A Breath of May.

O\nUT in the night
Soft winds are blowing,—
Coming and going
Up to the height,
Down where the slight
Spring-flowers are growing
Out in the night.
Soft winds are blowing,
Dancing in flight,
Far from the glowing
Sol, from the crowing
Chanticleer's sight.
Out in the night
Soft winds are blowing.

The Monroe Doctrine and Its History.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? A hundred times, since our little unpleasantness with England in regard to the Venezuelan affair, have we heard this question on the lips of anxious inquirers. A hundred times have we heard attempts to answer it, but they generally took the shape of dire threats against the British, or any other nation so foolhardy as to transgress on our rights as a nation in this direction. Whenever we mildly suggested that we were looking for facts concerning this great principle of our Republic, and not about our military and naval resources, and the political condition of Europe, we were met with a look which seemed to show great pity for our ignorance; but never have we heard the facts for which we sought. The truth is, and to our shame be it said, the notions of the American people respecting this doctrine are extremely vague and misty. It is the object of this paper to give a few ideas regarding the Monroe Doctrine, under what circumstances it was declared, its relation to the history of the times, and in what light its formulator and chief-defenders considered it.

President Monroe, in his seventh annual message to Congress, on the second of December, 1823, gave expression to his views on certain subjects which were then attracting the world's attention; these declarations constitute the famous doctrine which now bears his name. We have not sufficient space to make more than a few brief quotations from this message, nor is it necessary so to do. Two important propositions were set forth: the first in regard to the future colonization of the American continents by any European power, and the second concerning the intervention of European powers in the political affairs of the American nations.

The first great principle was stated by Monroe in these words: "In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." Let us see what was the immediate cause of this first declaration. In 1822, both Russia and England claimed that the northwestern portion of our continent, including what is now known as Washington and Oregon, was open for colonization by European nations. We claimed a portion of this territory as our
own, with the right of absolute sovereignty over it." This was afterwards pithily expressed in the famous cry: "Fifty-four, forty or fight." In John Quincy Adams' "Memoirs" we find that under the date of July 17, 1823, he wrote: "At the office Baron Tuyi came. "I told him specially that we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments." Herein lies the essence of the first declaration of the Monroe Doctrine. This was purely the work of Adams. It seems to have been his pet notion, and when an opportunity came to present it to the world he grasped it without delay. John C. Calhoun, who was Monroe's Secretary of War, in a speech delivered by him in the United States Senate, May 15, 1848, explicitly declares that this branch of the Monroe Doctrine originated entirely with Adams, and that it was never submitted to the Cabinet for its consideration. He further stated that this portion of Monroe's message had special reference to the northwest settlement, and that the rest of the continent was included because the whole of it, "with the exception of some settlements in Surinam, Maracaibo and thereabout, had passed into independent hands." Shortly after Monroe's message appeared, Russia gave a tacit consent, at least, to the claims of the United States, as she thereafter made no pretensions to any territory south of Alaska. The United States and England settled the matter between themselves somewhat later. However, we did not get "fifty-four, forty," nor did we fight.

But that is not of so much importance to-day. That phase of the question disappeared with the history of the times. By far the more interesting to us is the second proposition set forth by Monroe, in regard to the intervention of foreign powers in the politics of American nations. Since the day the Monroe Doctrine was declared, up to the present time, this has been a burning issue, and it will continue to be such until Europe finally recognizes the contention of the United States; for some day, sooner or later, recognize it she must.

In this regard, Monroe had the following to say in his celebrated message. "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by European powers, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly feeling toward the United States."

In order to understand why Monroe gave expression to his doctrine at all we must make a brief study of the history of his time. Immediately before Monroe sent his message to Congress, the world had witnessed many stirring events. The Napoleonic wars had been brought to a close, and Bonaparte had been banished to St. Helena. Europe began again to breathe easily; but she had many princes just as ambitious as Napoleon, though not possessing a tithe of his genius. On the twenty-sixth of September, 1815, in Paris, a coalition was formed by the emperors of Austria and Russia and the king of Prussia, which bade fair to control the political world. France afterwards joined this alliance, and, at first, England by no means looked askance at it. The avowed object of this union was to make politics subordinate to the Christian religion, hence it received the name of the "Holy Alliance." Its real object was the extension of the monarchical system, and, incidentally, each sovereign resolved to get as large a share of power as possible.

After the French had invaded Spain, overthrown the constitutional government of the Cortes, and placed Ferdinand VII. on the throne, the "Holy Alliance" resolved to take a hand in the affairs of the New World, and help Spain to win back again her American colonies which had revolted. These colonies had been recognized as belligerents by the United States almost as soon as they had declared their independence, and, in 1822, the United States sent ministers to the seats of their governments, thus recognizing them as independent sovereignties. At this juncture England became frightened, and began to cast about for a plan to defeat the purpose of the "Holy Alliance." It was not that England loved Spain and the "Holy Alliance" less, but because she loved her own pocket-book more. She was not imbued with a desire to see the whole world enjoying the fruits of a well-earned liberty, but she did not at all relish the idea of losing her
South American trade. She was growing rich on this commerce, and she well knew, that if Spain once reduced these states to their former dependency, her shipping interests, as far as the Spanish American states were concerned, would go to pieces. It was then that she began to make overtures to the United States to see what could be done to prevent the interference of the “Holy Alliance” in behalf of Spain.

Canning was then Prime Minister of England, and he resolved not to let the English maritime commerce suffer so severe a shock, if any act of his could prevent it. He opened negotiations with our minister at the English court, Mr. Rush, suggesting that Great Britain and the United States join hands in an effort to prevent the intervention of the “Holy Alliance” in the affairs of the Spanish American states. Rush sent the correspondence to President Monroe, and he, before coming to a final decision, presented it to Jefferson and Madison for their consideration. Both were favorably impressed with the scheme and so wrote Monroe. After fully debating the subject in the cabinet, as John C. Calhoun tells us, Monroe finally incorporated his doctrine in his message to Congress in 1823. To John Quincy Adams has generally been ascribed the credit of writing this instrument; but, after all, we must admit that it was at the suggestion and instance of an Englishman that this doctrine was proclaimed. It can, however, hardly be supposed that Canning ever dreamed that his idea would be stretched to cover the ground that it does.

He simply wished to have our help in keeping the “Holy Alliance” out of Spanish America; we were willing to give it; we are just as willing, to-day, to do the same thing for England.

This, in brief, is a history of the Monroe Doctrine. Let us see how it was understood by the men who helped formulate it, and how it has been applied since 1823. Was it meant that we should, at all hazards, insist on a strict enforcement of this principle, and that it should cover every mode by which the monarchical countries of Europe might endeavor to extend their system in the New World? Were we to assume a sort of protectorate over our weaker brethren of this continent to defend them at all times against the encroachments of European nations?

The testimony of John Quincy Adams, Monroe’s Secretary of State, on this point, is interesting. On Dec. 26, 1825, Adams announced, in a message to Congress, that the Spanish American States were about to hold a conven-

tion on the Isthmus of Panama, and that the United States had been invited to send delegates to it. In speaking of the object of this conference he said: “An agreement—between the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both American continents.” Each country was to guard against this evil by its own means; he did not intimate that the United States should make it their business to see that this was never done under any circumstances.

Webster, in a speech on the Panama mission, April 14, 1826, endorsed the Monroe Doctrine, and eulogized those by whose help it had been adopted. He, however, was very evidently not in favor of our armed interference in behalf of our sister states in every case. He looked upon the doctrine as a policy of self-preservation, and just as the danger to us resulting from any actions on the part of European nations decreased, so would our resistance to these acts decrease. He says that if any army were sent against Chili or Buenos Ayres, we might content ourselves with a remonstrance; but if armed men should be landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and should commence the war in our immediate neighborhood, it would be a different case. “Such an event might justly be regarded as dangerous to ourselves, and, on that ground, call for decided and immediate interference by us.”

John C. Calhoun, Monroe’s Secretary of State, in a speech before the United States Senate, in 1848, gave a lengthy exposition of the history and meaning of the Monroe Doctrine. In regard to efforts to be used by the United States in preventing the encroachment of the European powers, he said: “Whether, you will resist it or not, and the measure of your resistance—whether it shall be by negotiation, remonstrance, or some intermediate measure, or by a resort to arms—all this must be determined and decided on the merits of the question itself. This is the only wise course. We are not to have quoted on us, on every occasion, general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached. There are cases of interposition when I would resort to the hazard of war with all its calamities.”

These are the opinions of a few of our leading statesmen on this question. Now, how has the Monroe Doctrine been applied? In 1848,
Yucatan was offering itself to the United States, to England and to Spain; the President recommended to Congress the establishment of a temporary military protectorate in that country to prevent its falling into the hands of either England or Spain, but Congress refused to act according to Polk's advice. We all know the history of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and how the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine were disregarded in that instrument. When Maximilian entered Mexico, the United States was in a sad condition indeed, cut in twain by its own internal dissensions. Yet, notice was promptly given to France that we would not allow this unwarranted interference in the affairs of our sister state. It is true, we had to temporize with France; but when our civil war was ended active preparations were made to oust Maximilian. We all know how his sad end rendered further action on the part of the United States unnecessary. The later questions, which have arisen under the Monroe Doctrine, are still too fresh in the public mind to require comment here.

Europe makes a mistake, as she will discover, when she imagines that the Monroe Doctrine is simply a paper declaration, nothing more. It is true that it has never obtained express sanction by any act of Congress, but it is a principle dear to every American heart. The American people demand that it shall be enforced, and our legislators must pay heed to the wishes of the people. In what manner it shall be enforced, as John C. Calhoun has said, must depend upon the gravity of the case; but a surrender will never be tolerated for a moment. This is as active a principle to-day as it was when declared by Monroe in 1823, and it will always live in the hearts of the people. For seventy-two years we have upheld this doctrine; and while the United States has money to buy a musket or a hand to aim it, she will maintain her stand in the face of the world.

His subjects, for the most part, have to do with abstractions and fleeting psychological phenomena, which, from their very nature, elude direct, outspoken language. He tries to dress his thoughts in fabrics of substantial texture; but they will endure no such restraint, and prefer a gauzy, dreamy, garb. Let us study his work as we would study a picture, and examine the result. The outlines become more pronounced; the features assume a reality hidden before, and in the end the figure stands unfolded. The dream proves to be not "half a dream."

Even "My Last Duchess," one of the clearest of his poems, has not escaped the rod, although most of the critics bear witness to its beauty. This poem is a marvel of condensation; every word of it is laden with meaning. It is clear beyond doubt; simple beyond complaint. It is subtle, too, and delicate. The tragedy it suggests calls up the strongest feelings of sorrow and indignation,—sorrow for the unhappiness and death of that lovely woman and indignation against the monster who was her husband. Besides the quality of density—if I may use the term to describe the style of "My Last Duchess"—there are in the poem a hundred suggestions, if the reader will, only look for them. It is a life-drama complete in itself, and its two characters could not be better presented. It is not overstepping the truth to say that there is more between the lines than in the lines themselves. Another poet would fill a good-sized octavo with a description of such a tragedy as Browning suggests, and still not make the impression which the latter gives us of the Duchess' life and death. With a few strokes he draws out the lovely character of the woman and the villainy of her husband.

The poem is intelligible throughout, but it requires several readings to make the sense clear. Such, at least, has been my experience. The Duke, with his nine-hundred-year old name, of which he is as proud as if it owed to him the lustre of all preceding generations, is entertaining some friends and takes one of them—before dinner, I presume—to see the treasures of his house. He comes to a certain room, on whose wall is painted a life-like picture of his late wife. He draws aside the curtain which conceals it; and, quite unmoved by recollections, places a chair for his companion. He points out the beauty of the work before him. The picture calls up no pleasant memories for him; he views it merely as a work of art; the product of a painter's brush and colors. Even the painter's name seems, from.
the manner in which he emphasizes it, to be of
greater interest to him than the picture.
His coldness is admirably presented here.
While we admire his judgment of art, we can
not help feeling hatred for his shallowness. It
requires a master-hand to paint that trait of a
man's character; but when we discover that
there is absolutely no mention of the coldness in
the Duke's heart, our admiration for the poet is
the more intense.

The Duke goes on to explain the cause of
that "spot of joy" upon the Duchess' cheek.
He says that it was not for him; perhaps it
came there because the painter-monk, by some
little courtesy, called it up. Here is the key to
the lady's character. She was gentle and affect-
ionate, and to everyone that passed she gave a
smile. She was a delicate, sensitive woman,
pining for love, but formed in so entirely dif-
ferent a mold from her old spouse that she
found nothing congenial in his nature. He
was incapable of appreciating her, and too
heartless to understand her fine feelings. She
was young and fresh, he, old and crabbed;
she was gentle, he was severe; she was a
woman, he was not a man.

Her virtues provoked the jealousy of the
Duke; for he could win from her no sweeter
smile than that which she bestowed upon the
meanest of her servants. He would have con-
 fined her smiles to one object,—himself; and
because she could not help being kind, he
became furious. He blamed her for being "too
easily impressed." She thanked men as if she
found nothing congenial in his nature. He
was incapable of appreciating her, and too
heartless to understand her fine feelings. She
was young and fresh, he, old and crabbed;
she was gentle, he was severe; she was a
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Her virtues provoked the jealousy of the
Duke; for he could win from her no sweeter
smile than that which she bestowed upon the
meanest of her servants. He would have con-
 sidered their little kindnesses equal to the
gift of her husband's ancient name. Thus she
aroused his jealousy, and was brutally com-
manded to desist. I consider these lines to be
as terse as any in literature:

"Oh! sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Where'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles ceased together."

He goes on to say with as little concern as
though the picture in front of him were that of
one of his greyhounds: "There she stands as if
alive."

I dare say he said this with a suppressed yawn.
When we come thus far in the story we begin
to wonder why the envoy did not knock him
down, though it were in his own house. Did
not the 'lovely face of that flower-like woman
and the thought of her martyrdom, suggest
anything like physical force to the Count's
ambassador? I presume that it would have
been against his interests in the negotiation
then pending to have given vent to his feelings,
if any feelings were aroused.

The Duke is very polite, though, for he says
to his friend: "Will't please you rise?"

As they go down the stairs he assures his
companion that he will find no difficulty in
securing a large dowry from the Count with the
hand of his daughter. So he intends to make
his "last Duchess" not the last, and he men-
tions his purpose in such a cold-blooded and
self-confident manner that he makes our blood
boil, even though we have no right to take an
interest in his business. I take his preparations
for the approaching marriage to represent his
character more clearly than even the murder of
his wife. I have no doubt that his stern com-
mands killed her; for, when such a woman ceases to smile, her end is at hand.

There is great art in the poem. For instance,
the Duke is an unconscious witness against
himself. He can no more speak without betray-
ing his character than could the Duchess live
without shedding the warmth and brightness
of her soul upon all around. The sun illum-
inates and warms the world by his rays, thaws
out the icy coldness, and invites verdure and
flowers and foliage upon the earth. Woman,
too, brings out all that is good and noble in
man; but, sometimes, like the Duke's heart, the
soil is barren, and fails to respond to the beams
showered upon it. There is no introduction to
the poem, no key with which to enter, and yet
how easy it is to understand. The whole tragedy
is strongly impressed upon the mind without a
word of explanation. Ideas are suggested at
every word—ideas which go to fill out the com-
pleteness of the poem.

That "My Last Duchess" is poetry is beyond
a doubt. It touches the affections and fires the
imagination with anger and pity. It openly
points out no moral; but who does not feel the
iniquity of the Duke? The moral is surely
there, though hidden so ingeniously. Herein
lies the art of the poet. The verse, though
occasionally harsh, is often almost perfect. The
cadences are unusually harmonious for Brow-
ning, and the casuas are well placed. The first
four lines afford a good example:

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now, For Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands."

One who reads Browning must give his whole
attention to the task, for he is learned and
difficult. I should say that Longfellow is the
direct opposite of Browning. In "My Last
Duchess" it is not so much obscurity as it is
difficulty that oppresses the reader. It is this which has prevented Browning from becoming popular. His meaning is clear, but hidden so deeply that only a careful search can bring it to light. This very act of discovery makes the poem all the more pleasing, just as the finding of the correct word pleases a writer after a long search. I am sure that had Browning written this sketch in such a style as would clearly present every detail to the reader without putting him to the inconvenience of thinking, he could not have produced an effect so strong and lasting, but would have lost the wonder of his art.

**By the River.**

J. JAMES NEY, '97.

"Jax, I have never seen the mountains look lovelier than they do this evening. I wish we could get ’30,’ that we might take the moonlight excursion through the cañon to Boulder." The speaker was Joe Hutchinson, familiarly known as Hutch, and he addressed these words to the telegraph editor, Jackson, locally known as "Jax."

The young men were sitting in the editorial room of a Denver daily, from which they commanded an excellent view of the distant mountains and the sleeping city. On the desk before Hutch was the nickel-plated sounder clicking off the events of the day at a terrific rate, and Hutch's movements in writing them down were equally terrific. Before Jax was a large pile of abbreviated press reports which he was making ready for the type-setters on the morning edition. Occasionally Hutch would have a few minutes in which to light his cigar, and then far-off Omaha would give that signal "Wap," which raises all press-men from their slumbers like an electric shock. The literal meaning of "Wap" is Western Associated Press, and it is almost an unpardonable offence not to be on hand to answer when "Wap" is called.

Of all the signals that came over that wire the most delightful to Hutch and Jax was that magic number "30," which is well known by all press-men and telegraph editors to mean: "The end; good-night." It comes sometimes at midnight, frequently at two o'clock, but oftener much later in the morning. Then, if Jax were behind on his reports, Hutch would help him to finish, and together they would saunter down to the "Silver Bar" for their midnight lunch. But their nocturnal wanderings seldom ended after lunch: no, indeed; morning more often found them playing poker at "Manhattan Beach" than abed in their rooms at the Windsor. It mattered little, however, to Hutch and Jax whether they made hay or sowed wild oats, the harvest at the end of the month was always the same, and their bank accounts never perceptibly increased.

A year and a half of late hours, together with midnight draughts of ardent spirits, began to work mischief on Hutch's young constitution. At the earnest entreaty of his friends, he decided to leave Denver for a time, and go to the mountains. Being a first-class operator he
soon secured employment on a mining railroad
as agent at Anita.

Jax laughed at the idea of Hutch's leaving
Denver and going into the mountains as a
railroad agent. "You might as well," said he
to the managing editor, "expect a fish to live
out of water, as expect Hutch to remain long
from Denver. But I do, hope he will stay away
for awhile; he needs a rest, and the mountain
air will do him a world of good."

With difficulty Hutch tore himself away
from his Denver moorings. His first night at
Anita gave anything but an encouraging fore­
cast of the future. The town consisted of seven
buildings:—two stores, two railroad section
houses, a coal shed, a blacksmith's shop, and the
station house. Hutch was occupied during the
day in being "checked into" the mysteries of
railroading, and when night came he began to
look for living accommodations. There was
no hotel at Anita, and the only place at which
board could be had was the section house, a
dilapidated affair with an antediluvian roof and
a broken chimney.

Hutch's rap was responded to by a tall,
powerful woman who was smoking a clay pipe.
She had scarcely opened the door when out
bounded a ferocious bull-dog, but Hutch saw
him in time to jump on top of an ash barrel
that stood near by, and from that vantage
ground began to explain his mission to the
masculine mistress of the section house.

"You see," said Hutch, when he had caught
his breath, "I am the new railroad agent, and I
came to see about boarding here."

"But come off the barrel; this dog won't
bite," said the woman with a hearty laugh. But
a Mexican who sat smoking beneath a tree a
few feet away said: "That dog won't do a
thing to you if you come off that barrel, young
fellow."

"Will he bite?" said Hutch.

"You know it!" replied the Mexican shaking
with laughter, and Hutch, believing that the
Mexican knew enough of American slang to be
intelligible, remained on the ash barrel.

"Get away from here, Cerberus, you blinkety
blank—x y z!" said the woman, hurling a chunk
of coal at the dog. Cerberus sneaked away, and
Hutch was shown into the house.

"Another diamond in disguise," thought
Hutch, as he contrasted the bright interior of
the dwelling with the outside. What was true
of the house was true also of its mistress,
Mrs. Barclay, the section foreman's wife. She
smoked a pipe and used bad English; but she had
a kind heart and a gentle nature, and never did
a beggar go hungry from her door. To Hutch
the environments of Anita were anything but
congenial. His duties in the office were scrapey
heavy enough to keep him from being lonesome,
and longing for Denver, Jax and the
"Silver Bar"; but he had brought his bicycle
with him intending to take plenty of recreation.

To the east of Anita was a range of snow-
capped mountains, so high that the sun never
rose before nine o'clock. East of the station
stretched a broad road made smooth by the
wide-tired wheels of ore wagons.

On Hutch's first trip through the cañon he
stopped at a ranch about two miles from town
to get a drink of water. The house was massive
and stately, and he learned from one of the
laborers in the field that Don Josef Palma, the
wealthiest Mexican in that section, lived there.
The lawns about the residence were things of
beauty, and luxuriant flower-beds stretched the
entire length of the walks on each side. Hutch
left his wheel at the gate, and walked up to the
pump near the eastern end of the piazza. But
there was no cup at the well, and Hutch turning
toward the house saw a girl of about eighteen
summers reading in a hammock behind the
vined-covered lattice-work of the portico. "By
Jove," said he to himself, "here's another
Rebecca at the well!" She rose when she saw
Hutch and came to the railing. She was a
typical Mexican girl, with dark liquid eyes, and
long black hair. "Your pardon, please. May I
have a cup?" said Hutch, in Spanish, as he took
off his hat. The girl smiled, made a slight
courtesy and said very sweetly, "Si, Señor."

In a few moments she brought Hutch a cup.
He thanked her, took a drink, got on his wheel,
and soon disappeared in the cañon. That night
he dreamed about the sweet girl he had met,
and resolved to make her acquaintance. This
resolution he fully carried out; for before
month he was passing the long evenings with
Don Palma and his charming daughter, Loreto
Hutch's life became brighter. Loreto seemed
like a lovely star that shed her radiance over
his gloomy existence in the mountains. But
Hutch had a dangerous rival in Loreto's affec­
tion. He was Jago Perilazo, a young Mexican
herdsman whose estate joined that of Don
Palma's, and who was held in great favor by
Loreto's father. The venerable Don hoped
some day to join his vast farm with that of
Perilazo, by the marriage of his daughter to the
young ranchman. But his great love for his
only child would not allow him to be arbitrary
with her on so personal a matter. Loreto's affection for Hutch grew daily. Perilazo, who was naturally jealous, made threats against his American rival, and said he would challenge him to single combat on first sight.

It was half-past nine on a beautiful August evening; the twilight had just faded from the valley, and the moon hung, a lovely crescent, above the craggy top of Mount Katharina, filling the deep cañon with a sort of dusky splendor. Loreto and Hutch were taking a stroll beside the little creek that sang a thousand ditties as it dashed on over its bed of pebbles. Not far away it fell over a rocky precipice and mingled with the Rio Grande River. Hutch was pushing his bicycle with his left hand, while with his right he held Loreto's hand. The rippling of the stream drowned the footfalls of an approaching horseman, neither saw him until very close, when the animal shied at Hutch's bicycle, throwing his rider heavily to the ground—it was Perilazo.

"I Beg your pardon," said Hutch, stepping toward him. "We did not see you; are you hurt?"

"I am not so small as to be invisible," retorted Perilazo in the gruffest Spanish. As he arose he flourished a dagger, and sprang at Hutch; but just as his hand was descending Loreto shrieked: "O mi muchacho!" threw herself between the two men, and received the blow aimed at Hutch. She fell to the ground apparently lifeless; the two men grappled with each other, and a dreadful fight ensued, in which Hutch wrested the poniard from the savage Mexican, and utterly vanquished him; and, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he saw him no more.

When Hutch carried Loreto home, summoned the physician and had her wounds, which nearly proved fatal, attended, her devotion to him was stronger than ever, and their mutual glances bespoke an attachment that could not be severed this side the grave. But Loreto's father has long since passed away, and when the traveller in those parts asks who lives in that splendid residence among the hills he is told "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Hutchinson."

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**The Vision of Sir Percival—I Paraphrase.**

T. B. Reilly, '97.

The story of the quest of the Holy Grail is simple and full of interest. The poet sang his sweetest lay when, with master-touch, he put in verse the ancient legend. The tale is told by Sir Percival to a fellow-monk, Ambrosius, on an April morning. The narrator and his listener sat beneath the old yew-tree in the abbey yard, far from the noise of tournament and list. A mutual love was theirs. Scenes of another life at times arose before them, and in the fulness of his heart each told a wondrous story. And this was Percival's:

"I was once a knight in Arthur's hall, and at his table often did I sit. There our king with all his knights sat and feasted. A mighty home it was, built by Merlin long ago,

"For all the sacred mount of Camelot

And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,

Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,

By grove and garden-lawn and rushing brook>

Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.'

"There did I dwell and feast with him who called me Pure. Mine was a happy life, until there came the Vision of the Cup. I thought it best to give my strength to spiritual things. The shouts of victory no longer stirred my heart. The praise of those who watched me, in the jousts, lay low some haughty foe, had lost its sweetness. I sought the Holy Grail, yet knew not where to seek. I did but know that at the last sad supper, our dear Lord drank from its golden lips, and that Joseph of Arimathaea had brought it to Glastonbury. I knew to look upon it and have faith would cure men of their ills. When the world grew bad it disappeared. And then it came to pass that a holy nun, who prayed and fasted much, saw the sacred Thing; she was my sister. I went to her and heard the wondrous tale. How, at dead of night, she woke and heard the sound of a silver horn from o'er the hills. How there came a strain of music as from angel-land, and through her cell a beam of silver light, in sparkles broke upon the wall, while down the beam the Vision stole. She bade me pray and fast and tell my brothers likewise, that we might see 'and all the world be healed.' Thus did we fast and pray, and on a summer night there came the Vision in our hall, with glory so wonderful that none could look upon it. And we swore a vow to
ride a twelvemonth and a day that we might see the Cup as had my sister done.

"We told our vows to Arthur, and his heart grew sad as from his table we went forth upon our quest. 'Many of you,' yea, most of you, return no more; for you follow wandering fires.' This was our parting. 'I was lifted up in heart, and thought of all my late-shown prowess in the lists.' How oft I had beaten down the lance of him who braved my arm. 'Many and famous' were their names. The heavens never seemed so fair, the earth so green. My blood danced within me and I knew that I should light upon the Holy Grail.'

"When I thought of Arthur's warning and before me rose my sins, so hideous that I felt the quest was not for me. On I went, and with me, as a 'driving gloom,' 'every evil thought and word and deed that stained my past life. The vision passed, and looking up, 'I found myself alone'; all around was sand and thorns, and a great thirst was upon me. Fancy put before me running streams, and orchards where the ripe fruit lay upon the ground, and there I stopped to drink and eat, when, lo! 'all these things fell into dust, and I was left alone.' I wandered on past pleasant scenes, but all I saw fell into dust. On I went, and in a 'lowly vale,' came upon a chapel and a hermitage. I told the hermit of my phantoms, and he said: 'O son, thou hast not true humility,' and when he finished the chapel door flew open, and Sir Galahad, in silver armor, shone before us.

"There we prayed, and the hermit slaked my thirst before the Mass began. The solemn moment of the change had come. I saw naught but the 'holy elements,' while Galahad saw the Grail, and said: 'Far in a spiritual city one will crown me King,' and when I told him all, he answered not, but asked the rest in turn, and said: 'And spake I not too truly, O my knights, when I said that most of you would follow wandering fires? Lost in the quagmire!—lost to me and gone. Many times will visions come, until the earth seems not earth, the air not air, but vision. So spoke the king. I knew not all he meant.'

Book Notes.


This edition of "De Senectute" deserves special mention. Prof. Eghbert, has made use of a good edition. has removed what might be objectionable, and shown excellent judgment in the selection of notes. The analysis prefixed to the whole treatise and the résumé at the head of each chapter are a welcome feature. The notes are grammatical, historical, critical, philosophical, and replete with interesting details. The mistake which is made on page 102, where a spondee occurs in illustrating the last foot of an iambic senarius, is, possibly, a mistake of the printer, as on page 90, the rule regarding this particular foot is laid down correctly, and sat est is an imabus. This edition ought to be introduced into every school and college, and it should serve as a model for future editions of other classic writers.

PARVUM MISSALE. Benziger Bros.: New York.

The Parvum Missale is a complete Missal. The book is the size of an ordinary prayer-book, and it is well bound. The type is perfectly clear. There is no better way to assist at Mass than to unite with the priest, and say the same prayers that he says, if it can be done. Therefore, no more appropriate prayer book could be placed in the hands of students and all other persons that understand Latin than the Missale. Price $1.
Dr. Zahm's Work Recognized by the Vatican

The Roman correspondence, of Le Patriote, Brussels, Belgium, contains the following item of interest to our readers:

"The Pope has ordered to be translated a very remarkable article in the American Revue de Deux Mondes—The North American Review—on the democratic movement and the Papacy. The author, Dr. Zahm, is a friend of the Pope and of Cardinal Rampolla, who have for him the highest esteem. Leo XIII. has been specially well pleased with this study, which shows that the educated Protestant world professes the deepest sympathy for his social ideas. This article, which refers also to the Belgian democratic school, is conceived in accordance with the ideas defended by Le Patriote."

The French journals, from the Figaro down, and the Italian papers, have been profuse in their commendations; many of them, L'Univers, of Paris, among others, reproducing the article almost in its entirety in addition to calling special attention to it editorially. A writer in one of the Parisian journals declares that "never before has an article in an American review been so universally praised."

When the Business Manager announced that the SCHOLASTIC was to have a new set of types, we chuckled a bit at thought of the defective 'e's and 'm's' that would torment us no more; but when we saw the unfeeling "typos" who handle the SCHOLASTIC "sticks," dump case after case of italics and small "caps" into the waiting boxes, the pathos of the scene was too much for editorial reserve. After all, it is a solemn thing—this discarding of a worn-out garment which has done faithful service for generations—editorial generations—and we listened, unconsciously, for the slow music which should have been its accompaniment. Poor old types! dear, battered mutes and liquids, consonants and vowels, it was by your kindly aid that we made our first awkward bows to the world, and stammered our first halting sentences. We love you for your griminess; you grew dull and sad that our words might live and burn. What your fate will be, no one can guess. You may be doomed, after your transformation, to year out your lives, and your remodelled faces on some cross-roads daily: or, worse still, be cast in "art" molds, and used to publish the peculiar merits of a new brand of rubber-boots. You were good— and faithful—servants,—may your new masters be as loving as were we!
Wheeler and Brown played the ends behind the ball; two touch-downs and goals had been made. It is a game in itself to watch him, just as though a pack of demons had been let loose, for which only the hardest kind of practice will suffice. Then, too, the men become winded too easily. In the second half the Varsity was all played out. Hard training will eliminate this fault. It must be eliminated, if we expect to hold Northwestern down under twenty-four points.

If Gallagher, Palmer, Wensinger and Chase keep up the pace they have set the last week, some changes in the team will likely result. Gallagher is a new man, and is just beginning to understand the fine points of the game, and his playing has risen fifty per cent. accordingly. Palmer has no superior at ground gaining, but he has only begun to practice of late. At present he is giving the other backs a very close race for a place on the team, and it will be surprising if he does not make it. Chase at end, and Wensinger at half are putting up a stiff quality of football, and have good chances for the team. Corby, too, is making his presence felt at right end and is a hard tackler. Gallagher and Galen replaced Rosenthal and Kelly, injured, a few minutes before the close of the second half, and played their positions well; but the time was too short to severely test their playing qualities. The game should be called at half past two instead of three, as it grows dark too soon to permit of thirty-minute halves.

For the Cycling Club, Smith, Murphy, Gross and Chisholm showed up the best. The whole team, however, played well, and showed the effects of steady training in offensives play. Their interference was their best ground-gainer, and a little later Mullen downed Murphy after the latter's great spurt. In nearly every tackle made, the interference, tackling and defensive work. The team has made such marked improvement in interference that it is safe to predict the closest kind of a game with Northwestern.

Our backs showed wonderful quickness. In opening holes for the backs, Casey and Kelly worked together to a unit. They boxed the opposing tackles and guards every time they were called upon. Casey did excellent work in dragging along the runner after the latter had been tackled. Cavanagh and McCarthy also made great openings and did very creditable work. Walsh is, by all odds, the best quarter-back we ever had. During the entire game he made but one fumble, which was quite excusable, and such a record deserves the highest praise. He is steady and quick in passing the ball, and interferes well. Rosenthal, at centre, clearly outclassed his opponent. Besides that, he and Cavanagh contributed greatly towards breaking up their opponents' interference and blocking the runner.

It must be confessed, however, that our defensive play was rather ragged. There is plenty of room for improvement here, for which only the hardest kind of practice will suffice. Then, too, the men become winded too easily. In the second half the Varsity was all played out. Hard training will eliminate this fault. It must be eliminated, if we expect to hold Northwestern down under twenty-four points.

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For the Cycling Club, Smith, Murphy, Gross and Chisholm showed up the best. The whole team, however, played well, and showed the effects of steady training in offenses play. Their interference was their best ground-gainer,
and it was worked constantly. But, like our Varsity, they were weak in defensive work.

The game was called at 3.15. Cycling Club kicked off thirty yards to Mullen, who brought the ball back ten yards before he was tackled. Brown went around the left end, behind good interference, for fifteen yards. Goeke tried the centre for two, and Brown, assisted by Casey and Kelly, went through right tackle for fourteen yards. Wheeler went around the right end for five, and Brown circled the left for three. Goeke made fifteen yards through right tackle, while Wheeler and Casey advanced the ball four yards farther. Murphy and Brown made big gains around the ends, assisted by excellent interference. Wheeler made five more through the right end, and on the next play went through line for a touch-down. Casey kicked goal. Time, 3½ minutes. Score, 6 to 0.

Cycling Club kicked off thirty yards to Goeke, who succeed in bringing the ball back ten yards. He then went through the centre for seven, and Brown added five more around the left end. Good interference brought Wheeler thirteen yards around the right end, and Murphy took seven more through right tackle. Brown went through the same place for fifteen a moment later. Gains by Wheeler and Goeke for off-side play landed the ball on I. C. C's thirty-five yard line. Notre Dame lost four yards on a fumble, but Goeke regained the lost territory through centre. Brown made successive gains through right tackle and around left end, while Casey advanced the ball fifteen yards between right tackle and guard. Brown, Wheeler and Casey advanced the ball ten yards more, and on the next play Brown was sent over the line for a touch-down. Casey kicked goal. Time, 10 minutes. Score, 12 to 0.

Murphy kicked out of bounds twice, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Casey first kicked out of bounds, but in a second trial kicked forty-five yards to Diener who returned eight. The left end was then tried with no effect; but on a second trial, after a gain of one yard through the centre, the ball was carried twenty yards, excellent tackles by Walsh and Cavanagh preventing more ground from being gained by the Cyclists. Gains of four, fifteen and five yards followed—the criss-cross netting three. Gross gained four yards through right tackle and three through centre. Murphy followed with two, but Gross' attempt at left end was unsuccessful, a good tackle by Mullen preventing gain. Diener then tried the right end with even worse results; for he was pushed back two yards by McCarthy and Wheeler, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Brown went through the right tackle for thirteen, while Goeke and Wheeler found four more around the ends. Brown carried the ball twenty yards around the left end, and Wheeler found twelve more through the line. Brown, Wheeler and Murphy added twenty-eight yards more to gained territory, with the assistance of Cavanagh and McCarthy. Brown scored a touch-down, and Casey kicked goal. Time, 13 minutes. Score, 18 to 0.

After a kick off of thirty-five yards Goeke returned fifteen. Wheeler went around the right end for twenty, the interference of Cavanagh, McCarthy and Murphy being particularly good. The ball was then pushed steadily forward, gains of one, three, seven and two yards following in rapid succession. When time was called at the end of the first half, the ball was on I. C. C's forty-five yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Casey kicks forty yards to Gross who returns fifteen. Cycling Club then tries the right tackle for four, but loses three on a fumble. The left end is then tried for three, but in the next play the same amount of territory is lost on an excellent tackle by Murphy. An off-side play by Notre Dame gives the cyclists five more. Good work by Rosenthal, Murphy and Brown prevents a gain around right end, but on the left nine yards are netted in two consecutive trials. Gross tries the right tackle for three, but can make no gain at left end, owing to McCarthy's tackle. Murphy makes four and a half on the criss-cross, but on the next pass he fumbles the ball, which Walsh is not slow in capturing for Notre Dame. Brown goes around the left end, and Wheeler finds twelve more. Wheeler went around the right end for twenty-five, while Murphy tries the right for eight. Brown and Wheeler advance the ball twelve more. Gains of five and fifteen yards by Brown follow. Wheeler tries the centre for four, and after Brown fails to gain at centre, Notre Dame gives up the ball on downs. Then Gross tries right tackle with no gain, but Dwyer nets six around the right end. Gains of ten and two yards follow, and Murphy goes through right tackle for thirty yards. Gross tries the left end for four, and gains of four and fourteen yards follow through right tackle and five and one through left. Three yards are lost on a tackle by Wheeler, but one yard is regained through left tackle, and five and four in succession through right. Gross again advances two yards, but the ball goes to Notre Dame on downs.
two feet from her goal line. Galen replaces
Kelly, and Rosenthal retires for Gallagher.
Notre Dame snapped the ball, but in the dark-
ness it was fumbled, and a safety was scored.
At this point the game was called on account
of darkness, with the ball in Notre Dame’s pos-
session on her twenty-five yard line.

THE LINE-UP.

ILL-CYCLING CLUB

| Chisholm | Right End | Mullen |
| Kinsley | Right Tackle | Kelly, Galen |
| Jackson | Right Guard | Casey |
| Richardson | Centre | Rosenthal |
| Waugh | Left Guard | Gallagher |
| Hager | Left Tackle | Cavanagh |
| Wood | Left End | Murphy |
| Smith | Quarter Back | Walsh |
| Gross | Right Half | Wheeler |
| Diener | Left Half | Brown |
| Murphy | Full Back | Goeko |

Notre Dame

| Emfinger, Brennan. Referee, Bennett. Timers, Shiveley and Mott. Reporters, McDonough, Burns and Slevin.

Exchanges.

The young ladies of St. Mary’s Academy are
to be highly praised for their Chimes. A school
paper is, we take it, a right standard whereby
to judge the care and efficiency with which
instruction is given in a school. St. Mary’s
Academy has reached a very high degree in both
respects; for there are in the Chimes originality
in thought, logic in development, neatness and
strength in expression, in both prose and verse,
of no ordinary degree for beginners. The poeti-
cal contributions, especially, show the solidity
of older heads and the cunning of more practised
hands. We read the Chimes over several times
to find room for attack, but the painful conviction
is forced upon us that in journalism the
girl mind is equal to the boy mind. Those
among us young fellows who are to be the lions
of the coming pen will have to meet lionesses
who, it is to be feared, will be fully their equals.

**

The Mountaineer has two very readable articles,
one in which Dickens’ works are ably consid-
ered, the other on the real and ideal in litera-
ture. “Vita Brevis” is a touching poem with a
noble lesson.
Local Items.

—The List of Excellence from St. Edward's Hall will be published in our next issue.

—A man in Brownson hall was asked to give an example of an unpleasant occasion; he said: "When twelve husky fellows bump against one frail but ferocious chap, who is trying to make a cigarette, the occasion is likely to prove unpleasant.

—The new barn is almost completed. It is a model—all the arrangements are perfect. The old sheds around it are being torn down and new ones are being built nearer the lake. When the buildings are erected the ground will be graded, and Notre Dame will then have a model barn-yard.

—In the November issue of Donahoe's Magazine is an article captioned "Athletics in Catholic Colleges." Three columns are devoted to Notre Dame, and they give a brief glance at the athletic spirit which prevails here. There are two illustrations, one showing our boat-clubs preparing for a practice spin, and the other, Jewett ready for a start. Mr. Joseph A. Marmon, '96, did the writing.

—Among the relics found in the church at Bertrand were altar-cards which were printed at Notre Dame in 1845. They come, probably, from the first printing-press established in Indiana and from the second in the West. The exact date of the founding of this press is not known. It was probably set up twelve years after the first press in the West had been established by the pioneer priest of Michigan, Father Richard, in 1832.

—The Band will give a grand concert in Washington Hall next Wednesday afternoon. Thirty members will play. The rehearsals give promise of an excellent performance. Among the numbers on the programme are several difficult pieces, never before attempted by a band at Notre Dame. The concert will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Tickets may be procured at the students' office or from members of the Executive Committee.

—Now that the days are being chopped off by the nights an effort should be made to begin football games before three o'clock. Too much time is wasted in getting the Varsity on the field. Preliminary practice should begin at two, and the teams should line up at half-past two sharp. It is not right to have the visiting eleven waiting on the field while the Varsity players are arranging their hair. It was fifteen minutes past three before our men appeared on the field last Thursday and the game was scheduled for three o'clock sharp.

—The Director of the Historical Museum has received from Bro. Angelus a ring made from the wood of the tree under which General Grant and General Lee held the conference which led to Lee's surrender; from Mrs. Arthur Keeffe, of Nangatuck, Conn., specimens of hard tack, inclosed in glass, used 'during the civil war, by Co. G., 17th Massachusetts Infantry; from Mrs. F. J. Heer and Miss N. A. Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., a representation of one hundred dollars in United States gold coins, and a lot of rare coins and medals illustrating events that have taken place in the United States.

—The combined Lake Forest-Rush Medical eleven will play Notre Dame on Brownson campus next Thursday. The game will be exciting. Rush was defeated here last fall by a score of 18 to 0. We will, probably, meet Indiana University on the 20th, Northwestern on the 25th and Albion College on Thanksgiving Day. Nothing definite, however, has been arrived at in regard to these three games. And the reason? Simply because the manager entered upon his duties too late to arrange a schedule. If the members of the Athletic Association would do the sensible thing, let them select the Executive Committee for '96-'97 next May, and we can then count on a coach and a definite schedule. This Committee, too, should be elected for one-year; this will give them a chance to arrange a series of baseball games for the spring. Now is the time to be thinking about the baseball schedule and the nine. Who is the captain? Whom will we play? Seemingly, these are not the questions troubling the minds of the Association. What the members are seriously bothered about is the election of officers—will Jim and Bill and Joe be members of the Executive Committee? will Josh be manager? etc. The time has come to stop such childishness and do some work.

—Football. Varsity is improving. There is a general limbering up and quicker and better playing; but in "tactics" the men are wanting. However, they will soon be taught to play with, as well as against, their opponents. For Hadden, covered with the gore and glory of the East, is looked for to-day. He will be with us this time for the balance of the season, if we can keep him. He is sorely needed to coach the interference and to teach trick plays. And the men must learn defensive work—last Thursday's game showed that. Palmer is doing well at half. "If he learns to start better he will be a tower of strength and may supplant Wheeler. The latter runs well, but he doesn't play as hard as he should." There are twenty-seven men at the training tables. 'Certainly there is no lack of material, and all are eager for the sport.—The Carrolls defeated the ex-Carrolls on Brownson campus on the 1st; the score was 4 to 0. The following games were played on Carroll campus—1st, Carroll Antis 19, Carroll Antis 19; 2d, eleven of St. Joseph's hall; score, 6 to 0 in favor of the Antis; 3d, the Specials lined up against the team from St. Joseph's hall. The game was hard fought. Several times the latter...
were within a few yards of their opponents' goal; but the plucky Carrols made a stout resistance, and held the enemy at bay. The game was marred by frequent disputing and much talking of all sorts. Though the St. Joseph men had a much heavier team, the Carrols were their superiors in general playing. In one place the Carroll line—particularly weak Leonard was straw in the hands of his opponents. He should be replaced. The Carrols claim the victory by two points—they claim a safety in the first half. Neither side scored more. The Carroll third eleven worsted the Minims on the 1st and 3d by scores of 10 to 0 and 6-0. The Minims assert that the umpire had much to do in defeating them.

**DEPARTMENT NOTES.**

**ART CLASS.**—Frank O'Malley has finished a clever pen-and-ink drawing, entitled "The Present Hero." It shows a football player dressed in canvas with long hair, standing on a pedestal. Around him are grouped admiring damed and damsels, showering upon him languishing glances and the praise that melts even the hard hearts of football men. In the background and "over the fence" are seen a baseball player and a jockey. Their look is woe-begone, for nobody cares for them, now.

O'Malley has also on exhibition some clever imitations of Charles Dana Gibson's work. A faithful pen-and-ink portrait of Father Sorin is the work of R. Fox. The same artist is engaged on a crayon study of a head. A Tracy has sent for acceptance to the Northwestern Horsemans a design for a heading. A jury of award will decide its merit.

**ENGINEERING.**—The Engineering class has run a proposed line of railroad two miles long, containing half a dozen curves. Mr. Hotchkiss, the local engineer of the Michigan-Central Road, paid the class a visit in the field a short time ago. He reviewed their work, and was very profuse in his compliments on the accuracy displayed by the young engineers. The work, interrupted during the past two weeks by unfavorable weather, was taken up last Thursday, by the levelling division. When this part is completed and the notes worked up, a profile of the line will be made, the cross sectioning done, and earth-work completed. Everything will then be ready for the workmen. Ace and Delaney are engaged on a topographical drawing of St. Joseph's Lake and vicinity.

**ENGLISH.**—During the week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the Criticism Class on tone color in English verse. On Wednesday he gave a very interesting lecture on the modern painters, showing the relation between painting and poetry. During the past week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the Class of Literature on the Allegory. "On a Football Field" was announced as the subject of the next essay.
List of Excellence.


PREPARATORY COURSE.


SPECIAL COURSES.