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"CLIFFORD WESTMORE LAKE," '93.

STRAIGHT at the noonday summer sun
I dared to gaze unflinching as an eagle might;
Then sudden ceased, my powers undone:
With down-dropt eyelids and in shame,
I fancied the Eternal Flame
Of Justice thus my sinful soul should pierce and blight.
—December *Century*.

Frederic Ozanam.

WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. M., LL. B.

(CONCLUSION.)



IN the following year, he completed his history of "Christian Civilization amongst the Germans," an historical work of great merit. His health failing, he was sent to Italy for the winter, and during his sojourn in that country he published two volumes, "Unpublished Documents to Serve for the Literary History of Italy, from the 8th to the 13th Century," and that genial work, "The Franciscan Poets," pronounced by critics "a pearl without a rival." In this charming volume, he shows that the Franciscans had alone preserved and kept alive the Italian muse until its splendid inspiration of Petrarch, Tasso and the incomparable Dante. To use his own words, he thrust his hand "into the nest whence the eagles of Christian poetry were destined to take flight—Dante, Petrarch and Tasso."

Not content with his literary effusions, his lectures at the Sorbonne, his speeches anx-

iously sought for in every gathering, this great exponent of Catholicity, laden with work, could not resist the temptation to renew his early fancies and enter the lists of journalism. Shortly after the revolution of 1848, Lacordaire and Ozanam founded the *Ere Nouvelle* for the promulgation of Christian democratic principles, and after the career of this paper closed he was a constant and brilliant contributor to the Catholic press.

His "History of Civilization in the 5th Century," which was crowned by the French Academy a year after his death, was then issued; its preface is such an epitome of it, and so well betrays his forceful method of expression that I may be pardoned for reading it:

"I purpose writing the literary history of the Middle Ages, from the fifth century to the close of the thirteenth, up to Dante where I shall stop, as at the point most worthy of representing that grand epoch. But in the history of letters I shall make civilization, of which they are the flower, my chief study, and in civilization I recognize the chief work of Christianity. . . . As a layman, I have no mission to deal with theological subjects and God; moreover, who loves to be served by the eloquence of man, finds plenty in our day to vindicate our dogmas. But while Catholics were absorbed with the defence of doctrine, the unbelieving seized upon history. They laid hands upon the Middle Ages; they sat in judgment upon the Church, judging her sometimes with enmity, sometimes with the respect due to a fine ruin, often with a levity they would not have used in treating profane subjects. We must reconquer this territory, which belongs to us, since we find it clear by the hands of our monks, our Benedictines and our Bollandists—those men who did not think their lives ill-spent in growing pale over parchments and legends. . . . Gibbon, the historian, went to visit Rome in his youth. One day, while wandering through the Capitol, the sound of hymns broke suddenly on his ear; he saw the doors of the Basilica of the Ara Coeli open, and a long procession of Franciscan monks come forth, brushing with their sandals the pavement traversed by so many triumphs. It was then that indignation inspired him; he formed the design of avenging antiquity, outraged by Christian barbarism; he formed the plan of the "Decline of the Roman Empire." And I,

too, have beheld the monks of Ara Cœli treading on the venerable pavements of Jupiter Capitolinus; I saw it and I rejoiced as at the victory of love over strength, and I resolved to write the history of the progress of that period where the English philosopher saw nothing but decay, the history of civilization in the barbarous ages, the history of the human mind escaping from the shipwreck of the empire of letters, and traversing the flood of the invasion, as the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea, and under the same guidance—*forti tegente brachio*. I know nothing more supernatural, nothing that proves more clearly the divinity of Christianity, than to have saved the human mind."

The unvarying purpose that consumed his soul of presenting Christianity in its most attractive garb with the idea of making others as warm in behalf of its tenets as he, shines out strongly in this as in all his other works. Lamentable is it that he did not live to consummate this grand work so nobly and exquisitely begun and so nobly and exquisitely ended, but not completed, in "Dante, or Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century." He was an ardent lover of Dante, and in this work refutes many of the aspersions cast upon the immortal Florentine, and holds the renowned poet up by irrefragable proof as a philosopher, theologian, a man of science of the highest order, a Catholic in all that the term imports, so gifted that of right his laureled head should be placed, as Raphael put it in the picture, the "Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament," among the doctors of theology. This admirable analysis of Dante brings from him a definition of genius worthy of preservation. "We see him in possession of those three faculties," says Ozanam, "which, united in certain proportions, compose genius—intelligence to perceive, imagination to idealize, will to realize." The intensity of his love and admiration for Dante and his masterful work on Dante were such that, in the literary, philosophical, theological world now thoroughly awakened to appreciation of the versatile genius and many-sided mind of Dante, Ozanam is regarded as a literary, critical genius of intuitive perceptions. He published, too, a volume entitled "The Condition of the Germans before Christianity," and one entitled "Civilization amongst the Franks," giving the ecclesiastical, political history of the Merovingian period and the reign of Charlemagne, the study of the German people previous to their transformation by Christianity, and the study of this transformation itself. But eighteen years were allotted Ozanam for the great historical labors which he performed, and which alone would embalm his memory in the minds of all Catholics.

Domestically, too, if we are to consider example by which all great men of correct purpose do good, he was the most charming of men; the highest affection in his heart was the love he bore his wife and child. His heart was permeated, too, with the highest and purest filial love. Listen to the beautiful letter which he wrote to his friend Lallier, descriptive of his mother's death:

".... Alas! what havoc this death has made in my mind as well as in my heart. No, I am wrong; what so crushed me was the long illness that I beheld day by day destroying her, and which—shall I say it?—seemed as if it were going to dishonor the sacrifice before consuming it, by quenching the intellectual faculties and blunting the moral feelings. This thought was horrible, and haunted me constantly; I seemed to see her soul dying with her body. Mercifully the trial was shortened; just at the end the energy of her soul revived, and Christ, in descending into the heart of His beloved servant, left there strength for the supreme struggle. She remained for three days calm, serene, murmuring prayers, or acknowledging our caresses and services by a few words of ineffable sweetness. At last the fatal night came; it was I who was watching. I suggested to my dear mother the acts of faith, hope and charity, the same that she had taught me to lisp after her as a little child. Towards one o'clock new symptoms showed themselves and frightened me. I called my elder brother, who was resting in the next room. Charles heard us and got up; the servants hurried in. We knelt round the bed. Alphonse said aloud those heart-rending prayers, to which we answered with sobs. All the succors which religion reserves for this solemn hour—absolution, indulgences—were once more applied. The memory of an immaculate life, of good works, which, too numerous and too fatiguing, had hastened its end; three sons preserved in the faith amidst these stormy times, and united here now as by a providential coincidence; added to this the hopes, so near to us, of a happy immortality—all this contributed to lessen the horror and lighten the darkness of death. There were no convulsions, no agony, only a slumber that left her countenance almost smiling, a faint breathing that grew gradually fainter, until at last it ceased, and we rose up orphans. How shall I describe the desolation that broke forth then, and at the same time the inexpressible, incomprehensible, inward peace that we all felt, the sense of a new blessedness, that, in spite of ourselves, filled our hearts to overflowing—not ours only, but those of all nearest and dearest to us? Then the immense concourse at her funeral, the tears of the poor, the prayers offered upon all sides spontaneously, and without any solicitation of ours, and then all the kindly sympathy of friends like you, who hastened to condole with us, and must have been surprised often, to find us so tranquil in our great grief. 'Happy the man to whom God gives a holy mother!'

"This dear memory will never forsake us. Often in our solicitude now, in the midst of the anguish that weighs down my soul, the remembrance of that august scene returns to sustain and uplift me. I think of how short life is, how soon we shall be reunited with those from whom death has parted us, and then I feel all temptations of self-love, all the unworthy instincts of my nature, fade away, and my desires are concentrated in the single one of dying like my mother."

"Oh! how I rejoice now that I did not abandon that blessed death-bed to run after the vague promises of university honors. If at this trifling sacrifice I should only have earned the privilege of passing a few more months near her, of being there on that last night, I am more than paid for it."

Two years afterwards, in writing a letter of condolence to a friend, who had just lost his mother, he thus tenderly and beautifully pays tribute to the mother who bore him:

"Nothing is so appalling as the growing solitude, the void that death creates around us. I have gone through it all; but this state did not last long. There followed quickly another, when I began to *feel* that I was not alone, when I was conscious of something infinitely sweet in the depths of my soul. It was like an assurance that I had not been left alone; it was a benign though invisible neighborhood; it was as if a cherished soul passing close by touched me with its wings. And just as formerly I used to recognize the step, the voice, the breath of my mother, so now when a fresh breeze revived my strength, when a virtuous thought entered my mind, when a salutary impulse stirred my will, I could not but think it was still my mother. After a lapse of two years, when time might have dispelled what was merely the effect of an overwrought imagination, I still experience the same thing. There are moments when a sudden thrill passes through me, as if she were there by my side; above all, when I most stand in need of it, there are hours of maternal and filial intercourse, and then I shed more abundant tears, perhaps, than in the first months of my bereavement, but an ineffable peace is mingled with their sadness. When I am good, when I have done anything for the poor, whom she loved so tenderly, when I am at peace with God whom she served so well, I see her smiling on me in the distance. Sometimes, when I am praying, I fancy I hear her voice praying with me as we used to do together at the foot of the crucifix every night. Often, in fact,—this I would not breathe to any one, but I confide it to you—when I have the happiness of Communicating, when our Saviour comes to visit me, it is as if she followed Him into my wretched heart, as many a time she followed Him when He was borne in the Viaticum to the dwellings of the poor; and then *I believe firmly in the real presence of my mother near me.*"

A good son is a good man; a good husband a good father. The two letters which I have read are indisputable proof that the heart of Ozanam was loyal, tender and true, and that he could not but be, what he was, a tender husband and a loving father.

The life of Frederic Ozanam gave to the world an example of frank, honest, honorable, cultivated manhood; this life gave to history and literature researches and contributions of incalculable value; this life gave to Catholic youth all the incentives for betterment—all those gifts made in the spirit of a genuine, earnest Catholic.

But with all his great ability, his eminent work as an instructor at the Sorbonne, his magnificent contributions to history, litera-

ture and journalism, I find in his character a feature more genial, more grateful, more lovable, because it shows his breadth of heart, the very mainspring of his greatness.

Seldom does history show us in the texture of great men the thread of practical charity. The man of genius who is a humanitarian is superbly great. Charity is the most beautiful flower in the garland of virtues. One of the convincing proofs of the divinity of the Catholic Church is Catholic charity and the sublime exemplification of it which bands of men and women, devoted to works of charity in its fold, offer to the world. No argument for Catholicity appeals so strongly to the non-Catholic as deeds of charity—the practice that follows faith. When but twenty years of age, actuated by the purpose of the betterment of youthful society, Ozanam was urged to action by the scoffers of religion, who constantly taunted him and his party with: "Show us your works." Gathering two friends, Lallier and Lamache, of kindred minds, he formed a little band of three under the protection of St. Vincent de Paul, whose duties were that each should visit a poor family, ascertain its needs, and at the end of the week the three were to meet, compare experiences, arrange for the alleviation of the condition of their protégés and then part to meet again the following week for a like purpose. Thus was started the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Thus was Ozanam to show the scoffers of religion that Christianity was not a dead tree, but in the fulness of life. This trio of noble souls gathered other members until the membership embraced eight, and thereafter rapidly grew until the membership was two thousand, and each year five thousand indigent families were thus relieved. Not alone to the material wants of the needy did he confine the operations of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, but their moral and mental wants were also looked after, and thus were the poor enabled to take care of themselves in time by this most complete species of charity. From this small beginning came that superb organization that, not alone in France, but in every civilized country on the globe, holds out the hand of charity to the poor and the needy, the widow and the orphan.

Most faithfully did he, the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, continue as a loyal, unselfish member to the day of his death. Wherever he went, he was recognized as its head, and no duty was as pleasant for him as

the institution of conferences of the society. In Florence, a few months prior to his death, sick with a mortal illness, he left his sick bed to institute a conference, at which he delivered a speech in Italian on the objects, aims and purposes of the society, which captivated the Italians, and the circulation of which caused conferences to spring up all over the land.

The last days of this champion of religion and charity were full of pathos. What could be more pathetically beautiful than the lines to his friend Ampère, written after dread consumption had marked him for death?

"During the last three weeks of Lent," he says to M. Ampère, "I was preparing myself seriously for the final sacrifice. It cost nature something, yet through God's help, it seemed to me that I was beginning to detach myself from everything except from those who love me, and whom I can love elsewhere than here below. But my poor wife prayed so hard, and got so many prayers said, that I began to revive, and, without being cured, I may venture to hope for a cure. The worst of it is that I attach myself again at once to life and all the vanities of life. According as I begin to think seriously of seeing Paris again, I think of my work, of my schemes,—must I own it?—of the opinion of the learned and the public! See what becomes of a half and half convalescence! Perhaps tomorrow a relapse will come and make short work of my midway progress, but today, the stray sunbeam that is awakening the flowers wakes up my hopes and ambitions too."

At Antignano he desired to receive Holy Communion on the 15th of August: the old Curé was dying, but, hearing of Ozanam's wish, insisted that he should have the privilege of giving him Communion, and was carried to the church where he said Mass. Tears filled the eyes of the spectators, as the emaciated Ozanam, supported by his wife, walked slowly to the Communion table, and the dying priest with tottering steps was assisted to administer Communion to them both and was then led away. It was their last Mass. The old Curé went back to his bed of death; Ozanam never beheld the Sacrifice again.

On September 8, 1853, this beautiful soul passed from earth to Heaven. He had desired to die in Paris, the scene of his labors and the scene of his triumphs, but it was impossible to bring him farther than Marseilles. Forty years was the brief span of this beautiful life, consecrated to God, to religion, to the youth of France, to the poor. There is in it an example worthy of emulation. It is doubtful if modern history presents a more striking example of a young man, who, in the world, developed a career so high, honorable and blameless in all the relations of life.

In his life there is boundless inspiration for every walk of life; every line of his character is worthy of imitation. He dedicated his life to the service of truth. He had but one aim in life, that he might make men better and the world happier. We need now men of his celestial mould. His famous advice to the government of France, "Christianize the masses! educate the masses!" if followed here will make our republic perennial. In proportion to our emulation of his example shall we become seekers after higher, nobler life, better citizens and better men.

In the crypt of the Carmelite monastery in Paris, where repose the remains of the priests massacred in the French Revolution, is a marble slab bearing the name "Frederic Ozanam," and denoting the last resting-place of his precious ashes. In the middle of the crypt stands a large wooden cross, the same on which Lacordaire was wont to suspend himself for three hours on Good Friday. No fitter tomb could be found for him than in the crypt of this venerable Carmelite pile, beneath the shadow of Lacordaire's cross and amidst the tombs of the sainted priestly martyrs of the French Revolution.

Margaret Wrightington's Wedding.

THOMAS TYRONE CAVANAGH, '97.

"For what time shall I order the carriage, mother?" asked Marion Waters. "The reception is announced for five o'clock, so I suppose six o'clock will be soon enough."

"All right, Marion," replied her mother. "Jack will be home soon, as he has only gone to the florists. By the way, hasn't he changed greatly these last few months? Why, when we were at Narragansett this summer he was as jolly and good-natured as any one; but now he seems morose and doesn't care to say or do anything at all."

"Do you think he loved Margaret?" asked Marion. "It might be on account of her marriage to Charlie Spencer. But then he could never have thought of such a thing as marriage, could he?"

"It's hard to understand the whole case with men like Jack," remarked her mother. "Sometimes they entertain girls, call on them and invite them here and there and never think anything about it. Others do the same thing and finally propose. If they are accepted, well and

good. If not, then they either go to the dogs or to suicide. Jack, though, is pretty sensible, and I don't think he'll do anything rash. He is pretty badly broken up over something," she added with a sigh.

"Maybe it's his studies that are troubling him, mother," ventured Marion, by way of explanation. "That's he now at the door. He'll be ready soon, so I guess we'd better dress at once."

The young girl left the room and retired to her own apartment, thinking little of the deep anxiety of her mother. They were about to go to the wedding reception given by Mrs. Wrightington in honor of her daughter's marriage. Mrs. Waters was perplexed by Jack's actions. She knew what strong, powerful passions his father had before him, and although Jack had never told her, she surmised that he had proposed to Margaret Wrightington and had been refused. She knew, as all society did, that during the summer and the early fall they had been seen together everywhere. She knew what a great change had been effected in him on that memorable day when Jack first saw Margaret on the Rocks at Narragansett. She thought nothing of it at the time, but Jack's actions proved conclusively that he had given up his ideas of bachelorhood. And now the wedding day was at hand and Jack had left his classes at Harvard to be in attendance. His arrival was unexpected as he had not written home of his intentions.

Jack was ready to leave some few moments before his mother and sister. So he put on his overcoat and waited in the library. He seated himself in a large lounging chair near the door. His mind was at once filled with the important significance of that day's ceremony. He thought of the many happy hours he had spent in her presence and the great affection he had for her. His eyes wandered to the large table in the middle of the room and alighted upon a new photograph of Margaret. He arose and took it from its place. Carefully he scrutinized every detail; at last the eyes of the picture met his. "I once thought I loved you, Margaret, but it was only strong affection after all. Did you ever think of loving me?" he mused. "No?" Well, I was not good enough anyway. You will be happy now forever—far happier than I could ever make you."

"Are you ready, Jack?" asked his mother, who had been watching him from the staircase. "If you are, we'll be off, as the carriage is

here." The three were soon on their way to the Wrightington home.

The large, modern house was the scene of great beauty. Every nook in the immense drawing-room was filled with great vases that shimmered in the soft light. An immense gathering of Chicago's society thronged the rooms. In the large bay window of the parlor was the bridal party. They were surrounded by a thick, compact circle of admiring friends, who were offering their congratulations. Suddenly the hum of the merry-makers was hushed and all eyes turned toward the parlor threshold. There stood Jack gazing with a dreamy look in his eye at the joyful couple. Every one watched him closely as he advanced toward them, for it was generally understood that he had proposed and been rejected. Bowing low he took the bride's hand and kissed her white glove. He slowly straightened himself up and advanced toward the bridegroom.

"Well, Charlie, you are good fortune herself," he said. "Some of us poor devils thought we had a chance, but it all seems like a hoax on us. Seriously, though, I congratulate you heartily and hope that your after-life may be as happy as this joyful beginning."

He then passed to the bride and the conversation turned to general subjects.

"Do you mean to say you came all the way from Harvard, Mr. Waters? It was exceedingly kind of you. But you are looking poorly. Hard study, is it?" she said nervously.

Jack laughed softly as he replied: "Well, Margaret, I can't say that it is. I'd like to think so, but I feel as though I hadn't done much work at all this year."

And so the conversation progressed. Jack gradually cast aside his gloominess and felt like his old self again. From Margaret he turned to a group near him, and in a few moments he was as joyful and merry as the rest. He was conscious that a change had been effected in him and he felt pleased.

The reception lasted until ten o'clock, and about that hour Jack met his mother.

"It's getting rather late, Jack," she remarked. "We'd better go in a short time. Marion and I will be ready in a few moments."

Jack hurried about and bade his intimates good-night. He congratulated the bridal couple again and wished them a pleasant wedding trip.

Late that same night Jack was sitting in his mother's room discussing the reception, the bride and groom and the persons he had met.

"Do you know," remarked his mother, "I thought you loved Margaret. In fact, I expected you to marry her. I was greatly surprised to see you come to the wedding, for I thought, maybe, you had been rejected."

"Well, mother, that's a clever idea! I did like Margaret. We were great friends. But as for marriage," he added, with a smile, "you know I never did really love any girl."

"Now, honestly, Jack, didn't you ever think of marrying her? If you didn't, what has effected so great a change in you? Why, when you came home this morning you looked like an old man, and you appeared vexed and nervous at everything. Didn't this prey on your mind; now honestly, Jack?"

Jack laughed loud and long.

"Well, mother, I never thought you noticed it; but I'll tell you what's the matter. Believe me, I never thought of marrying Margaret. Well, when I returned to Harvard last September, Holworthy and some of my old friends persuaded me to go into football and try for a position on the team. I went into it heart and soul. Everything was sacrificed—work, time, pleasure, everything. I worked as I never did in my life. The weeks flew quickly by, and my chances for a place grew brighter and brighter. One night, about the middle of November, Barnes, an old friend of mine, gave a 'spread' in his room, as it was his birthday, and I went. Training rules were sacrificed for that night, and instead of retiring at ten o'clock, as was the rule among the football men, I turned in early the next morning. Well, the next day the head coach rebuked me for my action, and told me my services were no longer desired. It was an awful surprise. I inquired, and he told me he understood everything from Holworthy. This made the blow harder. Just think, mother, of an old friend, a fellow I had gone with for seven years now, telling on me like that!

"From that moment I gave up all my old associations and went with no one. I spent all my time alone trying to make up the class work I had missed, but I could not study. It was an awful existence, and I seized the first opportunity to be with you and Marion again. But tonight I feel like my old self. Old faces and old friends worked a cure, and I attribute my pleasure to that lucky wedding. Spencer is a very good fellow, and I never met a finer girl than Margaret. The match is a good one. No, mother, it was not love for girls, but love for football that knocked me out."

Varsity Verse.

DESOLATION.

WIDE, sweeping plains where late the sweet
flowers grew,
Dull, darkened skies erstwhile o'er cast with blue,
Unbroken fields of white,—no more for you.

Upon your hearth the gloomy shadows fall,
No mellow sunlight floats adown the wall,
Silence, solitude, discontent o'er all.

Time passes,—day to night and night to day—
Unheeded, for the sickening gloom doth stay,
And yet, I hope 'twill not be thus alway.

L. P. D.

IN THE LIGHT OF GRACE.

Oh! let us weep for resolutions broken,
The bonds we wove when grace illumed our sky.
Oh! let us pray that when sin's fog is lifted
We twine us stronger bonds when grace shines nigh.

D. C. D.

AN OUTSIDER'S BOAST.

Let Dames Colonial vaunt their race
And call me bold and proud upstart,—
The best-bred carriage in the place
Is my good baker's painted cart.

C. M. B. B.

CREDISNE FABULIS?

Like the fabled swan is the young spring poet,
That sadly sings and dies.
Like the phoenix, too, is that selfsame poet,—
Though killed, he 'gain doth rise.

E. F. J.

A QUESTION OF RELATIONSHIP.

There is a question of the day
Which doth to vex my brain begin:
Are "budding" geniuses, pray,
Unto the "blooming" chumps akin?

B. C. M.

AT THE GALLERY.

Such a dainty cap of linen
Quite becomes your tossing tresses;
Surely, sweet, you've never been in
London, where each maiden,—bless us,—
Wears a fluffy, stately bonnet,
Huge with flowers and feathers on it.
Praise for you is most condign,
Winsome Mistress Valentine.

Cherry lips and cheeks of posies,
Clear brown eyes with mischief smiling;
Surely, some young fellow knows he's
Wasting time with your beguiling.
Love, I fear, for you is folly;
And, withal, so fair and jolly,
I would say you're quite divine,
Winsome Mistress Valentine.

Some might say you're like a Venus,
But I know you're too unquiet;
Still I'd have none come between us,
Though, I'm sure, I never sigh yet,
When I think you can not love me,
For you hang quite high above me,
And you're not down in the line,
Painted Mistress Valentine.

E. J. M.

The "Merchant of Venice."

J. FRANCIS CORR, '98.

The "Merchant of Venice" is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works. Despite the changes of time and prejudice it still retains its popularity. The principal characters are masterpieces of characterization such as are to be found only in Shakspeare. Producing a most powerful effect on the stage, most of our renowned actors have been seen in the delineation of "that perfect type of olden-time Judaism"—the character of Shylock. With Booth, the glamour of romance was seen to envelop him to the detriment of Shylock's real character. Booth made him an object of sympathy and commiseration. This was correct; but to a certain degree. Up to the trial scene in the fourth act we pity Shylock; but when he oversteps the bounds of vengeance, pity gives way to satisfaction at his discomfiture. In Irving's Shylock there is too much of the feeble old man whose better faculties are dismally warped by desire for revenge. Shylock does not seem to be an old man. As Hazlitt says "The circumstance that he has a daughter marriageable, does not imply that he is old at all." Again the line

"Bassanio and old Shylock, both stand forth,"

seems to have a touch of venom in it, and does not prove, as some critics say, that Shylock was an extremely old man. In the delineation of Portia's character, Miss Ada Rehan and Ellen Terry have been more successful. The only fault to be found is that the playfulness of Ada Rehan's Rosalind is too conspicuous in her Portia, while on the other hand, Miss Terry's Portia is too stern.

The plot is composed of two distinct stories: that of the bond and that of the caskets. Shakspeare took the story from a crude work which he found in the "Gesta Romanorum," a Latin collection of mostly allegorical tales, translated into English about the time of Henry VI., or from Fiorentino's "Il Pecorone," published in Milan about 1588, though written about 1300. The "Merchant of Venice" stands midway between Shakspeare's earlier and later works, and it would appear at first sight that he had fallen back into the error of his earlier plays—that of combining two distinct actions in one drama.

The fate of Antonio, hanging in the balance,

and the personal fate of Portia seem, indeed, to constitute two actions. The story of the caskets and the events that happen at Portia's country-seat actually bring us into another world from that in which Shylock and Antonio live. The lawsuit between the merchant and the Jew is unnatural and almost improbable. On the other hand, the story of Bassanio and Portia is also improbable in actual life. But, by the genius of Shakspeare, one is so interwoven with the other that there is created a counterpoise between improbable and improbable, thus making one essential to the evenness and balance of the other; or, as Schlegel observes, "they are connected by the chain of cause and effect." The suit of Bassanio makes possible the lawsuit of Shylock, and the peculiar conditions laid down by a father to his daughter make possible the suit of Bassanio.

The unity of the play is another evidence of Shakspeare's unparalleled genius as a dramatist. The three knots—hard facts and the romantic episode—the courtship of Bassanio and the three other suitors; the lawsuit between Antonio and Shylock; Gratiano and Nerissa, Jessica's love for Lorenzo and her elopement with him—all are arranged with so much clearness that we nowhere lose the thread; and as, Ulrici says: "Every separate part is harmoniously connected with the other, and in the end all is rounded off into an organic whole."

In the first act we are introduced to the principal characters of the play. Thoughtful Antonio is seen beside the gay Solanio and Salarino. He is thinking of his ships and the chances of wind and tide. Bassanio appears—a princely bearing and an empty purse; an ambition born of love and a "disabled state"—all this we see and hear through the merry prattle of Gratiano. Bassanio, a true *gentiluomo* of Italy is in straits owing to the fact that

"He showed a more swelling port

Than his faint means would grant continuance."

Coming to Antonio he tells him of the sad state of affairs—not only of his estate, but of his heart—and asks him to help in one, thereby advancing the probability of the success of the other.

Here we have the least tinge of suspicion that Bassanio is a "fortune-seeker." In describing Portia he says first:

"In Belmont is a lady richly left."

He, like ordinary men, begins the suit with thoughts of chattels; but we forgive him when he adds:

"Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Burtus' Portia."

Antonio has not the money, but he promises to try his credit in Venice, and thus begins the cause of the lawsuit. Portia and Nerissa discuss the merits of the many suitors for the hand of the heiress. There is something wrong in all of them, and all have failed to obtain her hand. They get hard knocks in her criticism, but we begin to see which way the wind blows the straw when Portia says of Bassanio, whom Nerissa has been praising:

"I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise."

Then Bassanio, Shylock and Antonio arrange for the loan. Shylock has a general hatred for all Christians, because Christians persecuted him and his race. But he hates Antonio in particular for railing at his habit of taking high interest on money loaned.

Antonio, being a Christian, was forbidden by the laws of religion to take interest. The Jews being outside the pale of law found money-lending a most profitable, but in the eyes of Christians, a most despicable business. Hatred for race and religion begets hatred, and it is but natural that Shylock should hate Christians. But his money-bags are more to him than religion. His disgusting love of gold repels all feeling of any pity that we might feel for him.

But Shylock was not an ordinary Jew of his time. He possessed a strong individuality, and was, in his own way, a thinker. Next to his ambition for wealth, the desire for revenge is his "strongest spring of action." He catches the chance to ensnare Antonio. With subtle treachery, clothed in the guise of kindness and playfulness, he urges Antonio to seal the bond that contains the horrible condition

"—let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh."

Antonio seals the bond, and his fate appears to hang on the return or loss of his ships.

In the second act begins the story of the caskets. There are three caskets made of gold, silver and lead. In one of these is Portia's picture, and the suitor lucky enough to open that casket wins the prize. Here we are transported from dull, everyday business life to a world of light, flowers, music and happiness. The shadows that are falling over one have no place here. We are held by the uncertainty of Portia's fate. Not that she has as yet become known to us, but simply because chance owns its own interest.

Jessica, the daughter of Shylock, who shares with the ducats the love of her father, takes it into her head that a more substantial love is wanting, and after having robbed her father of his beloved ducats, she elopes with Lorenzo. This is a bitter jest at Shylock's expense, who had trusted his keys to his daughter, and we can not help but feel satisfaction in his double loss.

In the conversation between Solanio and Salarino in the seventh scene, we learn that Bassanio has left Venice for Portia's home. Shylock is in a rage over his loss. In one breath calling for his daughter and in the next bewailing his stolen ducats. He loses self-control and lets the public hear his wailing, as Salarino says:

"Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats."

Pity Antonio if he forfeits the bond now! Shylock has again been fooled by a Christian, and if one of them falls into his power, he will wreak vengeance to the limit.

In the third act the gloom begins to settle. One of Antonio's ships has been wrecked. It seems most likely that he will not be able to meet the bond. Shylock hears of the loss, and swears that he will hold Antonio to the forfeit. In this act Bassanio, who seemed at first a frivolous sort of fellow, is ennobled in our eyes by his choice of the leaden casket. Here, as well as throughout the whole play, its tragic portion has been relieved by the romance which belongs to the personal fate of Portia. Contrast the beautiful life of Portia with the hard, sad life of Shylock; the bright future of Bassanio with the terrible fate awaiting Antonio. Antonio is not an actor, but rather a sufferer—the victim of a horrible trick. While the minds of his friends are filled with the most painful anxiety as to his fate, he alone is calm and resigned. As Schlegel says: "The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio are affectingly sublime." A powerful contrast exists between the generosity and goodness of Antonio and the selfish cruelty of Shylock.

Portia becomes better known to us. One of Shakspeare's most exquisite pieces of characterization, she is not only endowed with her own peculiar innate qualities, but she embodies all that the master-dramatist, in the wealth of his poetical imagination, could lavish on her. All the dignity, the tenderness and sweetness that should distinguish woman are found in her. But more than this, her high, mental powers,

sunny temperament, decision of purpose and resolution of spirit make her the most remarkable of Shakspeare's poetic creations.

Bassanio receives a letter from Antonio in which he learns that Antonio's ships have been wrecked and that the Jew means to hold to the forfeiture. On learning this, Portia offers to pay treble the amount owed to the Jew, so that Antonio will escape the penalty. Jessica tells of her father's hatred and seeming determination to exact the penalty, and says:

"If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio."

Bassanio leaves for Venice. Not content with sending her husband, Portia forms a plan for the release of Antonio. The disguise and deportment to be assumed as a doctor of laws would appear improbable in any other woman, but in Portia's case, the effort is a natural result of her character. She sees the legal advantage which may be taken of the incident. The decision and intelligence with which she executes her purpose help to harmonize and make all in keeping."

But all the finest parts of the different characters are brought out in the fourth act. Antonio's shadowy calamity has become a real thing. Shylock's hatred towers above him like an ancient ruin that in falling will surely crush him. There is no escape. The Jew, triumphant in the letter of the law, holds him, and there is nothing that he can do to extricate himself.

Portia's passionate appeals for mercy, her appeals to the Jew's avarice—all are in vain. Shylock must have his bond. The Merchant's life must pay the forfeit. Here Portia and Shylock are side by side, and their different characters are seen to perfection. On one side, high intellectual power, matchless eloquence, irresistible pathos with decision of purpose; on the other, inexorable malice, intellectuality, warped by avarice and low passions, and a decision of purpose that owes its strength in the security of the letter of the law. Both are powerful and worthy of each other. As Mrs. Jamieson says: "Portia hangs beside the terrible, inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt."

When at last the minds of all have reached a state of agony—when Shylock, in fiendish glee, springs upon his victim and cries,

"A sentence!—Come, prepare.—

then patience and womanhood can endure no

longer. Indignation, smothered scorn and disgust burst forth with an impetuosity that breaks down the barriers of judicial solemnity. The law is not the inflexible thing that Shylock believed it to be. It bends to the mind of its administrator. The tables are turned; Shylock must take his bond. But if he does he dies.

All the dramatic force of the play is concentrated in this act. The climax is reached on a wave of action that, in thrilling events and heart-rending suspense, is almost unparalleled in Shakspeare's other works. Naturally, we judge that the play should end here. But the gloomy events have left a dark impress. We want something to light up the world again. Here Shakspeare responds to our longing. He has furnished the fifth act as a "musical afterpiece." Jessica and Lorenzo, sitting in the "paler day of an Italian moon," bring some of the pleasure found in the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. Portia's return and playful quarrel about the ring make us forget the gloom; and when Bassanio and Portia enter the house, "The play is over, and the brighter part of life begins."

Magazine Notes.

—*Harper's* for January in its outward appearance is not extraordinary, but its "inwardness," its life, its spirit, seems to have taken new strength with the New Year. Among those who fill its pages are many that are famous throughout the land—Howells, du Maurier, Hutton, Wilkins, Matthews. There are, besides the productions of these favorite writers, many articles of history, science and literature that are of much importance. Dr. Henry Smith Williams has a very instructive paper on "Science at the Beginning of the Century," with engravings of some of the men who figured in the discoveries that have made the nineteenth century the most glorious of the era. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in that elegant, easy, facile style of his, after "Landmarking" London, Edinburgh and Venice, is now in the act of "Landmarking" Rome. "The Indian Giver," a comedy by Mr. William Dean Howells, is a comedy indeed, full of the comical, and illustrated by the pen of Mr. W. T. Smedley. "The Martian" has reached its fourth installment, and continues to keep up the interest of the reader, who feels that Barty is a strange young man. The stories by Mr. Matthews and Miss Wilkins are cleverly artistic.

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—The SCHOLASTIC begs to assure its sympathy to Mr. Fred Schillo (Biol. '94, Law '98), who was called home to Chicago last Tuesday to attend the funeral of his sister.

—The Hon. Washington Hesing, LL. D., will lecture next Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 in Washington Hall on "Municipal Government." The Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., Bishop of Sioux Falls, Dakota, will speak on the "Foundations of American Citizenship" in the same place on Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The lecturers and the subjects should demand attention.

—The formal opening of the term took place last Sunday. Very Rev. President Morrissey sang Solemn High Mass and Very Rev. Provincial Corby delivered an eloquent sermon. During the past week the President visited the various halls to congratulate the students for the seriousness with which they have begun the term's work and to encourage them to greater efforts. The Seniors have had the pleasure of receiving from him some timely and valuable advice touching their approaching graduation.

—We beg to present our compliments to the new Rector of the Catholic University and to the great institution itself, which has been fortunate in the choice of so able, so learned and so gifted a man. As an educator in all that is high and liberal, and as a director in all that is wise and progressive, we have every reason to look for the success of Doctor Conaty. Here at Notre Dame was drafted the constitution now governing the Catholic University of America, and it is with perfect confidence that Notre Dame views the future of that seat of learning.

—It is to be hoped that all who can will take advantage of the great opportunities offered for training in athletics. Arrangements have been made for winter practice in baseball—arrangements that go far beyond anything in previous years. From what can be learned now, there is reason to expect a large number of candidates for places on the Varsity, and the competition consequent to a great quota of aspirants from Sorin and from Brownson Halls will bring out whatever is best in the College. Not baseball alone, but basket-ball, is receiving attention on all sides. Though this game is comparatively new among us, we may expect a strong team from each of the halls and a much stronger team to represent the University. Earnest work is being done in this line, and the games contemplated can not but be of interest.

There is a strong sentiment among those most intimately connected with athletic affairs in favor of legislation concerning the scholarship of students seeking athletic honors. From the student-body come whispers of setting a standard of scholarship for candidates for the Varsity, and any falling below the mark to disqualify for the team and even for practice. This, everyone will at once see, would be a good rule, as it would tend to the advantage of the students themselves, though it may be of injury to athletics as such. There seems to be no doubt that the Faculty will earnestly endorse this project, and it is, we trust, no less acceptable to the students. We do not know to what extent this rule would affect the quality of our team, but if we take our previous teams as examples, we have reason to fear that it would make a very material difference. However, it is an idea that should receive close consideration. There is no doubt that it is one of the best tests of honesty and manliness in athletics, and on that account alone this rule should be enforced by the students.

The Spirit of the Day.

If material ends are our ideals we are no better than barbarians.
—BISHOP SPALDING.

Though living in an age of intellectual progress, man is, nevertheless, impeded by two great obstacles—the love of money and of notoriety. These seem to be the dominant aims of men of all countries and of all grades of society. You have but to take any occupation in life in which man is engaged, and you are sure to find verified what I have said. A machinist, for instance, before he invents something will invariably ask himself: Is there any money in it? Or will it make me more famous? In like manner we may speak of other trades and occupations, especially of the literature of the day, and ask for what purpose have so many books been produced? Many have, indeed, written books for the sake of enlightening the minds of their fellow-creatures, or of contributing something to the advancement of the cause of literature. But how many others are there, who, like mere tradesmen, work simply for the sake of money? The novelists are a proof of this. "They write novels by the wholesale." How much more advantageous would it be for them, if they would but write for the development of their own minds and for the common interest? Surely a novel that can be produced within a few months can not exhibit much art, much less can it attain the high standard which novels should hold in literature. It is, as Bishop Spalding says—"the mind maketh the man; and the most money and place can do is to make millionaires and titularies."

If "the end of man is the pursuit of perfection through communion with God, his fellows and nature, by means of knowledge and conduct, of faith, hope, admiration and love," should not he who is capable try to do all in his power to impart that knowledge to others, so that they may the more easily reach their destined goal? The want of money may be supplied, but the knowledge which one man is capable of imparting to others can never be supplied. Man's highest ideal should not be money, for "he is more than money, as a workman is more than his tools." "To urge the pursuit of learning," says Bishop Spalding, "with a view to money-making is apostasy from light, is desertion to the enemies of the soul." And again he says: "He whose main hope is that he shall die rich has begun to dig

the grave of his nobler faculties." The will to do and to think is man's noblest faculty, and surely he whose highest ideal is money has no will, or at least no free will—it is bought. Money to its lover is like an attractive force, it is continually drawing him towards it.

The desire of notoriety is the sister vice of money. If a man works for the sake of obtaining a name, he is making his end. After all, it is not what other people think of us that makes us men, but what we are; it is our consciousness of doing right. If a man is good interiorly, this virtue will generally be driven to the exterior. St. Thomas Aquinas was for a long time called by his fellow-religious "the dumb ox," but, as his biographers tell us, that same ox was afterwards heard to bellow far and wide.

Those who depend on others for their good name show that they lack faith and confidence in themselves. They dare not trust their own abilities for fear of falling short of their aim. To make an old comparison in a new connection, they are like parasites that live upon others. To obtain the *vox populi*, which, in many instances, is the direct opposite of the *vox Dei*, with which it is said to be identical, they resort to means that are not always manly, that are seldom irreproachable and are never praiseworthy. But they would be popular, and without relying on their own merits, sacrifice their independence to that end. It does not make us men to agree with the crowd, for "the popular breath, even when winnowed by the winds of centuries, is hardly pure." Even though a man is right, he will always find some one—who does not understand what he says—to contradict him. Man must not yield on that account, for our Lord Himself was contradicted. It is contradiction that makes a man show what is in him. "Contradiction," according to the learned prelate whom I have frequently quoted, "is the salt which keeps truth from corruption."

Philosophically speaking, of course, the testimony of the many merits our belief, but it is our duty to find out by what principles they are guided. Every man is endowed with the criterion of conscience, and that should be the standard by which he ought to direct all his actions to the last end. "The farther we dwell from the crowd with its current opinion, the better and truer shall we and our thoughts be;" for "all good which is not based on the highest moral principle is but empty appearance and splendid misery." P. J. D.

A Popular Entertainment.

Though the entertainment given in Washington Hall last Wednesday afternoon was not of the intellectual kind, or such as would entice bookish men from their libraries, it was so unusual, so economic of mental energy, even in the matter of jokes, that the most critical could not help but be amused, more by the manner, perhaps, than by the matter. Those in charge of the Lecture and Concert Course of the University evidently realized the fact that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and as a result we have now heard and seen enough nonsense, innocent and harmless, to last us through the rest of the scholastic year. For the philosophical mind, too, there was a good deal to think about in the entertainment, an element which may have been readily understood, but which does not admit of description.

The "animated pictures," of course, formed the principal factor of the performance. Considering the short time the managers had in arranging the electrical apparatus and the other difficulties they had to contend against, the pictures were very satisfactory. The audience was, certainly, most appreciative. Of the nine or ten pictures which were reproduced on the screen, the "hurdle-race," the "lone fisherman," the "charge of the West Point Cadets" and the "Black Diamond Express," were particularly attractive. The work of Mr. Press Woodruff was fairly satisfactory. Many of his jokes were new to his audience and all of them were heartily acknowledged. His appearance, sober and clerical as it is, added much to the humor of his stories. His impersonation of the late Bill Nye was especially good. Miss Jean Durell's selections were not so happy as those of Mr. Woodruff, but were, however, cleverly given. In "Mrs. O'Flaherty's Grand Opera" you would not, perhaps, recognize her as one of the daughters of the Green Isle, on account of the "narrowness" of her brogue, but she is much abler in negro impersonation. Miss Florence McKnight has an agreeable voice and good expression, and Miss Olive Welch is a pianist of good taste. Pelham's Popular Entertainers deserve our thanks for their liberality in responding to encores, and if for no other reason than this, the hearty and spontaneous applause given them throughout the course of the afternoon's performance was appropriate.

Exchanges.

"There is nothing new under the sun," is a saying that many of the contributors to our Christmas exchanges seemed to be endeavoring to verify. Last week we said that the majority of the Christmas numbers were of exceptional merit, and in so saying we spoke the truth; but of the minority as much can not be said. The annual appearance of the long-lost father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, son and daughter made us groan in agony. We had thought that by this time all the long-lost individuals had been found and reunited to their loved ones, but many of our exchanges thought different. We are now hopeless as to ever hearing the end of these seasonable returns of unfortunates. We shall expect a few of them to turn up as Valentines, a few more at Easter, and then a host of them will wait in agony until they are brought home in time for the Thanksgiving dinner. Why, respected plagiarists, that plot dates back to the time of Jacob, and maybe much earlier, for all we know to the contrary. Jacob himself was one of the chief characters in two of these reunions—first when he was reunited to his brother Esau, and again when his son Joseph was restored to him. Since that day the story has been told time and again, sometimes with modifications and sometimes with none. We have really grown slightly tired of it, and we feel like tearing our hair when we sit down to read a story and discover that it is the same old thing, told in the same old way, and with the same old red fire at the end. If you can not print original matter, erring exchanges, for Heaven's sake go back to the Bible and get the original story, which is far more interesting and better written than the weak imitations of it.

But there is another old plot, invented by some miserable misanthropist, which seems to have been designed for the sole purpose of lessening the joy we should feel during the blessed Christmas time. We refer to the plot which brings in the dying babe and broken-hearted mother. Most of us have a large enough supply of good spirits during the holiday season to be able to rise out of the Slough of Despond into which the unthinking plagiarist would cast us. But we think it would be different in the case of some poor mother who has lost a child, and to whom the Christmas season is always a season of sad thoughts. She has not the extra exuberance of joy

which keeps most of us from danger; but when she reads this cruel story she must give up to her grief; the old wound is reopened, and all the cheery Christmas stories ever published could not heal it before it has destroyed her happiness. The long-lost father is bad enough, but the story of the dying child is a thousand times worse, for it is cruel as well as tiresome.

We wonder if the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian* really meant it to be taken seriously. We refer to the production which (dis)graces its first page. If it was intended for a humorous poem it is passable, though in rather bad taste; but if it was meant to be taken seriously, then should Calliope hang her head in shame. We would mention its faults, but that would require fifteen or twenty columns. We would mention its virtues, but it hasn't any, so we shall say nothing more about it. We would, however, advise the editors of the *Collegian* to leave a blank page in their paper if they can not find anything better than the production mentioned with which to fill it up. That would show better taste and more consideration for their readers.

At last we have a library, a real oak library! Old Nick brought it to us at the suggestion of the fair exchange editor of the *Agnatian Monthly*. Thanks; thanks, a thousand thanks to you, kind *Agnatian*! The old pine shelves that now adorn our sanctum will be thrown out for kindling wood, and the musty old law books which they hold will be transferred to the new library. It may surprise you, *Agnatian*, to learn that we have very few volumes of fiction in our collection. In fact, most of our space is taken up by law books, which we keep on hand in case we should be sued for libel. But we shall endeavor to fill up the vacant shelves with fiction now, and we assure you that we shall always keep one shelf sacred for bound volumes of the *Agnatian*.

We had always imagined that they must be most fair. How could they be otherwise? We had read their productions and often sighed for a glimpse of the lovely—for we knew that they must be lovely—writers. Now has Fortune smiled upon us, for before our eyes at this moment are the charming faces we have so often longed to see. Fair editors of the *Leaflets*, we congratulate you upon the excellence of your Christmas number; and we thank you for your picture, which we shall ever cherish.

Personals.

—Wynter C. Massey, of Brownson Hall, entertained his father on Wednesday last.

—Benjamin J. Blameuser (student in the eighties) is indulging his old love of botany by conducting a florist's establishment in Chicago. While devoting a great deal of time to his favorite study, Mr. Blameuser has yet found time to build up a flourishing business, and is destined soon to become Chicago's leading florist.

—Harry Pritchard (B.S. '91) was one of our most welcome visitors during the past week. Harry is at the head of a National Bank in Charlestown, W. Va., and from all reports we judge that fortune has smiled upon him. He is always a welcome visitor at *Alma Mater*, and none of his friends rejoices more at his success in the world of finance than do those whom he made at Notre Dame during his student days.

—Notre Dame is well represented this year at Rush Medical College, Chicago. Francis J. Sullivan (student '94) and Joseph Kearney (Litt. B. '94) are in the graduating class at present and are doing honor to their *Alma Mater*. They promise to call and see us next June when they have received their degrees. Come on, Doctors! Among others of our old boys at Rush are Frank E. Jones and Philip Wellington.

—Frederic E. Neef (B.S. '92, B.L. '93, M.L. '95) is studying medicine in Berlin, Germany. In a letter recently received from him he gives an interesting account of student life in a German University, with a description of the different class halls and the surroundings. He says that his work is so absorbing he has had very little time to study life in the German capital, but what he has seen of it has impressed him very favorably. However, he often longs for the United States in general and Notre Dame in particular. We wish Mr. Neef every success in his studies, and hope that his record may be as praiseworthy in Berlin as it was at Notre Dame.

—It is with great pleasure that we publish the following clipping from the *Mercer County Standard*, published in Celina, Ohio, in regard to George F. Pulskamp (Litt. B. '96):

The *Bote* in its last issue gives the following kindly notice of our foreman and special agent, George Pulskamp, who is devoting his leisure time outside the office to working up the interests of the *Standard*. George is a gentleman and a thorough hustler, and we can recommend him to our many patrons who may desire to do business with him. The *Bote* says: Our young friend, G. Pulskamp, foreman in the *Standard* office, is using his spare time in getting subscribers for the *Standard*. George is an exemplary young man and should find a cordial reception everywhere; and if our German friends desire to keep an English paper besides their German county paper, we heartily recommend for that purpose the *Mercer County Standard*, for that paper, as is well known, publishes nothing that is apt to poison the mind of the young, and always uses decent language.

Obituary.

—The sad news of the death of MR. A. BROWNE, of Blencoe, Iowa, was received last Tuesday. The deceased was the father of Robert and James Browne, both well remembered by students of this year and last. To them and to the other members of the bereaved family their friends at the University extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Local Items.

—FOUND.—A sum of money. Inquire at Students' office.

—"Billy" Hindle, an old student, has returned to pursue his studies.

LOST.—A small bunch of keys. Finder, please return to M. Byrne, Sorin Hall.

—John Landers found out why a match was held beneath a revolving fifty-cent piece.

—The class of Third Latin have just begun to make Latin verses. They move, however, with halting feet.

—Miller may be given to childish amusements, but he has the consolation of knowing that he is pretty well *red*.

—The class of Modern History has been requested to turn in an essay on the feudal system of the Middle Ages.

—Herron says the only drawback to basketball is that there are so many fouls (fowls). He comes from Tennessee.

—The Carroll Military Company has, thanks to the efficient work of Prof. Green, reached a point of excellence rarely attained by any corp of cadets.

—As all the basket-ball games are to be played in the Carroll Hall gym seats capable of seating two hundred and fifty people have been erected.

—"Say," said one fellow to another at the game last Thursday, "if one of those guys hop-kicks a ball into one of the baskets, does it count five points?"

—The French academy has decided to go into mourning. All wear long faces and talk pathetically of the resignation tendered by the great biologist, the only Faginette.

—No, no, kind reader, you must not confuse George Cypher with "Sleepy" Weadock. George's apparent somnolence is but deep reflection on the future greatness of Butler County.

—During the basket-ball game last Thursday both Brownson and Carroll Halls showed their preferences in rather disagreeable ways. The Carrolls hissed and hooted while the Brownsons hooted and hissed.

—Said an observing student yesterday: "What a difference exists in the temperaments of the Weadock brothers—one ever active and foremost in his undertakings; the other, slow, and of a more *retiring* disposition.

—The following old students have contributed to the Athletic Association since the last published statement:—William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, \$10; George A. Krug, Dayton, Ohio, \$5; M. Hart, Ratcliffe, Iowa, \$1.

—It is said that when the warm weather comes, and the baseball practice ceases to be carried on in the gym, Daly will make arrangements to have the large net removed to his New Jersey home where it will be utilized as a mosquito bar.

—"Keep on rapping. He's just warming his feet by the fire," said the old student, as the unfamiliar new boy pounded vigorously on the battered sheet-iron window of Brother Leopold's store. (It was then 7 p. m., but the new boy kept on rapping.)

—Alexander Carney left Thursday night for his home in Marinette, Wis., where he will join his parents and accompany them on their European trip. "Pete," as he is called, is well known and universally liked by the students, and while they are sorry to see him leave Notre Dame, nevertheless, they wish him a successful and pleasant voyage.

—Carroll Hall has a basket team of which it can be proud. They are good players, and what is more they are gentlemen. If the umpire decide against them they either accept the decision or leave the captain to talk with the umpire. Whenever a player shows signs of irritation against a decision he is called to time by the captain; this was done openly in last Thursday's game. Such conduct must command respect.

—"Say," said Duffy, as he pushed his hat a little farther back on his head, "I'm afraid that Volunteer Fire Department will be a fizzle." "Why so?" ventured one of the Volunteers (forgetting that Peter still had a few evaporated puns to dispense). "Because," returned Peter, donning an Oska-Loosa smile, "should there be a fire I am afraid that the Volunteers, instead of rushing into the burning building, would merely stand and watch the *fire-escape*."

—Coach Hering gave the candidates for battery positions their initial warming up yesterday. Six candidates for the position of pitcher and four for that of catcher made their appearance in the Brownson gym. While this number is encouraging, it ought to be much larger. Of course, every man can not be a pitcher or a catcher, but there are certainly more aspirants to battery honors than yesterday's turn-out would seem to indicate. Come out, boys! Everyone will be given a fair trial, and the best man will get the place.

The first championship basket-ball game of the '97 series took place in the Brownson gym on the afternoon of the 17th. The initial game was between the representative teams of Brownson and Sorin Halls. Many of the spectators who were ignorant of the rules of basket-ball and who supposed that it consisted simply in throwing the ball into the basket were agreeably surprised at the amount of science required to play the game successfully. Both teams had been playing basket-ball but a short time, but owing to their hard practice and the able coaching they received they showed considerable skill. Brownson Hall, however, had the better team work. Instead of each man trying to play the game all by himself, as the members of the Sorin team did, each individual Brownsonite tried his utmost to win, either by assisting, or through the assistance of, the other five players on his side. It was this team work that made them the victors. Sorin Hall showed up very well, too. They have the material to develop a winning team, but such a team will not materialize until they have learned the advantages of playing together. Here are the men and the work they did during the game:

BROWNSON HALL.			
Goals from Field—Goals from Fouls—Fouls			
McCarrick (C.)	3	2	
Shillington			4
O'Shaughnessy			2
Donovan			2
Martin			1
Flemming	1		4
Total	4	2	13
Total number of points scored, 10.			

SORIN HALL.			
Goals from Field—Goals from Fouls—Fouls			
Sheehan			1
Kegler (C.)		1	1
Steiner			1
Fitzpatrick			3
Atherton			2
McDonald		1	2
Bryan (sub.)			2
Total		2	12

Total number of points scored, 2; Referee, Hering; Umpire, Chassaing.

The second game of basket-ball of the Sorin-Brownson-Carroll series was between the teams of Brownson and Carroll Halls, and was won by Carroll Hall by a score of 16 to 7. The game was played in the Carroll gym last Thursday afternoon. If there were any who doubted the superiority of science over brute force, they were convinced after Thursday's game that team work and victory are synonymous in basket-ball. Brownson outweighed Carroll almost to a man; but as the latter showed better team work and were a great deal more active than their more muscular opponents they won with ease. The result of the game was a surprise to all. After the beautiful game that Brownson played against

Sorin it was expected that they would sweep everything before them; but the Carroll players have shown that they can play basket-ball too. The game would have been almost flawless if it were not for the unnecessary roughness displayed by both sides, particularly by the Brownson men. Some of the players, when excited seemed to think they were playing football. They should remember that work of this kind will count against their own team; for if noticed, foul will be called and the opposite team given a chance to throw a goal. Here is the score in detail:

CARROLL HALL.			
Goals from Field—Goals from Fouls—Fouls			
J. Naughton	1		2
T. Burns	3		2
Cornell (C.)			1
Fennessey	4		3
Herron			3
Total	8		11
Total number of points scored, 16.			

BROWNSON HALL.			
Goals from Field—Goals from Fouls—Fouls			
McCarrick (C.)		1	2
Shillington	1		5
M. O'Shaughnessy			4
Donovan	1		2
Martin			
Flemming	1		7
E. Brown			
Total	3	1	20

Total number of points scored, 7; Referee, Father Murphy; Umpire, D. P. Murphy.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. CECILIANS.—The regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was postponed on account of the illness of its Rev. President.

GUARDIAN ANGELS' SOCIETY.—Last Thursday the Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary was reorganized for the second session. The officers are the same as last session.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY, at its meeting Thursday evening, listened to an interesting debate, the subject of which was: "Resolved, That a man should be content with competency." The affirmative was upheld by S. J. Brucker and Jas. H. McGinnis, while the negative was ably supported by John F. Daly and R. E. Brown. The judges decided in favor of the latter. This was the first debate given by the Columbians since their reorganization last September, and it has served to create anew the active interest which has always been manifested in the debates of the Columbian Society. The question to be considered at the meeting two weeks hence will be: "Resolved, That a high standing in class should be an essential condition for admittance into athletic contests between colleges." J. C. Burke and C. M. Niezer will uphold the affirmative and Eugene Campbell and W. T. Morris, the negative. At Thursday night's meeting, Mr. Thos. Dooley read a humorous story entitled, "Katherina's Visit to New York."

—At the basket-ball game last Thursday afternoon whenever a decision was made by the umpire adverse to either side, the followers of the team which suffered by the decision expressed their disapproval by groans and hisses. It is safe to say that one out of forty knew all the rules that declare fouls in basket-ball. And yet the thirty-nine hissed and hooted while the one held his peace. Spectators who thus conduct themselves are not lovers of clean, manly sport; they come determined to win at all hazards. And be it said, to the disgrace of Brownson Hall, that the conduct of its men incited the players of their side to use unfair tactics, and while the Carroll players put a stop to the hissing of their followers, not one among the Brownson men was found with the courage to remonstrate openly against the undignified and ungentlemanly conduct of the older men.

—The Orpheus Club is making preparations for a minstrel show on February 10. It is said that arrangements have been made to have an ambulance stand at the entrance to Washington Hall, ready to convey the victims direct to the Infirmary after the presentation of this minstrel performance. This will greatly facilitate matters.

No person will be allowed to laugh more than five minutes at a time. Any one caught violating this rule will be ejected.

Brucker is debating with himself as to whether he should divest himself of his hirsute adornments and don burnt cork, or keep "Star Pointer" on and look dignified. He positively refuses to be interviewed—and thereby the public is kept in suspense.

A corps of carpenters will shortly commence the construction of several additional exits in Washington Hall to prevent loss of life when the performance is given.

Before the show begins, small boys will pass through the audience selling "ticklers." The price will be nominal, and every good boy and girl should purchase one. By applying the tickler repeatedly during the performance, you will greatly encourage the actors.

The jokes are all going to be original and done up in crinkled tissue paper. For that reason special joke artists have been engaged. We might add that all old almanacs and funny papers are eagerly solicited. To ensure a good audience, it may be advisable to remark that Duketts' and Coxey's puns have been refused by the joke inspector, as being too mouldy to polish.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, H. Brennan, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Crilly, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry,

Murphy, Miller, Marmon, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Puskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, Sheehan, Sanders, Spalding, Steiner, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Boze, Bommersbach, Baloun, Bennett, Crawford, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, Casey, J. Cavanagh, Dreher, Duperier, Duketts, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Dixon, Dooley, Desmond, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fischer, Fleming, Funk, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, H. Gray, Hoban, Hayes, Hengen, F. Hesse, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, J. Hesse, Howell, Hartung, Hurst, Jelonak, Johnson, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kearney, Kraus, Kuerze, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Landers, Lowery, Lieb, Murphy, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, A. McDonald, C. McDonald, McKenzie, Nizier, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Rheinhard, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, Shillington, San Roman, F. Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Scheubert, Thiele, Thams, Tong, J. Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, H. Wimberg, Wade, Wilson, E. Zaehle, O. Zaehle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Breslin, Berger, Burke, Burns, Brand, M. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Conklin, Darst, Davidson, Dellone, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Delaney, Dugas, Elliott, Ellwanger, Foley, Fox, Fennessey, Fleming, Friedman, A. Fish, Funk, Frank, Gimbel, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Herbert, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Hagerty, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Johnson, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, McManus, Merz, Michels, Nast, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Padden, Peterson, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Pohlman, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhouser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Szybowicz, Swan, Swiney, Schwabe, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. St. Clair Ward, Waite, Walsh, Wells, Wilson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Bntler, Bosworth, C. Bode, H. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Craig, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnane, Cotter, Coquillard, Dougherty, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessauer, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, N. Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Graham, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Hearne, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, W. McBride, T. Monroe, H. Monroe, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillips, A. Phillips, Paul, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Ryan, Rees, Rennolds, Redpath, Steele, Strauss, Seymour, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, G. Weidmann, H. Weidmann, Weber, Wigg.