Easter Hymns.

BY J. R. FITZGERBON, 'O2.

Easter music partakes of the gladness of the Easter day. The longing of Advent, the sweet joys of Christmas and the contrition and penance of Lent were but the preliminaries preparing us for the sublime and glorious Pasch—Easter. Nature adds to the joy of the day by laying aside the sombre garments she has worn so long. Enveloped in her raiment of gorgeous green, her gladness is only equalled by the joyous carols of her returning birds.

As Easter is the summit of the mysteries of the sacred liturgy, so in its music the pinnacle of joyfulness is reached. The music is of the happy, gladsome tones of the angels when first they sang *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* In the Christian the day awakens an enthusiasm limited only by the depth of his heart. On this day he knows that his Redeemer showed His dominion over earthly laws and arose to take His destined place at the right hand of His Father. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* sang the angels when Christ was born; *Regina Caeli letare* sing we all on this glad Easter morn in praise of her who saw her Son triumph over death and ascend to eternal glory. It was her happiest day, and for this we are thrice happy.

It is in honor of Mary, the great Mother of God, at whose blessed name every Christian heart pulsates with love and veneration, that one of our most joyous Easter hymns is sung; this is the *Regina Caeli letare*, first used by St. Gregory. It is a magnificent melody, a triumphant burst of joy. The jubilant exclamations, the glowing words of exultation and the glorious Alleluia—with which the streets and squares of the hea-

only Jerusalem resound without ceasing—proclaim that her sorrows have ended and that “the day hath dawned which knoweth no evening”:

“Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven, Alleluia!
He whom thou wast meet to bear, Alleluia!
As He promised, hath arisen, Alleluia!
Pour for us to Him thy prayer, Alleluia!”

The *Victima Paschali*, the most stirring, sublime anthem of which sacred music can boast, is generally attributed to Wipo, the chaplain of Conrad II. It is a glorious picture of the triumph of our Saviour over death:

“Life and death in dreadful strife
Have met; death claims the Lord of life;
Then He, immortal, bursts death’s chains,
And His eternal throne regains.”

The *Aurora Calum Purpurat*, written by an imitator of St. Ambrose, expresses the true Easter spirit in the following verses, bidding adieu to sorrow and welcoming joy:

“Enough of tears! enough of sighs!
Away with all the funeral woes;
For, hark! the white-robed angel cries:
‘This morn death’s Conqueror arose.’”

The *Atcrora Ccehi Piirpiirat*, written by an imitator of St. Ambrose, expresses the true Easter spirit in the following verses, bidding adieu to sorrow and welcoming joy:

“With heart and nameless dread
The sad Apostles mourned the fate
Of Christ, who in the tomb lay dead,
The Victim of His servants’ hate.”

The *Paschale Mundi Gaudium*, from the *Aurora Calum*, is a beautiful hymn of praise describing the Resurrection and the meeting of Our Lord with His Apostles:

“Exultingly the Paschal sun,
Bathes all the earth with molten gold;
Resplendently the risen One
His glad Apostles now behold.”

This hymn concludes with the following prayer,
which finds a responsive echo in every Christian heart:

"Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus be,
While Easter's golden cycles glide,
And may our souls, redeemed by Thee,
Share Heaven's eternal Paschal tide.

To God the Father glory be,
And glory to His risen Son,
Glory, O Paracle, to Thee,
Reigning while endless ages run."

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_Mid-Summer Night’s Dream._

A SYMPOSIUM.

[The following opinions were written in the class-room after one reading of Shakspere’s play. The time allotted was not over three-quarters of an hour.]

Whenever the question is put to one who has had any literary education, let it be ever so superficial, “What do you think of Mid-Summer Night’s Dream?” the person questioned usually goes in raptures over the comedy, or extravagance, call it what you will. He will express himself somewhat like this: “Perfectly charming!” “What depth of thought!” “What sublimity of expression!” Now, it has always been a question in my mind whether these people really succeed in persuading themselves that they believe what they say, or whether they deliberately borrow the words of some literary authority who praises some part of the play, and apply his opinion to the whole play. It may be that my soul is not sufficiently elevated to appreciate his opinion to the whole play. It may be that he views the beauty of “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” as a play, if so then his words carry; for I don’t care about being brought to that state of mind. I speak here of the play as a play, not as a piece of literary work. Looking at it from a literary point of view, no one, not even a Philistine, can repress his admiration. The play is resplendent in gems that sparkle brilliantly from their setting of poetic, and he gives expression to it on every possible occasion. He says:

“Marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell
It fell upon a little western flower.
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.”

There is again a beautiful passage (beautiful is a poor adjective, but I can’t think of any other); I mean the passage that begins:

“I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.”

The play is also full of most charming little lyrics, full of music, so sweet that we can safely say that in this composition the light, airy touch of Shakspere reaches the highest point.

C. A. Paquette.

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Whether we view Shakspere as a poet of nature or regard him as the gifted expositor of human character in all its varied phases, his work ever bears the impress of a master-hand. Whether he paints the quiet woodland scene or delineates the contending passions that rend the soul of an ambitious monarch; whether he stoops to muse awhile upon the spot where the bolt of Cupid

“fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound,”
or lays open to us the heart of a conqueror,—a Caesar or an Anthony, we cannot but give vent to our admiration and exclaim: here is life and color! here is the originality of a masterful genius! As a true poet, he was a devoted lover of nature, and as a rare genius he was pre-eminently successful in portraying the least of her children,—the humble flowers of the wayside.

In “Mid-Summer-Night’s Dream” we have, perhaps, the most exquisite production of the poet’s extreme versatility. It is not to be regarded as a great work, nor can it be compared—as far as action and passion are concerned—with any of his great tragedies or comedies, for it was not written to “point a moral.” It is simply a literary gem, but of such delicate and charming lustre that a Shakspere alone could have fashioned it to mortal use. It is scarcely the work of the imagination, but rather the sportive pranks of that airy child of the imagination called Fancy. What is more suggestive of dreams and fairies and the quaint and motley train of hobgoblins and sprites that

“the groves may tread
Opening on Neptune with fair-blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams”
than the name itself? The night is calm and serenely beautiful; the heavens, with “chaste and quiet eye,” look down on sleeping earth; the mild zephyrs hover drowsily over the sleeping flowers swaying them gently to and fro, and scattering their fragrance over woodland and meadow. And then sweet Athens where the scene is laid! How romantic a spot for this play of fancy! How pregnant with poesy and poetic environments is this beloved spot where the Muses first responded to the invocations of the early bards! The characters are not the men and women of ordinary life, neither representative types of the ancient Greeks, nor yet creatures of a supernatural order. They are but creatures of earth idealized and surrounded by that indefinable “stuff that dreams are made of” which far removes them from all contact with “things of earth—earthly.” They are given to all sorts of whimsical and unaccountable actions, and are to be held as little responsible as the sprites and fairies with whom they mingle. Oberon and Titania among the sprites of the wood are certainly our ideals of these fantastic little personages, while Puck is undoubtedly the cleverest conception of the mischief-working hobgoblin that is to be met with in any poet. Of plot there is little or none at all; nor should there be; for in this particular instance inconsistency is necessary to observe consistency.
It is a dream (and "thereby hangs a tale")—
a dream as vague and fantastical indeed as
nocturnal visitations generally are; hence an
unbridled play of fancy. The exquisite perfor-
tion of art is visible in the delightful profusion
exhibited in the fairy scenes and the sweet and
musical lines the poet puts upon the lips of these
dainty little sprites in contrast to the vulgar
and boorish jargon of the sturdy yeomen. Its
sweetness cannot be comprehended at the first
reading; for, like all truly poetic productions,
it discloses at each successive perusal new and
rarer beauties. It is not a great work, then,
but one which will endure as a model of artistic
and delicate word-painting than which there is
none more charming in any language. It is a
delicate fabric through which the golden thread
of idealism is deftly interwoven. It is, finally,
a prolonged lyric combining the freshness and
sweet harmony of fairest nature with the fas-
cinating vagueness of the spirituality of dream-
land. 

F. J. SULLIVAN.

Perhaps the greatest triumphs of the intellect
have been consummated in the field of litera-
ture. If this be so, Shakspere's "Mid-Summer
Night's Dream" is a triumph among triumphs.
Beautiful poetry is but the attempted expres-
sion of the highest yearnings of the human soul.
In this play transcendent gems are scattered
throughout. One cannot read it without feeling
that it voices his noblest aspirations in a most
wonderful tongue. There is in its sublime pas-
sages a note for each individual; no matter how
he differ from the accepted judgment with regard
to the achievements of other masters of song
he is invariably touched by Shakspere's melody.
Herein consists the highest pinnacle of art;
for Shakspere has made his poetry a universal
song which every man sings with; varying, but
all with some, delight. He read nature so thor-
rinely that he almost forces us to say that art
is nature. He looked for and found the beauti-
ful in nature; for the nearer we get to throbbing
life the fair ones are modern maidens, not
topied off by his fiendish mockery. Such little
creatures thrown in among the sterners mortals
of life are "mosaics," cleverly cast where beauty
appears more splendid. We seem to fly after
Puck as he trips around for the "juice"; laugh
when he leads the angered lovers into a charm-
ing chase, and readily forgive him when he says
of man "What fools these mortals be!" Theseus
is a fine specimen of manhood, but not quite
warm enough for an ardent lover, as we should
suppose his royal highness to be; but if he is
not as fervent as we could desire, he is more
philosophical than we could expect; his speech
upon "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," and
a manly taste for preferring the "Tedious Tale
of Pyramus and Thisbe"—which is certainly
the most nonsensical nothingness in the whole
of Shakspere—are pleasing transitions back to
earth. The fair ones are modern maidens, not
too delicate to scratch each other, yet not deli-
cate enough to run through the woods after their
lovers who through the criss-crosses of Puck
come to a happy grief in the end. Now for the
clown which is so characteristic in all of Shak-
spere's plays,—Bottom and his humble fellow-
actors, is charmingly droll in his self-import-
ance, a true prophesy, we may say, of a large
number of nineteenth century youths; his dry
humor are so cleverly out of place as to make
him more clownish than he would be out of this
dream-like play. "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is
so abundant with light, airy and pretty
speeches that it is hard to pick one bud without
seeing another equally as beautiful; and to pick
all is to make a bouquet too large for a mere
appreciation. Suffice it to say that the speeches
of Oberon, Titania and Theseus are charming.
J. E. BERRY.

If after a long day's hard labor of any kind
the man of a liberal education wishes to spend
some time in diverting reading he should take
down from the shelves Shakspere's "Mid-Sum-
The mortals are not the grand characters depicted in "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and others of Shakspere's plays. They are, however, entirely in keeping with the other characters in the play. Some are gay and joyful, while others are by turns amusing or sad and sentimental. Bottom and Quince and their fellows are earthy creatures, and they are to be met with on every side, even at the present day. The speech of Oberon during his scene with on every side, even at the present day. The mortals are not the grand characters depicted in "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and others of Shakspere's plays. They are, however, entirely in keeping with the other characters in the play. Some are gay and joyful, while others are by turns amusing or sad and sentimental. Bottom and Quince and their fellows are earthy creatures, and they are to be met with on every side, even at the present day. The speech of Oberon during his scene with

This play, while not intended to rank among the heavier dramas of Shakspere, is remarkable for its charm and simplicity, as well as its light and airy qualities. It contains so many exquisite lyrical passages that it would be useless to attempt to consider more than one in the short space of time allotted to us. The passage which appeals most forcibly to me is the one beginning with the line: "Now the hungry lion roars." The extract at once makes a lasting impression on anyone who troubles himself to read it a second time. The simplicity of the language is only exceeded by the musical harmony of the metre; while the depth and condensation of the thought expressed in each line are only enhanced by the wide range which it embraces. Is it possible to conceive anything grander, more striking and withal so pleasing? But did "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" contain nothing more than these twenty lines, no one could study it and not profit by it. This is not the case, however, as Shakspere throughout the whole drama seems to have given his wonderful poetic imagination full scope. Nevertheless, it would be absurd to conclude that Shakspere intended it to be a heavy play, or that it should contain a plot. He wished it to be regarded merely as a dream. This fact does not in the least detract from the merit of the play, however, and we are obliged to conclude that "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" has tended to raise the reputation of the greatest dramatist the world has yet produced.

Of all Shakspere's dramas this one is the most lyrical. In no part of it do we strike a discordant note, and the music continues to the end. Seriousness would be out of place here, so that every note is one of pleasure. We are not shocked by the fancy of Titania for Bottom, but rather smile at it. Shakspere has made his fairies light, airy creatures as they should be, who seem to flit around like a breath of wind. They have reached perfection in Puck; on him Shakspere has put the mark of his genius. He is just the opposite of the sprite Ariel in the "Tempest." He plays all sorts of pranks, and is an example of a class of men who wish to do everything though they know not how to do it. His mistakes are so comical that we cannot restrain our laughter. Shakspere has brought out the fairies in a sharper but softer outline by a background of rough, uncouth tradesmen who intend to give a play before Duke Theseus. Of these men Bottom is the most amusing. His mistakes are so comical that we cannot restrain our laughter. He is an example of a class of men who wish to do everything though they know not how to do it.

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Pierce A. Murphy.
The favorite passage in the play is the speech of the fairies, especially are in harmony with our conceptions of them. My impression before it can be fathomed, and at the bottom of which many jewels are found.

W. C. ROBERT.

The "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is truly a charming piece of literature studded with many sparkling gems. While the plot, perhaps, is not clearly perceptible and not very strong, the inimitable grace and beauty of expression, and the felicitous manner in which the poet deals with the traditions of fairy-land produce a most pleasing effect. It pictures an ideal summer night's dream. It partakes of the different characters of the lyrical, the comic and the grotesque. The players before King Theseus belong to the lower class of peasantry, and their rendition of the "tragedy" is such as one would look for in a noisy audience, and give this production ample credit for its composition. The play is something odd, having characters of anything but an everyday type. Note the expressions which have a depth that requires some meditation before it can be fathomed, and at the bottom of which many jewels are found.

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C. S. BURGER.

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
And on old Heims' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries.”

Puck is a typical fairy, full of mischief and tricks; and when he sees the foolishness of lovers whom he has made to love, he laughs and says:

“What fools these mortals be!”

It would be foolish for me to continue as the bell has given its silvery peal and summons me away.

J. A. WRIGHT.

The play although light and airy, without any apparent moral, contains, nevertheless, many wholesome lessons. The poet speaks truly when he says: “You can find good in everything if you only take the trouble to look for it.” Do not be led away by its first impression; first impressions are not always the best. In characterizing a man, one must first know the man—not through a mere biographical knowledge, but that knowledge which treats of his individuality and of his temperament; the same applies to a book or play. Study carefully “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream”; do not dwell entirely on its extravagance, but look further into its depths, covered by that polished verse, only to make them more marvellous, and here you will find its true worth. Let the Shaksperian student be earnest and thoughtful—a detective, as it were; let him weigh each golden sentence which falls from that immortal pen—in either the scales of logic or poetry—and he will find the measure is the same.

H. G. ALLEN.

After beginning to read “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” and noticing the characters of Demetrius, Lysander, Helena and Hermia, one would naturally expect the important characters to appear later. Such is not the case; “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” is the lightest lyrical play through the mouths of Oberon, Puck, or some one else.

The lovers, Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia and Helena, are characters of very little value; but the fairies are very charming. They are really the characters of the play, the others being only, as it were, instruments to carry out their designs. One feels while reading the "dream," and seeing the fairies gliding before one’s eyes, that it is a dream; yet such a pleasant one that we wish it to continue. The drama is musical from the beginning to the end. Although it contains several short lyrics, yet it is unnecessary to make any special comment on these because, as I have said, the drama is one lyric. We cannot be surprised that it has furnished food for the genius of a Mendelssohn.

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which Shakspere, or any other writer, ever produced. Throughout the play there is a musical cadence—a sort of natural harmony—which charms the reader from the beginning. The songs of the fairies are evidences that the author intended the play to be musical. Furthermore, there is true poetry in “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream.” Where in the English language could you find better similes, that is, better from a poetical point of view? The speech of Oberon to Puck, when he sends for the juice of the hearts-ease, is a vivid example of figure:

“That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throne by the West
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaries passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free it:
Yet marked I when the bolt of Cupid fell.”

Still, if the play dealt only with spirits and lovers it would become monotonous; but it is seasoned, as it were, by the touches of humor in the characters of Puck and Bottom, and the comedy given by Bottom, Flute and their companions. Besides, throughout the play there is that perfect art which characterizes Shakspere. It almost seems as if Shakspere wrote this lyric as a sort of recreation from the tragedies which he had produced before. In “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” there is no great passion in any character. You cannot compare Hermia with Desdemona, nor Helena with Portia. This brings out another peculiarity. How could the same man produce such different types of woman. In Cordelia we find all that is true and lovely in a woman; in Portia a perfect woman with a touch of manliness in her spirit; but Hermia and Helena resemble ordinary, silly girls, and the whole play seems to proclaim the author’s power and genius.

B. C. BACHRACH.

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Among the several light and airy plays of our greatest of all poets, Shakspere, is the one called “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream.” The lyrical lines contained in this play are, to use an expression changed, songs without notes. In short, the “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” is a continued song. The plot, however, is lacking. Before writing this play, Shakspere had been walking in a garden of apples. It was as the name indicates, mid-summer, and the trees were laden with the fruit just ripe, and the birds were chirping and singing their favorite songs; a gentle wind was coming from the South, and he lay down on the soft green grass, his arm serving as his pillow. Sleep followed, and as the birds flew forth and back he thought they were fairies, and their songs were so sweet that his tongue could not help from uttering poetic words to adapt to them. He breathed the pure air scented with the sweet apples, and it was to love his thoughts were turned. But then he saw some decayed fruit and this made the thoughts of neglected love flit through his mind, and thus was mingled with love the thought of hatred and envy. He awoke, and when his mind returned to consciousness he thought of what he dreamt. His pen and paper were near, so he wrote the dream in full, and from that the play was written and the surroundings and season proposed to him the manner, and he called it “The Mid-Summer Night’s Dream.”

F. B. CHUTE.

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The “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” is set with gems of poetry—sweet little lyrics. Can one read the master-poet’s work and not feel the power of its music? At times he “smites the chord with might” and ceases abruptly; then again, as in the fairy scene, the music is faint and sweet. The fairies are most delicately delineated. Titania, their queen, is but the perfection of Mercutio’s “Queen Mab.” Notice how the varied imagery disappears with the fairy scene, and with what remarkable ease you are guided from their aerial circle to the company of homely Bottom and his sportive companions. The light-mindedness of certain passages would lead one to believe that Shakspere wrote them at an early age; but again we meet with Theseus’ discourse on “the lunatic, the lover and the poet”—a discourse deeply philosophical. There are other characteristics too numerous to mention. In short, I think that no poet has ever drawn a better picture of the unreality and the aerialness of a dream.

F. E. NEEF.

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The “Mid-Summer Night’s Dream” in my opinion is a very lyrical drama; although it is not to be compared with Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Henry VIII., yet there is something which pleases everybody. A student, while reading this play, always has a smiling countenance. When one looks at a picture thrown on canvas which represents an angel who has come to cheer a person while asleep, he is sure to say the dreamer is happy. Shakspere has painted just such a dream for us; but his angels are fairies. What man can read of Puck without thinking how much fun he must have had? Also when one reads of Bottom, the weaver, he feels that there are always men who think that there is nobody like themselves.

J. S. READY.

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It is, indeed, more a dream than a play; and this is most clearly shown when the rough workmen of the stage try to bring before an audience the ideal and fanciful beings born in the mind of the poet. But then in keeping with the lines:

“The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.”

All the material for this play, as I will call it
does not consist of the fairies of dream-land, but in the conceptions visiting the mind of the poet a few human mortals figure in the rôles of this beautiful dream. Would it had been otherwise, for one is lulled almost to unconsciousness in the paradise of dream-land their presence brings us.

W. HACKETT.

"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is a light and airy poem in which, in my opinion, the delicate touch of the author is shown at its best. The poet's delineations of character, whether they exist in mortal flesh or frenzy's fancy, are well-nigh perfect. It must be here stated, however, that these are but the impressions of the writer upon the first reading. No intelligent appreciation can hardly be ventured without giving the play hours of careful thought and study. "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" possesses in no degree the philosophical caste of Hamlet, or the force of passion and the deep-veiled thought of Macbeth and King Lear; yet it is well worth the effort it costs to master it. The characters of Lysander and Hermia appeal most to us. We can advance no particular reason for this, more than that they are loved and beloved of one another. Demetrius may be as noble, as gentle, perhaps, as Lysander; but his suit is unsuccessful. Helena, we judge, is just a trifle bitter.

J. B. SULLIVAN.

The lightest, most airy and, at the same time, most musical of all dramas is "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." None but the master-hand of Avon's immortal bard could shape from "airy nothing" the silver-winged fairies whose sweet words charm your very soul and lift you to realms beyond the stars by the mere chanting of a little song that we call a lyric. But it is not one but many beautiful lyrics that are woven in this almost angel dream. What characters are here! Who but he who created the noble Hamlet, the sweet, angelic Ophelia, the manly woman Portia, could bring before us such charming personages as Puck, Titania and Oberon. There is no plot to the play; it is what it is called—a dream. Its music is its charm; still music is not all the merit it possesses; for, like the oases in a desert that give rest and water to the weary traveller are oases in this dream where the reader may spend many a pleasant moment drinking from its founts of sweetest water.

W. O'BRIEN.

A light, lyrical masterpiece is the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." A dream it truly is,—a dream full of sunshine and mirth. The personages are not of the sombre, sedate character that adorn the tragedy, but, like everything else Shaksperian, are true to their environments. It would be unfair to a great genius to say that this work is one of his best, for it is not; still it is a play that illustrates the versatility of the dramatist. The same hand that painted human nature as an artist has yet succeeded in doing, that created the ideal Portia, that moulded into being a sincere friend like Antonio, breathed also the breath of life into the merry and fun-loving Puck. In the "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" we do not meet those touches of a strong, masculine character which add so much to the value of his other works. They would be out of place in a book which has room for nothing but beauty and delight. In it are many covert allusions, referring to prominent personages of his time. The most famous allusion being the reference to "a fair vestal throned by the West," in which the dramatist wishes to add a little delicate flattery to the great amount Queen Elizabeth delighted to have lavished upon herself.

In conclusion, we may say that while this is not a play by which we can judge the genius of the author, yet it will stand, not an enduring monument to his greatness, but an example of his versatility.

J. FITZGIBBON.

Catholic Citizenship.

(Conclusion.)

III.

Apprehension is sometimes expressed at the growth of foreign influence and the display of foreign customs; but this fear is, after all, puerile. Under our system of Government the foreigner who comes to stay is soon assimilated; and while there may be here and there instances and examples, the outgrowth of foreign habits and customs, not welcome to American notions, yet these can be only passing and temporary accidents. The foreigner, I insist, is all right, provided he is loyal to American laws and government. We have no use for any others. And why should not the foreigner be welcome in the United States? Consider for a moment what the influx of foreign immigration during the past fifty years has done for the country—the wealth thereby added to its resources, the enormous development given by it to the West especially. If this country is to-day a mighty empire of nigh seventy millions of people, majestic in power, rich in wealth, strong in resources, you owe it largely to this foreign immigration. The immigrant gives to America the most precious of hostages for his conduct and behavior it is possible for man to give to a country—his own future and his children's. His destiny and theirs is for ever more linked with the fortunes and prosperity of his new fatherland.

No matter how humble his place may be in the ranks of labor, how grotesque his garments or uncouth his speech, be assured of his loyalty. I speak for those who come in good faith and with loyal purpose. Anarchists and conspirators are entitled to no welcome among an order-loving, law-abiding people. And while I am

(Continued on page 458.)
The conclusion of the Hon. W. J. Onahan's masterly address on "Catholic Citizenship" is given in this number. The article was begun two weeks ago and will well repay perusal.

In beginning this week the publication of the names of our militiamen, it is only right that we should say a word as to the standing of the various companies as compared with their predecessors in the ranks, the soldiers of former years. While we would not be understood as stating that the efficiency of the men is in every case all that can be desired, or that this year's companies have far surpassed all those who preceded them, we must say that we have been much gratified to see the degree of perfection to which they have attained, and especially pleased to note the excellent spirit that animates the members of every company. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the University did militia matters run so smoothly, and rarely have such excellent results been the outcome. Nothing will tend more to promote the efficiency of our youthful soldiers than the continuance of this harmonious action and the maintenance of the present esprit de corps.

Miss Starr's Lecture.

It was her passionate love for art and her interest in Notre Dame that induced Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the famous art critic and connoisseur, to leave St. Joseph's cottage—a veritable home of the Muses—and to lecture on her favorite theme. Miss Starr is an enthusiast in her work. She has done more than any other woman of our age to propagate interest in, and knowledge of, the fine arts. Her own deft hand is no stranger to the brush, and the exquisite etchings which grace certain of her own works prove that the enjoyment she finds in her calling is not merely passive. Her home in Chicago is a perfect shrine in which is found all that can charm the heart and elevate the soul. It is truly—though we say this in no reproachful mood—an oasis in a desert; and though it cannot be said that her services to Catholic literature and art have passed without notice, still it requires no prophet's gift to predict that appreciation of her work will not end with her life.

The subject of her lecture before the students on Thursday last was Raphael's famous fresco "Parnassus." Around this theme, which is in itself of surpassing interest to the student, she wove a garland of fine thoughts and poetic sentiment, interspersed with much that was interesting in the way of biography. The lay of the great painting is well known to our readers. Apollo, seated beneath the laurel trees on the summit of Parnassus, holds converse with the immortal bards of Greece and Rome. Near the god are the Graces, and near these Homer, Dante, Virgil, Horace, the Greek tragedians and the romantic Sappho—she of whom so much has been written of honest though mistaken reproach. Tasso, as the lecturer observed in an enthusiastic tribute to the most unfortunate poet, perhaps, of all Italy,—Tasso should certainly have been added to the immortal group had he not come after Raphael. The composition of the painting—we who saw but "by stereopticon" could not well judge of the coloring—is enough to mark the master. It was the mighty, the matchless Raphael who conceived it.

Nothing is plainer than the keen delight Miss Starr takes in the classic poets, and nothing could be more pleasing than her characterization of them. It is the test of a great critic to create a real and moving sympathy with his subject. In this Miss Starr's success was beyond peradventure. Those of her audience who had shelved for a time their Homer and Virgil were recalled to a new sense of the beauty they had early known; and there can be no doubt that among those who are just entering on a study of the classics there are many who derived substantial profit as well as real pleasure from her delightful discourse.

The Greeks in Turkey.

When the Turks made themselves masters of the peninsula of the Balkans, the Greeks of Constantinople obtained from the sultans many privileges by means of which, besides securing respect for themselves in the city, they obtained important charges in the government. They took up their residence chiefly in that quarter of the city called the Phanar, whence they
afterwards came to be named Phanariots. Strong in influence with the rulers, the descendants of the Byzantines wished to extend their authority to the Bulgarians, their ancient rivals in Macedonia; and as the imperial government had suppressed the bishoprics of the Bulgarian Church, they asked and obtained permission to send their bishops to Macedonia, Bulgaria and Rumelia, with a view to carry on a Greek propaganda by a blending of the predominant Greeks with the Bulgarian race. They had two objects in view in this move: to be revenged on their ancient enemies and to re-establish the Byzantine empire, destroyed with the capture of Constantinople. By means of the privileges which they enjoyed, the Greek bishops brought under their spiritual and temporal jurisdiction all the Bulgarians of Turkey, and soon set up a system of petty vexation, compelling the poor Bulgarians to pay tribute to the Phanariot, whence came their prelates, and thus enriching themselves at the expense of these people. They laid waste the property of the Bulgarian Church, burned ancient manuscripts, founded Greek schools, and banished the Bulgarian language to remote monasteries in the mountains.

The Turks, far from opposing any obstacles to these proceedings, encouraged the vandalism of the Greeks, because they also hated the Bulgarians, and because dissensions amongst the Christians helped to make their conquest secure. For more than two centuries the Bulgarians patiently endured the double yoke of Turkish rule and Greek despotism, when, in 1762, a Bulgarian monk, by means of a history of his country, enkindled the first spark of insurrection. He had many followers, and in a short time his compatriots rose as one man against the tyranny of the Greeks, and demanded religious independence. A century of war, misfortunes and bloodshed secured to the Bulgarians the liberty for which they contended: an imperial firman, issued in 1870, granted them an exarch, and restored all the suppressed bishoprics, declaring that the exarch, as well as the bishops, should enjoy all the privileges formerly granted to the Greek bishops.

But scarcely had peace been concluded when, in 1875–76, restless spirits sowed again the seeds of civil war in Bosnia, Bulgaria and the whole of Macedonia. The Greeks profited by these troubles, and, with the co-operation of the Turks, closed the churches and public schools, banished the exarch, dispersed the Bulgarian bishops, imprisoned or exiled the professors and other distinguished men.

The treaty of Berlin checked for a time, but did not suppress the excitement, and the exarch was able to fix his residence in Constantinople. But the persecution broke out again in 1885, when the union between eastern Rumelia and Bulgaria was proclaimed; until finally the Ottoman government, yielding to the repeated representations of the exarch and the cloaked threats of the Stambuloff ministry, granted the berat to the Bulgarian bishops, which made them independent.

Then it was that the Patriarch of Constantinople, seeing his ancient rights snatched out of his hands, resolved upon a master-stroke and hurled an interdict against all the Greek churches of the empire, closed the civil tribunals and offices, suspended all religious functions, marriages, contracts, and all other proceedings dependent on his twofold quality of spiritual and temporal head of those of his faith. He hoped by this means to excite public discontent and to frighten the government. And, as a matter of fact, the government, fearing still more serious disturbances, especially in Candia, hastened to reassure the Greeks by making them some concessions; but seeing that the popular indignation was directed chiefly towards the patriarch, who showed such a disregard for their interests, the government was slow to make other concessions, wishing to see what effect those already made would have on the patriarch. But the latter remained obstinate, and demanded that the government should oblige the Bulgarian clergy to wear a distinctive habit which would proclaim them to be schismatics. This petition was signed by some ambassadors and by thirty thousand Greeks of Smyrna. The government then made some other concessions, nominal rather than real, and gave a simple notice to the clergy of Bulgaria that it would be well for them to wear a distinctive dress—of which notice the Bulgarians will avail themselves. Meanwhile the interdict on the Greek churches was removed and the public functions resumed, the patriarch being the loser in the dispute.

Of the tumults excited at these times it may be said that they scarcely deserve notice. As a specimen, take the insurrection at Prevesa. This is a little town straddling the promontory which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Arta in the Ionian Sea at a short distance from the Greek frontier. The inhabitants, almost without exception Greeks in origin and customs, were assembled one Sunday at the cathedral to assist at the Mass, when the Greek bishop made his appearance, and, ordering the doors of the church to be closed, he harangued the multitude.
in the public squares declaring that religion was persecuted by the Turks, the privileges of the patriarch were trampled upon, and the faith of the people of Greece was threatened. The audience received this discourse with applause, but made no further demonstrations, the Turkish garrison watching carefully for the public peace. Some days later five Greeks were arrested and led off to Ianina with an escort of fifty soldiers. Afterwards as many as three thousand Greeks assembled in that town, and, after the closing of their church wherein the privileges of the patriarch were discussed, they drew up a petition to the sultan. Thence the crowd proceeded to present their petition to the governor of the palace; but on the way, fancying themselves to be insulted by the Turks, they came to blows with them, and much blood might have been shed had not the garrison intervened, and by force of arms dispersed the crowd, arresting the leaders. These latter were at once sent into exile. And this is about the situation of affairs according to latest advices. There is a sort of peace, but will it last?

It looks doubtful. The opposition has succeeded in causing the fall of the prime minister, Tricupis, who bent all his energies towards that end had not the garrison intervened, and by store for Greece, the time of action has not yet arrived. For this reason he always opposed majorities of the Greeks. Tricupis well understood that if Time has a more glorious fate in the "insurrection of Candia, and confined his ambition to the endeavor to restore the national credit, make commerce flourish, bring agriculture into popular esteem, open new railroads and supply convenient carriage for the products of the country, and to secure such other institutions as are calculated to develop the country and make it prosperous. But the Greeks did not understand him. On the contrary, guided by their impulsive nature and their hatred of the Turk, they have entrusted the management of their affairs to Delgannis, who favors the majority of the Greeks. Tricupis well understands that if Time has a more glorious fate in store for Greece, the time of action has not yet arrived. For this reason he always opposed the insurrection of Candia, and confined his ambition to the endeavor to restore the national credit, make commerce flourish, bring agriculture into popular esteem, open new railroads and supply convenient carriage for the products of the country, and to secure such other institutions as are calculated to develop the country and make it prosperous. But the Greeks did not understand him. On the contrary, guided by their impulsive nature and their hatred of the Turk, they have entrusted the management of their affairs to Delgannis, who favors the policy of action as against the Turks. Time alone can tell which of the two ministers is in the right.

Catholic Citizenship.

(Continued from page 455.)

dealing with this phase of the subject, let me say a word or two regarding a suggestion lately put forward in the East—looking to the organization of a "Catholic Party." I do not hesitate to stamp the suggestion as mischievous. We want no Catholic party in American politics. There is neither room, nor is there justification for such a movement; and I am glad to see that the suggestion has been almost universally discredited, so I dismiss it without further comment.

The duty of Catholics in the public life of the country lies in acquitting themselves faithfully of their obligations as citizens, bearing always in mind what that obligation implies and imposes: A faithful regard for the Constitution and laws of the land, a proper vigilance for the just administration of government—National, State and Municipal,—a conscientious exercise of the franchise without fear or favor, so as to promote the welfare of the State and the best interests of community, and a steadfast adherence to principles of order, honor and civic virtue. These qualities and characteristics ought to be shingly demonstrated in the conduct and career of the Catholic citizen. It would be invidious to name living examples among our Catholic citizens, who honorably exemplify in character and conduct the best qualities and most valuable traits and requisites of the faithful American citizen. I would not have to go outside the limits of St. Paul for examples known to the whole country.

But I may recall the names of two typical Catholics, both well known in life, who were recently called away in the midst of a life of busy and useful activity—John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot and journalist. Who that knew him can speak of him now without emotion? His brilliant qualities, his manly character, his lovable traits and his ardent patriotism? Who would think of impeaching his loyalty to America and to American institutions? Only a few days ago, in your neighboring city of Prairie du Chien, was laid to rest a typical Western citizen—manly, pure-minded, public-spirited—John Lawler; his name throughout the country was the synonym for honor, integrity, high character, and he was a loyal, devoted Catholic. Let me add one other, the name of an honored, chivalrous Catholic soldier—Col. Richard F. O'Beirne, 21st Infantry, U. S. A., who was also lately summoned from earth. Col. O'Beirne was not perhaps widely known outside of army and official circles; he was the very type and model of a soldier—manly, brave, gentle and, above all, modest. How faithful he was to duty! how loyally he loved and served his country! These were types of the true Catholic citizen. But, I may be asked, do Catholics, as a rule, act up to the high standard I have set forth? Are they in political life, and as to their public duties, the ideal citizen I have pictured? I am afraid I should be obligated in frankness to answer no; not always and invariably. But the fault cannot certainly in fairness be charged to the Church. The evil has its root elsewhere and grows out of the other conditions. The standard of political morals and of civic virtue in the United States is, unfortunately, not the
most elevated. Indeed, it is the common re-
mark of writers that the conditions of political
life in this country, as to regard for public honor
and integrity, are far beneath that existing in
any government of Europe. And this is said
to be especially true of American cities. Party
machinery, the primary caucus and the conven-
tion, are usually under the control of the least
worthy. It is the demagogue and the trading
politic in whom rule and govern things. We know
that votes are often corruptly bought and sold;
nominations brought about by tricks and
scarcely concealed bribery in the caucusses and
conventions; and that public interests are bar-
tered away "for boodle," or other equivalent
consideration, by aldermen, legislators and
congressmen—aye, and I need not exclude sen-
ators! These are crying public scandals; I wish
I could say that the name of a Catholic is never
to be found in the lists of the known bribe-takers
and boodlers.

It is the conditions of political life that are
responsible for the low standard of public morals
we see around us. Catholics fall into the pit
as well as others; but they never so fall if they
adhere faithfully to the law of God and the
precepts of the Church.

Happily there are plenty of shining examples
in all our cities and communities of Catholics
trusted and honored for their integrity in public
positions. Judges, spotless and unsullied in their
personal and judicial character, who command
in the highest degree the public respect and
confidence, and other officials of high and low
degree, whose unswerving honesty no man would
challenge. I make no excuse; there can be no
defense for the dishonesty and baseness of the
political practices with which the country is
unhappily too familiar. No one who truly loves
his country, and who has a real concern for the
country’s future, can view these conditions with
indifference. The evil is general; the examples
are widespread, and yet there is no sign indicat-
ing a return to better methods and purer
practices. We need a revival in manners and
morals. As Edmund Burke said: “Nothing is
more certain than that our manners, our civiliza-
tion, and all the good things which are con-
nected with manners and with civilization, have,
in this European world of ours, depended for
ages upon two principles, and were indeed the
result of both combined: I mean the spirit of a
gentleman and the spirit of religion.” In popu-
lar government like ours, the justice of the laws
and the wisdom of the administration depend
on the virtue and intelligence of the people.
Good government demands not only strict obe-
dience to law, but just laws to obey and wise
administration. We are disposed to make great
boast of our superior intelligence, of our general
system of education.

But will these alone assure us better citizens
and a higher standard of public morality? Her-
bert Spencer says: “We have no assurance that
education, as commonly understood, is a pre-
vention of crime. Did much knowledge and
piercing intelligence suffice to make men good,
then Bacon should have been honest and Na-
poleon should have been good.” And Huxley:
“If I am a knave or a fool, teaching me to read
and write wont make me less of either one or
the other.”

A writer in the Nineteenth Century (Jan. 1889)
remarks that “the growing number of youthful
criminals and neglected children, and the auda-
cious and shameless forms which the criminal
spirit sometimes takes, is a serious problem to
be grappled with.” I emphasize these words
because an increase of crime among the youth
of a nation where there is an elaborate and
costly system of education and great material
prosperity is a sign and token of melancholy
import.

I cannot too strongly condemn the indiffer-
ence and contempt wildly shown for the sacred-
ness of the ballot. This is something worse
than a scandal—it is a crime. The citizen who
abuses the privilege of suffrage by fraudulent
voting deserves to be condignly punished—and
I should say ought to be forever after disfrac-
chised. Too little heed is given by many
so-called Catholics to the conscientious exercise
of this important privilege. They seem to forget
that upon the ballot rests the entire super-
structure of our laws and government. It is
impossible to have just laws or a wise adminis-
tration of the public affairs if the electors are
unworthy or indifferent. This is not a question
of party. The welfare of the State and of the
municipality rises above mere party interests.
I wish my Catholic fellow-citizens were more
alive to the importance of this consideration
than frequently appears from their acts and
votes. In other words you cannot “run” the
country without God. That experiment has been
attempted again and again; history abounds in
examples and warnings as to the result. “God
and our Country” should be the accepted motto.
Under it all can unite. Who can refuse to accept
it? Catholic citizens have a special responsi-
bility in the welfare and perpetuity of this, the
best government—with all its imperfections—
the world has ever known. There is given to
us in this glorious land the noblest of earthly
inheritances—freedom and opportunity.

Prelate and priest and layman alike prize it,
and the voice of each and all is heard adjuring
us to be faithful to the high and exalted “duties”
of citizenship, I am per-
suaded we would have little cause to fear any
serious invasion of our “rights.”
—April show—
—Put "n" instead of "h."
—Our weather prophet has the "blues."
—if you don't take that away, I'll spit in it.
—The lecture bureau of '90-'91 deserves the thanks of the student body.
—Remote preparations for Commencement have already begun.
—It is time for renewed activity in the matter of the Lyons' Monument fund.
—Rev. President Walsh will lecture at Plymouth, Ind., on next Thursday evening.
—Mr. John Ellwanger, of Dubuque, spent Sunday and Monday visiting his son William of Carroll Hall.

—It is understood that the Oratorical and Elocutionary contests will be held this year on a special day about three weeks before Commencement.
—The members of the Band will soon appear in new and elegant uniforms. Their splendid martial appearance will, no doubt, make their excellent music all the more effective.
—A number of visitors from South Bend attended Miss Starr's lecture on Thursday last. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Brien, Mrs. Prof. Egan, Mrs. Knoblock, and others.
—A fine portrait of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, handsomely framed in gold, has been added to the collection in Bishops' Memorial Hall through the kindness of a Wisconsin friend.
—The Rev. J. A. Zahm will take his departure for Washington on Monday next. He will be absent for three weeks, during which time he will deliver a course of six lectures on "Sound" in the Catholic University.

—Though he makes no pretence to vocal culture, James has quite established his "rep." It will be gratifying to his numerous friends to know that the ancient rivalry is now at an end. He has met the enemy as he is.
—Bro. Fabian, C. S. C., who paid a flying visit to the College last week, reports St. Columbille's School in a flourishing condition, owing to the skilful administration of Bro. Gabriel and the devotedness of his able assistants.
—The lecture on Raphael's "Parnassus," delivered by Miss Starr, was a literary and artistic treat and highly appreciated. The gifted lady was frequently greeted with applause drawn forth by the eloquent words of instruction with which her address was interspersed.
—The Rev. W. Wrobel, of Michigan City, Ind., was a welcome visitor on Tuesday last. Father Wrobel was, for a time, assistant Rector of St. Mary's Church in that city, of which the Rev. J. Bleckman, '67, is the zealous Rector. Since January last he has had sole charge of the large and growing Polish congregation, and is now actively engaged in the erection of a fine church.

—Under the careful direction of their genial instructor, Captain F. B. Chute, the "Sorin Cadets" have reached a degree of perfection in the use of arms that has never been equaled in the history of the Minim Department. The Minims of '891 should feel proud of their representatives in our military circle, for they certainly reflect great credit on their department, on themselves and on their commander; and though they have still much to learn, with a pennant lashed to the mast of perfection, the cadets are not the boys to cease their efforts until the field has been fought and won.

—The services in the college church on Easter Sunday were, as befitting the day, of an unusually impressive character. The grand altar was beautifully decorated with natural flowers and resplendent with myriads of lights. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Neil and Boland as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent and instructive sermon on "The Resurrection, the Fundamental Dogma of Christian Faith," was preached by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby. The music by the College choir, under the direction of Prof. Liscombe, was of a high order and well executed.

—"The Success of Patrick Desmond" is the name of Maurice F. Egan's new novel, appearing as a serial in the Ave Maria. In life-like character, drawing and dramatic power it promises to exceed even his widely popular "Disappearance of John Longworthy." Mr. Egan is working a new vein in American fiction. He is doing for the Irish-American what Cable has done for the Creole, and Howells and James for the Bostonian. "Poor Miles," known to every man and woman of Irish blood in real life, was never before portrayed in a novel. He is as distinctly a new and real type in fiction as Howells' "Bartley Hubbard," or Cable's "Narcisse," or Kathleen O'Meara's "Sœur Marguerite" in "Narka."—Boston Pilot.

—On Sunday evening, March 29, was held the regular meeting of the Mock Congress to consider the bill of impeachment brought against Messrs. Paquette and Morrison. The attorneys for the congress were P. Coady and H. P. Brelsford. The accused were represented by the Hon. W. P. Blackman.

The case was opened by P. Coady who made a clear statement of the charges brought against the accused. W. P. Blackman responded on behalf of the defence, and outlined the case of his clients. The written evidence of Dr. Berteling was accepted. The witnesses subpoenaed for the prosecution were: Congressmen J. B. Sullivan, H. Murphy; J. B. Fitzgibbon, C. Cavanagh.

The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was conducted by H. P. Brelsford, and the fact was brought out that there was an attempt made to disable members of the Con-
gress. W. P. Blackman summoned C. Paquette to the witness stand. It was made clear to all by his evidence that the accused labored in the interests of science and were influenced by the most philanthropic motives; and, instead of being impeached, should receive great praise for their actions. The attorney for the prosecution utterly failed to browbeat Mr. Paquette, and distort his evidence. On account of the lateness of the hour the trial rested here, and Congress adjourned.

—The Rev. M. J. Regan, C.S.C., is Chaplain and Prof. W. Hoynes, Colonel of the Militia at Notre Dame. The following is the roster of Company A.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

J. E. Berry, Orderly Sergeant;
F. Krehms, 1st Sergeant; H. Allen, 1st Corporal;
D. A. A. 2d " J. Newman, 2d "
O. Sullivan, 3d " J. M. Gruber, 3d "
P. Coady, 4th " L. Davis, 4th "

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

J. Correy, G. Lancaster, H. Schwarz,
S. C. Curtis, E. Kelly, R. Whitehead,
C. Daker, O. Lindeke, B. T. White,
Ed. Browne, W. Lindeke, J. McConlogue,
J. M. Flannigan, A. V. Magnus, W. Woodard,
T. A. Flannigan, E. McConigle, H. Wood,
R. F. Frizzle, E. Miller, C. Priestly,
P. Gillon, J. Murphy, V. Vurpillat,
W. Hauskese, J. Mug, N. Burch,
O. Johnson, R. Myler, H. Murphy,
A. Lancaster, A. Robinson, E. Vidal.

PRIVATE:

J. Correy, G. Lancaster, H. Schwarz,
S. C. Curtis, E. Kelly, R. Whitehead,
C. Daker, O. Lindeke, B. T. White,
Ed. Browne, W. Lindeke, J. McConlogue,
J. M. Flannigan, A. V. Magnus, W. Woodard,
T. A. Flannigan, E. McConigle, H. Wood,
R. F. Frizzle, E. Miller, C. Priestly,
P. Gillon, J. Murphy, V. Vurpillat,
W. Hauskese, J. Mug, N. Burch,
O. Johnson, R. Myler, H. Murphy,
A. Lancaster, A. Robinson, E. Vidal.

—BASE-BALL PROSPECTS:—As the base-ball season is near at hand the interest in the game revives, and the fiend is to be found muffing flies in every quarter. The reporter, hearing that the association meeting was to be held April 9, and that the elections to the various offices would be bitterly contested, interviewed many of the prominent men on the subject, and this is the result:

Mr. Fitzgibbon was found deeply interested in reading an account of the bold feats of an Ohio youth in the Newark Daily American. In reply to the reporter's question regarding the great American game, he said: "Well, the prospects for base-ball this year are not as bright as last; still from the showing made by the new students we may yet gather together a creditable team. For captaincy? Why that eminent temperance advocate, C. J. Gillon. Of course, as for the other captain, Joe Combe ought to fill the bill nicely. Both are good players, both have a thorough knowledge of the game, and I am certain that base-ball could not be given into better hands. If Gillon will not accept, Smith would make an excellent choice. A cigar? No, I am training for a still hunt expedition and must improve my wind."

C. J. Gillon was found reading "The Life of M. J. Kelly, the Bostonian." He had but little to say, and he said it quickly: "I think we have many good players here, and if they would only practise we could have a first-class ball team. The best men for captains are the two Josies—Smith and Combe. Fitzgibbon should be elected to captain the special team. Have you any pipe tobacco? No? Well, ta, ta!"

Mr. Frank McCabe spoke as follows in reply to the question could he play ball: "Well, I don't like to talk much about myself; but I have overheard my advance agent say that I was a 'lulu' of a player. No, I am not a candidate for captain. I will vote for the best men every time."

Joe Smith said: "I would like to see Bell and Covert captains. Charlie Gillon should be the man for the special team. I don't think that we will be able to defeat Yale and Harvard this year, but we can and will beat the Minnis."

Lew Gillon was breathing the beautiful song "Guess Again" into the desert air when the reporter captured him. Before he had sung eleven verses the reporter stopped him and asked his opinion upon the outlook for base-ball. "I'm not old enough to know," he replied; "but still I think we are going to have a biddy ball team. I have not thought of the election, but I know that the right men will get the right places."

Pierce Murphy thought that the prospects were very good. He said: "The only man who is capable of managing a special team is F. Murphy. I am for him to-day to-morrow and forever. No, thanks: cigars make me sick."

Joe Combe was found making home-run hits at Tiddledy Winks. He abused the scribe for a few moments, and then politely asked what was wanted. Being informed, he replied: "If you can persuade our pitchers to practise, I will vote for the especial team. Have you any pipe tobacco? No, thanks: cigars make me sick."

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—ROLL OF HONOR.

SOKIN HALL.


BROWNSON HALL.


CARROLL HALL.


ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)


Letters from the Archives of Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

VII.


"NAZARETH, KY., Jan. 16, 1833.

"I received your dear favor by Rev. Mr. Evremond, and to my great sorrow I have mislaid it where I cannot find it. You will not be surprised at this any more than at my long delay in answering you when you know what a frightful storm has passed over my head since the time you may passed, for thanks be to God, it is passed, and, I hope, never to return. My good Bishop Flaget had taken it into his mind to resign his bishopric, which by right then devolved on me, and I consented to designate for me a coadjutor, which he did, and this is the origin of all my old age and numerous infirmities. His abdication was accepted at Rome, and every dispatch sent to me from that centre of ecclesiastical authority to constitute me Bishop of Bardstown, indults, faculties to administer the sacrament of Confirmation without any episcopal consecration, and to aid me in the general administration. Knowing, however, that there might be difficulties in granting such a privilege, especially as there were already two bishops in the same diocese, I added that if my resignation were deemed necessary, I would resign my seat, and, in forty years passed in the missions of America, retire from the stage where labors and trials were never wanting, to enjoy for the little time that may remain to me, the sweets of solitude and rest. In regard to this latter point it is settled that Monsignor David is by right bishop, with Mgr. Chabrat for coadjutor. Would to God that everybody was as well pleased as I am with the news of these changes! Mais mon Dieu, after all that I have heard and seen, it seems that he might grant M. Chabrat the necessary faculties to make except myself. Mgr. Rosati has very generously offered his counsels and mediation, and after having seen and heard both the clergy and the people he has come to the following decisions: (1) That Mgr. Chabrat shall at once pass over to me the whole administrative powers, which he has immediately begun to exercise. Join me in giving thanks to God for this happy event, and beg your Good Mother and fervent Sisters to do the same; and while they admire with me the profound humility and eminent sanctity of Bishop Flaget, which appears as much in his resignation as it was at his assumption of office, let them pray for us both that we may continue to serve the Church of God, each according to his station; I wished to write a great deal more, but a pressure of unanswered letters oblige me to conclude by assuring you of the sincere and lasting affection with which I remain.

"Your ever devoted Father,

"+ JOHN B. M. Bp. of Bardstown.

The above was found by the Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall among a lot of rubbish in an old store room in Washington.

VIII.

[Extract from a letter written by Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget to Very Rev. F. Reze, of Cincinnati, afterwards first Bishop of Detroit.]

"BARDSTOWN, KY., Jan. 9, 1833.

"MY DEAR M. REZE:

"...As to a very intimate friend I will tell you of my own private affairs, in regard to my resignation—which of which you must have certainly heard—I will tell you briefly how this favor was granted me. My direct petition to the Sovereign Pontiff was not sufficient; Mgr. Chabrat was also asked to express his assent to the measure.

The foregoing documents possess a special interest as relating to the actual existence of Mgr. David's title as Bishop of Bardstown. So that Bishop Flaget, when, in accordance with the decision of Rome, resumed the title became the third bishop of Bardstown after being its first Bishop.

"+ BENOIT JOSEPH."
Miss Eliza Allen Starr, St. Mary's old-time friend and honored guest, during the past week gave a series of excellent lectures. In the initial one of the course extracts were read from Dante's *La Vita Nuova*, or *New Life*, together with many of that poet's most beautiful sonnets, the lecture putting such an interpretation upon the same as to give the key to all Dante's writings. As the portrait of the lovely and gentle Beatrice grew beneath the lecturer's delicate touch, one ceased to wonder at the lofty feeling of veneration entertained for her by the great Dante. With such an inspiration, the grandeur of the Divine Comedy is no longer a marvel. And yet the poet never desired to win this "youngest of the angels," as he was pleased to term her, but rather found his delight in respectful admiration of her beauty and virtue. Many lessons of wisdom and good counsel were taught during the progress of the lecture; the influence exerted by Beatrice being cited as an example and incentive to all young ladies in society that those with whom they come in contact may thereby be lifted to higher and holier aims. "The Shepherd Boy of Vespigniano" was the theme of the second lecture; in it was told the story of the boy genius, Giotto, from the hour when, lying upon the green sward of his native hills, he sketched the lambs as they frisked before him till the leaves from the bay-tree encircled his brow. Many of the renowned paintings adorning the walls and ceilings of Florentine churches were described and illustrated by photographs of the same. In this field of description Miss Starr is quite at home, having enjoyed the advantage of studying these great works in the beautiful city of Florence itself.

But the crowning lecture of the course was that on "Parnassus or Poesy," which proved, indeed, a name to conjure with. At once the admiration and despair of those who heard it, by its loftiness of sentiment, the wide research and deep study it represented and the elegance of the language employed to give anything like a correct account of it, is out of the question. A stereopticon view of Raphael's great frescoe on the wall of "La Camera della Segniatura, or the Chamber of Signature," was used to illustrate the lecture, and served to stamp it indelibly upon the memory. A view of the heights of Parnassus revealed Apollo as if in the act of drawing sweet music from the violin and surrounded as with a garland by the Muses. Outside this charmed circle were grouped all the great poets of Greece and Rome in whose company stood the immortal Dante. Towering above his laurel-crowned companions stood the majestic Homer, his very attitude indicating blindness, and near by a youthful circle as if writing the magic words as they fell from his lips. A little in the background appeared the gentle Virgil, his modest bearing revealing, one could imagine, the lofty soul of the poet. Here the lector dwelt with special tenderness on the many claims of Virgil upon our admiration, referring to his predictions in regard to the birth of Our Blessed Lord, which he did not live to see.
Achylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Horace, the satirist, and the “burning Sappho” and, in fact, each member of this great picture, was described in Miss Starr’s inimitable manner, leaving nothing to be desired.

To sum up the matter, no report, however lengthy, could do justice to the lecture; to be appreciated as it deserves it must be heard. All who have the honor of Miss Starr’s acquaintance have felt the force of her personality, and are familiar with the quaint charm of expression with which she invests a theme, not the least of which is the pleasing vein of satire running through her lectures. Talent, travel, culture and refinement are the factors that have achieved success for this true gentlewoman; her aim is to elevate and ennoble the minds of her hearers; and this is a labor blessed of God.

A Plea for Little People.

“There is no little thing
In nature; in a rainbow’s compass lie
A planet’s elements.”

From earliest ages have writers insisted upon the importance of trifles. Examples innumerable have been given illustrating the truth that size is not always indicative of worth. By means of botany the vegetable kingdom gives its proofs in the shape of tiny seeds from which mighty forest trees have sprung, or which have furnished the “staff of life”; mineralogy, with its treasures, offers indisputable arguments; chemistry bids us despise not the smallest atom, and mechanics cannot fail to impress the student that the tiniest spring or screw in a machine is of moment. Taking for granted that “little things” are fully appreciated by mankind, it is the purpose of these lines to prove that “little people” are quite as able and important as those to whom nature has assigned greatness of size.

“Might makes right” is the motto which is held by many a one who took up more space in this vast world of ours. Daily experience, too, teaches us that in great bodies, the heart and mind may be very small, while many a “Dame Durden” may carry in a small frame a heart large enough to hold sympathy and affection for all who need comfort. If we are great in mind and heart, then are we truly great; and when we are called from this world, we will leave a greater void among those with whom we associated than many a one who took up more space in this vast world of ours. 

EVA QUEALEY
(First Senior Class).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, M. Phillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, Windsor, Young.