THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, EASTER SUNDAY, 1896. No. 26.

The Romaunt of the Daffodil.

"The asphodel, by love transfigurèd."

OF joy's birth-morn on earth, this legend old
By Galahad, the lily-lance of Christ,—
The purest, his, of all the hearts of gold
That brake at Arthur's passing,—keeping tryst
In Kentish cloister, to a brother knight was told:

"The blossom fairest of our Britain's flowers,
In His dear eyes, Who bought our life with death,
Is not yon stately, snow-crowned shaft that towers
Above its fellows, wafting perfume-breath
To Heaven's courts through all its glad, love-quickened hours:

"For you have read on stainless parchment sheet,
In letters dolesome as the deed they spell,
How Jesu,—O Belovèd, 'tis unmeet
That I who ranged me with the hosts of Hell,
That day most sorrowful, should dare the tale repeat!

"Grief-racked, in agony of pain and dread,
Earth shuddered, sick with terror, while He hung
With gall-freshed lips, and tortured, thorn-girt head
Slain of His creatures, by their hate heart-wrung,
Deep-drinking of Death's chalice till His soul was sped.

"And all the world was lifeless, mystics say,
For hours a-many; Winter's cruel hand
Forgot its late-come palsy, and the day
As night was joyless, while o'er all the land
Loosed demons, tempest-mounted, rode a wild foray.

"A second time the East had russet grown,
A second time the crimson routed grey;
Yet of the lilies He had named His Own,
The velvet hearts-ease and all blooms that sway
To April's matin-music, no fond bud had blown.

"'He comes not,' sighed the faithless rose and blushed
A deeper blood-hue for her treason-speech;
'The Frost-Death!' and the violet's voice was hushed
Until His second Coming,—and, so, each
Faint-heart and earthling clearance sought, with brow shame-flushed.

"Save one, a tender spear by love made brave,
A virid staff uplifting crest of foam
More white than ever rode storm-harried wave,
A weakling, haunting Briton hill and holm,
Wood-land and mead, and banks the sweet Usk waters lave.

"'If we but knew!' the blossom-choir made cry,
While higher crept the rose-tints in the East;
'The Master promised—would ye Him deny?'
Came low the Celtic accents; 'I am least,
And craven, yet 'twere joy for Jesu's sake to die.

"'An we would deck His triumph, we must dare
The Winter, and the Frost-King's trumpet call;
No dearer are the sparrows, yet He sware
His power doth compass them, lest one should fall:
His creatures we, and vile to doubt His loving care

"'Ye falter! All the gladness, then, for me—
The greater glory, mine, or with'ring blight!'
Through frost-baked turf broke spear and stem; earth-free
The daffodil flung wide to dawn's pale light
Its petal-banners pure, with smile of ecstasy.

"Nor rime-touch suffered; for the tale doth run,—
Love's lance is mighty in the lists of life,
And Faith is sovran—when Our Lord had won
Forth from His prison, ended was the strife
Hell-plotted, and shone out the radiant Easter sun.

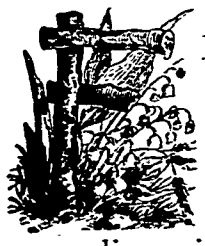
"Gave greeting blithesome to the daffodil,
Deep-bathed it in the splendor of quick rays,
Wrought change,—Love's guerdon, this,—most wondrous, till
The pearl-cup glowed, a chalice all ablaze
With captive gold of sunbeams, servants of His will.

"And so the swallow-heralds of the spring
Are tardy trumpeters of joyance near;
And ever, since the Triumph, poets sing
Our warrior-stripling as the flower most dear,
Of earth-born blossoms, to Our risen Saviour-King.

D. V. C.

A Gentle Conspiracy.

DANIEL VINCENT CASEY, '95.



IFTH AVENUE was steeped in moisture. The harsh lines of the sandstone cornices framing in the zone of leaden sky, were broken and softened by the clinging, all-pervading mist. A fine rain had been falling since morning—a February rain, sluggish and interminable, against which no heart or fabric is proof. Under the glare from the shop-windows, the cobble-stones gleamed like great dull emeralds in a setting of tarnished silver. The arc-lamps sputtered and snarled in their narrow haloes of white radiance, vainly striving to pierce the gray billows that surged and swirled about them. Cabs dashed by, with dripping windows and sodden, reckless drivers; but the pavements were deserted save by an occasional clerk hurrying to the warmth and shelter of his favorite restaurant.

Jack Evans felt the gloom that hung over the avenue—felt it keenly, for he had sold a scant dozen of *Suns* and *Worlds*, all the afternoon. He thrust the despised papers farther beneath his well-worn jacket, to protect them from the searching rain drops, shivering a little when the frayed edges refused to meet.

"No use to stand here an' freeze or drown," he muttered, as yet another ulster-clad figure strode past without heeding his pleading "Paper, sir?" "I guess I'll cut this combination an' go home an' see Nan. It's lucky for her an' me"—he mused, as he tramped down the Avenue,—"that it don't rain like this every day. We'd have to do without our pie on Sunday, sure."

Just as he turned into Madison Square, Jack caught sight of Pete Robbins—like himself a dweller in Tanford Place "on the East Side,"—with pockets suspiciously bulging.

"Hello! Petey," he called, "what you got?

"Oh! nuthin," replied Peter, a young man of ten years, and distressingly lax morals, "just some onions wot a lady dropped when she climbed into a cab. Big fellows, aint they? What'll you give me for half? They'll make elegant soup."

"Soup! Why they're rotten, Petey. Lookee here and here. When they get green like that they're sproutin,' same as the taters in ol' Jackman's cellar. An' onions is poison when they begin to sprout."

"Aw! you can't come dat jolly on me. Wot 'ud a lady want wid rotten onions?"

"Maybe she was goin' to plant a garden"—Jack had once spent two days in the country, before his mother died, and he was very fond of airing his knowledge of farming;—"them rich folks get streaks sometimes and try to raise cabbages and things you can get at any dago's stand. Say! I'll give you two *Suns* and three *Worlds* for ten of 'em. Is it a go?"

"Sure ting. I don't want any garden truck in mine. Here, take 'em all," and forth from his pockets Peter brought seventeen bulbs of various sizes and divers tints of brown and green. With ill-concealed delight, Jack handed over his carefully guarded papers and stuffed his pockets with the warm, misshapen globes.

"That's just the ticket," he murmured joyfully, as he trudged on through devious side streets to his garret-home. "If these onions are out o' condition, I'll plant 'em, by crackey, 'an raise enough to feed the flat for a week. 'Twon't be hard; I'll get Miss Allison's window-box—she never has geraniums until after Easter,—an' maybe she'll show me how to tend 'em too. 'Twon't take more'n a month for 'em to grow. I'll just not let on to Nan till they get big enough to eat. Holy smoke! but won't her eyes open when I bring in an armful some evenin'—I s'pose there'll be an armful anyhow—and fry 'em for her. Say, it wouldn't be right, though, to have all the fun of this gardenin' myself. I'll give Nan two of the things an' let her do some farmin' on her own hook. An' I'll make it all right with Miss Allison, too, when the onions get ripe."

Ever since Jack's glimpse of the Eden-country, with the *Herald's* "waifs," he had longed for a plot of ground and something to plant in it—cabbages, roses, potatoes, anything that would turn green and beautiful before your eyes, if you watered it, and killed or captured the bugs which threatened it. And now he was happy as only dreamers may be. Petey's bulbs rolled and shifted about in his pockets in a pleasantly uncomfortable way, and Jack forgot his rain-drenched clothing and broken shoes in visions of huge, inexhaustible onion-beds.

He clattered up the dark, foul-smelling stairway leading to the tiny box under the eaves, where his sister spent her days and nights. Nan was eight and an invalid, a quiet, gentle creature, whose life had been marred by a drunken father's cruelty. Jack and Nan were country folk, if birth counts for anything, for John Evans had craved the stir and tumult of stone-paved

streets, and he had bartered his children's birthright for a riotous orgy two years long. Nan was a babe in arms, when the farm was sold, Jack a lad of three; and the boy's passion for flowers and all things green, was more than a passing fancy—a memory, rather, of sunny days, careless, full of laughter and bird-song. But his mother had rarely spoken of the old house by the Mohawk, and he never knew that the fabric of his dreams had a golden woof of reality.

Jack glanced upward, when he turned to mount the second flight of stairs. As he expected, Miss Allison was standing on the landing above, a dim, towering shape in the half-light of the hall-way. The angular old woman had few friends in the tenement; but Jack's frightened brown eyes had won her lonely heart when he rapped at her door, that dreadful night, and begged her to come up to see his mother. She had comforted the children when the light had faded from their mother's eyes, and, though none knew it, the undertaker had sent his bill to her. She loved the children in her stiff, proud way, and she never missed meeting Jack as he tramped up the resounding stairs.

"Good evenin', laddie," she called to him. "How's business to-day? Aye, Jack, poor, o' course; but things 'ill take a turn one o' these days. The sun 'ill be to the fore in another month, an' then you'll have work a-plenty. My window-box? Surely. You can keep it as long as you please. But what are you goin' to plant?"

"They're beauties, Jack," she went on, as the boy brought forth bulb after bulb and told how he had got them. "Just ripe for plantin'; an' they'll be splendid at Easter. But we'll have to put 'em away in the dark for a fortnight an' then they'll come out glorious. You'd better let me take care of 'em, Jacky, if you don't want Nan to find out. Keep two for her, o' course, an' let her tend 'em and sing to 'em and talk to 'em. They'll be rare company for the child, an' she needs it, God knows! They'll do better in my room, I think, an' you can run in, lad, any time you want to see 'em. They'll be gorgeous, come Easter-tide."

Nan's flowers—the gentle invalid grew indignant when Jack called them onions, insisting that they be regarded as flowers until they were ready to be eaten—flourished as did the lilies of the parable. The ugly brown bulbs, half hidden in the black loam, swelled and burst, and the flat, yellow sprouts turned marvellously green and slender. The translucent, emerald spears took on the deeper hue of greensward after a June rain, and Nan was sure that no such miracle had ever before been wrought by the fickle March sunshine. No change, however subtle, in contour or tint went unnoticed; all day long she lay on her pallet, watching the unfolding of the flower-life before her, rejoicing when a new spear sprang up among its fellows.

March made exit to the blare of wind-trumpeters, and the pungent, delicious freshness of the spring filled all the air. Jack had paid daily visits to Miss Allison's room; and now he noted, with growing uneasiness, that each of his bulbs had sent up a fragile central stem, capped by a many-lobed mass, of which Nan's flowers showed no trace. But Miss Allison laughed at his fears: "Bide a bit, laddie," she said, "an' you'll see a wonderful sight." And Jack, chafing a little at the delay, waited for the promised revelation.

It came within the week. The Saturday before Passion Sunday was dazzling in its brightness, brilliant with the sunshine of August and the splendor of May skies. Jack started home later than usual,—trade had never been better—but the west was still radiant when he dived into Tanford Place.

Miss Allison met him with a smile. "Come in, Jack," she said, leading the way. The boy stopped on the threshold. The green capsules had burst and the dark spikes were surmounted by a line of crimson and purple and cream.

"What is it?" he faltered, as he caught the scent of the blossoms—a fragrance new and divine.

"Your onions are turned hyacinths, Jacky, Ah! lad, to think you didn't know 'em from onions, an' wanted to make soup of 'em. They're only started now; in another se'nnight they'll be glorious, lad, glorious. But you mustn't tell Nan, an' we'll give her a noble Easter." Mute with wonder, Jack mounted to his garret, and Nan, eager to show him the latest beauty of her backward pets—ruined by a surfeit of sunshine in their first week of growth—did not notice that his lashes were wet with tears.

The breakfast cloth was laid when Nan woke on Easter morning. She turned to the window, to her beloved flowers. A blaze of color crowned the sill instead. "Oh! Jack," she gasped, "whose are they?" She read the answer in his eyes as he bent over her; and with a little laugh of glee she threw her slender arms round his neck and kissed him in a passion of love and happiness. It was much later in the day when she asked, teasingly, "Sure, you're glad they're not onions—an' good to eat?"

The Question of Cuban Belligerency.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

MARSHAL GENERAL CAMPOS has resigned his commission and returned to Spain; the much exploited Weyler has arrived in Havana and taken charge of the Spanish troops in person; Gomez and Maceo, the redoubtable native generals, have whirled their little bands of patriots through Cuba and threatened the capital city itself; the Senate of the United States has passed resolutions demanding that the rights of belligerency be granted to the little island; the Spanish populace has retaliated for this expression of opinion by attacking the American consulates and insulting the American flag; in indignation, some of our own countrymen have paid the same compliments to the emblem of the Spanish nation: and still the minds of the American people are divided as to whether a state of war really exists in Cuba, and whether the insurgents should be recognized as belligerents.

There can be no doubt as to which party has the sympathies of our people in this fierce struggle for liberty. The immense mass-meetings held throughout the country, demanding that all possible aid be given by the United States to Cuba, show plainly the sentiments of the American populace. Ever since the bell of liberty rang out its glad tidings to a waiting world from the old church tower in Philadelphia, we have zealously guarded our own independence, and have been very jealous of any interference with it. Fully appreciating the boon which we obtained, our sympathies have ever been with oppressed and downtrodden peoples compelled to bear the burdens of tyrannical masters. With unconcealed satisfaction we have seen the states of America follow in our footsteps, throw off the heavy yoke of foreign rulers, and proclaim their freedom to the world. With courage rarely surpassed, and steadfastness and patience worthy of success, Cuba has, for more than a year, been valiantly fighting for her independence, and we, as a nation, will greatly rejoice on the day when she takes her place in the sisterhood of Western republics.

I doubt not that every American citizen feels in his heart that Cuba should be free, and is ready to do all in his power to bring about this desirable end; but the question confronting the leaders of our nation to-day is not one of individual preference, but of how a great nation stands in relation to one of the most important political problems of the time. Shall the United States recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents? This is a question of fact, not of prejudices. The United States must be a fearless and impartial judge in the matter, not a special pleader. The question must be considered in all its bearings, in its relations to international law, and as to whether it would be just and expedient for the United States to declare in favor of the Cubans. If the question be coolly and dispassionately weighed; if the circumstances be closely examined, and the rules formulated by the nations of the world for their own government be applied to these circumstances; if the precedents set by our country are followed, then there can be but one opinion, and that is that under no circumstances can we recognize the Cuban insurgents.

There are certain principles of international law that must always be followed in deciding points of this kind. Certain elements must be present, else the recognition of belligerents is simply an uncalled-for support of insurgents, and an unnecessary insult and reproach to the parent government. These set principles the United States must follow, and she must regulate her conduct in the Cuban affair by these rules. We, in our eagerness to show a spirit of good-will and friendship towards the Cubans, must not forget that Spain has also some rights in the matter.

These principles of international law have been concisely and clearly set forth by Dana in his edition of Wheaton. The correctness and stability of his views will be attacked by no one, and Sir A. Cockburn in his opinion in the Geneva Tribunal takes occasion to compliment them in the following words: "The principles by which a neutral state should be governed as to the circumstances under which, or the period at which, to acknowledge the belligerent status of insurgents have been nowhere more fully and ably, or more fairly, stated than by Mr. Dana. . . ."

Dana expresses himself on this subject as follows: "It is certain that the state of things between the parent state and insurgents must amount, in fact, to a *war*, in the sense of international law—that is, powers and rights of war must be in actual exercise; otherwise the recognition is falsified, for the recognition

is of a fact. The tests to determine the question are various, and far more decisive where there is maritime war and commercial relations with foreigners. Among the tests are: the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient in character, population and resources to constitute it, if left to itself, a state among the nations, reasonably capable of discharging the duties of a state; the actual employment of military forces on each side, acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, such as the use of flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners, and the treatment of captured insurgents by the parent state as prisoners of war; and, at sea, employment by the insurgents of commissioned cruisers, and the exercise by the parent government of the rights of blockade of insurgent ports against neutral commerce, and of stopping and searching neutral vessels at sea." In the eyes of international law, these are the elements necessary to constitute belligerency.

Who will say that the Cuban insurgents unite in themselves all these essential qualifications? Who will say one of them is present in the warfare now being waged in the little island? Have they a *de facto* government which, if left to itself, could exercise the functions of a government? If the war should at this moment cease, would the Cubans be ready to take their place among the nations of the world, assuming all the attendant responsibilities? No one for a moment would maintain that they could. They have a government—on paper only. Their courts are their ever-shifting camps where the laws of war prevail. They could not to-day maintain peace and order otherwise than by the power of the armies of Gomez and Maceo. No courts of law have been organized, no judges elected, no officers appointed to execute the orders of a court. They have no revenue other than that they obtain from the pillage of the estates of those inimical to their cause. There is no established and regular system of taxation. How could they assume the burdens and responsibilities of statehood?

Who will say that the guerilla warfare waged by the small and widely separated bands of patriots is a state of war? Is it carried on in accordance with the recognized rules of war? Gomez and Maceo are daring and skilful leaders; their followers are brave men fighting for a sacred cause; but no one can hold that the battles they wage are governed by the rules of modern warfare. To cut off small and detached bodies of troops from ambush; to lie in wait in their fastnesses, till a good opportunity presents itself and then to swoop down and capture a file of Spanish troops; to burn and pillage the towns and estates of those opposed to them—this by no means establishes a state of war. It is unnecessary to mention the lack of war-ships; they have no ports; they are confined to the interior; the coast is in the hands of the enemy.

Should we recognize the insurgents as belligerents in order to protect our own property interests? If those who advocate this mean what they say, they are talking nonsense; if they do not, it is only a flimsy excuse to give a friendly nation, indirectly, a slap in the face which we do not care to give directly. "If the foreign state recognizes belligerency in the insurgents, it releases the parent state from responsibility for whatever may be done by the insurgents, or not done by the parent state where the insurgent power extends." This well-established and recognized principle of international law was thus set forth, during the war of the Rebellion, by Adams, our Minister to England, in a communication to Secretary of State Seward. Recognize Cuba as a belligerent, and Spain is no longer liable for the injuries inflicted by the insurgents on American citizens; let matters remain as they are and we can look to her for indemnity.

As to the cruelty practised by the Spanish soldiery, whether it is sufficient to support any interference on our part on the ground of humanity cannot be proved. It is very probable that in 1896, as well as in 1870, excesses have been committed by both parties. At any rate, since the brilliant Senator from Massachusetts and the "Sage of Mansfield" have been brought to confusion by making what, at a later date, appeared very much like gratuitous charges, it would be well for us to abstain from such assertions till we are in a position to make well-established and verified statements.

This question of recognizing an insurgent people as belligerents contains nothing new or strange for us; we have made the decision either in favor of or against rebels often before, and once with the same parties to the quarrel and under closely similiar conditions to those of the present. In 1870 a war of rebellion was being waged in Cuba, and the House of Representatives passed resolutions of the nature of those passed by our Senate demanding the recognition of Cuba as a belligerent. Fortunately a resolute, clear-sighted President occupied the executive chair, one versed in war and all that appertains to it, and when he sent a

special message to Congress, clearly analyzing the conditions in Cuba and applying the rules of international law to the circumstances, the resolutions were dropped and nothing more was heard of the affair.

The state of Cuba at that time was exactly what it is to-day. Reading General Grant's message, one almost imagines himself scanning the report of a special, Cuban war correspondent. See how closely his description of the war of 1870 approaches that of the war of 1896. "During the six months which have passed since the date of that message the condition of the insurgents has not improved, and the insurrection itself, although not subdued, exhibits no signs of advance, but seems to be confined to an irregular system of hostilities carried on by small and ill-armed bands of men, roaming without concentration. through the woods and the sparsely populated regions of the island, attacking from ambush convoys and small bands of troops, burning plantations and estates of those not sympathizing with their cause.... On either side a contest has been conducted and is still carried on with a lamentable disregard of human life and of the rules and practices which modern civilization has prescribed in mitigation of the necessary horrors of war." Is not this a photograph of Cuba to-day?

General Grant then states the elements necessary to constitute a belligerent in almost the same words as Dana, and concludes that by no means could we in justice to Spain, to Cuba and to ourselves recognize the brave islanders as belligerents.

As I have said before, the Cubans have our hearty sympathy in their struggle; as men we will do everything in our power to aid them; as a nation we must treat with them on the approved principles of international law, and the law is just before it is generous.

It is the fervent hope of the American people that the day is not far distant when Cuba will take her place among the states of the world; as individuals we admire her people for their bravery, courage and daring; as brothers of the human family we love them the more for their sorrows and suffering; as men we extend them our heartfelt sympathy in the fierce battle they are engaged in; but as a nation, the United States of America is compelled by all the laws of justice, by all the principles which govern the conduct of states toward each other, by all the precedents which we have set for ourselves, to refrain from recognizing them as belligerents.

"An Averted Violence."

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
Siena mi fé, disfecemi Maremma!
Salvi colui che innanellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.
—PURGATORIO, V., 133.

THE nobles of Siena were many and rich and powerful, nor were the ladies of the city less noted than their lords and kinsmen, for beauty was theirs and it belonged to them. So high, indeed, was the place of Count Nello della Pietra, whose favor was sought by many and given to few, and whose head bent never lower than another's. Count Nello the Proud they called him, and it was not amiss; for although his palace reached not higher in the air than others, nor looked upon the broadest way, nor had he more retainers than the Duke Provenzano or the Lords of Salimbeni, yet his name was older than them all, and of his family, each in his turn had done some great thing and lived a king—in deed, if not in name.

But there were those who shuddered as they paid their homage, and looked upon the calm, dark patrician face; for there was in it a breath of the hot desert which was colder than the chill of far-off frozen lands. And few dared brave his will, and none could claim his more than passing friendship. But for all that, his ways were courteous, gentle, calm, and none had ever seen him angered. A strange thing, indeed, for those times of violent passions.

So that Pia of the Tolomei, the brightest flower in all the beauty garden of Siena, she, the inspiration of an hundred sonnets, the loved, admired of all, thought it an honor to become his bride. As for love, she knew not yet its nature; but in those days men and women married not for love. It came sometimes with joy and sometimes not at all; and yet again it came, but Sorrow was its handmaid.

And when the man and woman stood before the altar, a regal pair, the multitude attending bespoke them favored of the gods; and the first to do the countess honor was none other than her cousin and companion of younger days, Luigi Buonaguida, a handsome youth and fine of form, although his years were few. So many loved him for his careless, smiling face and friendly manner, and yet than these he had more noble qualities.

He bent and kissed the countess' hand. "My fairest cousin," he said softly, "my dearest wish is that your every day be happy. It cannot well be otherwise, yet, if in any hour to come you need a life, why—and pray you cousin Pia, think sometimes of days when you and I—but that is past. Ah! Count, Madonna Pia, I humbly wish you well."

When he said these words, those who were curious (and such there always are) saw that the merry light was no more in his eyes. But that was all, for the gayest voice was his, and at the feast which followed, the brightest jests were those which came from his lips. So much was he the life of all the party, that the Count was led to whisper into Pia's ear: "A lively youth, your cousin, *cara mia;* I pray that we may know him better."

It was in this way that the Palazzo della Pietra saw Luigi often, and even as frequently were the cousins together, for they took much pleasure in each other's company, and it was not seldom that the Count had other matters on his mind, and was absent.

Luigi was a fair performer on the lute, and his pleasant voice blended well with hers. So they sang together a great many times, and when they tired of that diversion, the poet's verses kept them engaged. In such manner the lovely Pia felt not her dark husband's absence so much as might be expected.

But Luigi loved his cousin—not, however, in the way that cousins love; and his passion grew stronger with the days, and often it required great effort to restrain it from bursting forth. Strangely, Pia thought of him in no other way than as a kinsman and a charming companion, and she wondered that the Count grew more reserved, although with this coldness his courtesy became greater. Yet Count Nello had never wooed her as a fiery lover, and she thought it no more than a passing chill.

It happened one day, when Luigi and Pia had sung until they wearied, that a strange silence fell, when on a sudden the youth grew white, and trembling with a passion long subdued, he bent over his fair cousin and seized her bare arm roughly: "Oh, Pia mia!" he whispered fiercely, "do you not know that I love you? Aye, even more than life, and I will not live without you." His hot breath burnt her cheek. She sat motionless and silent with wonder and some fear, when a voice from the curtained entrance broke the silence.

"A really charming picture you make Madonna, and friend Luigi, a pose for painter's boards. I should have announced myself, bu the beauty of the scene kept me silent. Really, Paolo and Francesca again. Nay, cousin, draw not your sword; there is no need for haste, and our affair will rest till later. Madonna, farewell; I leave you for the present. Farewell, cousin."

There seemed to be but one conclusion to a scene so fraught with meaning. The one or other must die at once –a sword-thrust, *diavolo*, all is over! But the Count was a man of depth—that were a vulgar method, and more, revenge was too soon ended. For the stern, cold man, who never showed emotion, loved his wife more dearly than he knew himself, and the tiger in his nature turned by jealousy from love to hate.

"Madonna," said he when, returning later, he entered once again the room, "I ride this evening from the city. I pray that you accompany me; my faithful Jacopo shall have lodgings, aye, and rare ones, ready for us, and unless another's company is—"

"My husband—"

"It is enough. I own it not that one who bears my name can be dishonored."

At dusk the Count and Pia rode unattended from the city. The lady's face was pale, and something that might have been called fear lurked there at times. And well it might, for, though she knew it not, the fatal Maremma had now enclosed their way, and it is said that men have died from dwelling there one night.

And, strange to say, as they rode they were joined by another silent traveler, who was Luigi. He journeyed with them, saying nothing of their destination, for this was the beginning of the end, and he had gladly bound himself by oath to say no word, so that he might be near her. Or perhaps his presence had been entreated by the Count, fearing that the lovely Pia should find the time pass dully otherwise.

It was after some hours of passage through the dark Maremma that they reached the Castello di Morte, whose thicket-circled towers rested by the stream Cecina. But none was there to welcome them, save lizards and creeping things, which had made the walls their own. To the west was seen the desolate Campagna, and on the east a brown morass stretched further than the eye could reach.

Upon the evening of the day following they three sat silent in the great hall. The merry laughter of Luigi was not there, and since a few hours past his face had worn the look that comes when men are doomed to die, and gladly wait the hour. This was his satisfaction to the Count—and to die near her was something.

"Madonna," said the Count, and his voice was soft and low, "I am thinking that the Count di Malatesta had not an artist's soul. His act was unbefitting rank and pride, and also incomplete. The crime and his vengeance did not blend harmoniously. What think you, friend Luigi?"

"My love, you shiver; allow me to cover your lovely shoulders. You have to-night the beauty of an angel; you cannot but be one soon. Those dark circles set off well the dusky eyes and paleness of the skin. A perfect contrast, quite perfect! But look! how deadly white the fingers, and the shapely nails are blue! My marriage gem, I see, no longer fits so snugly; the hand is growing smaller—daintier."

It was on the second day after the first of their arrival that Pia could no longer lift the fair head which once had charmed her world. The time was near. It came in the early evening, when the air was strangely clear and bright.

Luigi knelt by her side, with the shrunken hands casped in his, and she gazed tenderly at his face, for she had now learned the love that had before been strange. Seeing this, and knowing that his place was not there, the Count turned from them, and his face was that of a dead man's.

And so died Pia. They lifted her body gently and carried it to its resting-place beside the slow Cecina, for she had been robed for burial before the time.

When it was done, the two dark men stood, one upon each side of the grave, and gazed into the other's eyes, and knew that soon the play must end. It took no words to make them understand, for almost with a single motion two swords flashed in the moonlight. Again their eyes met, and in the face of each was writ such burning, fierce, unearthly hate as only comes when reason has departed. They paused an instant, then steel rang against steel, and its contact made them men again. But even as they stood, the fatal brand that Maremma sets upon her victims deepened in Luigi's face, and, with sword outstretched, he sank upon Pia's grave and moved no more.

A strange thing, truly,—as in "The Lotus,"—that, although he courted it, "la perniciosa" came not to the Count, so he alone rode back from out the swamp Maremma to the city. And those who saw him said in tones hushed half from fear, "How great must be his grief!" Yet none were there who dared intrude upon the cold, dark man who lived alone, save for Jacopo, in the Palazzo della Pietra.

An Old Legacy.

FRANCIS E. EVANSON, '96.

PERHAPS, at no time, in the history of the world, have men been so busy as in our own day. Exchange has come to be a wonderful factor in life, and the great medium of exchange is money. To learn how extensively the practice of trading is carried on, it is necessary to visit a great city. On arriving in the crowded commercial centre, the constant, ding, ding of bells heard on every side urging the weary traveller to hurry! hurry! gives one thoughts concerning the usefulness of this simple vibrator itself beyond that first impression, the eagerness of the rushing crowd Personal experience, however, soon teaches the pedestrian how little can be the consolation in hearing its sweetly sounding tones. The bicycle rider dashing by, too often rings the bell after his sudden appearance has lessened the number of heart-beats of the man on foot. Perhaps these particular irregularities of the heart, and the accompanying hot-flashes are a portion of those pains that flesh is heir to. In the big buildings, the type-writing machines, and the countless telephones, seem to keep up an unremitting ring, until one begins to feel that the bell is necessary to a busy people: that it could not be replaced by anything else, and that the only remedy for nervous people is to move out, or set about in perfecting the tones.

Scarcely anything is known concerning the origin of this simple instrument. It was known to the Romans, who used it in their religious ceremonies and as a signal fastened to the neck of a favorite sheep or goat. Not until Christianity had gained a firm foothold and churches were built, did bells come into service as a means of calling the people to prayer. The first to introduce them for this purpose was St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania. So general had become their use, and so great was the interest attached to them, that as early as 968, names were given to the larger ones. John XXII. is said to have established this custom when he named the great bell of the Lateran. He called it John, after himself. Why so much interest should be wrapped up in them is difficult to say. It appears they were given more notice previous to the eighteenth century than at any other time, though in reality since that

period, and during our own day they have received as much, if not more, attention.

In reading the history of bells, as of man, the intermediate spaces must be filled in. In the study of history, not a few are apt to follow events as presented, little considering what has occurred during the time of which no mention is made. It is little wonder—because wars are crowded together on the pages of history—that such persons fall into the error of concluding that in past years men had time only for fighting. There are some even in the present day who prate over the wickedness of the world, and attempt to show by the wonderful arguments of statisticians, how bad the world really is become, compared with former times. They are wont to say nothing of increased numbers, or of the increased facilities for enumerating events. At one time the deeds of the influential class alone were considered, now the actions of everyone is taken into account. All these changes conspire to make more difficult the task of comparing our age with any other. It is through these erroneous comparisons that one is liable to look upon large bells as devices used prior to the eighteenth century, and having little to do with our own time.

True, many articles once greatly used have given way to later creations; some through necessity, others through taste. Women, more so than men, are desirous of changes. While men are somewhat inclined to cling to the old, women delight in novelties. It is well that such is the condition of affairs, otherwise a great number of industries, particularly those connected with dry goods, would perish; and many of the little pleasures derived from "fads" would never be realized. Amid all such changes, which are continually going on in this busy world, the "old sounder" in the steeple retains its form and has not altered the music it gives forth. The utility of bells might be advanced as one reason why they have held their place. Utility certainly means much. To say a thing is useful, is to say it is valuable, and value is power in exchange. A better reason, however, and a truer one, no doubt, is that the sound of bells is pleasing to the ear.

As a natural consequence, writers, true to the everyday life of man, introduce the bell into the scenes they depict. We pass over any allusion to it, but not until it has left, perhaps unconsciously, an impression upon our mind.

Macbeth has prepared himself for the final blow. In his weakness and lack of courage he hesitates. Something is necessary to arouse him to action. The bell rings. Instantly he is all aglow. The sound has brought to his mind the thought of fleeting time, and he is filled with a desire to have the ordeal over. In the silence of the castle, Macbeth alone and in suspense, no other noise could be more appropriate, nor tend more toward making the scene impressive. Lady Macbeth, strong of purpose, and almost masculine in character, has set her mind to the murder of the king. Still she is not so far removed from woman's nature that she can adapt herself to sudden emergencies as can her husband, backward as he is. Well prepared to meet the first crime, the second one comes upon her like a thunderbolt, and she weakens. So deeply is the second part of the twofold murder stamped upon her mind that it haunts her. In her dreams she would wash the thought from her memory, but the imaginary bell brings back the vision. Slowly she counts the beats, "One! two!—why, then 'tis time to do it."

The poet, with his rhythmical language, can grace the story of the bell with tone color in all its perfection. He has an advantage in this respect, over the prose writer.

On their journey into Purgatory, Dante and Virgil are about to enter the valley which is guarded by two angels with two flaming swords. It is evening. Entering upon the narrative of this part of his vision, the poet opens the eighth canto with a beautiful picture of the "dying day." Through nine wonderfully musical lines he brings us to know the hour, and to hear far away the vesper bell, which he alludes to as thrilling new pilgrims with love. This same passage has, undoubtedly, inspired Byron to speak most eloquently in his "Don Juan" on the end of day. He has followed very closely the thoughts of the great Italian bard—almost absolutely—except that in concluding, Byron thoughtfully observes regarding the bell,—"nothing dies, but something mourns."

Such slight touches give to works of art much of their power. "The Angelus," by Millet, is a picture of two persons standing in a barren field. Simple though it be, the thoughts associated with it and the ideas it brings to the mind make it powerful. To one ignorant of the Angelus bell, this picture would have little interest. Unless one knew why those two rustics, the man and the woman, stood in silence, with bowed heads, what meaning could it have?

In early times, it was a custom to ring the church bell before the close of day. Pope John XXII., in the fourteenth century, estab-

lished the practice of saying at the ringing of this bell three Hail Marys, and a short prayer beginning, *Angelus Domini.* Later on, the noon and morning Angelus were introduced. To-day, in the older countries, it is a common sight to see people cease in their labors at the tones of the bell, and with uncovered heads bow in prayer. An open expression of gratitude, and an avowal of the trust in the Incarnation, it is a practice the simplicity of which makes it sublime. Through his picture, Millet brings before us the beauty and the pathos of life, leaving to art the task of reproducing the sounds of a bell.

Longfellow, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by a few words, in like manner brings to our ears the sound of a distant bell. Like a true artist, he points the way; we by our imagination feel what the poet feels. Poe goes still further in "The Bells." By imitating the tones to a wonderful degree, he keeps the sound ringing in our ears; though it must be confessed his work here is extremely artificial. "Ring out! Wild Bells," sung by our poet, tells the desire of men,—but why "The Christ That Is to Be"?

For ages bells have been heard, and, no doubt, they will still be heard for ages to come. They always have been and always will be associated with the real in life. No one can tell with certainty—it is needless to give the reason—whether the lively peal of a wedding bell is to re-echo until the last mournful tolling. Different and more true is that of the Christian world, which after a season of penance, ever comes forth to express its joy in the new life by the peal of Easter bells.

What Father Faber has said of the feast of the Incarnation, may be applied to the feast of the Resurrection. In his beautiful "Bethlehem," he writes: "Time was, in ages of faith, when the land would not have lain silent, as it lies now, on this eve of the twenty-fifth of March. The sweet religious music of countless bells would be ushering in the Vespers of the glorious feast of the Incarnation." With a pathos which seems to follow the sound from town to town, Father Faber goes on to describe how the tidings of Easter were carried over the land. Let me not assume to give you an idea of this beautiful passage; his words alone can satisfy you.

Though not heard so universally as in days of old, the Easter bells pealing forth their sound on Sunday morning thrill the soul of man to-day just as they thrilled the men who lived centuries ago.

How Joey Got Even.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

JOEY was in a dilemma. His two chums, Big Dick and Dutch Sam, had taken him to the Mission Sunday-School that afternoon and he was thinking about it. A pretty young lady there had told him about the good Saviour, and had invited him to join her class. Joey had refused her invitation. He was not quite ready for conversion yet. Big Dick and Dutch Sam said that the young lady told them that it was wrong to fight. That was a snag for Joey. He could not see any harm in fighting unless the police caught you at it and locked you up. If it was wrong to fight, it must be also wrong to throw stones at the junk shop of old Isaac Ichbein, and to stretch ropes across a dark alley so that when Officer Dugan chased you he would nearly break his neck falling over them.

These things were hard to give up, but that young lady was a "daisy," as Joey said, and he felt that he ought to let her convert him. He was so deep in thought that he did not notice where he was, till old Isaac darted out of his shop, seized him by the collar and jerked him inside.

"You vill trow stones at mine house, vill you? I'll deach you somedings," said the old man, reaching for a strap.

"Le' me go, yeh old sheeny, yeh. I ain't been trowin' no stones at yer ole shanty. Yeh touch me an' I'll trow er donnick clean trough yer blamed ole head. Quit, I say," ordered Joey, as old Isaac began to wield the strap. Thick and fast fell the blows, Joey screamed, and struggled and kicked old Isaac's shins; then he ended the affair by planting his tousled head in the pit of Isaac's stomach. The old man doubled up with a groan, and Joey made a dash for the street and ran right into the arms of Officer Dugan.

"Here, you young rascal," cried the officer. "What have you been up to now?" Old Isaac gave a terrible groan.

"Been trying to kill that old man, have you?' continued the officer.

"Le' go er me," was Joey's answer.

Old Isaac now appeared at the door.

"Oh! Mr. Policeman" he said, "dot boy haf kilt me. He trowed stones at mine house, undt jump on me, undt knock me on mine face ven I dalk vit him aboudt it."

Now, this was not true; but the policeman

had his own grievances against Joey, and he dragged him off towards the patrol box. This was terrible to Joey. Just when he was going to become converted, to get such a beating from his detested foe, old Isaac, and then to get arrested by the hated Officer Dugan, was too much, and his little heart bubbled over with indignation. But Joey had no intention of getting locked up, so when they passed a narrow alley, he suddenly disappeared into it, leaving his ragged coat in Officer Dugan's hand. That gentleman at once gave chase, but Joey was the champion sprinter of the Brick-Top Athletic Club, and he knew that alley better than the officer did, so he was soon safe within the shelter of his "hang out," as he called it.

Joey's "hang out" was in the winter quarters of Wild's great circus and menagerie. He had made friends with the animal-keepers soon after the arrival of the circus in the fall and they had allowed the homeless boy to make his home in a corner of the huge stable. Joey was fond of the monkeys, lions and elephants, but Sampson, the big trained elephant, was his favorite, and the two became close friends and comrades.

When he entered the quarters, Joey was still smarting from his whipping and was chock-full of indignation. As he passed the elephants enclosure, Sampson reached out his trunk and wound it about him. Ordinarily Joey would have liked this, but now he was in no humor for play. He struggled to get loose, but Sampson, with a gurgle of delight, raised him high in the air. There Joey hung helpless, but he poured out his wrath upon the joking old sinner.

"Put me down, yeh old lump of fat, yeh. I tell yeh I don't feel like monkeying. Put me down, yeh confounded old patched-up leather bag, aint yeh got no sense?" Sampson's small eyes snapped with glee as he threw the boy up on top of his head. Joey slid off just as soon as the trunk loosened its hold on him; but when he tried to escape Sampson seized one of his legs and tripped him up. Then Joey went for him. He pummeled his legs and trunk and kicked his toes, but Samson did not mind it in the least. At last in desperation Joey loosened Sampson's chain and took him for his daily exercising tour around the quarters. Seated on Sampson's head he tried to devise a scheme "ter get even wid deh ole sheeny an deh fly cop." He told his woeful tale into the elephant's ears, which Sampson flapped in sympathy. Then when Joey pounded him on the head, as an illustration of the punishment in store for Isaac and the policeman, Sampson gave a grunt and threw a clod of earth backward. It struck Joey square in the face and nearly unseated him. He thumped and kicked the old humorist till he grew tired, then he went on with his planning.

As they went parading around, Joey was suddenly visited by an inspiration. But the scheme was too daring, too dangerous to attempt. He would surely get caught, and if he did—whew! he'd get five years sure. But the more he thought of it the more feasible it seemed, so he consulted Sampson about it. "Say, yeh ole hash er ole shoes, yeh, wot do yeh say ter doin' up dat cop and sheeny? Yeh see, ole man, we'll go up der some night an' bump der sheeny's shebang inter der middle er next week, and den we'll give dat cop deh bigges rassle he ever had. Wot der yer say, ole shoe leather?" Old Shoe-leather flapped his ears and trumpeted, and Joey knew that meant assent.

The following Saturday was chosen by Joey as the time for vengeance. On Saturday nights the keepers slept well after their weekly carousal and the watchman usually joined them in their slumbers. Besides, Joey knew that according to custom the policemen changed their hours of duty, every second Saturday; therefore on the night selected, Officer Dugan would be on duty from eight in the evening till four o'clock Sunday morning. That just suited Joey's plan and he patiently bided his time.

On the night of revenge Joey went to bed early, but not to sleep. One after another the keepers retired. The watchman made his rounds, hung his lantern on a post, lay down under a wagon and went to sleep. Nothing was heard save the heavy breathing of the animals and the clanking of the elephants' chains. A church clock struck one, and Joey slipped out of bed. All was quiet; the watchman was fast asleep. Getting the mahout's small barbed pike, Joey crept to the elephants' enclosure. In the dim light of the watchman's lantern the huge beasts could be seen swaying back and forth. Joey wondered if they ever slept. Sampson greeted him with an affectionate slap of the trunk. Joey unchained him and led him to the entrance. The big doors were easily unbolted and the pair were soon outside. It was a dark, foggy night; the arc lights shone faintly through the mist.

Sampson lifted Joey to his head and they set out, Joey directing the way with the pike. By avoiding the electric lights they reached old Isaac's shop without being seen. A night lamp was burning in the rear of the place, but all was still as death. Joey drove Sampson up to the door, then creeping as far to the rear on the

elephant's back as he could get, he gave a shout and signalled Sampson to push. Sampson thought he had a circus wagon before him, and so with a mighty effort he moved forward. Crash—went the doors.

"Go on, Sammy, go on," screamed Joey. Sampson went on, and the whole front of the shop went with him. Into the depths of the store he plunged with Joey cowering on his back. Frantic cries of fear arose above the din, as the white-clad figure of old Isaac appeared. He shrieked with terror when he saw the giant beast playing havoc with his stock. Sampson saw the white figure and made a rush for it; but Isaac was too quick for him and darted past him into the street. Sampson seized Isaac's night-robe, as the old man passed him, and tore it from him, then he turned in pursuit. Joey was clinging to his seat in fright, but his courage came back to him when they reached the street. Old Isaac had disappeared into the darkness, so Joey soon gained control of Sampson. Then they set out in search of Officer Dugan, Sampson victorously waving the remnants of Isaac's garment above his head.

There was a drinking fountain on Officer Dugan's beat, and Joey made Sampson fill up his trunk with water. This was one of Sampson's tricks, so he did it readily enough. In a dark alley they waited the coming of their victim. Officer Dugan had not heard the noise of the attack on the junk shop, so he came sauntering along humming a love ditty, when suddenly a stream of cold water struck him in the face and nearly drowned him. The next moment a black arm knocked him off his feet. Before he could rise the same arm banged him against a telegraph pole and threw him into the street. Officer Dugan was thoroughly frightened and he began to run. Sampson picked up the officer's helmet and gave chase. He caught the policeman, and smashed the helmet over its owner's head before the terrified officer could dart into a stairway too narrow for Sampson to enter.

Joey began to think affairs had gone far enough, so he started Sampson on a trot for home. They entered the quarters without discovery, and in a few minutes Joey had removed all marks of his adventures from Sampson's rough hide. When the watchman awoke and made his rounds, he found everything secure.

That same Easter Sunday afternoon Joey was converted. The pretty young lady was so kind to him that his heart was lifted up, and he even forgave old Isaac and Officer Dugan—which was not so magnanimous, after all.

Fra Hieronymo, of the Dominicans.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

IN all the greatness of mediæval Italy Florence played a part, and in its vices she was not the least. She had great painters and great poets, great princes and great statesmen, great sinners and great saints. History is still bright with the glow from her libraries and churches and ateliers, but many a page has she slimed over by the hand of evil. Once she had fallen so low that her sons no longer bowed before the God of Calvary—their god was the god of Olympus—and her daughters scorned to beg the prayers of Mary. God had been banished from the schools, and children were taught to venerate the pagan deities. Old men, whose childhood had been passed in the calm of Christian faith, under the guidance of Christian mothers, now sneered at Christian practices. They boasted of their "Renaissance," as do murderers of their ghastly crimes. Men who were still good at heart and "poor in spirit," who reverenced the names of Jesus and Mary, were yet ashamed, and—it may be—afraid to let others look into their souls. The young, by the example of their elders, strayed farther and farther from the truth, and found the grove of Daphne very pleasant. They were elegant and refined and learned. They could argue pointedly on the birthplace of Homer, and turn a Latin epigram as wittily as Plautus himself. They could talk beautifully on literature and the arts, and they knew the pagan gods and goddesses and all their relations. And the women,—they fell away, too, and grew vain and worldly and proud.

Hopeless, indeed, is the nation whose women turn from God. Florence seemed hopeless for a time. Even priests, who should have been the guardians of the sanctuary and the exemplars of truth, fell with the others into the pit which the Greek and Roman mythology had dug for them. To tickle the popular taste, their sermons were vain quibblings on scholastic terms, and they were content to prove that men live, when they should have taught them how to die. Their beauty was the pagan beauty—the beauty of form. Their sacred vessels and vestments were modelled for the sensuous, and in one instance they had grown so gross as to adorn an altar with the portrait of a

noted courtesan in the guise of the Madonna!*

But the artists who thus defiled the sanctuaries were allowed much greater scope in decking private oratories. To us of a purer age—thank God!—the existence of these shocking spectacles is almost incredible. In such a depth of irreverence and unfaith, would it be surprising had Florence fallen? With parents plunged in utter paganism, and children tainted with indifference for principles to adopt which has ever been the effort of the wisest, and with God's ministers themselves unworthy of their divine heritage, how great was the danger to Florence!

But Florence was not destined to fall until she had been cleansed in the waters of compunction. When she had reached the pit of degradation, she was saved. In spite of Lorenzo de' Medici's gorgeous displays, wherein shone a crowd of learned flatterers, who wrote poems more *pleasing* than Dante's (so great a man as Pico della Mirandola declared the *Canti Carnascialeschi* of Lorenzo to be superior to the Divina Commedia) Florence was made to see the error of her ways.

And he who rescued Florence from a disgrace worse than death was as humble as his deed was great. Born of respectable parents in Ferrara, September 21, 1452, Girolamo Savonarola early observed the unhappy state of affairs then existing.

We are told that in his youth he declared that he would never become a monk; but led by a force more powerful than mere chance, he one day heard a sermon at Faenza, in the Church of St. Augustine, which changed his life. On the Feast of St. George, 1475, in his twenty-third year, he knocked at the door of the Dominican convent of Bologna, and was admitted as a novice of the Order to which had belonged his master of Aquin.

From a letter to his father, in which he sought to comfort him and explain his sudden flight, may be drawn a picture of his character. Here is an extract:—

"Permit me to explain my motives. You, who so well know how to appreciate the perishable things of earth, judge not with passion like a woman; but, guided by truth, judge according to reason whether I am not right in carrying out my project and abandoning the world. The motive determining me to enter a religious life is this:—the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, the crimes, the pride, the shocking blasphemies, by which the world is polluted, for there is none that doeth good—no, not one. Often and daily have I uttered this verse with tears:

"Heu fuge crudelas terras! Fuge littus avarum."

I could not support the wickedness of the people. Everywhere I saw virtue despised and vice honored. No greater suffering could I have in this world."

He spent seven years in the convent of Bologna, where he plunged with all the ardor of his soul into the study of the Fathers and of the Sacred Scriptures. During his novitiate his conduct was the admiration of all his brethren. It is hard to conceive of the self-imposed penances by which he sought to subdue the flesh. Comfort, as we understand it—physical comfort—did not figure in his life; but the calm that nestled in his countenance and sparkled from his eyes gave proof of his inward ease and contentment.

From Ferrara, whither he had been ordered at his father's prayers, Fra Hieronymo, was sent to the great convent of St. Mark, in Florence. For a few years he was teacher of novices there, but was soon called on to mount the pulpit. His first attempts at preaching were anything but encouraging, and quick he retired to the cloister to pore over his beloved Scriptures. He was soon, however, sent by his superiors to the town of San Gemignano, and here he passed two years' apprenticeship in the art of speaking. His style was rude and unpolished, but the earnestness and force of his very nature stood him in good stead. At San Gemignano he, at least, learned self-confidence. He returned to Florence, to be sent out to preach in various cities of the country.

His powers increased and his fame spread until, in 1486, he was heard at Reggio by the celebrated Pico della Mirandola, the friend of Lorenzo. By his desire, Lorenzo prevailed on the authorities of St. Mark's to recall Savonarola to Florence. At first he preached within the convent walls, but so great were the crowds which thronged to hear him discourse on the Apocalypse, that it became necessary for him to continue his sermons in the church.

In 1491, he preached the Lenten sermons in the cathedral of Florence, and so thoroughly did he move his audience by his impetuous denunciations of vice and by his solemn warn-

* *Vide* Brownson's Quarterly Review, Vol. VIII., p. 243, and also Mrs. Oliphant's "The Makers of Florence."

ings of impending doom, that the city forgot Plato to whisper opinions of the new Christian prophet.

Lorenzo regretted Savonarola's recall and the adherents of Il Magnifico were frightened by the impassioned denunciations of the powerful preacher. The prophetic tone of the monk swelled louder, and by predicting the speedy death of Lorenzo, he produced consternation in the hearts of his hearers. In the meantime, his piety and learning and simplicity, his purity and kindness and gentleness won the love of his brethren within the convent. In 1491, he was elected prior of St. Mark's, and surprised friend and foe alike by refusing to render homage and swear allegiance to the Medici, according to the custom of his predecessors. He declared that God, not Lorenzo de' Medici, had made him prior of St. Mark's. His independence was at the same time admired and hated by Lorenzo, who tried every means to propitiate Savonarola, going to hear Mass at the convent and bestowing liberal alms and precious gifts on the Order. But this generosity of the prince only rendered him more contemptible in the eyes of Savonarola, who publicly proclaimed that such gifts as these were not sufficient to atone for the vices and crimes which Lorenzo had suffered to come, and had helped to bring, upon the Florentines.

Lorenzo the Magnificent died in 1492, within a year after Savonarola had predicted his approaching death. He was succeeded by his son Piero; but the tact and influence of the parent did not descend to the son, and the power of Florence among the states of Italy declined. The Medici were expelled, and in 1494, Charles VIII. made a peaceful entry into the city. The demands of the king were extravagant and the people arose in tumult. Savonarola prevailed upon him to leave the city, and a treaty was signed by which the king was to receive 120,000 florins and to recognize the Republic.

Now a new government, the Consiglio Grande, was formed, and Savonarola was its wisest legislator. His reforms were as great in civil as in religious matters. In the pulpit and in the civil council his voice was raised high against corruption, and that year, instead of the carnival, which had been characterized by obscenity and brutality, there was a grand religious procession through the streets of Florence. Men and women gave up their pride and vanity. The streets, which before had echoed to the words of the *Canti Carnascialeschi*, now resounded with the music of the *Lauds*.

But Savonarola's star was fading. He foresaw the storm before it overwhelmed him. On the night of the 7th of April, 1498, the Convent of St. Mark was assailed by a lawless mob, incited and encouraged by the Signoria, and Savonarola was dragged with two of his brother-monks, as prisoners, before the magistrates. A mock trial ensued and untold tortures were inflicted on the religious. The Pope's commissioners arrived in Florence on the 19th of May. Before these, Savonarola and his companions were again examined, and on the 22d of the same month the sentence of death was published. On the following day the great preacher of Florence, the great Prior of St. Mark's, the great politician and the great reformer—might we also add the great saint?—was suspended, with his two brethren, from the arm of a cross and became a prey for the flames enkindled at its base.

The character of Savonarola has received recognition from every quarter. After his death, pious Florentines besought his intercession. St. Philip Neri looked upon him as no less than a saint. Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, says that "no breath of calumny ever attainted the personal purity of Savonarola." His works passed through the ordeal of Rome unscathed, and to each one of them was granted an authoritative *Imprimatur*. Despite this fact, German Protestants have raised at Worms a bronze monument in which the effigy of Savonarola is placed, in company with those of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse and Prince Frederick of Saxony, as one of the predecessors and helpers of Martin Luther! Let Mrs. Oliphant, herself a Protestant, reply to this brazen—literally brazen—assertion:

"Many efforts have been made to prove by his subordination of rites and ceremonies to spiritual truth and sincerity, by his elevated spiritual appreciation of the love of Christ, of faith in Him, and of the supreme authority of Scripture, that Savonarola was an early Luther, an undeveloped Reformer, an unconscious Protestant. But he was a Protestant only so far as every man is who protests against evil and clings to the good—no other dissent was in his mind. Wherever he saw it, he hated evil with a vigor and passion such as our weakened faculties seem scarcely capable of; but Savonarola's Protestantism ended there, where it began."

Ye Editors Invoke Ye Muse.

THE SUN OF ALL TIME.

MANY a year ago,
Out of the gloom,
There came a sun that has never set;
Nor night hath shrouded, the beams come yet,
Out of the gloom,
Lumen de Lumine.

Into the world there came
Jesu, our Lord,
And loved and hated, for men were men;
And self ruled love. 'Twas not so when
Jesu, our Lord,
Passus et sepultus est.

Many a year ago,
On Easter morn,
The world with sunshine, true hearts with cheer,
But evil hearts were filled with fear.
On Easter morn
Resurrexit.

E. J. M.

AN EASTER LULLABY.

SLEEP, little girl, sleep and rest,
Angels help me guard thy nest,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

Christ, little girl, was once like thee,
Only a babe on Mary's knee,
Smiling on her, as thou smil'st on me,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

Thou wept, little girl, hot tears were shed,
When I told thee how the Saviour bled
To cleanse our sins, and free his dead,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

For thee, little girl, the angels sighed,
For thee, in anguish sweet Mary cried,
For thee, thy God, thy Saviour died,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

Be good, little girl, be good and pray
That Christ may keep thee pure alway,
As pure as thou art this Easter day,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.
As if you slept among the blest,
Sleep, little girl, sleep and rest.

A. W. S.

THE PESSIMIST.

CAN he that long has sought for truth
Relinquish hope without a sigh?
Can wordly fame forgive the youth,
Whose sole ambition was to die?

This life is one so fraught with pain,
So steeped with miseries untold,
But few would live it o'er again
For all the pleasures wealth might hold.

And his short past was one rough way,—
A winding road with thorns o'erspread:
Along the wayside roses lay,
All, in their withered beauty, dead.

W. P. B.

AFTER CALVARY.

THE Dolorous Mother raised His kingly head
Crested with blood; full many a fouler stain
Profaned its grandeur,—agony and strain
Had stamped their grim contortions on the dead;
She clasped His rigid bosom close, all red
From that last thrust that clove His heart in twain,
And sought His eyes for love, but sought in vain,
The Soul that sways this universe had fled.

Then seemed She like that Rizpah who beside
Her untombed slain watched in a long, mad dream,
That drew compassion from the clouds above;
Or like Death's mother, Eve, who stared wild-eyed
Where Abel weltered in a crimson stream
And mocked with vacant eyes his mother's love.

W. P. B.

FROM HEINE.

VENUS, from the foam ascending,
Brings to mind my love's sweet grace;
Brings, alas, that she is bending
To another's fond embrace.

Heart! my heart, within me burning,
Let these frauds not trouble you;
Bear and pardon, never spurning
Acts the little fool may do.

F. E. E.

AT EASTER-TIDE.

THREE days of darkness, then enduring light;
A space of mourning, then a smile-lit age;
A heart in travail, then in joyance dight;
A world made spotless, as is blotted page
From tainture:—such, O Man, thy heritage!

The shadows sombre, lighter grow and rift;
The sunbeams filter through the mirthless air;
The purpled morrow speeds the scudding drift,
And hearts as well as mountains everywhere
Imbued with glory are, for Christ is there.

Not Mary only, nor Thy angels, Lord,
No, nor the few who watched Thy promised rise,
But mountain, ocean, O Thou One adored,
And man, the greatest of Thy entities,
In Thee rejoiceth with the sunlit skies.

J. B.

FELLOWSHIP.

IN childhood we behold with thoughtful eyes,
That life, whate'er it be, swings to and fro—
From bliss retreating, then again from woe,—
Unchanged, save that each day new lights arise.
Thus graced, we see that sorrow ever vies
With joy. Which will prevail? We only know,
This last we wish, as sorrow loathings show,—
Who bleeds for peace, alone will win that prize.

Is self, and nothing more, to be our end?
Should those with powers blest ignore the weak?
Or should they strive to feel another's pain?
The strongest souls a tender hand extend,
The noblest hearts are those that, feeling, seek
To render aid, not craving selfish gain.

F. E. E.

Miranda's Easter Bonnet.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, 97.

UNCLE EZRA sat in his rocking-chair by the window, contentedly smoking his pipe, and watching the chickens that came up on the back porch to pick up the few crumbs swept out of the kitchen. The window was wide open; for the noon had already worn past, and the slow "cluck, cluck" of the hens told well how warm and comfortable the sunshine was. Down in the barn-yard, the cow was standing with her head over the fence, as though she were longing to go back once more to the meadow, to snip off the tiny blades of sprouting grass. The steady dripping upon the tin roof betokened the going of winter and the bright days of early spring.

It was welcome to no one more than to Ezra. He was tired of sitting by the stove, all the time, when the snow was heaped up outside and the air was frosty. Nothing would do him more good than to see the fields green again, and to plant the straight rows of radishes and onions and lettuce in the garden;—for Uncle Ezra was somewhat infirm, and could do nothing except this, and only when the air was not too cold or the sunshine was not too warm.

He was not very old; but misfortune had fallen upon him so heavily that old age was brought on before his years had counted many above forty. It was not long ago that they had laid his Emma under the willows in a quiet corner of the graveyard. And the flowers—the wreaths and anchors which had been placed upon her grave by the mourners—had hardly withered when Jeremiah ran away. Through this second gloom, cast down upon him before the first had begun to clear away, the sunshine hardly ever came until a long time after. He loved his boy Jerry dearly, and had in store great things for him. Many bitter hours were spent grieving for him; but now his heart had grown tender and he was willing to let bygones be bygones, should the boy ever come back.

He lived with his married sister, and had sufficient,—or, as the old men said, "'nuff to live on comf'tably 'thout workin'." Never had he a thought of changing his life. The days came and went quietly; he had tobacco to smoke, something to eat, and somewhere to sleep. What more could a feeble old man wish? In this monotonous existence he gradually gave up hope of ever seeing Jerry again, and of dreaming how tall and strong he must have grown.

To-day when everything was beginning to look green and fresh and bright, and the birds came twittering into the sunshine, his mind began to wander back to the days when Emma lived, when Jerry was a boy. This reverie was speedily ended by the fluttering and cackling of the chickens escaping the wrath of Lucinda who stood in the door-way clapping her hands and crying, "shoo—shoo-oo, sh—oo. Blame them chickens, anyway! 'Course, John's left the gate open an' he knows 's I do thet the pesky things 'ud come in the house, if they got the chance. I'm goin' to kill 'em off. They don't lay anyhow."

Uncle Ezra chuckled at this sudden outbreak and said to himself softly: "Dum the critters. They *do* be more trouble 'n they're worth." He filled his pipe again, and was just beginning to look out into the sunshine, when Lucinda, with much bustling, took out her sewing-basket and sat down near him. "Oh, dear!" she said with a sigh, "I do hope this scrubbin' an' warshin' will soon be done with. There's all the ironin' to be done to-morrow mornin', too; besides cookin' dinner an' sweepin' the front room. I told Mirandy she'd haf' to give up her sewin' an' come home to help me. She hates to leave her sewin', too, bein' it's so near Easter. She's been workin' extry long now-days, so's she kin buy herself an Easter bonnet; but she's got to quit; I can't help it." To see if these words had any effect upon Ezra, Lucinda looked up at him.

She had always wished to see her daughter well-dressed and neat. Uncle Ezra had more than enough money to supply his wants many more days than he was likely to live; perhaps he would give Mirandy what she needed. But it was not so to him. Lucinda's words had been lost to his ears; he was unmoved. The smoke curled upward around his head, and his face was still turned toward the window. Lucinda made another attempt.

"John says he'll give her somethin', mebbe, if she stays home to help me; but that won't be half enough to buy what she wants."

This time he turned slowly as if he had not understood.

"Umh?"

"Oh, Mirandy,—she's been a-wantin' to buy herself a—"

"Well, she's been a-gettin' money fer her

sewin,' haint she? I don't see why she can't."

"Yes, I know. But spring's comin' on, now, an' soon I'll have to work in the garden an' such, an' its purty near Easter and house-cleanin' time, too. She's goin' to stay home an' do the work with me."

"She's been a-working on her own hook fer mor'n two months. What'd she do with all that money!"

"Oh, she had to have a new dress, an' I tol' her she'd better spend it fer that. That used up all but two dollars 'n a half, las' week's pay. That's all she gets now."

"Humph!" said Ezra, turning away, "I should think that 'd be 'bout 'nuff to buy whatever bonnet she wants."

"Oh, my! no! It costs nearly eight, an' she's been expectin' to—" But Uncle Ezra laid his pipe on the window-sill and closed his eyes. He did not care to bother his mind about Mirandy's troubles—she was not a favorite of his—and Lucinda's hints were anything but agreeable to him. Money, moreover, was a thing he thought too dear to be wasted on Easter bonnets.

Mirandy thereafter stayed at home; scrubbed the floor, washed the dishes, ironed until her back ached. All the time, Easter Sunday was more darkened. The effect of the bright new dress would be spoiled, if she had to wear the old hat which already had been made to last for more days than it was intended. There was no way out of the difficulty, as far as she could see; she must take things as they came.

Everyone had to bear the brunt of her ill-nature. She answered her father shortly—whenever he asked anything, which was seldom—grumbled whenever her mother sent her to work; quarrelled with her younger brother, and never spoke to Uncle Ezra at all, unless it was to tell him to get out of the room while she swept.

Her father never thought of what had changed her disposition. Lucinda knew that he worked hard for what little he had, and—though she told Uncle Ezra so—knew that he was not willing to waste anything for a bonnet his daughter had taken a fancy to.

During all this time the days grew so warm and fresh that Uncle Ezra roused himself from his winter-time stupor, and began to take his short walks up and down before the house. The yard was already becoming green; the old rose-bush was beginning to shed its gray color and take on a fresh hue. Everything seemed to be happy.

One afternoon, as Ezra went along slowly with his hands behind his back, drinking in the good that spring-time brings, he met his old friend, Bob Strain. He must have been looking down, for he didn't see him until they closed upon each other.

"I say, Ezry," Bob said hobbling up and rolling the cud of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, "bully weather, ain't it? I went down to the store, and durned if I didn't get four or five things my wife never mentioned. I never could remember well to save my soul. But Jim gave me this here letter fer ye', be n' as I was goin' up your way."

Ezra chuckled out of sympathy, because he had nothing else to do.

"Fer me?"

"Course. Ye see I didn't know but that ye wouldn't be down fer some time, so I brought 'long. How ye feelin', to-day?"

Ezra did not heed this last question. He was busily engaged in fumbling in his pockets for his spectacles.

"Bob, ye read it fer me. I must ha' lef' my spec's on the window in the house."

"All right!" said Bob, in turn fumbling in his pockets, "been a purty long time since I read a letter. 'Herschel, Illinois, March 29. My dear father—'"

"Blame it, Bob! That aint fer me. Look again."

"Fact, see: 'Your son, Jeremiah.'"

"What! Jerry! My Jerry! No; it can't be!" exclaimed Ezra trembling with excitement. The letter seemed so impossible that he was slow to believe.

"Sure 'nuff, said Bob, reading, "with my wife and two children."

"Well, I'll be blamed!" Ezra stood aghast with his mouth open and his hands stretched out in surprise. That all this good should come so unexpectedly, after he had given up all hope, was more than he could stand without showing some sign of happiness. He left Bob standing at the gate post, chuckling gleefully at his actions, and almost ran into the house. The first one he met was John who, stupefied at this outbreak, let the old man shake his hand.

"Jerry's married!"

"Married?" blurted out John, "what the thunder ye talkin—"

Ezra dashed into the kitchen, where Mirandy was peeliug potatoes.

"Jerry's sound and 'live! An' here," he said, going to the drawer of the cupboard, which served as his strong box, "mebbe you'd like to get that bonnet Lindy was tellin' me 'bout?"

On the Island.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

"YOU may talk about the beauty of Helen and Cleopatra and all the other darlings, Marshall, but here's the picture of a Mormom maid that I'll wager my estate is lovelier than any of them. Just look at those eyes,—how expressive! And that forehead,—how intellectual! Those cheeks,—how perfect! Those exquisitely arched brows and that shock of wavy, auburn hair! Oh! she's a dream Marshall,—she's a dream!"

Marshall was reclining on the sofa near the open window reading the morning paper, and had scarcely noticed his friend Gunther enter the room, but at these exclamations he looked quickly, and said: "Gunther, what in the name of Mahomet are you ranting about now?"

"Who wouldn't rant about such a face as this?" said Gunther, handing his friend a bank check, on the upper left-hand corner of which was engraved the picture of a young woman.

To Eastern people, the custom of Western business men in placing portraits of some idolized member of their families, usually a favorite daughter, on their letter-heads, and other business forms, may seem a curious practice. But, nevertheless, it is much in vogue, and is only another way of expressing the unbounded goodness of the Western heart.

The note which Gunther had was a cashier's check from the Citizens National Bank at Carmine City, Utah. It called for five thousand dollars and was payable to the order of H. Granville Gunther, in payment of several shares of Crescent mining stock which he had sold the previous day. Beneath the portrait of the young woman was the name "Virginia," and on the opposite corner was that of "Percival DeGroot, President," from which Gunther and his friend inferred that she was his daughter.

At luncheon that day Gunther showed the check to Mrs. Dickinson, their aunt and hostess, and asked her if she knew the DeGroots.

"Indeed," she replied, "they are very dear friends of mine; and are just one of the best families in the territory. This is Virginia, their only daughter; she is one of the sweetest girls living, and I shall be delighted to make you acquainted with her, when they come to Conference, next week. Virginia has a lover, named Fifefield, a faithless one, I believe, and in no way worthy of her. Two years ago he was sent, a missionary, to Constantinople to preach the book of Mormon to the Godless Turks, and not a word has he written to poor Virginia. For a time she was almost heart-broken, but now a reaction has begun, and she hates the very sound of his name."

"Thank you, dear aunt," said Gunther, "I am most anxious to meet Miss DeGroot, and shall wait patiently for Conference week."

Now, Conference week, among the Mormons, is a busy season, indeed. It is that particular period when the good saints lay aside all worldly cares and turn toward "Zion"—vulgarly known as Salt Lake—and there elect church officers for the ensuing twelve months, deliberate on financial affairs, and return thanks to heaven for the great victories gained over Satan during the year past.

On the third day of Conference, Gunther and Marshall joined Mrs. Dickinson and her daughters for a ride to Fort Douglas, and returned in time for services in the Tabernacle. As they were about to enter, a carriage drove up to the east portal, and from it there alighted a young woman, accompanied by a handsome, light-complexioned man of middle age. They were yet in the shadow of the buttress; but they stepped into the moonlight and Gunther stood in silent admiration at her beauty. And when, she and her escort, who proved to be her father, had drawn near and were introduced as Mr. DeGroot and his daughter Virginia, Gunther glanced at Marshall with a look that said: "Now, old man, is my ideal shattered?"

After services, Mrs. Dickinson brought the DeGroots home with her and they spent the evening very pleasantly, playing "magic music.' It would be impossible to spend it otherwise in the company of Gunther and his cousins, for their happy natures would almost instil life into a sphinx; but in Virginia DeGroot, they had an equal at fun making. Indeed she could enjoy a joke past or present, and in the meantime dictate far-reaching schemes for the future. Gunther found her even more charming in conversation than in looks, and Mrs. Dickinson whispered to Maudie and Josie that it was a case of love between them from the start. Her speculation proved to be correct; for Gunther made frequent trips to Carmine City, and before many months, Virginia, like the far-famed Annie Laurie, gave him her promise true.

And do the extremes meet? Well, I should say they do! For Virginia and Gunther, although

much alike in disposition and tastes were as different as day and night in complexion. Virginia was a blonde, in the superlative degree, and Gunther was as dark as a Turk, but handsome beyond cavil. It is said that light colors never appear so light as when placed in juxtaposition with dark ones, and Virginia's golden hair and blue eyes made a beautiful contrast with Gunther's dark dimensions.

It was half-past eight on a beautiful September evening; nearly all the bathers had left the surf at Garfield Beach. The orchestra was breathing forth the sweet strains of a waltz, to which a few couples in the bowery were floating away like flowers on the stream of pleasure.

Gunther and Virginia were just returning from a walk along the shore of the lake. The music, the moonlight, the echoing waves, and Virginia's voice, filled his heart with gladness; and once more he was heartily in accord with Byron in that poet's apostrophes to the stars, the ocean, and the mountains. They had just entered the walk which leads from the pavilion to the bowery, when they met a dark-complexioned young man. He stopped and looked closely at Virginia; then took off his hat, drew near and extended his hand; but Virginia shrank from him and partly drew Gunther in front of her, saying: "I know you not."

"I always considered you a woman of character," said Fifefield, for it was he—a hellish look on his face,— "but I see I am mistaken."

"Stand back, sir!" said Gunther. "Repeat those words and I will give you cause to regret them."

"And who are you to speak thus?" said the missionary. "I will have you understand that this woman is my promised wife," he continued, "and that I can compel her to come with me this instant if I choose."

"I will see," said Gunther, "that she never does go with you."

"Were we anywhere else," said Fifefield, "I would give you an opportunity to make good that resolution."

"I am not particular as to the location," said Gunther, thoroughly aroused. "Name your place; I will meet you on equal ground."

"On Buffalo Island at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, forty-four calibre "Colts" at twenty paces," retorted the missionary. "My name is Myron Wellman Fifefield."

"I accept your challenge. My name is H. Granville Gunther."

The two men looked each other steadily in the eyes for a minute, then Fifefield passed on and joined the great crowd that was going towards the station to take the evening train for the city. Gunther and Virginia waltzed no more that evening. They retired to a quiet seat and listened to the orchestra and the ceaseless breaking of the waves against the shore. To Gunther they made the sweetest music and delighted him; but to Virginia they bore a sad refrain, and seemed to whisper that at the rising of to-morrow's sun when the world would be all gladness, a young life full of promise and poetry, would, for her sake, end in disgrace. She thought it might be Fifefield's; she hoped it would not be Gunther's, and again she wished it would be neither. She had a strong inclination to ask Gunther to seek a settlement with Fifefield; but she knew how the former's proud spirit would recoil from such a proposition. No alternative was possible, the duel must take place.

Buffalo Island is a small tract of land that lies near the south end of Great Salt Lake. Isolated from the world, it was, in early days, an available place for the enactment of duels, prize-fights, and other proceedings which would call for the intervention of law.

The sun rose bright the next morning, and never did Utah's lofty mountains and green valleys appear lovelier. Gunther and Virginia arrived at the beach by the early train from Carmine City. Virginia was the picture of sadness, as Marshall, Gunther's cousin, assisted them into the boat, and steered toward Buffalo Island. Gunther never appeared more jovial, and he did his best to cheer up Virginia. He was one of those sons of the West who are thoroughly convinced that our existence is but a fleeting vapor, and whether death be an eternal sleep or the beginning of another life, it is better to be joyous while we do live, for we will be an awfully long time dead.

Fifefield and two of his friends were waiting on the Island and helped Gunther and his party to land. When they were ashore, the missionary turned to Gunther, and said: "Mr. Gunther, while I do not shrink from my engagement with you this morning, I have met you for different purposes than those we agreed upon. It becomes me as a man to apologize to Miss DeGroot and yourself for my rash and hasty words of last evening. I was wrong to think of making a breach between Miss DeGroot and yourself. It was only my mad love for her that rushed me on to such an act. Without her my life will be dark; but it is better that one heart should ache than that three should be broken." Then Gunther and Fifefield shook hands, while Virginia amid smiles and tears asked them to be always friends.

A Fancied Decadence in Letters.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

AMONG a certain class of people there is a tendency ever to look backward, to ignore the present and the future, and to sigh continually for the good old days that are gone. This is especially true as regards literature, and it is a very common thing to hear persons comment upon the degeneration of letters, and grieve over our supposed literary decadence.

In magazines such as our college exchanges, for instance, one very frequently comes across articles with some such title as "A Plea for the Old Authors." The writers of these seldom content themselves with making a plea for the old authors, but usually indulge in a tirade against the new ones. Their idea seems to be that everything new should be brushed away in order that we may the better see everything old; and they also tell us that novel-writing, in fact, literature in general, died with Thackeray and is still with him in the grave. They all, of course, bring in the stereotyped thing about the market's being flooded with trash, and they would lead us to believe that our good taste and judgment have been drowned in the deluge.

This erratic abuse of everything new by those who wish to advocate anything old is certainly not sane. We all agree that Thackeray's volumes should not be used as dust gatherers, but because of this, it does not follow that we should rise up and protest against the printing of such books as Stevenson's.

I have noticed though, that the writers of these "pleas" find it convenient to overlook Stevenson as well as many other authors; they harp continually on "The Heavenly Twins," and would have us consider this book the master production of the age. Here, of course, is the first error. For "The Heavenly Twins," although bits of it may be clever and well written, can hardly be taken as a criterion, or cited as the best example of the modern novel. No one denies that there appear each year a great many poor attempts at novel-writing; but it is wrong to assume that these attempts constitute our literature, or that the readers of them direct literary taste or sentiment.

I can find no reason why we cannot develop great writers to-day; this idea of degeneration is all bosh, and the men of to-day compare favorably with those of a century ago, and will likely be considered just as great by future generations. There are a number of supposed giants in literature who are placed on high pedestals, much the same as the saints are in religion; we are taught to venerate them and we learn to believe that they have reached a height which the men of our day, owing, perhaps, to a change of climate, can never hope to attain. In the matter of comparing the writers of modern times with those of an earlier period, the latter have an advantage—their work is taken as the standard of judgment, and what does not come up to it is thought to be lacking. It should be remembered that times and ideas are subject to change, and that the novel written for the public of to-day must necessarily differ from that of other times. I wish by no means to underrate the old masters. I think that Thackeray's novels are excellent, and I enjoy Dickens, and, furthermore, I grant that these earlier men deserve praise for being, as some of them were, pioneers in the field. This praise is certainly due them, and is willingly given; but what I object to is this idea that they alone knew how to make literature, and that they stand incomparably above everyone that followed them.

That my point of view is a just one can be appreciated if one will stop for a moment to glance at the modern writers, the great number of them, and the excellent work they have done. Let us take the two principal departments of prose in our literature, which are the works of fiction and the essay. In both of these we find many able writers.

It would be impossible to dwell on all, or even many, of the prominent literary men in a short paper, and merely to enumerate them would be pointless. So I would rather endeavor to establish my assertions by picking out, as examples, just a few modern writers who are representative of modern literature. Let us consider first the lovable Stevenson. Merely to mention his name is to refute the charge that modern letters are not of the higher order, as well as to emphasize that from the view-point of style, our literature has reached perfection.

Stevenson's best work is found in his essays —the two collections "Memories and Portraits" and "Virginibus Puerisque," which might, without exaggeration, be called store-houses of cleverness, for they abound in bright and original thought. These essays, to start with, are written in a style which is unsurpassed for

clearness and beauty; and, indeed, taken as a whole, they are quite as good as anything of the same kind done by the older writers.

Not only as an essayist, but also as a novelist, or, more strictly, as a narrator, Stevenson has gained just distinction. It may be urged that his novels have little in them. Well, perhaps, they are not strong or deep studies, but they are interesting, and are beautifully written.

His tales fall short of being great and masterly novels because they were never intended for that class. The purpose of them all is explained in the preface to one of the Scottish tales in which Stevenson tells us that he had written the story, not with the hope of making a great novel, but merely to give amusement to the lad who has laid aside his Ovid to seek an hour's recreation. That his purpose was accomplished no one can doubt, and I imagine that not only the lad, but many a man has found pleasure in the simple and interesting stories told by him, whom the Samoans styled "Tusitala"—the teller of tales. Stevenson, however, cannot be taken as the best example of the modern novelist; he has written narratives rather than novels, and will, as I have said, live through his essays. We have, though, a list of writers who are, strictly speaking, novelists, and to one or two of these I would call attention. Let us remark here that it is no easy task to write a novel that will suit the public of to-day. Readers go in with a very critical eye and demand of their novelists, not only action, but, above all, art.

Probably the best example I could select of the modern novelists is F. Marion Crawford, who is to be classed with the romanticists and may well be taken as the representative of his branch of literature. Mr. Crawford has written more than any of his fellows; he has already produced twenty-five novels, and all of them are good, while several bear the stamp of greatness. "Saracinesca" is considered by everyone to be a masterpiece; it is certainly a very strong and, indeed, great novel, and is destined to live long. Mr. Crawford excels in his creation of powerful scenes; of these we have examples in many of his books, notably in "Greifenstein," "The Witch of Prague," and especially in "Casa Braccio." "Casa Braccio" is, indeed, powerful all the way through, and it bids fair to rival "Saracinesca" for first place on its author's wonderful list. In short, I consider Mr. Crawford a great novelist; he has secured a position among the best which will not be disputed.

There is yet another branch of fiction that I might speak of and select one man to represent it, and that is the moderate realistic school, whose best representative is W. D. Howells.

Mr. Howells, like Mr. Crawford, is undoubtedly a novelist of the higher order; his descriptive work and delineation of character are especially fine, while his literary style is always excellent.

Mr. Howells' humor is a feature of his writings, and is shown to best advantage in his charming little farces. Speaking of his descriptive power, I am sure there is no truer picture of life than the one given in Mr. Howells' "A Boy's Town."

I have mentioned but these three as examples of the modern novelists; but, of course, there are many others that should be spoken of in a thorough discussion of the subject. Besides the novelists, we have many writers of short stories and sktches who constitute a separate and important department of literature. The short story is, essentially, a piece of art work, and everyone must admit that it takes genius to write a good one.

Not only in fiction, but also in essay writing, modern literature is well represented. I have already mentioned Stevenson, and passing over the lesser essayists, I would call attention to one or two of the most prominent Americans in the field to support my assertion as to the standard maintained in that part of our literature. We can boast of the great Emerson, who stands in the forefront and speaks for himself; then there is Dr. Holmes, whose sketches, interspersed with his delicate humor, are so delightful. We have also Lowell, who, from the literary standpoint, was perhaps the best of our essayists and the ablest of our critics. It is, then, essays from such men as these that go to form this part of modern literature.

I find that I have written much, and yet have given but a hurried glance at modern prose. There are a host of writers I have not even named, but more could not be done with so vast a subject. All I hoped for was to call attention to the fact, so often overlooked, that we really have in recent literature, a great many excellent writers. I am sure this is all that it is necessary to say; for if anyone will reflect for a moment, he will see the truth of the assertion—that we are not so degenerate after all, and that we have a bright and complete galaxy of writers who have kept high the literary standard of our age.

A French Correspondence.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.

HAROLD EDGARSON was a man whose calling had served to make him precise and matter of fact in all his undertakings. The tender passion had never intruded upon his calculating thoughts, although he possessed the greatest admiration and deference for the fair sex. His daily routine as manager and partner in a large wholesale establishment had gradually stamped its impress upon his character, and at thirty years of age Harold was as methodical and fixed in his habits as are most men of fifty. A modest dinner at a well-kept restaurant generally concluded his day's work, and he was then always ready to seek the quiet of his bachelor quarters, and almost lost in his large arm-chair, he would sit before his grate fire—if it were winter—smoking his briar pipe and trying to find out from one of New York's evening papers what the world had been doing in the past twenty-four hours. Often he gave up the task in disgust, and sought the more pleasant fields of fiction in one of the current magazines; but he managed, as a rule, to keep in a sort of a self-satisfied mood, living the ideal life of a young bachelor.

Harold was not a pessimist. His surroundings were always the most cheerful, and his young friend Higgins was as jovial and as enthusiastic a companion as one could wish. Of course, they understood each other perfectly. They had been old college chums, and liked nothing better than sitting up into the wee hours of the night, talking of old times and old places. This was Harold's acme of pleasure, and seldom did Ned Higgins persuade his sedate friend to share in pleasures of a more worldly nature. But life must have its variety even for a philosopher; and when variety came for him it generally extended no farther than a trip to the theatre to see the star that all New York was raving about. And when the play was over and Higgins would ask his companion "what he thought?" he was not at all taken back at receiving some comment on the artistic manner in which the drapery was hung in the second scene, or about the delightful appearance made by John, the starring lady's coachman.

It was on just such an occasion as this that the two were strolling up Fifth Avenue after witnessing Mlle. de la Ronieré's first appearance in New York.

"And so she wants a position?" said Harold. slowly.

"*She?* Oh! you mean Miss Sterling? Why, yes. That was her brother who sat next to her. She is, I assure you, old boy, a most charming young lady, who has been left dependent for support, in a large measure, upon her own exertions. She comes of a most estimable Virginia family; but her father, shortly before his death, lost his fortune in speculation. Coming to the city, her brother, through the kind offices of some of his father's friends, has secured a position in one of the banks, and has been able in a modest way to support his mother and sister. Yes, it was only last evening that she asked me to try and secure her a position as stenographer. She feels that she ought to add her share to the support of her widowed mother."

"And a very noble sentiment indeed!"

"Certainly, I told her it did her great credit and that I would take pleasure in trying to secure one for her. But I had no idea, old fellow, you had a position vacant. If I did not know you better"—and he smiled meaningly at Harold. "I would think that it was created for the occasion. No trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no! gone out of the city indefinitely. She will call in the morning, I presume?"

"I am sure," replied Higgins quickly. "And try to give her a trial at least. But you must watch out, Hal; she is no ordinary girl. It would never do for you to fall in love. Bye the bye, you know I'm off for Belgium next week. But here's my car, we'll discuss that later on at 'Bachelor's Quarters,' and he hurried off leaving his friend not a little bewildered.

The next morning Harold found himself still thinking of Miss Sterling, and as he read his paper at the breakfast table, it was with a half feeling of fear that he reverted to his conversation of the previous evening, and recollected that Mabel Sterling would probably call at his office that very morning, an applicant for a position. Harold Edgarson was a man of pure thoughts and pure life, and he had always held woman in high esteem as a being above and apart from his own sphere. He had sometimes thought, as every man is liable to think upon occasions, that the companionship of a wife whom he could love and respect would fill out and round the joy of his existence, but his quiet bachelor life seemed to preclude the possibility of his ever meeting with the being whom he had pictured in his dreams. And now he found himself all

unexpectedly paying homage to a face upon which he had looked the first time only the evening before, and the owner of which he had never met. With a multitude of such thoughts crowding on his brain, Harold finished his breakfast and started for his office.

It was late in the morning when Miss Sterling called and asked for Mr. Edgarson. She was shown into his office, and Harold stood face to face with the woman who had occupied his waking thoughts for the past twelve hours. He heard her request patiently, and when she had finished he hesitated quite perceptibly before replying. He half hoped she would keep on speaking. Her soft voice, her charming Southern accent, were something new to Harold's ear, and he thought he never granted a favor so awkwardly as he did this one. Of course, he granted it. He had made up his mind to that the evening before. His hesitation was due to no wavering of his mind. Had she not applied, it would be hard to depict Harold's disappointment, and, now that she had spoken, to refuse was simply out of the question.

And so Miss Sterling entered upon what the new woman might call her business career, but which to her mind seemed a kind and providential means of earning a few more comforts for a mother whom she loved devotedly, and of lightening the burden of a brother whom she respected with all the gratitude of her sisterly heart. She found that the duties of the position were not very trying, and somehow Harold Edgarson contrived to make them as light as possible. The most pleasant portion of his daily labor was the time spent in dictating letters to his fair stenographer and watching her shapely hand jot down the mysterious characters that represented his utterances. He soon discovered, also, that his old-time aversion to worldly pleasures was fast disappearing, and the theatre, which he formerly regarded with such indifference was becoming very interesting. Higgins, who was in Belgium, would have been surprised to learn of this change. But Miss Sterling's company was admirable, and the evenings they spent together were many and pleasant.

Before Harold was aware he had practically admitted to himself that he was "heels over head in it." He had borne his love in silence and had hoped; but what right had he to suppose that his idol would listen to his suit? Several times he had been tempted to give expression to his thoughts, but hesitated either from the fear of not meeting with success, or at the thought that Miss Sterling might be constrained in her answer from the fact that she held a position depending upon his pleasure. "But life in its present condition is worthless," he soliloquized one Saturday afternoon. "If I'm not a confirmed chump I would like to know the definition of one." He glanced over the noon mail and noticed a letter with foreign postage. It was from Higgins, and as he tore it open and read its sixteen closely written pages he forgot everything but the brimming interest it contained. "Lucky cuss," he said half aloud as he finished reading it and asked Miss Sterling to take down from his dictation the answer which ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, Aug. 16, '95.

"MY DEAR NED:

"Your welcome favor of the ninth has just reached me, and I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed reading of the delightful tour you are now making on the continent of Europe. I was able to visit again in imagination the old familiar scenes at Louvain, and felt myself grow young once more under the magic of your words. And dear old Louvait is married, and such a happy household as you describe. Here I am growing old—disconsolate imbecile that I am—and honestly becoming tired of everything and everybody.

"But, dear Ned, I'm going to let you into a secret. You mustn't shout so loud as to let anyone hear—*I am in love*. Yes, it is the truth, and I am afraid to let the beautiful creature know how much I adore her. I know George has often blessed the day when he had courage to open his heart to the idols of his dreams. But then, Ned, he was younger than I am, when he gave up the worthless life of a bachelor. We're not as valiant at winning hearts at thirty as at twenty. I am sure you will be anxious to learn all about this affair of my heart; I'll let you know if I am successful; but if I should fail you will perhaps—but let that be—if this woman, at whose feet I adore; upon whom I would lavish every pleasure that desperate love and a fortune can purchase; without whom my life must be a dreary, dreamless blank; who has given me not a single sign that my love is returned—except a slight trembling of her hand—and a blush—Yes and a smile, dear Ned, that tells me her answer is—"

He was not speaking for dictation now, for the pencil had fallen from the girl's hand and he stood half doubting.

"Why do you hesitate, Harold?" she said shyly. "What is her answer?"

Our Modern Literature.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

FOR culture in the fine arts, particularly literature, the nineteenth century has eclipsed most of its predecessors. Never, since the days of old Greece, has there been such a prolific display of the work of cultivated talent; and surely never before have the departments of literature been so diversified. It seems as though the fruits of every preceding century have been gathered together and emptied pell-mell into our own. There was the Classic school, the Romantic, the Idealistic and the Realistic; each stood alone and marked some epoch in the world's history.

In the present century, no one school has predominated. Each has advocated its own superiority with about equal success; and each has absorbed public attention for a short space and then given way to another. They are becoming more closely associated, so that it is very difficult to define just where one leaves off and another begins. "Saracinesca" has a tinge of realism about it. "David Balfour" is partly romantic and partly realistic; so also with "Kidnapped," and many other standard novels which reflect the spirit of the people.

We might well felicitate ourselves on the rich legacies of former ages were it not that much of our inheritance is obnoxious. Our literature is not so pure as it might be. Its aims are, too often, perverted. The tendency to regard everything in an evil light shows a cropping out of degeneracy. Wherever this spirit permeates, an unwholesome influence is generated. Thus far, however, it has been confined to the circle of naturalistic writers. They have advocated their pernicious doctrine through that great medium of expression—the novel; and their success has been marvellous.

Zola is a brazen example of this class of writers. There is no doubt but that he possesses rare talents and a graceful style. He is a close observer of character; but all his intellectual faculties are concentrated in raking up the refuse of human nature, He is never at ease until his characters wallow in the most abject debauchery; his scenes are laid in grog shops and hospitals, and his pen is ever dripping with filth. This he deems to be the loftiest grade in art. He even adduces arguments to prove that it elevates man, makes him appreciate the full significance and beauty of life. He holds it on high for the edification of humanity and tells his fellow-man to read and profit thereby.

The trouble is, too many do read. It is rather novel after all,—this photography of life's nudity. It is an innovation in character sketching. One can scarcely call it immoral in the sense the writers of Addison's time convey. It is too rough for that. It converses with the reader as a physician at some medical congress expatiating on a disease. This blemish on literature has not yet affected England or America, and probably never will. But there is another and more popular tendency which, while not affecting the moral side of literature, is none the less ominous of grave consequences.

In the early stages of English literature, style was always subservient to thought. The idea was what men sought for, and it mattered little to them how that idea was dressed. But as the language became consolidated, writers perfected themselves more and more in the art of expression. To-day, a man professing any literary attainments whatever must, first of all, have acquired a graceful flow of words, otherwise his productions will remain unread.

This finical proclivity pervades every art of the present age. Men have lost sight of the true ideal—the ideal of poetry which finds its realization in the symphony of music, the soul-inspiring bust and painting, and in the animating rhythm of verse. They have been influenced by the materialistic spirit of the age, and their productions reflect their own ideas and sentiments. They wish to reduce everything to a concrete basis. Therefore, instead of striving to express the spiritual and sublime, they content themselves by dealing with materialistic subjects only.

The form of literature most palatable to the public at present is the short story. It affords pleasure and recreation to the mind; beyond that, its mission is useless. One can never obtain from it a deep view of life. It is merely an instance, a sketch,—a single catastrophe consistently worked out. This is but another evidence of the prevailing fancies and tastes of the people. It is a degeneracy of thought in another form.

When Thackeray, George Eliot and Dickens wrote, they selected their plots and characters from life about them. So, for that matter, does

Crawford and others who realize the importance of the novel. These authors studied out the characters they were to sketch; and when these characters did appear, they were worth the time spent on them. They are not mere books of pleasure, those masterpieces. One must study them to appreciate their bountiful store of ideas. Their characters breathe and speak as human beings, and they exercise as much influence as many a person in real life.

Here lies the great difference between the short story and the novel; between the style of to-day and that of fifty years ago. As regards technique, Thackeray is slovenly, compared with many of our modern authors. He overlooked small defects with a carelessness that would be inexcusable in our day. And his plots—why, his plots showed the lethargy from which he had to force himself to dash off each succeeding chapter. Still, what one of our modern authors approaches him in originality of thought and style, and in forcible delineation of character? Stevenson may; but Stevenson cultivated thought as well as style.

Proficiency in style is in itself beneficial. It regulates the channels of one's thoughts; that and that only is its mission. When it has been acquired through a sacrifice of the intellect, then it is misused; it becomes an art of mere jugglery in which words are the implements. This is the end towards which it is now drifting; and when it does reach that stage, a reaction will set in; all the delicately graduated measures of literary value will be thrust aside and Walt Whitman will be the universal idol.

The present generation has talent, and to spare, yet it abuses it lavishly, almost thoughtlessly. It is obvious that our young authors are actuated by motives other than noble ambition. There must be some deep logical reason for this fickleness,—this veneer without anything beneath it. We have no relish for any production that smacks of antiquity. Even outside of our own century, Shakspere is the only writer really popular. Yet, we admire the wisdom of the different ages when it is clothed in modern style.

Few, if any, of our authors will live in the future. Even the novels of Stevenson can scarcely survive the onslaught of time. Thus far in the history of literature, only the useful and instructive productions have been cherished through succeeding generations. How then can one expect our short-story writers to outlive their time. Their style may have been charming, but what does it all amount to? Who will profit by their labors? Men are not affected morally by mere attractive diction.

In verse, as in prose, thought is made subservient to style. The first question now is, whether the form is perfect. If its rhythm is harmonious; if no discords jar the modulation, and if the rhymes are perfect the important requisite has been filled. The thought may come after, or it may not come at all. This sort of verse is mere evidence of technical skill. No other pleasure emanates from it beyond the scansion of its metre. The intellect is hampered and subjected to the materialistic faculties of the mind. There is no breadth of freedom such as inspires one in our earlier poets; no strength of character or solidity of purpose. It will require a reaction to indicate to writers and to the people the real beauty—the beauty of the soul.

Echoes and Parodies.

IN Heaven, all human science takes form as axioms; God and His love for man are the problems infinite and unanswerable.

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It is one thing to know the language of flowers—any addle-pate, by diligent searching, may find it in the cyclopedias; it is another and a very different thing to understand the tongue the blossoms speak—the knowledge esoteric which is the birthright of great poets.

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Whom critics sneer at as minor poets are, if they have ever felt the wind of Inspiration's swift-beating wings, only less great than Dante and Homer and Shakspere, the masters of all time. They have their uses, and there would be less of laughter and sunshine and light-hearted joy i' the world, if they had never fingered lute-strings—not daring the organ-pipe. Listening to the subtle cadences of the wood-thrush, we forget the halting, reiterated notes of the robin-herald of spring-time: yet March without our jaunty, rough-coated redbreast would be a dreary time indeed. And the creole, who is the song-critic of our faithfully faithless troubadours, does wrong to smile at the rapturous welcome we give to the robin, but deny to his brother-minstrel of the golden, wonderful throat.

D. V. C.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 5, 1896.

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

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

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

THE SCHOLASTIC gives Easter greeting to its many friends. The Staff has labored faithfully to make this issue of more than ordinary interest, and we trust that our readers may find it not too tedious. The path of the college journalist is not hedged in with primroses, nor has it a surfeit of shade-trees. For most of us, it is a rambling way over the stony places and across the new-ploughed fields of class-work, and if, at times, our sentences droop to a weary ending, we are not without excuse. We have given you of our best in prose and verse, and we beg your gentle consideration and gracious indulgence for our work.

FROM the mechanical point of view, this is, perhaps, the most seemly SCHOLASTIC ever issued from our press. Our printers have done their work well; Messrs. Manz and Company have made a plate which is a joy to the editorial heart, if to no other; Messrs. Van Sickle and Hogue, who are responsible for the Staff portraits, caught ye Eds on an off-day, when there was no cry for "copy" and no need to ask them to "look pleasant, please." And our two artists—Mr. John Miller, '97, the designer of our cover, and Mr. Francis O'Malley, '99, who writes "locals" and traces out initial letters equally well—lent graceful pencils to the work of decorating this number.

And because we are almost satisfied with this Easter SCHOLASTIC of ours, we have decided to print thirty-five hundred copies of it, and send them to many whose names we would be glad to write in our subscription books. The SCHOLASTIC has a unique place in American college journalism, a place freely conceded to it by our contemporaries, and we may be pardoned for striving to widen our sphere of usefulness. It is our aim to make a paper representative of our college, a weekly that will be a link between the "old boys" who have worn the Gold and Blue and their *Alma Mater*. The loyalty of our *alumni* should not find expression only in after-dinner speeches—words are of the cheapest—it should extend to other things: to the support of our college paper and our athletic teams. There is only one way for an old student to keep in touch with Notre Dame, and that is to read the SCHOLASTIC—*and subscribe for it.* To the parents of students we are almost indispensable, for our "Local" columns will keep them informed of the lives of their sons. It is the duty of every student, old or new, to support the SCHOLASTIC; and every patron of the University should be on our mailing list. This is our Easter sermon: will the lesson bear good fruit?

AN excellent innovation in our usual custom of observing Lent was the Wednesday sermons. The season was favorable to spiritual thought, and the minds of the students, tempered by reflection, eagerly drank in the wisdom which descended from the pulpit. In every case the preacher and his sermon were in harmony. Our beloved President, Father Morrissey, began the series with an eloquent sermon on the giving of scandal. Father French followed with one on profanity, delivered with his usual grace. The following week Father Cavanaugh spoke briefly but beautifully on reading. Temperance was Father Burns' subject, and his sermon was a stirring appeal for moderation in the use of stimulants. The last of the series was a memorable lesson on purity by Father Hudson. It is a noticeable fact that these sermons were listened to with more rapt attention and were more effective than the usual Sunday sermons. They had force and eloquence of a superior order. They had the true ring of pulpit oratory, and by their wisdom, Lent seemed holier in the eyes of all.

WE have waited long, and none too patiently, for a song of the Gold and Blue. We have listened to clever parodies, and lyrics set to impossible tunes, hoping to catch an echo of the strain that is one day to set the blood a-tingling in our veins—the song which a thousand might shout and yet make music of it. But the parodies and lyrics were forgotten in a week, and we are as tuneless as of old, without a rhyme we may call our own. There seems to be but one solution of the problem, and the SCHOLASTIC has determined to offer a cash prize for the best college song submitted to its judgment. In an early number we shall announce the amount of the prize and the committee who will make the selection.

WE may be awkward in making a start in baseball, but once in motion there is no flagging in our pace. The indoor practice—if it may be called that—was rather desultory. Enthusiasm among the players had sunk away down to their shoe-plates, and there it remained till the sunshine raised it again.

The present outlook is a bright one in every respect. The keen emulation manifested by the candidates, their full appreciation of what a position on the Varsity means, their unflagging watchfulness to improve every opportunity—all this indicates a new and more prosperous era in our athletics. The number of candidates is very large; but Captain Brown possesses a wide knowledge of the game, and he can fix the status of a player after a few trials. We may be sure of being represented on the diamond by the strongest material at the University. If we lose, then all hail to the victors. They are the stronger, that's all. But we are not likely to lose. Such enthusiasm as has been displayed during the past week cannot fail of beneficial results. Win or lose, let us stand by the Varsity. Encouragement often means success. Then here's success to the Varsity of '96! The old "Gold and Blue" went very near the peak last year, but there's room to fly it a notch higher.

IT seems—according to the editorials called forth from the Catholic press—that Notre Dame's choice of General William Stark Rosecrans to wear the Lætare Medal of 1896 was a most happy one. Every paper agrees that, by true merits, no one had a better claim to it. In 1894, when the medal was conferred upon Augustin Daly, the veteran manager of the stage, it was shown by the University that in any position one can, by fighting against evil, become worthy of this "golden rose" of America. And now it is declared that on the battlefield, in hearing of the booming of artillery and cracking of muskets, one can be both a true patriot and a soldier of Christ. It only goes to show that in all pursuits, whether it be letters or war, journalism or the stage, there is always a place for one to stand firm in his faith and brave in goodness. The *Catholic Union and Times* says:

"The great University of the West—Notre Dame—has honored itself by honoring with the Lætare Medal, this year, the illustrious patriot soldier, General William Stark Rosecrans, now in the seventy-seventh year of his age. No nobler personage could have been selected for such distinction than this grand old hero, now the sole survivor of the great chiefs of the Union Army who led the hosts of the North to victory."

The *Boston Pilot*, after giving something of the life of the General, is right to say:

"Notre Dame University does well to bestow its honors on one whose Christian virtues and true patriotism make him an example to the youth of our country."

So far in the line of selections there has been no one who would not serve well as a model for any youth, be he Catholic or non-Catholic, who wishes to be a patriot and an upholder of virtue. The *Monitor* also pays its tribute in these words:

"The signal honor which the University of Notre Dame paid on last Sunday to General William Stark Rosecrans was most gratifying. This noble soldier deserves well of his country, and should always hold a foremost place in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. And in his declining years when, like a true patriot, he recognizes that his work has been done and seeks the quiet pleasures of home-life, it was eminently fitting that such a great institution should pay some tribute of respect to him."

After this, all we can say is: "May the General live long to enjoy the distinction he has so long fought for and well earned!" It was no pleasant task to go through the perils of the war; but when one has acquitted oneself so nobly as did this hero, it is most pleasant of all to know that the long struggles in battle and the upholding of virtue are recognized by the world. Truly has General Rosecrans deserved the honor. He is another link to the chain of well-known men to whom the Lætare Medal has gone in preceding years.

Exchanges.

THERE is no exchange whose issue we await with greater expectancy or read with greater interest than that of the *Chimes* of St. Mary's Academy. This feeling is owing not to any undue extent to the fact that the *Chimes* is the representative of an institution that is close by to Notre Dame, but chiefly to the fact that the *Chimes* possesses merits to a degree that engender pleasure and admiration. It is not flattery to say that there is no number of this journal that, on the whole, is not noticeable for the carefulness and ability that make it a sincere exhibition of the thoroughness of training afforded by the great school from which it is sent forth.

The distinguishing feature of the April number is the gladsome note that heralds the return of spring. The long wished for sights and sounds of reviving nature warm the heart; and feelings that have been frozen into silence will awaken and burst forth at the thawing. In insuppressible anticipation of the season, there are two pretty pictures of Nature's light and color as seen on the land and on the sea. The artists have used the brush now with weakness, now with strength, after the manner of the mistress. The merits of the singularly gifted Bishop Spalding as poet, prose writer, and teacher stimulating to whatever is noble, are unfolded in a very successful essay. The rather indefinite manner of the early paragraphs is soon replaced by an unusual amount of definiteness and force as the essay proceeds. "Aids to Success" is a capital sample of opposite ideas, joined in clever consecutiveness, on one of those subjects, which, because of their abstract nature, usually prove too severe a test for beginners. "A study in Imagination" is a neat *résumé* of one of those efforts of our American humorists, in which their fresh, animal spirits snap the reins of humor and rush them into the regions of buffoonery. There is the vivid imagination, which is a merit; and there is the morbid imagination, which is a defect. The difference between them is not one of degree. Nothing has given us greater pleasure than the editorial notes and the "Literary Jottings" in the present number. Literary appreciation and sense are combined in expression so simple and happy as to carry conviction and to be a model of the manner in which such comment may be couched.

The contributions in verse to the *Chimes* have, as a rule, attracted our attention by their simplicity and aptness of thought, neatness and harmony, and, very often, felicity of expression.

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The *Western University Courant*, from Allegheny, Pa., is, we think, another of our new friends. To judge from the present issue, it is about as interesting as the average college paper. A fairly good article on duelling at the German universities attributes the favor in which this barbarous pastime is held to a long-standing custom, strengthened by the position of modern Germany as an armed camp. To uproot the evil completely would take more presistent surveillance over the students and interference with their liberty than is thought to be consistent with their dignity. Liberty and dignity would seem to admit a wide interpretation and cover many evils. The judicial murders at Salem in 1692 gave rise to an article descriptive of the superstition and cruelty connected with the old belief in witchcraft. The editor makes some sensible remarks about the self-respect that should actuate a student during college examinations. It is feared that the want of honor which, in many cases, marks his conduct on these occasions, will, with difficulty, be overcome in the avocations of after-life.

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The *University of Virginia Magazine* has lost much of the merit that distinguished the preceding number. The originality, the strength, the cleverness and attractiveness of that number are but faintly echoed in this, or are replaced by obscurity and affectation. When the uneasiness of their position wears off, the new board of editors will doubtless quickly rise to the efficiency and dignity of their predecessors. However, two of the shorter sketches, "My Divinity" and "His Last Charge," retain the touch of the December number. In the comparison between Chaucer and Dryden, the writer allows himself to be carried away by a feeling very like personal enmity—a feeling that prevents him from seeing scarcely anything good in Dryden either as poet, prose writer or man. Though he may not have the qualities of Chaucer, Dryden is surely entitled to some consideration for his fire and vigor as a poet, as the master wielder of the famous heroic couplet, for the critical and literary excellencies of his prose writings; while there is much more than the shadow of an excuse for his seeming inconsistencies in politics and religion.

Personals.

—Mr. Charles Brown, a prominent young business man of Columbia City, Ind., was a visitor at the University last week.

—Thomas McConlogue (LL. B. '91) spent a few days lately visiting his many friends among the Faculty and the older students. Tom was a First Honor man, and we are happy to say that he is fulfilling the bright promises of his college days.

—Among the medical graduates who received degrees at the recently held commencement exercises of the Iowa State University, was John B. O'Connor (student '93), of Oelwein, Iowa. Teddie has many friends among the old boys who congratulate him on his honorable graduation and wish him future success.

—Rev. Father Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., paid the University a most welcome visit a short time ago. Father Clancy has recently been visited by a severe illness, but, we are happy to say, he has now nearly recovered his former health. His visit was much enjoyed—as his visits always are—by his many friends at Notre Dame, and we trust that it may soon be repeated.

—Mr. D. S. Saviers (B. S. '86) recently sent to Prof. Edwards a copy of "Claire," the composition of his talented wife, Mrs. Clara Belle Saviers. It is a musical production of rare excellence and beauty, and we wish to congratulate Mrs. Saviers on her success. Mr. Saviers himself is a fine musician, and was one of the best flute players ever connected with the musical organizations of Notre Dame. He is now a prominenat lawyer of Columbus, Ohio.

—Frank H. Dexter (student '84), is a democratic candidate for alderman of Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Dexter was formerly city attorney of Kansas City, and he filled that office in a manner most creditable to himself and to the city which he served. He gave many promises of a bright future while he was a student at Notre Dame, and we are sure the promises will be redeemed. He already enjoys the confidence and esteem of his fellow townsmen and political success is almost sure to be his. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all good fortune.

—Leo J. Scherrer (B. S. '90) is another of Notre Dame's sons who has achieved success in the business world. Mr. Scherrer is the junior member of the real estate firm of Scherrer & Son, of East St. Louis, Ill., and he has been highly prosperous in his ventures. The *East St. Louis Journal*, of Wednesday, March 18, speaks in glowing terms of Mr. Scherrer as a citizen and as a business man, and we are sure he is fully deserving of all the praise he has received. The SCHOLASTIC extends its best wishes to Mr. Scherrer that his future may be as bright as his present.

—On Wednesday, March 25, Willoughby J. Edbrooke, the famous architect of Notre Dame's noble group of buildings, passed away at his home in Chicago. Mr. Edbrooke was supervising architect of the Treasury under President Harrison, and he also supervised all the buildings intended for the World's Fair government exhibits. His most notable works are the buildings which make up our beautiful University. They are acknowledged by authorities all over the country to be models of architectural skill. They will stand as fitting monuments to attest the genius and skill of their talented designer whom we now mourn.

—Again has the Hon. John J. Ney (LL. B. '74) been honored; this time by the students of the law department of the Iowa State University, of whose faculty Judge Ney is a leading member. On Friday, March 13, the members of the graduating class presented him with a gold-headed cane as a testimony of their esteem and their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf. The *Iowa City Republican*, published at Iowa City on March 13 ays:

"All gave expression to the unanimous sentiment of the class that Judge Ney was a gentleman in whom his students reposed perfect confidence and for whom they entertained the highest regard.. Controlling his emotion, the professor responded in a speech *full of feeling*.

"The cane is a very handsome one and the gold head is inscribed with the legend—'Presented to Jonn J. Ney, by the Law Class of '96.' The gift, expressing as it does the harmonious and amicable relations existing between the teacher and the taught, has a far deeper significance than a mere friendship offering, for it attests the fact that the University's future will ever be bright so long as students are irresistibly led to admire and esteem their professors."

—Rev. J. O'Keeffe, C. S. C., President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor on Monday, March 23. Father O'Keeffe has raised the educational facilities of Sacred Heart College to a high standard, and his efforts are deserving of great praise. The *American Trade Journal* of Chicago, in its issue for March 17, thus speaks of the result of Father O'Keeffe's labors:

"The fact that the fullest investigation is made before a report is printed in our columns, and that the interests of readers alone are consulted, gives a value to such editorial endorsements as we see fit to bestow that can scarcely be overestimated. That such commendations are infinitely more trustworthy than are 'write ups,' or any variety of paid puffs, goes without question.

"Such principles have been adhered to in a most searching examination of the College of the Sacred Heart, of Watertown Wis.

"As a result of fair and painstaking search, we do not hesitate to select this admirable institution and to freely and unreservedly endorse it to every reader who seeks the best and highest and who would secure the greatest return upon his investment; for this excellent establishment has undoubtedly solved the important question of maximum returns combined with minimum of cost. Moreover, it is ably managed and thorough in its methods and equipment—in fact, all that could be asked or desired; hence we do not hesitate to commend it in unqualified terms. We have no greater interest in this institution than in any other of its kind, but having by unbiased investigation assured ourselves of its superiority and worth, we consider it a duty to our subscribers to make such supreme merit more widely known through these columns?"

Local Items.

—LOST—A bunch of keys. Finder will please return to Students' Office.

—Mr. McKee surprised the Chemistry class by saying that antimony resembled Steele.

—On Easter Monday the Handel Oratorio Society of South Bend will assist the local musical talent in giving a concert in Washington Hall.

—"I have noticed," said a skiver,
In the "gym" the other night,
"That a brewery's full of bottlers,
But no Keglers are in sight."

—From present indications it would seem that the Temperance Society of Carroll Hall had disbanded. This, however, is not so—there are better times coming.

—The two first nines of Carroll Hall played a very interesting game of baseball last week. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 8 to 7 in favor of Krug's team.

—The artistic initial letters which appear in the present issue of the SCHOLASTIC are from the pen of Mr. Frank O'Malley, of our repertorial staff. The work speaks for itself.

—Herr Schmidt is rapidly transforming the grand stand, and he will soon have it under roof. He says it will be the finest in the state when finished. "Shoost you wait und zee?"

—The man who longs for spring:—"Say, Bones, I wish to use some flowery language in this letter to my 'best.' What shall I say!" Bones:—"I would advise you to look up your botany."

—Mr. Martin J. Castello, '97, has returned after having been called home on account of his sister's death. He has the sympathy, not only of his classmates, but of all his friends in the University.

—A meeting of the two first nines of Carroll Hall was held last week. An election for the captain of the special baseball team was also held. Messrs. Lowery and Spillard were the candidates. After an exceedingly close contest Spillard was chosen.

—The following is the make-up of the Carroll Specials: Lowery, Catcher; Herman, Pitcher; McNichols, Short Stop; Donovan, 1st Base; J. Naughton, 2d Base; Cornell, L. Field; Flynn, Centre Field; Wimberg, Right Field; Spillard, 3d Base; Subs., Fennessey, Pendleton, Burns.

—The announcement that Bishop Spalding has consented to deliver a course of lectures will be greeted with delight. Aside from his reputation as the most thoughtful and suggestive speaker in America, His Lordship of Peoria has the happy faculty of interesting even the youngest of his hearers by his vivid illustrations. We look forward with interest to this course.

—Mr. William Waldorf O'Brien has been jubilant ever since the March number of *Scribner's* made its appearance. In the "About the World" department of that magazine there is an article on "sky scrapers," in which the writer ranks the Masonic Temple as the highest building in the world. Now if some one would be kind enough to praise Lake Front Park in print, William's happiness would be complete—for the Eastern clans would be silenced forever.

—Here is a yell that Pietrzykowski concocted last week for the "Tarriers:"

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r zik zik, chgkyzrxo!
B-r-r r-r-r-r-r zik zik, chgkyzrxo!
Qxizprztjm mxzj! Pzrzujllmkf ctxrsto!
Tarriers! Tarriers! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!

One enthusiastic admirer of the "Tarriers" tried to give the yell during Thursday's game, but he was overcome before he reached the "mxzj." Funeral on Monday at 3:00 p. m.

—The following clipping from the *Catholic Universe* of October 18 was mislaid. We publish it now, believing that "it is never too late for a good thing":

"We observe with pleasure that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is managed in the interests of the students, and by the students. A college paper made up of contributions from professors is uninteresting, and the charm that the SCHOLASTIC has is that it is a student's paper. We note especially the names of Mr. Burns, a poet of promise, Mr. Slevin, and that of a new man, Mr. Lantry. Mr. S. Steele, an Ohio man, shows delicacy and taste."

—The fine weather of the last few weeks has brought the candidates for the Varsity out in great numbers. Most of the new men are putting up a strong game, but a great many more are a little bit slow. It is hoped that the warm weather will liven them up. Of course, we expected great things from Brown, and he has not disappointed us. There is a snap and vim about his playing that is good to look at. The team will play the first game with South Bend in the near future.

—Those who intend to take part in the oratorical contest would do well to take time by the forelock and begin preparations at once. It will not help your cause with the judges to know that you "didn't have time to touch up your orations," or that you might have done better. They don't usually make allowances for tardiness in commencing the work. The same advice is given to those who will contest for the elocution medals. From present appearances the contests will be exciting and will be "fought to the finish."

—With the first suspicion of warmth and the odors of spring the boat-club got ready for their "grand opening." Nothing has been said about invitations, but, of course, every one will be there. The aspiring coxswains will be the centre of attraction. They are "at it" hard now preparing for their appearance. A long course of Turkish baths, with a light diet of bird-seed and pump-water will soon bring them down to proper weight. But there are to be other attractions too numerous to mention. Don't fail to be there, or you'll be counted out of the race.

—Those learned gentlemen of Sorin Hall, who lose so much sleep over billiards, would do well to study Stephen I. Shultz's book, "Some Points about Billiard Playing." For the benefit of those poor unfortunates who are unable to procure a copy of the book, we publish here three of the principal rules: (a) Always hit the first ball; (b) Learn to count well; (c) When in doubt, close your eyes, *shoot hard* and trust to Providence. A careful study of the work shows plainly that Mr. Shultz knows as much about billiard playing as he does about zoölogical gardens, and that is saying a great deal.

—What is the matter with the track teams of Sorin and Brownson Halls? We have had several days of splendid weather now, and no work has been done for the spring field-day. But perhaps we are not going to have a field-day this spring—it all rests with the track teasms and their captains. Would it not be advisable for the latter to give up the pipe and cigarette for a few weeks and take the boys out for a walk? It may do them good. Sorin Hall has need of every moment she can spare to enable her to attempt competition with Brownson, and Brownson Hall is not so proficient as to allow herself a holiday from hard practice.

—The stile looks more inviting than ever. Along the path to the little wooden steps, where love-sick young men have brooded over inexorable fate and cast-iron discipline; where poets—and maybe poetesses—have stood watching the sun disappear behind St. Mary's towers; where prefects have appeared at most awkward moments—along the path to the stile may now be seen companies of twos and threes, walking merely for exercise. In the still evenings, when the western horizon is aglow, who can blame poetic souls for wandering nearer to the setting sun, and crossing the stile, the road and even the railroad to catch a fading ray before it be too late? But there are rules and there are rulers.

—Have you ever had your photograph taken? Well, if you haven't and want to learn what sort of an experience the operation is, ask some member of the Staff—Eyanson, for instance. Doubtless he will tell you of the long and stormy arguments one has with one's self concerning what style of collar one should wear; and the hours spent before the glass to tie a refractory neck-scarf; and the imperative directions to the barber; and the collar and neck-tie again; and more reflective arguments about the style of photograph most suitable, whether it should be a profile or not; whether one should look solemn or gay, and whether after all, the photographer is a fool for asking one to look pleasant at so tremendous a moment.

—Father Corbett has secured pictures of all but three of the graduates of '95. They have already been framed and hung in a conspicuous place in the Sorin Hall reading-room. We must confess that for good looks the boys of '95 surpass anything here at present, but perhaps '96 is serious in claiming a superior brand of brains than that of their immediate predecessors. Well, this is not the place to argue the question, even though one were so inclined. Father Corbett has been indefatigable in his efforts to make Sorin Hall a little memorial hall of former students. Pretty soon, he says, he will have to hang the pictures in the second floor corridors.

—Well, that long-looked-for game between the "McGuire Tarriers" and the "Galen Giants" was played on Thursday afternoon, and the "Tarriers" scored the winning run. The batters of each side were retired in one, two, three order for sixteen innings, and if McGuire had not made that long drive over the post-office in the seventeenth inning they would probably be playing yet. Every man on the field put up a marvellous game, but the magnificent work of Jenaro Davila at "short" and McGuire at "first" for the "Tarriers," and the snapping of Galen and Mullen for the "Giants" is worthy of special mention. The large crowd sat with bated breath all during the game, only cheering three times,—once when Galen made a hitch-and-kick at a high "liner" and caught it on the spike of his shoe; again when Mullen hung from the cross-bar of the goal-post by his hands and caught a fly ball in his teeth, and the last great cheer that cracked the atmosphere when McGuire jumped clear over the head of the catcher, landed on the home-plate, and scored the winning run. With the exception of a little unpleasantness between a few of the "Giants" and the umpire in the last inning, the game was devoid of any of those petty quarrels which are so numerous on the campus. The doctor says the umpire will be able to walk about on crutches in a couple of weeks.

SOCIETY NOTES.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The subject under discussion at the last meeting was: "Resolved, That international disputes should be settled by arbitration, not by war." Mr. Clarence Schermerhorn, the first speaker for the affirmative, reviewed in an able paper the history of warfare, and showed its baneful influence on civilization. Messrs. Galen and Confer, who represented the negative, had carefully prepared and interesting articles. As the discussion was lengthy, the argument of Mr. Hennebry, who closes for the affirmative, was postponed until the next meeting. At the subsequent meeting the failure of marriage will appear on the tapis in a new dress: "Resolved, That single blessedness is real blessedness." The disputants, Messrs. McManus and Confer, and Magruder and Bruecker, have promised an interesting evening. A public debate on the retention or retirement of legal tender notes will be given in Washington Hall some time about the latter part of April.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION met on the 29th of March and transacted important business.

Mr. Galen, Vice-President, in the absence of Colonel Hoynes, occupied the chair. The Treasurer's report for the fall team of 1895 was read and adopted. This report was interesting inasmuch as it gave information concerning the debt of the association. Mr. William P. Burns, who was chosen Captain at the first meeting, begged the association to accept his resignation, as his studies required his entire attention. It was accepted, and Mr. Robert Brown was unanimously elected to succeed him. Mr. McCarthy, Captain of the track team, also wished to resign, but his resignation was objected to by a unanimous and vociferous "No!" So that "War Horse" will have the honor of leading his men to victory. Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh's resignation was read and accepted. His excuse for withdrawing from the Executive Committee, to which he had been elected, was the fact that special work would demand his whole attention. No successor to Mr. Cavanagh has yet been chosen.

List of Students Attending the University During the Easter Term.

SORIN HALL.

E. Brennan, H. Bennett, W. Burns, J. Barrett, J. Barry, C. Bryan, F. Barton, T. Cavanagh, M. Costello, F. Eyanson, W. Fagan, J. Gallagher, A. Gaukler, J. Lantry, A. Magruder, W. Marr, D. Murphy, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, J. Miller, J. Mott, J. Marmon, A. Mulberger, R. Miller, J. McKee, F. McManus, W. McDonough, J. McNamara, M. Ney, R. Palmer, G. Pulskamp, P. Reardon, J. Rosenthal, P. Ragan, T. Reilly, J. Sullivan, R. Slevin, J. Shannon, A. Stace, S. Steele, W. Weaver, H. Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

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

CARROLL HALL.

G. Abrahams, P. Armijo, L. Beardslee, E. Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, T. Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, J. Begley, A. Bernardin, J. Curry, D. Cottin, F. Cornell, C. Crowdus, E. Cave, J. Cuneo, A. Coquillard, P. Curtis, F. Crepeau, G. Cowie, E. Darst, M. Devine, E. Dugas, W. Dinnen, F. Druiding, J. Donovan, A. Erhart, R. Franey, M. Fuhrer, J. Flynn, J. Fennessey, A. Fox, H. Foster, B. Fischer, L. Frank, C. Girsch, E. Gimbel, H. Goldsmith, E. Gainer, R. Garza, S. Gonzalez, J. Girardi, W. Hermann, E. Herron, W. Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, A. Hayes, W. Healy, M. Hoban, J. Hanley, M. Hunt, A. Jelonak, G. Keeffe, F. Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, A. Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, M. Kirk, J. Koehler, G. Krug, J. Landers, W. Lovett, G. Leach, A. Long, C. Langley, A. Lichtenwalter, T. Lowery, W. Land, J. Leonard, A. Loomis, A. Lehman, H. Moorhead, J. Meagher, C. Moss, A. Mohn, W. Monahan, R. Murray, W. Morris, A. Merz, M. Monarch, W. Massey, L. Meagher, T. Mulcare, F. Mooney, G. McNamara, E. McElroy, F. McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, H. McCorry, T. Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, A. Newell, F. O'Brien, J. O'Malley, F. Plunkett, A. Pendleton, W. Page, C. Pulford, O. Quandt, H. Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, D. Reuss, E. Reinhard, E. Shipp, J. Shiels, F. Smith, H. Stearns, H. Scott, A. Schoenbein, F. Summers, C. Shillington, J. Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, A. Spillard, L. Szybowicz, C. Schaack, F. Stare, O. Schaffhauser, E. Saul, B. Sanford, J. Thams, F. Tescher, F. Taylor, J. Tuohy, J. Walsh, T. Watterson, J. Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, R. Wilson, F. Ward, C. Wells, V. Welker, G. Weadock, J. Webb, E. Zaehnle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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

HOLY CROSS HALL.

G. Bothel, A. Boerner, J. Boyle, P. Carroll, C. Coyne, P. Dalton, A. DeLormier, F. Dryer, P. Dwan, H. Gallagher, J. Haydon, L. Heiser, J. Hennessy, G. Hollander, B. Iwaszewski, J. Kelleher, E. Long, G. Marr, W. Marr, P. Moynihan, F. McKeon, S. Niedbalski, J. Nieuwland, E. O'Connor, M. M. Oswald, M. Oswald, L. Parnell, D. Powers, P. Ritter, J. Roy, M. Schumacher, J. Stennule, M. Szalewski, J. Trahey, A. Verment, J. Weisbacker.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

J. Bennett, S. Bouvens, J. Boylan, W. Burke, W. Boylan, J. Clifford, J. Corr, R. Curran, J. Clarke, V. Dwyer, F. Dwyer, F. Dreher, F. Dorian, C. Elitch, G. Fredell, P. Frahlich, E. Gilbert, W. Grady, V. Jones, R. Jones, W Jameson, J. Kelly, A. Kachur, R. Lynch, W. Losbough, F. Lyons, G. McDaniel, F. McDaniel, T. McCarthy, J. McElligott, J. McIntyre, M. Neville, A. Oberly, J. O'Connor, J. Powers, J. Sauter, J. Sullivan, R. Singler, G. Thurin, L. Van Hessche, A. Wolf, W. Young.