirely to a clever refutation of their opponents' argument. For the negative Mr. Filiatrault read a well-written paper, brimful of information about the glories of the Old World; while Mr. Gaukler gave what might well be called a lecture upon the scenery of Switzerland and the life of the peasantry in Germany and France. His remarks were richly interlarded with anecdotes and humorous reminiscences. Col. Hoynes, after an eloquent review of the whole debate awarded the victory to the negative.

UNIVERSITY MOOT-COURT.—The case of Dunning vs. Allen came up for trial on Wednesday. The question turned upon the want of consideration for a note. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Hennebry and Quinn; for the defendant, Messrs. Wurzer and Ryan. Judgment was given for the defendant.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennan, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, E. Murphy, McGruder Marmon, Mott, Miller, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon,* Sullivan, Sanders, Steele, Stace, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Burke, Blackman, Berthelet, Brucker, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, Jos. Corby, John Corby, Clendenin, Carney, Crane, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyanson, Forbing, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Filiatrault, Fitzgerald, Farley, Ferguson, Goeke, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart Gilmore, Hay, F. Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, W. Hindel, Howell, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzon, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Linnau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Ill., Mathewson, R. Monahan, Murphy, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller,* Morehouse, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, R. McGuire, Menig, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, Neeley, F. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Powell, Pietrzykowski, R. Putnam, J. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Phillips, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schermerhorn, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Taylor, Tracy, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Thacker, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wilson, Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, J. Berry, W. Berry, Burns, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fennessey, Fox, Foster, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Herron, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Hanley, Jelonak, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Lehman, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, L. Meagher, McNamara, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Sanford, Tescher, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimbberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Webb, Zaehle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron Blanchfield, Cottin, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Clark, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dowling, Dugas, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernst, Ells, Fetter, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, F. Hess, R. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Patee, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sontag, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite Welsh, Wilde, Weber.

* Omitted by mistake.