

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•
F.X.7

VOL. XXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 2, 1896.

No. 30.

Longings.

© FOR a land where 'tis sunset always!
And O for a dwelling with beam-kissed hall-ways,

And turrets sparkling,
And nothing darkling!
Not even a crypt
Should be left undipped

In the softened glow and the loveliness
Of a lamp majestic in weariness.

O for a never-bedimmed blue sky,
And out in the west to glorify
With streaks unnumbered
Of golden-cumbered
Beams of the sun,
When day is done,

A few stray clouds of fantastic mien
To fringe the blue and to cap the green!

There where the lengthening shadows fall
Meet 'tis to live and to die withal;

No dazzling glare,
No dimness there;
A never-ceasing,
Never-increasing

Light entangled by magic ties
With darkness come from the silent skies.

J. B.

“FOOL! the ideal is in thyself; the impediment too is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou, that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth. The thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see.”

Solvitur Acris Hiems.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

(Horace, Car. I., 4.)



DOUBT that passed sunshine
and dead friends return. One
nowadays hears a solitary
bluebird fluting before April's
coming feet, but I do not find
the whole of Spring in a tuft
of grass as in the old time.
There are more shadows in
your modern gray day than

there were in those green-golden mornings.

I watched a swallow drift out of the south last week, but he was merely a bird. Yet there was a time when that blue-black twittering mystery had three drops of the devil's blood in his tiny body! I do not believe this story today and I am sorry for my unbelief. Why cannot there be creepy skeletons in the hirundean closet in 1896? Those swallows—there was a river which God led down through Pennsylvanian hills and He thronged every curve thereof with a hundred forms of beauty. In old Spring evenings the skimming swallows would dip through the slanting sun-rays into the crimson water and set the rings of ripples atremble, and eager bass would leap in narrow gleams of silver light for venturesome moths, and fall back tinkling into the limpid deeps. The wooded hills, blue as a gentian, held up the pines in faint black lines against the glory of the twilight until the river-flames smouldered to gray and one star burned.

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ,—
and we went; with shoes hung on shoulders;

and bare feet twinkling in the long lush grass.

Surely, old Spring days were better; even the old Spring songs were better. They do not write Spring songs in these chill days. I do not find music like this in the new books:

Summer is icomen in
Lhude sing, cuccu;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the Wde nu,
Sing, cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulloc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing, cuccu.
Cuccu! Cuccu!

Wel singes thu, cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.
Sing, cuccu, nu,
Sing, cuccu!

Then there is that old spring-song by Horace, "Solvitur Acris Hiems," the fourth lyric in his first book of "odes." I feel assured that Horace wrote this poem at Tivoli.

Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

It was written in February also, no matter what the commentators say to the contrary. I, at one time, had a learned argument, drawn from a consideration of the "Faunalia," to prove this statement, but alack! that has grown misty. Favonius begins to blow in February; there is an argumentative fact of which I am certain!

Back at the Sabine farm, above the torrent Digentia,

In long continuous lines the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun—
Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams,
Once on the left, when he descends in streams.

This Horace tells us in the sixteenth epistle. It was too chill out there during the wintry months, and the poet went into Tivoli. Spring comes back to central Italy in February. The Anio tumbles and rushes down the ravines and under the bare wild mountains, literally tunneling the crags in many places, until it sweeps out where Tivoli basks along a lofty ridge, and there the breaking waters fling themselves in two long leaps, once as an avalanche of snow down the face of a precipice, once through the deep black cave of Neptune, then they sing quietly among the olive orchards and vineyards, and wander silently seaward. Perched above the upper cascade is the little Temple of Vesta as delicately beautiful as frost-ferns.

Spring had come up from Africa, and Horace stood upon the steps of the Temple of Vesta. The vast plain of the Campagna went down at his right hand to imperial Rome dim in floods of light, and it stretched out beyond the city to the Mediterranean and onward to the southern sky-line.

The steady gliding of the Anio over the cliff gave him the melody for the opening words: "Solvitur acris hiems." Then came Favonius out of the west and he made the young olive leaves flare from dark green to white, and he lifted the spray of the cascade along the face of the precipice. That quick swaying is in the words, "Grata vice veris." Straightway the Fall settled back into the deep even tone—"et Favoni."

He turned his head and gazed upon the Campagna. The white line of the uplifted sea was faint in the distance. He thought of Ostia, where the war-galleys wore out and in with wet oars glittering in the young sun, and the sails of the fishermen glinted and gloomed in the steady wind.

Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.

Back over the level meadows his fancy wanders—

Ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

The young grape leaves are gray and edged with carmine, and beads of quivering dew tip the million spears of the grass with sapphire and topaz and amethyst. The round hills are oversmoked with a thin haze of olive-leaves, and the villas are misty-green with breaking buds.

He looks down at the tumbling snow of waters. Foam—Aphrodite that sprang from the foam:

Iam cythere a chorus ducit Venus imminente luna
Iunctæque nymphis Gratiaæ decentes
Alternò terram quatunt pede, dum gravis Cycloppum
Volcanus ardens visit officinas.

He would make the Love-Queen have more of the mystic spirit of spring under the twilight, therefore he sets the crescent of Dian shimmering on a sky which is soft and deep as the petals of a black pansy, even as a great pearl glimmers at evening upon my Lady's dark tresses. The Graces and wood-nymphs eddy about her in dim white gyres, while Vulcan swings his clanging hammer in the murky, Cyclopean stithy. The husband toils, the wife dances, whereas she should have been at home rocking Dan Cupid to sleep.

But the sunshine is too insistent to let him dream of twilight. Favonius had turned the sward to violets.

The cone-beaked hyacinth returns
To light his blue-flamed chandelier.

The cyclamen, *terræ quem ferunt solutæ*, peeps up throughout that blessed Italian land, and troops innumerable of those "flowers white and rede, such that men callen daisies in our toun," star the pleasant fields.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ;
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agna sive malit hædo.

And Horace looks down at the blooms that he will cull to deck his temples.

How sweetly borne
On wings of morning o'er the leafless thorn
The tiny wren's small twitter warbles near.

But suddenly pale Death stumbles along the verses. What strange, rattling alliteration Horace uses there:

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regnumque turres.

I could never explain that veer in his imagining. There is not enough meaning in the word *immolare* of the preceding stanza to call up Death. I think a funeral-train must have passed the temple in the white dawn. The purple thuribles of the violets send up no more incense, the gentle Poet puts away his tablets, and he wanders out of our vision with saddened step and slow.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam;
Iam te premet nox fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.

Greatness Undone.

A SAD OCCURRENCE IN HIGH LIFE.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

"There, that would do Beau Brummel himself proud, *voici!*" Mr. Jonathan Appolo Softhed's voice contained a note of admiration at his own cleverness as he gave the last delicate touch to the tie which had occupied his undivided attention for some fifteen minutes.

Few persons realize the important part which a piece of neck-wear may play in shaping the fortunes of individuals. By the style and arrangement of one's scarf, the seemingly impossible may often be wrought. No piece of nineteenth century wearing apparel is so pregnant with subtle possibilities in the expression of character and mental culture.

(All Willies who "read" and are shocked at

any brutal ignorance which I may display in referring to their sacred mysteries of the toilet, had better "run" also. My subscription to "Vogue" and Browning, King & Company's "Mirror of Fashion" ran out some months since, and, alas! I am "dead broke.")

But to continue, all manner of high thoughts and noble aspirations as well as emotions of the heart may be displayed to the elect, attached to an "E. & W."—if the operator is skilful and experienced.

And to come back to the grosser facts of life; how wonderfully can a Napoleon of neck-tiedom further his desires in every direction. The heart of many a budding maiden has palpitated with a strange, new-born delight when her eyes rested upon the collar-bone region of some sweet young man. She thrills with the new sensation, and fondly believes that Love, the all-powerful, has clutched her in his sweet embrace. She does not know that it is really the mesmeric influence exerted upon her artistic sense by a vivid green or yellow tie.

What a delicate compliment you pay your hostess, whose Louis Quatre drawing-room is in pale blue and yellow, by wearing for the occasion a dainty pink creation. Your tact has won a devoted friend for life. And then again—but speak this in a whisper—there are places where cruel law-makers have no consideration for Sunday thirst; and I have known men to obtain entrance through certain side-doors by wearing a peculiar style of tie—fact!

Bulky tomes might be written on this subject, as the descriptive magazine writers say; but in my enthusiasm I have committed the unpardonable sin of neglecting my friend Jonathan Appolo Softhed for some minutes, and he would be "real mad" if he knew it. And this apprehension on my part reminds me of a discovery which I have made in connection with the dear fellow. He has evidently recognized, through his native intelligence, that to be anything in this world socially, one must never be out of people's mouths. To be forgotten, even for a moment, is social death. So he racked his brains (he has some, although you would never think it) to decide on the best plan for accomplishing his object, and either from choice or necessity, or as being the easiest line of conduct to follow, he became a sort of a museum for the edification of all the people whom he wished to know. That is, he constituted in himself a whole collection of freaks, and afforded unending amusement for the ambitious schoolgirls, their brothers just budding into pro-

vincial "sports," and the elderly married women of genius-admiring tendencies who went to make up the only circle of people who were "really worth knowing, you know." At least I try to think that Softhed's actions were the result of a theory; but, you know, I am a friend of his, and I may have stretched a point to find an excuse for his actions.

The particular day upon which Jonathan Appolò Softhed stood in his accustomed place before the glass and delivered himself of the satisfactory sigh and the little French exclamation at the end (J. A. S. is addicted to French, although he knows nothing of the language. He fondly fancies that the little stock of phrases which he carries on his person produces great effects) was an occasion of more than ordinary importance. That very afternoon he was to be present at Mrs. J. Littelneec Clamb's musicale where only the very inner circle of the city's *élite* were ever asked. It was to be awfully swell, just like the ones you read about in the Sunday papers from the big cities.

Then glancing again at his image in the mirror, a dark, real devilish smile came over his features. What a triumph he would accomplish over his hated rivals, those young fellows who sneered at him and disturbed his attempts to monopolize the company of Clarice Rattletrap! "And she, too," thought he, "must at last give into my charms to-day. This wonderful tie over which I have passed many sleepless nights cannot fail me now," and he touched lovingly the weird arrangement of silken hues which his skilful hands had woven into artistic, rhythmical folds—a regular impressionistic sort of thing. Purple cows and yellow grass were not in it with that tie.

Then feeling very much like a deep, dark conspirator, Jonathan sat on the edge of a chair, (so that his pan—trousers might not be ruffled) and opened his favorite volume, the "Apotheosis of the Which; or, The Woman with Nocturnal Eyes," in search of a few striking epigrams to flash upon the dazzled company during the afternoon.

"I say, Don Juan, I'll give you a lift up to Mrs. Clamb's, if you wish," came a voice through the window just as Softhed began to memorize a real clever thing about the supreme intellectuality of the cigarette picture and the art of the future.

"Jimmy Flutterbye, heavens! he must not see this tie until the proper moment; he will warn the others and they may foil my triumph," hissed Jonathan in a low, tense voice.

"*Voilà!* I have an idea," he exclaimed, and then proceeded to remove reverently the wonderful tie which he placed, carefully wrapped in watered silk, in an inside pocket. To adjust a rather shabby four-in-hand was the work of but a moment. Then he stepped to the window.

"*Bon jour*, my dear Jimmy, I shall be delighted. So kind of you to call for me,—*sacré!* Won't you come up for a moment?"

"No," was the answer, "this horse won't stand, get a gait on you."

"*Oui, mon ami*, in one second. What a horrible vulgar fellow!"

After a ten-minute inspection of himself, Softhed descended, and, apologizing for the delay, he jumped up beside Flutterbye. In a few moments they reached the J. Littelneec Clamb residence. Making an excuse to his companion, Softhed entered an anteroom to prepare for his grand entrance. There was no mirror at hand, but he had practised that wonderful tie for so many solitary hours, that he had no misgivings. The time was limited; so with that look upon his face which forceful men wear in moments of emergency he went to work, and in five minutes the tie was adjusted to perfection. He advanced to the drawing-room with the air of a conqueror.

At the moment of his entrance a rather pretty girl was singing with taste and feeling a song of Schubert's. In consequence the rest of the company were engaged in conversation, and the laughter of several schoolgirls at a double meaning joke which Jimmy Flutterbye was telling, covered Softhed's appearance at the door. He stood for a moment alone. Then the song having ended, his hostess came forward and spoke to him. She looked curiously at him and seemed to keep something back with an effort.

"Ah," thought he, "she has noticed it, I shall create a sensation."

"*Ma foi*," he answered, twisting his body into an effective pose, *façon de parler*, as they say in French. "Really you have very good taste, Mrs. Clamb, your house is charmingly arranged and the people one meets here are really very agreeable. That chromo on yonder wall is quite well done, only the colors are—"

"Ah! Mr. Softhed, you are so cultivated, but I fear that you are also a base flatterer when you say such nice things. But here is my niece, Mary Saystraight, who is quite anxious to meet you." Mrs. Clamb drew the young lady forward and presented Softhed.

"Quite happy," he murmured. Then he

drew a deep breath and gazed around in search of Clarice Rattletrap and to catch the admiring glances of the assembly. He certainly was the object of many eyes.

Satisfied, he resumed his interest in the girl before him, who was the beauty of the occasion. She was regarding him with a peculiar smile.

"She is proud to receive my first attentions," he fondly thought.

"Ah! Miss Saystraight," he said with a sentimentally condescending inflection, "it is such a pleasure, you know, to find a soul so charming and sympathetic as yours to talk to in the midst of so many vulgar persons who don't understand real, first-class culture."

"I am glad, also, Mr. Softhed. You are so inspiring of interest, that one cannot but listen when you speak."

"I knew you could appreciate me."

"Yes," she returned, "I am greatly interested in you. I am making a study of mental diseases—one termed the large-head in particular."

Softhed looked uncertain and said, "Yes?"

"But its effects are very sad to contemplate sometimes," she continued seriously, and then she left him in answer to a call from across the room.

Somewhat puzzled he looked after her until she disappeared into another room. "Fine-looking girl," he thought, "but she talks like one of those strong women, and that's bad form, you know. I wonder if what she said had any reference to me. Bad form."

Then like a good philosopher he decided to let future events settle that question and walked toward the group laughing and talking around Jimmy Flutterbye and Freddie Doubledeal who were striving, with some success, to blacken the character of their absent friend, Charlie Pinkdimple.

"Ah! young people," began Softhed with a patronizing smile, "striving to amuse yourselves, I see. *Sacré bleu!* Let me enjoy the joke with you."

For the first time, this group now had a full view of Jonathan Appolo Softhed and his symphony in neck-wear as he stood before them waiting for the sensation it was to create. It did too. All stared in wondering silence.

"They are stunned by it," thought Softhed. He was right. With wide-open mouths they gazed, and then Softhed was surprised. Simultaneously a dozen smiles began to creep into as many faces, developing rapidly into grins and finally ending in a roar of laughter.

Jonathan was amazed. He had expected

astonishment, admiration, jealous rage,—but this. It was unaccountable. At length the silence was broken by the sarcastic voice of Nettie Catchfly, asking the perplexed Jonathan, "if he was engaged on salary or commission."

A horrible suspicion that all was not right came into his mind, and with rapidly paling face he turned to a large pier glass close by.

Ye gods, bring death! The reality was more awful than his mind had been able to conceive. In the hurried preparation and without a mirror to assist him, our hero had adjusted his tie wrong side foremost, and there in the very centre, where all might see, was the glaring legend "Stimson, Gents' Furnisher." Alas! misfortune comes upon even the greatest of men. Silent, overwhelmed, he stood like one who has seen death face to face. What anguish! A thousand fiends danced into his burning brain and laughing mocked him. All the agony of a tortured soul rushed into his eyes, and with Clarice Rattletrap's giggle ringing in his ears—he fainted.

"Equo Credite."

JAMES BARRY, '97.

This is no learned disquisition on the anatomy of the horse. I shall not touch the animal in this matter, for Cuvier and others have fortunately been there before me. I shall not try to distinguish between the *equus caballus* and the *ditto asinus* and their compounds. These are subjects on which each man, no matter what my judgment might be, will form his own opinion, and know the one species when the other is absent, and *vice versa*. I shall not open the old discussion as to whether the horse has now eight fewer teeth than formerly, nor shall I disagree with Cuvier that horses are but modifications of tapirs and rhinoceroses. *Ungulate* and *clavicle* shall not be among the terms I may use. In fine, the zoölogy of the horse will have no weight in this article, but the philosophy a little.

Horses were used for various purposes, some of which, like the Grecian fire and the theatre hat, are things of the past. Since the application of electricity to locomotion, the extension of this animal's usefulness has dwindled considerably. Since the introduction of the bicycle into common life, his usefulness has lessened still more considerably, so that now he is seen practically only on the race-track and before the huckster's cart, and theoretically in the measurement of the

power of steam-engines, a position from which the bicycle may in time dislodge him.

Travellers relate that horses are still used in the street-car service of Philadelphia, but in Chicago they have long since been suppressed by the trolley. A cursory glance at the funny papers would give one an idea of the necessity of recalling the horse to the street-cars of Brooklyn and thereby preserving the people at the expense of the cemeteries. But it is a question whether Mayor Wurster and the council read *Puck* or *Judge*. If they do, they display a woful neglect of the duties of their office and the safety of their constituents. If they do not they are guilty of criminal carelessness. In either case behold the horn of the dilemma!

In marked contrast to the degeneration of mankind is the progress—the physical progress, of course,—of the horse. To-day, despite the buffetings of misfortune, he is grander in his beauty, prouder in his carriage and sleeker in his idleness than ever before in his history. And, by the way, he has played a very important part in history. In the army, especially, he has pawed a name for himself, but here again the bicycle is beginning to replace him, to the disadvantage, methinks, of the army. I should like to see bicycles climbing the Alps in two days and falling in upon an astonished Italian people, or dragging mighty cannon on the march, or fording the Danube in hasty flight. And laying aside, for the moment, the thought of usefulness or superiority, is there not a vast difference between the cyclist and the dragoon from an æsthetic point of view? Is not the one all doubled up like a porcupine and prone to the ground like a beast, whereas he was intended to keep his eye above the level of his toe? Is not the other a splendid example of grace and ease, of strength and beauty, with a suggestion of a mighty reserve power ready for use should occasion demand it?

Is there anything more handsome than a well-bred, well-groomed steed, as he champs the bit and stamps the ground, impatient to be off. He is a creature of action, always ready to put his powers into play, docile to every motion of his master. His eyes roll and his nostrils dilate. He flies over the path, or canters, as you will. His neck is clothed with neighing, and the glory of his nostrils is terror. "He breaketh up the earth with his hoof; he pranceth boldly; he goeth forward to meet armed men; he despiseth fear; he turneth not his back to the sword. Above him shall the quiver rattle, the spear and shield shall glitter. Chafing and raging, he swalloweth

the ground, neither doth he make account when the noise of the trumpet soundeth. When he heareth the trumpet he saith: Ha, ha! He smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of the captains, and the shouting of the army."

Talk as you may about the usefulness of the bicycle, yet is the horse a source of companionship, of security, when the night is dark and the path dangerous. Far over the moor or in the depth of the forest, he picks his steps with care and carries his master to light and safety. Even in the desert he is almost indispensable. I dare say the Bedouin will think twice before he exchanges his noble Arab for a cycle. Prosperity, progress, invention may go on, but the race of Ishmael will still roam the desert wastes, and their desert steeds will raise the fiery dust in their wake. While they live, such men as MacLure of Drumtochty, that noble doctor of the old school, will stick to their willing horses to carry them over bonnie brae and bursting burn to meet death in the cots among the Grampians; and after the almost miraculous work is done, when life answers the beck of the old doctor and returns to his patient's body, obedient to his call, then he may take his well-earned hot Scotch without fear, for Jess will carry him home to Drumtochty, though the burn should flood the valley. Surely, he could not do so, were he exclusively a bicyclist, for one cannot lean upon the mane of his wheel with impunity.

Would Achilles have been so terrible if he had appeared to the weeping Trojans dragging the body of Hector behind a bicycle instead of the Homeric chariot? Think how the hero would have had to pedal to keep two hundred pounds of dead weight in motion? It were too much for even pneumatic tires! Would Columbus have shone more glorious on a Columbia than on the richly-caparisoned charger, which, as Irving relates, bore him through the streets of Barcelona? Or would Joan of Arc, the warrior-maid of France, the martyr of her own, and the saint of future ages—would she have traversed France so nobly on a wheel? But the comparison, in this case at least, is odious.

The age of chivalry on wheels would have been nothing; even the very name would have lost its significance. Had knights entered the lists upon playthings of steel and rubber and air, with sweaters for breast-plates and caps with interminable peaks for helmets, under which grinned the "bicycle-face," our literature to-day would be the poorer by many masterpieces. Don Quixote, though, would be just

as daft on a wheel as on a Rosinante, with this difference, that the wheel in his hands would be much more dangerous.

We are steadily closing up the fountains of poetry and romance with chunks of sordid utilitarianism. The meagre spirals they now send up are mere limpid solutions of hypocrisy and gain. After all, what is the moral good of all the modern inventions and all the modern discoveries which have created such a furore and caused so much time to be wasted in the verbal discussion of them?

Were the bicycle still only a cherished theory, the world would wag on just the same, and the horse would be useful and loved. Even to-day there seems to be no need of crying out with Laocoön: "Equo ne credite!" He has done his work nobly without complaint. He has borne our burdens for ages, and are we to dismiss him with a smile? He has carried us swiftly before the threatening storm. In our sports he has trodden upon the brush of the fox and crushed the bristles of the wild boar. He has won our wars, and is he to be drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March?" He has been our partner in the pleasures of the plain, and our servitor when death pursued. We have seen him almost human in his intelligence. Let us, then, use him for purposes as noble as of yore; let us restore him to his birthright,—to that envious position in which Richard would place him,—a desire worthy of a kingdom.

Pope Alexander VI.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

No name in history has been more dishonored, no person more calumniated than Pope Alexander VI. For many centuries the name has been synonymous with all that is treacherous, cruel, and sinful, and it is only of late years that men are beginning to look for the good which was behind all the apparent wickedness of the Pontiff. His enemies had slandered him, and for hundreds of years people remembered him only as a vicious Pope and a curse to the Chair of Peter. Now he has many defenders who give proofs of his innocence of most of the charges brought forward.

Dr. Barry, in an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, says: "We fully believe that he was a worthy Pontiff and a great temporal prince, and that Catholics have no real cause

to blush at his name." Then he takes the traducers of Alexander and proves beyond doubt that they were unreliable. Guicciardini, Burchardt, Tomasi and Paul Jove are successively treated in this way. By quoting contemporary writers, he shows that these historians are not to be depended upon when they treat of the Pope. He then says: "It is now fully seen that we must distrust everything that has been written disparagingly of Alexander." Having thus made a negative defense, it is much easier to account for the defamations of the Pontiff's character.

Roderic Llancol, whose mother was a sister of Pope Calixtus III., was born at Valencia, in Spain, on the 1st of January, 1431. He had wonderful talent and his first profession was law; he then entered upon a military career. His stern uncle recognized in him real merit, and appointed him bishop and then cardinal-deacon. After the death of Innocent VIII., the cardinals met in conclave and elected Roderic, who took the name of Alexander VI. Although he is reproached with leading a scandalous life, it cannot be said that he did anything wrong during his pontificate. Indeed, at this period his conduct must have been very exemplary, judging from the opinions of many contemporary historians.

In 1492, John II., King of Portugal, claimed that by grants of several Roman Pontiffs the New World belonged to him; Ferdinand V., King of Castile and Arragon, declared that it belonged to him in consequence of concessions made by Alexander VI. In this difficulty, the Pope made his famous decision by having a line drawn which divided the whole map of the New World. What lay to the east was given to John II., while Ferdinand received the west. This action of the pontiff has called forth severe remarks from the enemies of the Holy See; but Alexander was simply exercising the power which all Christendom at that time acknowledged.

It might be well to treat here of the charges against Alexander VI. Even if he lived dissolutely during his youth, that should not affect our estimate of his character during his reign as Pope. It is almost certain that he had his children more than twenty years before he received holy orders. Marini says that Alexander in his youth had of Julia Farnese four sons and a daughter. It has been proved that the Farnese family was one of great honor and virtue, and that Roderic had his children by lawful marriage. On this sub-

ject, Dr. Barry says: "It remains, therefore, evident that if Alexander VI. had the children attributed to him, he had them a long time before he became Pope, and before he entered into holy orders, and that he had them by legitimate marriage." Then he goes farther, and asserts that it is by no means certain that Cæsar, Lucretia, and the others attributed to him, were his children at all. They are said to have been the offspring of the Pope's brother. Although Alexander often spoke of Cæsar Borgia as *son* it is supposed that this was only as the ordinary term of address between all ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church.

It is asserted that Alexander met his death by taking poison which he had prepared for some cardinals who had opposed him. Although Prescott, in his lives of Ferdinand and Isabella, says that there is little doubt of the charge, still many historians, contemporaries and even enemies of Alexander, affirm that he died of a tertian fever which was then prevalent in Rome. Among others, Burchardt and Voltaire give strong reasons for disbelieving this report. As to the everyday life of Alexander we have the proofs of several writers of his time who declare that he possessed many excellent qualities. During his pontificate, he corrected numerous abuses which were disturbing the Church and the state.

It is quite probable that the slanders against Alexander were caused by the actions of Cæsar Borgia who was, by no means a model young man. People who are waiting to spread some evil report will often begin one without foundation, and thus blame the father for the son, the Church for one of its members. But there comes a time when men begin to distrust these stories, and in this way the characters of many noble persons have been cleared. For a long time Alexander's name was a subject of contempt, but now he may be put with the other worthy occupants of the Chair of St. Peter.

A Sailor's Song.

© A SPANKING breeze, a good stout ship,
And a sailor's life for me,
A jolly crew and a rollicking trip
O'er the foaming, wind-tossed sea.

A life on the wave is the only life
Where a man can be glad and gay,
For there he is free from all care and strife,
And is joyous all the day.

Then away, my lads, to the ocean blue
And leave the land behind,
For you'll meet with messmates tried and true
And friends of the bravest kind.

Put firm your trust in the God of might,
In Him who rules the sea,
Then soon you'll reach the harbor of right
And leave sorrow on the lee. J. McN.

Books and Magazines.

—Some one—was it not the cynic-critic of "The Literary Shop"?—in a happy moment once called this "the golden age of puffery." Biography has ousted history, and a morbid youth—not necessarily Mr. Stephen Crane or any "youths" of his creation—or an introspective spinster has but to violate the traditions of art and morality to be hailed as "a new flavor" in literature, the precursor of a new movement. If he can find it in his heart to unfetter himself from both the Decalogue and the rules of grammar he achieves fame at a single bound; and the cheap magazines blossom forth with wonderful photographs and fulsome four-column "impressions" of the latest "genius."

But *Harpers* is not of the "cheap" magazines; and no one will charge Mr. Alden with hysteria because in the May numbers of the *Monthly* he gives the place of honor to Mr. Joseph Twichell's study of the art and personality of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens occupies a very real and honorable position among American men of letters. He is a picturesque figure in the literary world, and it is pleasant to learn something of the home-life and the methods of the kindly, brave old humorist, who took it upon himself to satisfy the creditors of that unfortunate publishing house of Charles Webster and Co., of which he was a silent partner. Mark Twain is sixty past; but for three months he has been reciting the woful history of the acrobatic frog of Calaveras County to large Australian audiences, and Webster and Company are in a fair way to take up the last of their notes.

Woodrow Wilson takes his readers for a call to Mount Vernon. "At Home in Virginia" is an admirably done chapter in the life of George Washington, country gentleman, colonel in His Majesty's service, and delegate to the Congress of the Colonies. Howard Pyle, whose written words are as literary as the black-and-whites he makes so well, begins a series of sketches "Through Inland Waters" which will delight many who take Pullmans instead of canal-boats when they would cross the continent. Brander Matthews writes brilliantly of "The Penalty of Humor," and Jacques de Morgan contributes an intensely interesting paper on "The Dashur Explorations." There are two political essays of unusual importance, both anonymous, but with descriptive titles: "England and America in 1863—A Chapter in the Life of Cyrus W. Field" and "The English Crisis."

"Briseis" draws to a swift close. Georgiana, the sly, blonde lass finds an old lover and the Gordon wins the Greek girl for his bride. Aunt Jean, o' the Gordons, is a lovely old woman, and her nephew deserves such a kinswoman. Briseis, for all Mr. Black's careful elaboration, does not take the reader's heart by storm, as so transcendently beautiful a heroine should, but Gordon was quite content. "The German Struggle for Liberty," the other serial, swings on like a romance. It will be the popular history of Napoleon's German failure. "The Bringing of the Rose" by Harriet Lewis Bradley and Mary E. Wilkin's, "The Three Old Sisters and the Old Beau" are slight sketches cleverly done. Charles Dudley Warner's *Editor's Study* is exceptionally interesting. *The Drawer* is something of a failure in spite of Penfield's "posterisque" drawings. *Harper's* for May is worth buying and reading.

—Of all the eclectic periodicals printed within the borders of the United States, *The Literary Digest* is easily the most useful to the scholar and to the man of affairs. It is really a weekly magazine, with a field as wide as the world and a board of editors who are anything but intolerant. Its twenty-eight pages of clippings and condensations contain the cream of the magazine literature of Europe and America, and it is safe to say that a regular reader of the *Digest* will know whatever of importance is happening in the religious, the political, the literary or the scientific worlds. The *Digest* is cosmopolitan, taking its own wherever it finds it, and an article from our *Forum* or *North American* is very likely to be found cheek by jowl with a condensation from the *Revue de Deux Mondes* or *The Nineteenth Century*. All of which makes the *Digest* very interesting and attractive.

It has five departments: "Topics of the Day," "Letters and Art," "Science," "The Religious World" and "From Foreign Lands," besides a journalistic grab-bag which is rightly labelled "Miscellaneous." In the current number, for instance, nine pages are devoted to "Topics of the Day," made up of quotations, for the most part, from American journals and magazines. "The Steel-Maker's Pool," "Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine," "The Raines Liquor-Tax Law," "Some Important Rulings on Railway Law," "Cardinal Gibbons on Morality in Politics," "Big Theatre-Hats," "The Recognition of Cuban Belligerency," "Secretary Carlisle's Candidacy," "The Duties of Government" and "Topics in Brief" — these are the subjects treated in the first department, which is typical

in its catholicity of the other departments. *The Digest* is the best of the busy-men's magazines; because it is as carefully edited as any of our monthlies, and because its matter is always timely and never stale.

—*The Lotus*, which is the latest of the semi-monthlies, is western, intercollegiate and illustrated. It is printed and edited in Kansas City, Missouri, and it does not pay its contributors. But as these are mostly college-men and women, who care less for lucre than for fame, *The Lotus* will, in all likelihood, live through many volumes. It is lavishly illustrated, and short indeed is the poem which has not its decorative margin-piece. *The Lotus* is a distinct departure in the line of intercollegiate magazines, for the publishers use Jenson types and other quaint devices—including very decent paper—to make their magazine attractive. We commend *The Lotus* to such of our readers who have superfluous nickels or longings for intercollegiate fame.

—In "The Outlaw of Camargue," translated from the French of A. de Lamothe, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier, we have a stirring and, at the same time, thoroughly Catholic story. The scene is laid in Provence just before the Revolution. The story opens with a description of Provence and the almost desert-like Camargue. The manners and customs of the Provençals and the parade, or annual branding of the bulls, are clearly and graphically described with the felicity that so often attends the French pen. The simple life in the Chateau Rouge possesses all the charm which pure, earnest living ever exhibits. Too soon, alas! do we turn from the attractiveness of this Arcadia to the repulsiveness of the Pandemonium of the Reign of Terror. The groundless accusation, the mock trial and the cruel execution are depicted in all their baseness and horror. The climax of the story is reached at the revelation of the treachery of Marius and the return of Frederick, the heir of the house. Marius meets death as a punishment for the treachery of which Frederick and his foster-father, Bernard, were the victims. The plot of the story is simple and striking; the manner of telling it direct and earnest. The charm of the original is preserved in a faithful and dignified rendering. We hope to see more of this author's works turned into English, and we should like to see the work done by Miss Sadlier. For a sympathetic spirit is necessary to catch, and a facile pen to depict, the truth and purity which are the attractive features of such works.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 2, 1896.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at S. 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 Staff.

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} Reporters.	

—The welcome given our Reverend President on his return, last Thursday, after a fortnight's absence, had the right ring about it. That much-maligned and badly mangled yell of ours should not be reserved for our athletic teams. It strikes us that our President has even a prior claim on it. So thought Brownson and Sorin, too, and right glad are we that the student body is beginning to discover the real uses of the college cheer. If the Northwestern fielders do not retrieve too many balls, next Thursday, we may be able to make it more effective and euphonious on the next occasion of the sort.

—We begin to-day a series of sketches, by various hands, of some of the familiar and unfamiliar places "within bounds," which every student should be fond of. Notre Dame is rich in traditions and associations; but her history is practically an uncut volume to the great majority of her students. "Silhouettes and Sketches" will aim to revive some of the old stories that cling to obscure or forgotten corners of the place, or to give latter-day impressions of some of the interesting spots that lie between the Post Office and the "stile." It will be amateur work, but "amateur" means "a worker for love of the work," and we beg your kind consideration for our pictures and paragraphs.

—Mr. D. H. McBride, of Chicago, bids fair to be the Moses of the Catholic reading public—the prophet who is to lead us into the Promised Land of good books and good bindings and reasonable prices. Why the last three generations of Catholic publishers have clung so persistently to the gilt and crimson abominations they would have us call bindings would be a Sphinx's riddle to any one but a disciple of Nordau. The volumes which might have comforted weary hearts and brought light and consolation to troubled souls, were so unutterably inartistic, so cheap and nasty within and without, that no self-respecting Catholic cared to submit them to the inevitable criticism of a friend "without the pale." The gift books were the worst of these literary crimes, and so we were forced, at Christmas, perhaps, or at Easter, when it would have been joy to send to a non-Catholic friend a volume of Newman or Faber, to search the catalogues of the Harpers or the Scribners for a suitable gift. "I keep all my Catholic books upstairs," a friend once told us. "Their glaring colors and flashy lettering spoil the effect of my shelves. But I do wish we could have books like that Longfellow there, or this set of Tennyson!"

Not that all Catholic publishers have been Philistines and mockers of the beautiful. There were godly men before Moses, and we have a few volumes in our own rack which would delight the eye of any book-lover. It is of the mass of "premium" books, gaudy and foul, with the odor of cheap glue, that we are impatient. But our forty years in the desert are near the ending. Mr. McBride has, we suspect, a conscience and considerable business ability. He knows not a little of the making of books, and he is content with a modest profit. He began at the top—it is the poorest of economy, almost a crime, to lay hold of the bottom rung, when the highest may as well be grasped—and his latest books are his best. His "Catholic Summer and Winter School Library" is a series of priceless little books, reproductions of the Madison and the New Orleans lectures. The Marquis de Nadaillac's "Prehistoric Americans" is the first of these handy pocket-volumes, marvellously cheap at half-a-dollar each. De Nadaillac is one the greatest of living archæologists, and his essays on the Mound-Builders and the Cliff-Dwellers show the master's touch. Archæology is the most fascinating of studies to those who have predilections for broken flints and fragmentary pottery, but de Nadaillac makes it interesting to the layman as well.

Silhouettes and Sketches.

I.—SAINTE MARIE DES LACS.

Familiarity, the proverb-moulders say, breeds cold indifference or something worse; but like all proverbs this one is only a half-truth,—for in the light of perfect knowledge all great and true things are transfigured. Perfect knowledge is, of course, rare as a truthful proverb, but ignorance of the good and beautiful is, of all conditions, the saddest and most common. For most of us at Notre Dame, our *Alma Mater* is a thing of buildings and teachers, an alien thing in which we have no permanent interest. We miss the traditions and associations that cling

to a hundred nooks and crannies of the college grounds, and many of us see only the outer husk of the real Notre Dame, never dreaming of the beauties that spring to life when we look beneath the surface. We do not know our college, simply because we have never been taught to consider the other and immaterial side that makes the better picture. We are too conscious of the passing moment; our

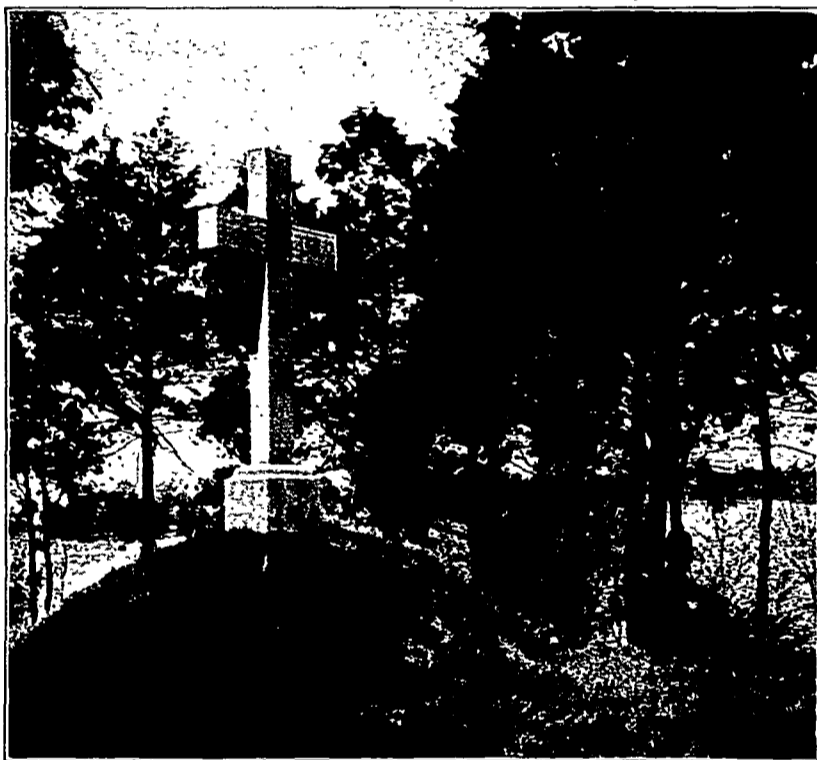
days are too full of the realities of class-room and campus to make us long to know that our primrose is more than a primrose.

Father Badin, who has claims to grateful remembrance other than the fact that he was the first priest ordained in America, may not have been the first man to feel the charm of our twin lakes; but he had the courage of his convictions and some money, and the Government willingly enough gave him a deed for the land all about them. It was just sixty-six years ago that the first building, a chapel of hewn logs, mud-plastered within and without, rose on the highest knoll on the south shore of St. Mary's Lake. Sainte Marie des Lacs the Indians called it, for the French "black-gowns" had penetrated the oak and maple forests of the Northwest long before Father Badin began his

life-work, and had set the seal of their love and piety on every beautiful place they had found. The Indians were Christians, but before the erection of the chapel-cabin of St. Mary's of the Lakes, they had had no regular pastor. Soon it became the centre of a new field of missionary work, and "the priest from St. Mary's" was joyfully welcomed at Coldwater and Kalamazoo on the north and Rochester on the south. But the missionaries kept no journals—memoirs must remain unwritten when there are souls to save—and if anything exceptionally romantic or edifying occurred in the early thirties, no man knows of it.

There is one scene, however, which flashes vivid and living from its background of obscurity. Missionaries were not long of life in those

days; flesh and blood were not created to endure the hardships and perils of the western forests and swamps, the long sleepless nights, the weary interminable days that were the lot of Christ's envoys into the wilderness. If there are no Brebeufs and Lallemands in the annals of Indiana, there are many who were not less willing martyrs. Of these Father Deseille, the 3d priest stationed



THE MEMORIAL CROSS.

at St. Mary's, was one. His life was a continual journey through rain and snow and sunshine from one mission to another. And it happened that he set out for the last time, and returning to St. Mary's he fell ill of a fever and lay at death's door. His faithful Indians scoured the country for a priest, but in vain; and it seemed as though he were not to have the Great Consolation in his venture into the Valley of Gloom. When the final rally came, before his strength had ebbed, he bade his attendants robe him and carry him into the chapel near by. They obeyed him, wondering. Dragging himself to the altar, the dying man unlocked the tabernacle, and reverent as ever, when reverence meant exquisite pain, sank to his knees in the customary genuflection. A moment of loving adoration, and he raised himself again and ate

of the Bread of angels. They carried him to his pallet, after a little time, and, vested as he was for the last, heroic act of his stainless life, he gave up his soul to his Master.

A cross of brown sandstone, massive and simple, marks the site of Father Deseille's chapel; but the noble young missionary is less than a name to the many who have come after him. Two hundred yards west of the college church stands this memorial cross, hedged in by a ragged square of stunted, wind-tormented cedars, raised on a little mound of earth and bearing a Latin inscription unpretentious as the man whose deed it commemorates. *Hic præsens locus, it runs, semel et iterum sanctificatus est oblatione divini sacrificii etiam per quosdam antecessorum nostrorum. Scimus pro certo quod venerabilis Deseille rem sacram haberet aliquando in hoc humili suo cubiculo. Ibi moriens propriis manibus se communicavit in absentia alius sacerdotis, quem in vanum desiderabat. Ibi mortuus et sepultus piis amicis traditus est in humili capella quæ postea labore et arte in hanc præsentem ecclesiam pulcherrimam mutata est, quam ob causam hæc loca quasi fundamenta Ecclesiæ Nostræ Dominæ inservientia omni veneratione religiosa digna videntur.*

Worthy of all honor, truly, yet the place would be interesting even if its associations were commonplace. Within the tiny enclosure everything is as Nature would have it. The grass is long and tangled and green as only grass untouched of scythe can be in early May. The dandelions work their will unrebuked, and gleam from their emerald background, a golden riot of crysanthemums in miniature. Here and there are scattered bunches of lilies-o'-the-vale, a vagrant pansy or two and a clump of flowering locust sprouts that have sprung up since the parent stem was levelled to the ground. There is an air of gentle age about the cross and its sentinel cedars that brings to mind the early days of Notre Dame, the dim, half-forgotten time when a single form might have seated all her students, when Father Sorin was full of life and of boyish enthusiasm for his great undertaking, when only their faith in Our Lady kept hope in those pioneer hearts.

As if to heighten the contrast, up from the lake comes a stertorous puffing, quick gasps and despairing snorts from the steam-dredge at work in the marl-pits at the foot of the grassy slope. But the willows are no greener by the water's edge than in that first May of our history, and there were violets then as now in the little hollow in the hill-side. And all about the apple-

blossoms sift lightly down, in a fragrant, pearl-pink deluge, while a robin hops impudently into the foreground with head turned side-ways and a questioning gleam in his eye, and from across the lake, when the steam-monster rests for a moment, comes the clear trilling of a thrush in the oaks on "the Island." D. V. C.

Exchanges.

The *Niagara Index* mourns the death of Rt. Rev. Bishop S. V. Ryan, the Chancellor of Niagara University. In two or three fine articles, the *Index* gives us the story of the dead prelate's life and an account of the obsequies. Bishop Ryan was a man of great natural gifts and acquirements, of holy life and amiable character, all of which gained him hosts of admirers and friends, and will make his removal sadly felt in many quarters. The University through its able mouthpiece, the *Index*, pays worthy tribute to the admirable qualities of its deceased Chancellor, and gives expression of genuine sorrow at its bereavement. Although it may not be easy to find another who will, to such a degree as did Bishop Ryan, attract the affection of the University, we sincerely hope that Niagara will soon succeed in securing an official head worthy to sit in the Chair of the late lamented Chancellor, and to direct to yet greater perfection an institution that is one of the greatest glories of the Church in this land.

* * *

The *Agnetian Monthly*, of Mt. St. Mary's Convent in Maryland, is a school paper that has given us great pleasure. The April number contains a variety of articles showing aptness of subject, and ease in development and in expression. "A Reminiscence," "Easter Violets," and the Dutch legend are very creditable samples of fecundity of thought and correctness of manner not too often found in school compositions. The editorial column displays ingenious felicity in viewing a subject, and the shorter descriptive essays an unusual degree of carefulness. It is strange and, perhaps, unfortunate, that there is no poetic inspiration among the girls at Mt. St. Agnes. This necessitates a recourse to "selections"; and selections show the absence of originality yet more clearly. The young lady in charge of the exchange department has a heart large enough to condone a multitude of imperfections. Her generous distribution of praise will in turn save her a multitude of anxieties.

Athletic Notes.

The absorbing topic at present in baseball circles is the coming game with Northwestern: and with good reason, too, for Northwestern's reputation is of the best. It is but two years since she won the intercollegiate championship of the West; and although she played a losing game last year and the year before in her race for the pennant, she always failed by a very narrow margin. It is impossible to predict the outcome of next Thursday's game. Northwestern was ingloriously swamped by Champaign last Saturday, so our batters ought to find soft spots some where in the infield. At the same time a week and a half of practice will sometimes effect phenomenal changes. At all events, we ought to open up the season under more auspicious circumstances than those which attended the initial game of last year.

In reviewing the work of the Varsity for the last week and a half few changes are to be noticed. Improvement has been slow and the men seem to lack self-confidence. This, no doubt, is owing to our defeat by the "Senators." After all, there is no reason for this nervousness. We have as good material as any college but Ann Arbor, and if the players themselves only realize this, they will endure the strain of a big game without flinching.

Captain Browne will go behind the bat, Gibson taking his old place at second. Campbell made a hard struggle for first base and finally won out. The rest of the team will remain unchanged. O'Brien and Wilson will be the substitutes. With this team we ought to make Northwestern work hard for every unit on her score-card. The batting of our Varsity, taking it all around, is strong, and Van Doozer will need his deepest cunning and strength to keep him in the box. Fagan will do the twirling for our team, and he certainly deserves the place, for he has clearly out-distanced all his competitors.

One feature of our athletic games is sadly in need of a stimulus. Our cheers are given in a half-hearted manner, as though it mattered little whether the Varsity won or lost. Then, again, when the game begins to go against us the bleachers are as silent as graveyards. Our rooters forget that cheering is most needed when we are losing. The Varsity is not playing for itself alone. It represents the University, and it deserves the united support of the students, whether it win or lose. Let us hear that yell!

W. P. B.

Personals.

—Mrs. M. J. Purnell, of Chicago, paid a short visit to her son of the Minim department last week.

—Mr. Alvin J. Fox, of Carroll Hall, recently entertained his mother, Mrs. C. J. Fox of Chicago.

—Mrs. William Stare, of Mendota, Ill., visited her son Frank, of Carroll Hall, during the early part of the week.

—Mr. A. Berthold, a prominent citizen of St. Louis, paid a short but pleasant visit to his nephew, Mr. Sanford, of Carroll Hall, during the past week.

—It is gratifying to find the old boys, who are now engaged in business life, displaying the same veneration and loyalty towards their *Alma Mater* in the world of business that they did when they were students in her halls. At the bicycle show recently held at Toledo, Ohio, the Dayton Wheel exhibit was arranged by James Cooney (Com'l '84). Mr. Cooney, with laudable thoughtfulness, decorated the entire exhibit with the colors of Notre Dame, and it is said the exhibit was one of the most tastily decorated and arranged in the entire show. The Gold and Blue have been adopted by the makers of the Dayton Wheel as the colors of the wheel. Mr. Cooney is engaged in the carriage business with his father in Toledo. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all good fortune in his business, and feels assured that a man who displays such loyalty to his college can scarce fail to meet with success.

—On April 28, Very Rev. E. Andran, Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Jeffersonville, Ind., celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Father Andran is one of the last of the early French missionaries who came to Indiana when it was but a wilderness, and who have spent their lives laboring for the salvation of others. While still a seminarian, he came to this country in the company of his distinguished relative, Rt. Rev. Bishop De la Hailandière. He was stationed at Vincennes, and when Father Sorin and his little band of followers reached Vincennes, Father Andran welcomed them and entertained them in the absence of the bishop. He was a life-long friend of Father Sorin, and has ever been a staunch friend of Notre Dame. Many precious documents and relics in the Catholic Archives of America were presented by him, and in many ways has he manifested his interest in the University and her undertakings. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the Faculty and student body in congratulating Father Andran on his Golden Jubilee, and we trust that he may be spared for many years to come to continue the good work to which his life and energies have been devoted.

Local Items.

—Lost—A briar pipe with amber mouth-piece, enclosed in red case. Finder please return to W. A. Fagan, Room 19, Sorin Hall.

—"Daly" inroads are being made in the denizens of the surrounding fields by members of the Zoölogy class. The latest victim was a snake measuring fully six inches, and of the venomous, striped kind. It is now hung up in B. A. D's collection.

—Devotions for the month of May began last Thursday evening. The Very Rev Provincial, Father Corby, opened the exercises with a beautiful instruction on devotion to our Blessed Mother. May should be a month of great grace at Notre Dame.

—The second team of St. Joseph's Hall played the Carroll Anti-Specials on the 26th ult. Although the Carroll put up a good game, they were defeated by a score of 15 to 13. With the help of Kasper and Crowdus, the 3d nine of St. Joseph's Hall won a game on Tuesday last from the third Carroll team, the score being 27 to 12.

—And now with the coming of spring, the flower fiend is loose again. Hardly had the lilacs sent forth their buds, when the destructive little wretches of Carroll Hall plucked the blooms and destroyed the bushes. Members of Sorin and Brownson Halls will confer a favor on all at Notre Dame if they promptly spank any child seen pilfering from the flower beds.

—THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION met last Sunday under the chairmanship of Col. Hoynes. Successors were elected to succeed Messrs. Cavanagh, McCarthy and Gaukler, in the offices of Executive-Committee man, Track Captain and Field Reporter. John Gallagher was elected to the Executive Committee; John P. Murphy was chosen Track Captain and John W. Miller, Feld Reporter.

—At a meeting of the Lacrosse Club held in the white-rat room of Science Hall last Tuesday, John Dowd was elected captain for the balance of the season. The handsome gentleman from the 2d ward says he can make players of everyone, as he had former experience in managing teams—chiefly mule teams. He will commence taking ten-mile runs daily, and expects to go east in June and play some championship matches. Among the promising candidates recently signed is A. Ikswokyzrteip, who will play goal.

—The Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall, last Thursday, met with a defeat that was not sweet to bear. A team made up of members of the second nines gave the Antis a beating that they will have cause to remember. And now everyone is wondering whether the Antis are to give place to the second nine; after winning by a score of 12-6, the little fellows deserve the title

of Anti-Special. Perhaps it would be good to form a series of games to decide this important question. The Antis can't back out; they must face the music or retire.

—A team from South Bend, in flaming colored suits, met the Carroll Specials on the 26th ult. The Carrolls played a loose game, and would have lost but for the rooters from Brownson Hall. At the beginning of the ninth inning the score was 9 to 4 in favor of South Bend. Then the din commenced. Confer was there and so were Maguire and Phelps and a score of others, who talked and yelled and screamed and shouted until they succeeded in rattling the men in red. When South Bend recovered and the game was over the score was—Carroll Specials, 14; South Bend, 0.

—Northwestern will be here next Thursday. They will bring with them their latest *find* in Evanstonian baseball—Van Doozer, the famous. Van is the chap who captained the football eleven and played half-back on the team from Evanston. He was a wonder at football, and report has it that he is now astonishing the baseball world. Under competent coaching he has become a twirler, and the ball flies from his hand with a speed that rivals the flight of Mercury. But we'll have Fagan in the box and will possess our souls in peace. Win or lose, the Varsity will have our confidence and support. They merit it, for they have practised regularly and honestly. So give them a cheer!

—An international baseball team has recently been organized in Brownson Hall, with the following players:

NAME	NATION	POSITION
R. O'Malley	United States	Pitcher
J. M. Byrne	Ireland	Catcher
J. Davila	Mexico	2d Base
H. Wurzer	Germany	3d Base
A. Sammon	Canada	1st Base
Julius Arce	Peru	Right-Field
J. San Roman	Spain	Left-Field
P. McGuire	Sandwich Islands	Short-Stop
P. Pietrzykowski	Poland	Centre-Field
J. Ducey (bad man from Cripple Creek) Umpire; Wm. Kegl, mathematician and scorer. As yet no one has been found competent to manage the team.		

—THE ST. CECILIANS held a most enjoyable meeting last Wednesday evening. Mr. Lowery read a criticism of the work of the year and looked forward to the future in a manner which stirred the best impulses of the society. A debate, "Which is the better means of obtaining favor, dress or address?" was then contested. Mr. Burns and Mr. Leonard defended dress, and Messrs. Franey and Fennessey address. The judges decided in favor of address. Mr. Druiding's was the best rendered declamation which has been heard this year. Mr. Schoenbein read "Burdock's Music Box," a humorous selection, and Mr. Fennessey read "A Tale of Mere Chance," by Stephen Crane.

—Those who imagined that Sorin Hall was a hot-bed of physical laziness, and Sorin Hallers a lot of serious men given only to study and

politics, had their eyes opened last Thursday. From one o'clock to three the diamond on the St. Joseph Hall campus was the scene of brilliant plays, and plays that were not brilliant. Two teams, the "Weary Waggles," who take their name from their pitcher, Mr. W. W. Marr, and the "Fatter Tommies," who take their name from their first basemen, Mr. T. Cavanagh, played a ten-inning game and still left the result undecided. The teams are captained by Mr. W. Burns and Mr. P. Ragan, respectively, and the infield positions were filled by such men as Marmon, McDonough, McNamara, Burns, Cavanagh, Lantry, Brennan and Fagan, while Slevin, Murphy (surnamed the Count), Costello and Reardon, kept up a continual sprint in the outfield. Marr and Barton were the battery for the "W. W.'s," and Mott and Ragan for the "T. T.'s." Two umpires were chosen before the game, and to the spectators two seemed about half enough to decide all the disputes that arose. Messrs. Bryan and Gaukler were marked out for bull's-eyes, at which every player saw fit to dart sharp-pointed sarcasm, vociferous contradiction, fearless insult and, now and then, a whistling baseball (A. G. Spalding Standard) which the two umpires fortunately managed to elude. The features of the game were the superb batting and fielding of Costello, who took as much delight in punning upon the word *fly* as he did in punching them out and catching them; the collision of Barrett and Reardon at centre and the sudden and awful collapse of catcher Ragan, caused by a bat, let loose from the Count's hands while that gentleman raced to first. Ragan came back to life, much to the Count's relief, after Barton and Fagan, the attending surgeons, had administered water. *Das Kind* drove in some splendid snake-curves, which he got in Chicago, but Mott was struck quite freely, and Cavanagh could hardly get time to smoke his cigarette at first.

Since the above was written, the game was renewed and two more innings played. Score, 13 to 10 in favor of the "Weary Waggles." The "Fatter Tommies" vow vengeance.

—We have often spoken in these columns of a certain young man who rides a wheel, and who, throughout the entire winter, expressed his longing for spring. Now that "Mirth is come to visit mortals," and everything is blithe, jocund and jovial, we hear little and see less of our esteemed friend. One evening, not many moons ago, this zealous rider was unfortunate enough to have an encounter with the "stile." Down-hearted and gloomy he travelled homeward. News of the sad disaster was telegraphed far and wide; a meeting of the club was quickly called to see what could be done to remedy the damage. An expert was called and the facts of the case laid before him in the shape of a much ill-used bicycle. He examined the wreck, and, after a few moments of profound thought, requested that he be given a day to think fur-

ther over the matter. This granted he departed. Then there arose in our midst one who has seen much of life, and who has had heart-rending experiences. As he arose, quietness reigned supreme, and we all expected to hear something about "a man in his town." But no; a greater favor was in store for us:—he had an idea! Think of it, an idea! and about that wheel, too!

"That expert doesn't know a thing about a wheel," he said; "I, Bones from Schenectady, will fix that wheel in less time than it takes him to think about it."

We believed him and applauded vigorously. Surely, we thought, Bones must know something about it, since he has been the proud possessor of two wheels in his time, and besides a man in his town broke one in the same manner. Bones began to take off his coat.

"Now, Doc, just bring me that wheel,—be careful with it there! Haven't you ever handled one of these before? Marmon, hand me the wrench. Cav, you hold the spanner, and you, *Das Kind*, hold that front wheel. Now, just turn this around and I'll take out the balls. What's that? Now, don't worry; I know all about these things. Here, wait a minute. I've spilt the balls. How many were there? Twenty-two. Wait a minute now. We have lost only four of them. Ah! here they are. I knew we should find them. How many belong on top? Twelve? That's what I thought. Why, what's the matter with this thing? It won't go down. Well, let's put this back wheel on again. You hold that steady now, while I fix this. What's that—these clinchers go on the outside. Not at all. Steele, you don't know a thing about a wheel. Why, down in our town—look out there, Doc, you infernal idiot! Can't you hold that thing still? Confound it, there's the bell! Well, I'll finish this to-morrow." And he departed secretly relieved.

"Who has been fooling with this?" asked the expert.

"Bones."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"It looks as though he or a man from his town had something to do with it." (*a knock at the door.*)

"Come in!"

"Hello, Bones!"

"Why, Professor, these things should be outside—"

"Yes," said Bones interrupting, "I told them that, but Doc insisted on my putting them on the outside, and the Professor did not object, so I did it just to please him. Now, Professor, you see the result of allowing him to interfere with my—"

"Broken? You'll have to take it to the shop. It'll cost twice as much to fix it. Well, I declare! You see, boys, that's the result of your not obeying my orders."

The wheel was carried to the repair shop, and the President called the club to order. A gentleman in the rear got up to speak: "Gentlemen, we have frequently been impressed by the great overflow of a peculiar kind of genius displayed by a member of this club. The gifted all-around man from Schenectady has evinced this peculiar genius so often, and in the same manner as he has displayed it in this, his latest undertaking, that I deem it but a just tribute to his honored self that we, the members of this club, confer on him the noble name of 'Bowser.' I, therefore, put this in the form of a motion, Mr. President."

"I second that motion."

"Gentlemen, it has been moved and seconded that we confer on Bones the noble name of Bowser. All in favor of this motion will signify their assent by saying ay."

"Ay," from every throat.

"Contrary-minded, no. The ays have it by a unanimous vote. Noble sir, you are *Bones* no longer. Henceforth you are *Bowser*."

List of Excellence.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Geography—Masters Campau, Elliott, McIntyre, H. Giffin, Maher, Quinlan, Sexton, Spillard, Swan, Bullen, L. Kelly, Finnerty, Clarke, Breslin, Bullene, Cotter, Brissenden, R. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, Pollitz, Jonquet, Welch, Coquillard, Phillips, J. Van Dyke; *Christian Doctrine*—Masters Mulcare, Campau, Spillard, Moxley, Rasche, Breslin, Kelly, Swan, McIntyre, Finnerty, Quinlan, L. Garrity, MacGarrity, Fetter, Jonquet, Plunkett, Flynn, Blanchfield, Weber, Terhune, Kelly, Allyn, Hart, Wiedner, L. McBride, D. Rasche; *Arithmetic*—Masters Campau, Giffin, Mulcare, Morehouse, M. Garrity, L. Kelly, Quinlan, Breslin, L. Garrity, Davidson, R. McIntyre, Catchpole, Spillard, Maher, Freeman, Caruthers, Sexton, C. Kelly, Philips, G. Weidman, Plunkett, Terhune, Atkinson, Weidner, Hart, R. Brissenden, G. Quertimont, Blanchfield, P. Manion, L. McBride, Dugas, F. Caruthers, E. Quertimont, Wilde, Kopf, D. Rasche, Marshall, Cunnea, Campbell, Ernst, K. Giffin, McMaster; *Music*—Masters L. Rasche, Kasper, Plunkett, Spillard, Ehrlich, G. Davis, Waite, Marshall, Morehouse, Coquillard, Cotter, Freeman, Elliott, Quinlan, Mulcare, Garrity, Weidner, Breslin, Fitzgerald, Catchpole, Moxley, Welch, Wilde, C. Bode; *Orthography*—Masters Bergeron, Waite, Plunkett, Phillips, Pyle, Kasper, Bullen, Fetter, Weidner, Ehrlich, F. Van Dyke, Maher, Campau, Giffin, Swan, D. Rasche, L. Hart, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, F. Caruthers, L. McBride, G. Dugas, F. Bode, J. McBride, Quinlan, Davidson, Sexton, Caruthers; *Grammar*—Masters E. Kelly, Quinlan, McIntyre, Finnerty, Swan, Breslin, L. Garrity, Bullene, Coquillard, Spillard, Cotter, Catchpole, Campau, Pollitz, Davidson, Mulcare, Sontag, Welch, Marshall, C. Bode, Fetter, Plunkett, Philips, Bergeron, Allyn, C. Kelly, L. Weidman, F. Weidman, Welch, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Goff, Pyle, Bullen, Terhune, Atkinson, Jonquet, B. Davis, G. DAVIS, F. Brissenden, S. Van Sant; *Reading*—Masters H. Giffin, G. Davis, Morehouse, J. Van Dyke, McIntyre, C. Kelly, L. Garrity, Paul, Quinlan, Coquillard, Campau, Bode, Spillard, Allyn, Elliott, Goff, Breslin, G. Weidman, Swan, Terhune, Bullen, Brissenden, Finnerty, Abrahams, Catchpole, F. Bode, F. Caruthers, Clarke, E. Manion, Cotter, Hart, D. Rasche, L. McBride; *Penmanship*—Masters Spillard, Terhune, Fetter, Finnerty, L. Kelly, Atkinson, Sontag.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Brennan, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Cavanaugh, Fagan, Gaukler, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, Magruder, McNamara, Mott, McManus, McDonough, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Burke, Blackman, Bowlin, Berthelet, Brucker, Bulger, E. Campbell, M. Campbell, Cypher, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Clendenin, Crane, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly Dowd, Dukette, Eyanson, Forbing Foulks Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Farley, Ferguson, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Galen, Gebhart, Hay, F. Hesse, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Hinde, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzon, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Minge, Mattingly, Medley Menig, Miller, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, Morehouse, McGinnis, McCarty, McPhee, McCormack, McGuire, Niezer, Naughton, Neeley, F. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon Smith, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tracy, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wade, L. Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

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

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. Cressy, 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.