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Keats.

WITH eager lips he drank the sparkling wine
Of ages that long since have passed away.
A Greek of Greeks, he dearly loved the lay
Of that blind Homer, whose each rhythmic line
Reveals to us amazed a perfect mine
Of beauties rare; with him he loved to stray
Amid Olympic fields. Without dismay
He fought for Greece, and bore her ills condign.

O Keats, sweet warbler of immortal songs!
Those who the magic music of thy notes
Have heard, will ever in their bosoms hold
Thee dear. The hand of time avenged thy wrongs
Long years ago, and fame thy name now floats
Upon its tempest wave, as was foretold.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

John Keats.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.

October the twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, marks the first centennial of the birth of John Keats; and yet when he died at the untimely age of twenty-six, few but his intimate friends would have predicted that this date would call forth even a passing notice in the annals of time, much less a universal feeling of regret at the thought of a life so prematurely taken away. Not that I mean to say his genius was not recognized. It was, perhaps, too well seen by his jealous contemporaries; and their bitter criticisms stirred up such a feeling of prejudice against his works that the three volumes which he published during his life met with little or no success. When the poet felt the consuming flame of hereditary consumption gradually eating away his very

existence, his only desire was for ten more years of life. He wished it not for mere life's sake, but for poetry's sake; and he felt that he was leaving the world without having performed the task for which nature had destined him. He saw poetry and beauty everywhere, and his happiness consisted in his being able to live in the present with no past, no future, except the past and future of poetical fancies. He died thinking that he took to the grave with him the talents that could make his name famous. And certainly he did; but time has decreed that what he has left behind is enough to merit for him the highest admiration of all who love the sincere and beautiful.

The early life of Keats was not different from the lives of ordinary mortals, and the events which served to variegate it were events which might, and probably do, happen daily to most of us. While still in the early years of boyhood he was sent to a private school at Enfield, and the one noticeable trait which he evinced on all occasions was his total disregard for public opinion. Generosity, too, was an unmistakable mark of his character, and, strange to say, a generosity coupled with a most pugnacious temperament—a person to whom fighting was a real pleasure. Such a strange mixture of elements, if we may so call it, gives us a faint insight into the poet's character, much more so than a study of his entire poetical works. He was, at first, very idle; but in the later days of his school-life, his diligence more than surpassed his former neglect. His reading, however, was very meagre, and his knowledge of Latin and Greek something of which he could hardly have been very proud. But in mythology, with the natural taste of a poet, he found a study which gave him the keenest delight.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but it was evident that his taste followed different channels, for he soon gave up his position for the study of literature. This course was inevitable in a man that displayed such a genius as Keats. It was his destiny to follow poetry; for he lived in the realms of fancy; and whatever else may be said of his life, we must admit that it was the life of a true poet. That this was his highest ambition he afterwards testifies when he writes to his sister. The best wish he can express for her child is that he may some day be a great poet, and the same sentiment he expresses to his brother in America. Poetry, for Keats, was everything, for he was entirely absorbed in his art, and most devoted to it. To his brother and sister he says: "Notwithstanding your happiness and recommendations I hope I shall never marry; . . . the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through my window panes are my children; the mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate a part of this beauty; but I have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds."

In 1816 Keats published his first work, a small volume which met with as little success as did his "Endymion," published a year later. Keats belonged to a political party much hated by the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, and the criticisms which these hurled at him were more like personal attacks than unjust literary criticism. Their insulting remarks about his family and himself were certainly enough to produce a feeling of the utmost contempt in any man. It would be but a poor compliment to the poet to say that these insulting and personal remarks produced no effect upon him. A nature so fine and susceptible as his could hardly pass them by unnoticed. But it has always been the same in that fierce struggle for literary supremacy, which often amounts to nothing more than a gigantic scheme for public favor, in which selfishness and egotism play the principal part. One author praises or blames another only in so much as will aid his own cause, and insincerity is often so plainly stamped upon the face of many works as to excite the disgust of even a prejudiced reader; but seldom is it carried to the extent it was in the case of Keats. That the criticism was unjust there is not the

shadow of a doubt. That it was contemptible there is no question, for on all sides feelings of jealousy and envy were displayed towards the young poet. He was without many influential friends, and those that were true had already incurred the antagonism of the magazines of the day. It is small wonder then that this opportunity gave vent to such harsh criticism, and that one of the commentators went so far as to state his intention of attacking the "Endymion" even before the work had made its appearance.

Apart from the personalities, Keats bore the criticism of his works, unjust as it was, with a manly spirit. His dearest friend and companion, Joseph Severn, remarks: "Certainly, the *Blackwood's* attack was one of the least of his miseries, for he never even mentioned it to me." And if he would ever mention it to anyone that one would be his faithful friend who accompanied him on that last sad journey to Italy; who watched at the bedside of the poet during his illness, and who remained with him until the end. Keats regarded censure rather indifferently. "Praise or blame," he says, "has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own work. . . . The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. . . . I was never afraid of failure."

The first volume of Keats' works was not without its faults; but the beauties which it contained could not certainly be overlooked by any just critic. The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" gave evidences of a genius that would, in time to come, compare with the masters of the English language:

"Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.

What leaf-fringed legend haunts above thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What fives and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?"

And so through the entire poem we have abundant evidence of Keats' wonderful power of imagination and his profound sense of beauty. The sensuousness of all his poetry is of the highest degree of perfection.

In the "Ode to a Nightingale" we find all these qualities even more developed. In what more pleasant manner could one court death than with that beautiful stanza in this ode:

"Darkling I listen: and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death.

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rest to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!"

Keats, the Poet.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

But it was in Keats' third volume, containing "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," "Hyperion," and "Isabella," that his best work appeared. His "Hyperion," which was intended to have been of equal length with "Endymion," was never finished, and we have but fragments. The author was unwilling to have it published, and only yielded at the earnest entreaty of his publishers. What we have of the poem, however, contains many passages well worthy of the poet. But it is for his sonnets, together with his odes, that Keats is most remembered. "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" is a wonderful example of the sonnet, being among the best we have in the language. "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," "On Leigh Hunt Leaving Prison" and "On Solitude" also rank among his most famous.

It was in the autumn of 1820 that Keats' friends, seeing his rapidly declining health, advised a trip to Italy. Had the course been followed sooner, the poet's life would most probably have been prolonged, but as it was he went too late. For Keats well knew when he left England that he was leaving the land of his birth forever, and he reluctantly faced that death which he had so often invoked during life. He was buried in the Protestant graveyard at Rome, and the marble slab over his grave contains the following inscription:

THIS GRAVE
CONTAINS ALL THAT WAS MORTAL
OF A
YOUNG ENGLISH POET
WHO,
ON HIS DEATH-BED,
IN THE BITTERNESS OF HIS HEART
AT THE MALICIOUS POWER OF HIS ENEMIES,
DESIRED
THESE WORDS TO BE ENGRAVED ON HIS TOMBSTONE:
"HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER."
FEBRUARY 24, 1821.

Uncertain and doubtful were Keats' thoughts of a future life, and vague, were his religious sentiments. Yet he remarked upon his death-bed: "I now feel convinced that every human being requires the support of religion that he may die decently"; and Severn in turn says: "I always feel convinced that his tortured soul was received by those blessed hands that could alone receive him, and that mercy was trembling on his dying lips."

There has ever been among men a strange custom of not recognizing a man's true worth, or fully appreciating his genius, until after he has departed from this life, and gone to that land where our words of praise can never reach him. We have a striking example of this in the case of John Keats, who, at the time of his death, believed that his life had been a failure and that his name was "writ in water," while in reality he had secured a place among the great poets of the English language. On this, the centennial anniversary of Keats' birth, our interest is drawn to the story of his life as well as to his poetry; but in this paper it is my task to speak of him only as a poet.

There are many, I suppose, who never read the poems of Keats without lamenting the fact of his early death, and who express their opinions of what he might have done had he lived to maturity. While this is quite natural, yet, when speaking of Keats' poems, it seems to me unnecessary to qualify every word of praise or criticism with the observation that Keats was a very young man. Of course, had years of experience been added to his rare genius, he would undoubtedly have produced greater poems than those we now possess; but his work, just as it stands, is certainly worthy of our attention and admiration.

Keats' first poem of length was "Endymion," which begins with the now famous line "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; and although the critics of that day pounced upon it, the average reader, untrained in the art of criticism, will find in it much that is beautiful. The poem is based on the myth of Endymion's love for Artemis, and it is notable for rich fancy, sweet music and many fine descriptions; take, for instance, the picture of Endymion sinking into a deep sleep, while his sister watches over him:

"As a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace."

The hymn to the god Pan is one of the finest bits of poetry in "Endymion," but everywhere can be found rare specimens of art work; and, altogether, though the poem may have some of the defects natural to a boy's first effort, still it can lay claim to many qualities of greatness, and it shows the touch of a master-hand.

The idea we get of Keats in reading "En-

dymion" is well expressed by Lowell who, in an essay on the poet, says: "Everyone of Keats' poems was a sacrifice of vitality; even yet, as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electric nerves, and we do not wonder that he felt that what he did was to be done swiftly." In "Endymion," Keats, as he himself said, leaped headlong into the sea; and that he really did become "better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands and the rocks," than if he had stayed on shore, is conclusively proven in the poems that followed "Endymion." The critics find in "Lamia," for instance, very few faults; they consider it an improvement upon "Endymion," and assign it a high place. In "Isabella" and the "Eve of St. Agnes" there is richness and melody; the "Ode to a Nightingale" is a masterpiece, while "on First Looking into Chapman's Homer" is accepted as an almost perfect sonnet. As it would be impossible to treat of all Keats' poems, or even several of them in one paper, let us select one of them, and dwell briefly upon it, taking, say, "Hyperion," the latest of his poems.

"Hyperion" was well received even by the critics, who found that Keats was changed, and was now more to their liking; he had grown more reserved and acquired more solid power. The poem is again mythological, and tells of a revolt among the gods, in which Saturn and some others are overthrown by a few youngsters headed by Jupiter. The principal characters are Hyperion, the Sun-god, and Saturn; and the poem pictures to us these overthrown gods and their actions after the revolt.

This scene is a very strong one: the Naiad, keeping watch, presses her finger to her lips to keep the quiet undisturbed; the voiceless streams going by, all convey to us the idea of the silence that reigns. This picture of silence is true art-work, and it is by such delicate touches that the artist shows his genius. We have also a very beautiful and poetic scene when the Goddess Thea, seeing Saturn so unhappy, comes to comfort him, the old king couchant on the earth, and Thea weeping at his feet. Finally arousing him, she persuades him to go with her to where the Titans are assembled. The opening lines of the poem show much power; the metre has a strong swing; the descriptions are vivid, and poetical paroxysms give place to good, stern poetry.

We are now transported to another part of the regions of the gods, and we find the Titans

gathered together in Hyperion's palace, anxiously awaiting his coming; soon the Sun-god reaches the threshold of the West; his palace door flies open, and he enters. Here we have some rare lines; the description of Hyperion's entrance, full of wrath and covered with his fiery cloak, is superb. The angry god goes on from room to room of the palace until he reaches the main hall, with its swelling dome:

"There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarred his own golden region."

Hyperion speaks, and, though his words are strong, the emotion in them is not excessive, but quite natural. He calls on his followers to defend him, telling them that in his domain there is darkness and death, and that his majesty has been insulted. At thought of this his anger rises, and, in the following lines, he expresses a determination to hold his kingdom:

"Fall! no, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm,
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."

Finishing his exhortations, he leaves the Titans and seeks Coelus, who gives him consolation and advice, and tells him to find Saturn, and consult with him. The description of Hyperion's departure from Coelus, when he goes in quest of Saturn, is certainly beautiful; he is among the stars and wishes to descend to the earth:

"Then, with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stooped over the airy shores,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night."

While Hyperion, with youthful energy, goes about the regaining of his kingdom, we are shown a picture of the other gods; they are clustered together and bemoaning their fate, when into their midst comes Saturn. The scene here is very vivid as well as strong and poetic, especially when, inspired by the thought of his former greatness, the god cries out: "Titans, behold your king!" The speech that Saturn now makes to the Titans is the finest thing in this part of the poem. He is followed by Oceanus who tries to console himself with philosophy, and he rather reproves his friends for their emotional talk and anger against the rebels; he says:

"We fall by course of nature's law, not force
Of thunder or of Jove."

When Oceanus has finished, Clymene begs leave to speak. While what she says is of no importance, yet we cannot but forgive the maiden for speaking, when she tells the assemblage that, if they knew the sorrow she had borne, they

"Would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

One is struck by the contrast of these three speeches: first, Saturn, desperate at the loss of his kingdom, bursts out with a torrent of words; Oceanus offers his cold philosophy, and the gentle goddess tells her simple little story.

A grand bit of description follows this when Hyperion returns, and is seen standing high above the crowd. But the scene that surpasses all others is when the Titans cry for Saturn, and "Hyperion from the peak, loud answered 'Saturn.'"; but still the old god sat unmoved,

—"though all the gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of Saturn."
This is virtually the end of the poem; for disease had begun its ravages, and Keats was a dying man.

"Hyperion," what we have of it, is certainly a remarkably fine poem; the descriptions are especially rare and beautiful, not merely because they convey the idea of scenes so perfectly, but principally because of the poetical thought that everywhere underlies them, thus making them true poetry.

Keats' poems seem characteristic of himself, and every line calls up his memory. One cannot read his works without seeing, in imagination, the sensitive, idealistic poet who was cut down almost in boyhood, and whose short life was so unhappy. He was, indeed, a wonderful genius. Taking him as he was, all must concede to him a high place among the English poets; but if we stop for a moment and consider what he might have done in maturity, we are lost in wonder. Personally, I would not have him other than he is: impulsive and imaginative, with his fine instinct for words and his wealth of poetical expressions. The charge, sometimes made, that Keats lacks originality is, I think, a most unjust one. He may have been, to some extent, influenced by preceding poets, just as later poets were influenced by him; but his poems are decidedly original, and, indeed, as I have said, they are characteristic of him. Keats seems to hold a separate and peculiar place among the poets, to stand out distinctly by himself; for his poetry is far from conventional.

And now for fear that I have been carried too far in my admiration of him. I will borrow, in closing, the words of the able critic and essayist, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, who sums up a very correct idea of Keats when he says: "Keats does not inspire or ennoble; he simply satisfies a taste for beauty. He is not like a trumpet, calling to high actions; he is like a violin, soft, sweet and rich in melody."

Varsity Verse.

OUR BOUQUET.

Dear Keats:

The fairest flower is often not so sweet
As one that droops beside the way, unseen,
Humble and shy.
The one that opens proud in summer heat,
When yet, the grass and leaves and all is green,
Is first to die.

To Thee

We proffer these, our flowers of modest hue,
For which our Muse has searched the garden bare
Of poetry;
But they are fragrant, and the dull dark blue,
Or grey or red, sincerity makes fair
To give to thee. E. J. M.

TO A TENDER HEART.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!"
The poet sang in soul-moved ecstasy,
Himself a singer, sweet as e'er was heard
Within the widespread realms of poesy.
A few grand bursts of stirring harmony,
And then came death, the silencer of song;
But such sweet strains re-echo ages long.

A. W. S.

ANOTHER FLOWER.

When Keats doth sing fair dryads rise
From leafy bowers, and to the skies
Love-chastened Bul-bul sings his lays,
While all around are fragrant ways
Rife with responsive, rosy dyes.

Beside the brook Narcissus dies,
While ripples waver 'neath his eyes,
Which soon are opened to Sol's rays
When Keats doth sing.

Let gods and heroes, brave and wise,
Apollo's self,—let Pan devise
A sweeter pipe than now he plays,
And all Olympus in amaze
Will silent sit in ecstasies,
When Keats doth sing.

J. B.

FROM THE SUNNY FARM.

Thar's a feelin' sort o' tender 'at a feller can't define,
Which reaches even to your soul; it comes from ev'ry
line;
It plays upon your heart-strings, when he sings his songs
o' love,
An' fills a feller full o' sweetness, till he's gentle as a
dove.
Oh! thar's music never human 'at he gets from com-
mon things,
An' he makes it perfec' sure, because it allers stays an
rings
In your ears an' in your spirits. Bet he knows ol' natur'
well,
'Cause he paints them purty pitchers 'at a man can allers
tell
Really are. He aint like some 'at try to talk 'bout criks
an' such,
'At never could exist on earth. You bet he aint like them,
not much!
You can brag on all your poet's; but thar's none o' them
'at beats
Sweet an' pleasin' high an' noble, rural, lovin' young
Jack Keats, J. W. L.

The Story of Lamia.

A. M. PRICHARD, '96.

"Lamia" is the Latin equivalent of the word Lilith. In Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," this sentence occurs: "The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilith before he married Eve, and of her he begot nothing but devils." These Talmudists were Jews, and, as their story runs, Adam and Lilith were continually at war in their family relations. Finally, they separated altogether, and Eve was created. Lilith then devoted herself entirely to witchcraft and courted the society of devils.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti has beautifully portrayed Lilith in the following sonnet:

"Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told—
The witch he loved before the gift of Eve—
That ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the world is old,
And subtly of herself contemplative,
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its fold.

The rose and poppy are her flowers; for where
Is he not found, O Lilith! whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare?
Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent,
And round his heart one strangling, golden hair."

The word Lilith also occurs in Isaiah, xxxiv., 14, in the Vulgate it is translated "Lamia;" in Luther's bible "Kobold," and in the English version "Screech-owl." Lamia is also mentioned in Faust:

"Adam's first wife is she;
Beware of the lure within her lovely tresses,
The splendid, sole adornment of her hair;
When she succeeds therein a youth to snare
Not soon again she frees him from her jesses."

Keats borrows the plot of his poem from a story told by a Greek sophist, Philostratus, who was an imitator of Xenophon's. The custom of these ancients was to take one of the world's illustrious men and write a fictitious biography of him. Apollonius, one of the characters in Keats' "Lamia," was the person of whom Philostratus told his story. He lived at Tyane, the capital of Cappadocia. Early in life he began to abjure the pleasures of the flesh; and, after much travel and study, he became a renowned philosopher. Through him it is that "Lamia" suffers her discomfiture.

In the beginning of his poem, Keats introduces Hermes, the Greek god, who almost corresponds to the Roman Mercury. He was

the messenger between gods and men, and is, therefore, often represented with wings on his feet, the symbols of his swiftness. The poem opens with a love-quest of Hermes into the Isle of Crete where there dwelt a nymph of spotless beauty:

"The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm in amorous theft,
..... and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete."

Here he wandered about in search of the nymph, until at last wearied by his long journey, angry and disappointed, he stopped to rest. While meditating, as he leaned against a tree, he heard a sorrowful voice muttering to itself, and hastening toward the place whence it came he there beheld a "palpitating snake."

"She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green and blue;

Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar;
Her head was serpent; but ah, bitter sweet!
She had a woman's mouth, with all its pearls complete."

Hermes, with ready weapon, is about to kill the snake when the latter speaks. She tells him that she alone has power over the nymph whom she seeks, and agrees to deliver her to him on this condition—

"I was a woman; let me have once more
A woman's shape, and charming as before.
I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
Give me my woman's form, and place me where
he is."

Hermes consents, and Lamia at once reveals the nymph to him. He enfolds her within his divine arms, and together they flee away after he has fulfilled his promise. Then Lamia comes forth from the body of the snake. Keats put her there to make his plot more like that of Philostratus. Such, however, was her nature that, although her body remained in Crete,

"Where she willed, her spirit went,
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;

And once while among mortals dreaming thus
She saw a young Corinthian, Lycius.

And fell into a swooning love of him."

Lamia, in her wanderings, availed herself of the opportunity to gain a knowledge of mankind, and she succeeded beyond all human imagination; for, as Keats says:

"She was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
A virgin purest-lipped, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core."

As soon as Lamia received her woman's form again, her first thoughts were of Lycius, so

"She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Cenchrae's shore,"

for she knows that Lycius will pass by soon, and she impatiently awaits his coming. At length she sees him; and, after he has passed by, lost in deep thought, she follows close behind him, and speaks thus:

"Ah! Lycius, bright,
And will you leave me on the hills alone?
Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."

Roused from his reverie he did look back and, beholding the loveliness of Lamia, he fell desperately in love with her at once. They set out for Corinth, advancing with unmounted rapidity through the supernatural power of Lamia. At last they reached her palace marked by the wonderful porch,

"Where hung a silver lamp whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbèd steps below,
Mild as a star in water; for so new
And so unsullied was the marble hue.
So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
Ran the dark veins, and none but feet divine
Could e'er have touched there."

Together they entered the house, and Lycius soon fell a victim to his love. They plighted troth, and the wedding day was set. Lamia urged that their marriage should be private; but Lycius inexorably demanded a public feast and ceremony for the entertainment of his friends. Lamia, unwilling, was forced to yield. She feared the philosopher Apollonius; and although he had for years been the preceptor of Lycius, she urged her betrothed to omit his name from the list of the wedding guests. Apollonius, however, came unbidden; and, when Lamia appeared gorgeously bedecked and supremely beautiful,

"The bald-headed philosopher
Had fixed his eye, without a twinkle or a stir,
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her
sweet pride."

The effect of the philosopher's gaze upon the bride is marked at once. All see and are amazed, none more than Lycius, who turns upon Apollonius, and exclaims:

"Corinthians, look upon that grey-beard wretch!
Mark how, possessed, his lashless eyelids stretch
Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
My sweet bride withers at their potency."

Apollonius is unmoved by the words of his pupil:

"'Fool! fool!' repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor moved; 'from every ill
Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?'"

At the mention of the word "serpent," "Lamia breathed death's breath." She motioned with her hand for him to be silent, but he would not:

"A serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said
Than with a frightful scream she vanished."

The central idea in "Lamia" is the conflict between wisdom and passion. Apollonius, the stern philosopher, to move whom Lamia's beauty is powerless, represents wisdom; the capricious and enamoured woman symbolizes sensuality. The superiority of the philosopher is well shown, and unity with variety is carried throughout the poem. Keats meant, perhaps, to propose a moral to young men, and he has done it.

Honor by Chance.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

The Chump was disconsolate. That was his normal condition. To be melancholy and bitter toward the world is one of the greatest pleasures we have in life. People do not half realize this truth, but the Chump did, and made the most of it. But, what is quite another thing, the Chump did not look comfortable. As a member of the Sons of Rest in good standing, this was peculiar. The Sons of Rest was organized for the purpose of acquiring comfort and cultivating idleness in the most thorough and artistic manner. Success—that elusive phantom for which men wear out their days in bloody toil, the world's desire toward which men struggle with frenzy, trampling upon those who have fallen—crowned their efforts. At least, that is the way Smith would have put it. He was the president of the society, and inclined to be a trifle lofty in his speech. Heredity was to blame for that, however, for his father had once become acquainted with a man from Chicago.

The Sons of Rest had two meeting-places. The library of the club, which, of course, was the most secluded spot in the house, might have been built with a view to their purpose, so nicely did it suit. Then, in pleasant weather, they utilized one of the benches just inside the entrance to the Park. This was their true home, where, gathered together in sympathy, they could breathe the pure, fresh breath of nature, listen to the gladsome warbling of the birds, and make comments on the people who passed by. An executive session usually began about the middle of the afternoon and lasted until the dark mantle of night began to wrap the

sparrow cap in a misty indistinctness. The whole membership was composed of Smith, Jones, Brown and the Chump, the latter so called because he always disagreed with the rest, and acted like a blank fool in other ways. His name was Herbert Reginald Montmorency. "How sad!" you murmur; but the Chump didn't mind it as much as might be expected. Still it might have been a remembrance of this handicap in life which was the cause of his present condition. But more than likely it resulted from the loss of some one to quarrel with. Smith, Jones and Brown, or the Others, for short (the society was divided into two sections, the Chump and the Others), had accepted the invitation of their friend, the stage manager, to take in the *matinée* at Tony Pastor's. The Chump declined to go. Tony Pastor's, indeed! He was patron of the lyric drama for which he had something of a paternal interest. He had appeared in a comic opera himself at one time, and figured on the programme as one of the "citizens, soldiers and others." So when certain *prima donnas* rode past on the West Drive he spoke patronizingly of them, and wished at the same time that it was he who occupied the seat to the left where portly sopranos relegate their male companions.

So the Chump sat silent, alone, consuming straight cuts at a rate which threatened to bring about a famine in the market. He was thinking, as he watched the fallen leaves blown into a whirling column by the wind, of the time when he and the others must retire to the leather-covered couches of the library, when a smart-looking trap drove to the path and stopped.

"Come here, Harry, I want you."

It is a peculiar thing that all the females of the Chump's acquaintance called him Harry.

"Get in; a drive will do you good, and I have something to tell you."

A pair of spirited horses and a very pretty girl is a combination which is hard to resist even for a disgruntled individual like the Chump.

"You should be careful with these horses," he said, "or the morning papers will have a choice item in which a runaway accident and a young heiress are badly mixed!"

"Um!" was the preoccupied answer. The Chump looked at her curiously for a moment.

"I have a pretty good idea of what you have to say. I know it by heart now. But why hesitate, unless you propose to bring in some variations?" Then after a pause he continued.

"My dear Helen, you will tell me that I am

a failure; that I am wasting my talents and manhood, and that I am a disgrace to my family which has never before had occasion to blush for one of its sons. Thus far I agree with you perfectly. I might even add a few clauses of my own. But you will also say that I am criminally wrong, because I refuse to please my father by marrying a girl whom I have never seen, whom I know nothing of, and for whom I certainly do not care a snap of the finger. You will say this, although you do not believe it, and I shall again assent, but not to your words. And, of course, my father's church-going, tract-distributing secretary, whom he regards more highly than his son, is greatly pleased with the present arrangement. He has an eye to the future in which Montmorency senior's worldly goods stand boldly out in the foreground; in fact, I don't think you need to say it. I have a few hundred dollars left to myself, and I shall not commit suicide even though the only girl I could ever love is engaged to a—"

"That will do, Harry, my future husband is a gentleman, if nothing else."

"Oh! very well. I will say no more, although his only claim to regard lies in his being fortunate enough to win yours."

"I am sorry that I brought you," Helen exclaimed. "If you intend to be insulting I shall let you get out."

"On the whole, I believe that I shall stay. The ride is pleasant, and the club quite a distance."

"You must be careful. Do not think that because of the past you can presume."

"I never presume. I only say what I mean. I cannot tell you what you have not already heard. Granted that you are soon to swear that you will love, honor and obey another man and that it is not good form for me to be saying that I love you, neither is it the proper thing for you to be driving alone with me."

They had reached the end of Riverside Drive and turned again toward the Park. It was growing rather late and few carriages were met. They rode in silence for a few moments, watching the passengers on the night boat as it churned its way up the Hudson. The Chump wore a queer, strained expression which was foreign to his usual appearance.

"Well," said Helen, at length, "I had hoped that you would accede to your father's wishes; but I see that there is no use in trying to persuade you. Oh, Harry, don't you see how much better it would be for us both; how much

easier it would then be for me to do my duty! And—and—you might be glad of it in the end. You might learn to love her more than you could ever feel for me." The last words were said with some difficulty and a little gasp. The damp wind from the river is bad for tender throats.

The Chump did not consider this insinuation worthy of a reply, and his face looked drawn and peaked. To their right was a fall of a hundred and fifty feet, almost straight down to the railroad track which skirts the river bank.

"It would not be hard to turn the horses through that opening. There are worse ways of preparing for the undertaker than by a fall. I think the sensation of taking it with you would not be unpleasant. My dear friend Lyons would have to secure another bride and three humble friends of mine would feel very sorry; but people recover from those things very quickly. It would be vulgar though, not at all in good form. No; on the whole, it isn't practicable."

When he began to speak the girl had looked into his face for a moment and then calmly resumed her position.

"But we might go away," he continued. "I know a lonely place where no one would know us. A little half Mexican town in California where travellers seldom stop. One of those places which never grow big and brutal, where people know little and see less. No one will grieve much for you or me, and society forgets in a week. A train leaves for the West in half an hour, and we can reach the Grand Central in twenty minutes. It is now or never," he said; "yes or no?" and he made a motion as if to take the lines from the girl's hands. She said nothing, but looked straight in front of her.

"Yes or no?" he repeated impatiently. Helen turned slowly and started to surrender the reins. The Chump's hands were already on them, when a carriage, which neither had heard approaching from behind, came beside them.

"I've found you at last!" exclaimed one of its occupants. "I've already searched the Park and the avenue. Have you forgotten that I am to dine with you this evening, Helen?"

The Chump quickly withdrew his hand, saying: "How do you do, Lyons! We have been enjoying the view, for the drive is not so crowded at this hour. Suppose we change places? Miss Helen will no doubt be delighted, and Mrs. Franklin will take me to the Club."

"Good-bye," shouted Lyons, as he drove off after the exchange. "I suppose you will be at the church next Monday?"

"Certainly, old boy, certainly. I would not miss it for the world."

And when the Chump joined the Others he listened with an interested expression to their description of the new dancer at Pastor's.

Book Notice.

DANIEL DEFOE'S "JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR." Edited with Notes and an Introduction by George Rice Carpenter. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

This is the third volume to be issued in the series known as "Longman's English Classics," designed for secondary reading in schools and colleges. The "Classics" are uniformly bound in brown-gray linen, with titles and stamps in dark red ink, and are beautifully printed on excellent paper. Professor Carpenter, who holds the chair of Rhetoric and Composition in Columbia College, is the general editor of the series, and "The Journal of the Plague Year" is the first book for which he has written both introduction and notes. The two previous volumes, Irving's "Tales of a Traveler" and George Eliot's "Silas Marner," had introductions by Brander Matthews and Robert Herrick.

"The Journal of the Plague Year" is what it purports to be, the daily experiences of a non-conformist saddler whose business makes flight from London while the plague is raging impossible. And so he faces the danger, hedging himself about with all the safeguards medicine and common-sense can suggest, and, in the end, escapes contagion. His curiosity is greater even than his fear of the dread disease—which is a very good thing for the reader, to whom the journal of a man shut up in his house might prove uninteresting—and very often he takes long excursions through the plague-stricken city, with its broad streets, silent but for the cries of the sick, and empty of all save the watchmen guarding the red-crossed doors.

Defoe was the first of the realists, and in none of his novels does he paint pictures so terribly real as in his "Journal of the Plague." And yet it is all a fiction—this "Journal"; for Defoe was but six years of age when the plague broke out in 1665. But his child mind took in every detail of the awful scenes of that year, as described by eye witnesses, and the realism of the "Journal" is almost Zolaesque. Professor Carpenter's notes are very useful, for Defoe was a pioneer, and his style is, at times, very crude, though always strong. The "Journal," as printed in the "English Classics," should be on every student's book shelf. The introduction, by the editor, and the "Suggestions to Teachers and Students" will be found invaluable by the ordinary reader.

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—Perhaps the most amusing feature of last Saturday's game was the college cheer. The yell itself is not so bad,—a half dozen of our exchanges have seen fit to praise it—but there is no unity among the men on the side lines. They lack a leader; let them elect one—and, when he calls for a cheer, *obey* him.

—The Annual Retreat for the Catholic students will begin on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th inst., continuing Wednesday and Thursday, and closing on the morning of Friday, the Feast of All Saints. The exercises this year will be conducted by the Rev. Thomas G. Sherman, of the Society of Jesus. It is the custom for the Catholic students, during this time, to suspend class work and secular occupation of whatsoever kind, in order to give themselves up wholly to the spiritual exercises of the Retreat. Non-Catholic students not desirous of making the Retreat are required to attend class as usual. It is hoped that no student making the retreat will fail to enter into its spirit, or to realize the important benefits that all spiritual writers attach to it.

Miss Renfrew's Recital.

Overture—Jacinta.....*T. M. Tobani*
University Orchestra.
Ernani Inviolani.....*Vcrdi*
Miss C. Renfrew.
Flute Solo—Opus 139.....*J. Papp*
Mr. E. Rauch; Accompanist, Mr. L. Brinker
Songs—"And Have You Too,".....*Carip*
Songs—"Killarney".....*Balfe*
Miss C. Renfrew.
La Paloma—Arranged by.....*Balfour*
University Orchestra.
Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark.....*Bishop*
Miss C. Renfrew.
Clarinet Solo—La Brillante.....*Larendean*
Mr. J. W. Forbing; Accompanist, Mr. L. Brinker.
Old Songs.....Miss C. Renfrew
Finale—"Angels Dream, Yorke,".....*Zimmerman*
University Orchestra.

Wednesday's concert began the year's public entertainments in Washington Hall, which, from the present outlook, will certainly be an interesting series. The Band, Orchestra, and all the musical organizations are in rehearsal for coming concerts, while performances by the Stock Company and the various societies, besides lectures, will be notable features of the year.

The programme opened with the orchestral selections from "Jacinta," Theodore Tobani's successful comic opera. In this, as well as in its other numbers, the stirring spanish melody "La Paloma" and the "Angels Dream Yorke," the Orchestra played surprisingly well for the short time in which it has been organized.

The audience seemed to be very much pleased with Miss Renfrew's singing and she enjoyed an *encore* for nearly every number. Her voice is a very pleasing soprano when she does not attempt to force it, which she does, unfortunately, too often. It is our opinion that the singer would do well to confine herself strictly to ballads. Florid music is somewhat beyond her, particularly the "Lark," with its difficult cadenzas, in which her tones were sometimes false.

Balfe's familiar "Killarney" was sung with taste, and probably pleased the most of all her numbers. Miss Renfrew concluded with three of the old favorites, "Annie Laurie," the popular Scotch ballad; "Coming Thro' the Rye," and "Way Down upon the Swanee River." They were well received and liberally applauded, and, barring some liberties taken with the time of the first named, without much corresponding gain in expression, were well sung. Altogether, Miss Renfrew gave a very pleasing recital.

Mr. Rauch's flute solo was a surprise to those who had not heard him before, and he was recalled. Mr. Forbing's playing, too, was excellent, and he played his difficult selection well.

The piano accompanist occupies an ordinary and often thankless position at a concert. Mr. Lewis Brinker deserves all the recognition he may get for his services.

It is unfortunate that public entertainments in Washington Hall bring to light a number of individuals who are either rowdies or have lived in the back woods until the present time. A little worldly experience would show that if they are not gentlemen it is better, at least, to act as such.

For the first time in some years the audience remained seated for a concluding orchestra number. We hope the precedent will be observed.

Northwestern "Laws" set at Naught.

The Northwestern Law School eleven were defeated on Brownson campus last Saturday by a team composed of candidates for the Varsity. The game was not at all remarkable; had it not been the first of the season, it would have possessed little interest. The gentlemen from Chicago were outclassed; the halves were too short, and the playing lacked the snap that should mark football on a cold day. There was just enough enthusiasm to keep the "rooters" awake.

Constant disputes delayed the playing. The referee for Northwestern seemed densely ignorant as to his duties. Both teams, too, played like small children at their first game. After every rush there was a constant Babel of voices in loud dispute. And, then, the ardent spirits on both sides were unrestrainable. The candidates for the team here, who fancy that slugging is an important part in the game, should be dropped. Clean playing is essential to the sport.

The interference on both sides was poor. In this respect the Notre Dame men showed the lack of coaching. But they played hard, when called upon, and showed up in good form at the close of the game. There is the best of material from which to choose the Varsity, and all that is needed after the selection is training and steady practice.

Several changes will be necessary before our line is complete. Almost all the gains made by Northwestern were through left tackle and guard, and around left end. There is some excuse for Murphy, as Hogan, who circled his end, was far superior to his comrades; and, then, he never made any extraordinary gains at a rush.

But the advances through the left side of the line are less excusable. It seems almost incredible that Hesse and Gallagher could not stop the repeated rushes through them. If time had not been called at the end of the first half, with the ball on our ten-yard line, the lawyers would have scored against us easily.

The game was billed for 3.00 o'clock sharp. Long before that time both teams were in canvas, and set to practice in the gyms. The lawyers made their appearance at 2.45 and began passing the ball and playing leap-frog to keep warm—a raw wind was blowing from the west. Strassheim and Hogan, two old Notre Dame students, were with them—the former played end, the latter, half. At 3.00 o'clock the wearers of the Gold and Blue trotted to the gridiron, and the captains and umpires held a short consultation. They agreed to twenty minute halves. This was a disappointment to our men, who looked for a good practice game. The coin was then flipped, and the game began.

Notre Dame won on the toss and chose the western goal. With the ball in the centre, Bothne, for Northwestern, kicked forty yards to Murphy, who was downed on the twenty-five yard line. The ball was then passed to Brown and Wheeler who carried it through the line for five yards each. Goeke was then tried, but lost the pigskin on a fumble. For Northwestern Sinkler made three yards, and Hogan eight around the ends; but the lawyers could advance the ball no farther, and it went to the Gold and Blue on downs. Brown then took it around the end for eight yards; Wheeler in three rushes made fourteen more; Casey and Murphy were tried, and by good gains through centre brought it well within their opponents' territory. At this point Notre Dame was given five yards for offside play. The men lined up; the ball was passed to Goeke, who came out of the scramble and made a sprint of twenty-five yards, scoring the first touch-down in twelve minutes; Casey failed to kick goal. Score, 4 to 0. Bothne kicked to Murphy, who ran ten yards before he was tackled. On the first two rushes, Notre Dame lost one yard. Goeke then went through the line for seven; but the referee had left his mathematical eye at home, and decided that the gain was not enough. Here Walsh made such a violent protest, and the advance was so obvious, that Mr. Johnson revoked his decision. After lining up Goeke was tried, and made seven yards; Wheeler gained eight around end, and Casey bucked the line for five

On the next pass Walsh fumbled—Brown got the ball, but was forced back three yards. Gallagher was brought back and driven against the centre, netting four yards. In three rushes Goeke advanced sixteen more, and Wheeler made six. Then the ball was fumbled again, with no gain. Brown could make but one yard on the next rush. There was a moment's pause, the signal was given, our doughty right half dashed around the Northwestern's end, rushed down the field, and sat on the ball back of his opponents' line. It was a magnificent run, and was greeted with yells upon yells of applause. With sure aim Casey sent the oval flying between the goal posts; the score was 10 to 0. Murphy again caught the ball on the kick-off from the centre and ran fifteen yards; but Northwestern got it on a fumble in the next rush. With quick work by the backs and ends between Hesse and Gallagher, and a gift of five yards for offside play, the lawyers pushed it within ten yards of Notre Dame's goal. But their chances for a touch-down melted into thin air, for time was called, and the first half was ours.

In the second half Davila was substituted for Hesse. Notre Dame had the kick-off, and Casey sent the ball flying twenty yards, but in touch. It was brought back and kicked to Hogan, who was downed in his tracks by Brown. On the first pass the ball was fumbled, and then ensued a long debate over its possession. It was given to Northwestern, with five yards for offside play. Sinkler made twelve yards in two rushes, but they could get the ball no farther, and it was passed to Bothne who punted five yards out of bounds; Mullen fell on the ball. Then Brown made twelve yards around end, and Goeke two through the line. Gallagher was brought back twice and netted five more. Casey, Wheeler and Goeke hammered at their opponents' line, and lessened the distance to the goal by twenty yards. Again was our right guard tried, and he responded by advancing five yards. In the scrimmage, the ball was snatched from his grasp by Buchan. The steal was so palpable that the spectators hissed, and Walsh protested, but all to no avail. The referee didn't see it, and the tricky men from Chicago kept the ball. Hogan made twelve yards around the right end; Sinkler advanced five more on the other side; Bothne bucked the line for two. The Northwesterns were given five more for offside play. At this stage they tried a tandem play between guard and tackle; they failed to gain. Hogan, in running around

end, made nine yards more, but wrenched his ankle, and Gilbert took his place. The ball then went to Notre Dame on downs. Wheeler made four yards through centre, Goeke sixteen, Casey three, Wheeler four more and Goeke one. The ball was now within three yards of Northwestern's goal, and Casey was forced across for the third touch-down; he failed at goal. Score, 14 to 0. Palmer was then put in place of Davila. The ball was brought to centre and kicked to Wheeler, who made a good run before he was downed. The backs were then tried and made good gains in rapid succession. Wheeler then made the star play of the game—a run of forty-five yards for the fourth touch-down; Casey kicked goal. Score, 20 to 0. Two minutes of play were left. Bothne kicked to Casey who made eight yards before he was tackled. Goeke bucked the centre for six, and Wheeler advanced three more, when time was called with the ball near the centre of the field. The following was the line-up and score:

NOTRE DAME		NORTHWESTERN
Murphy	<i>Left End</i>	Strassheim
Hesse	<i>Left Tackle</i>	McNamara (C.)
Gallagher	<i>Left Guard</i>	Ewing
Rosenthal	<i>Centre</i>	Talcott
Casey	<i>Right Guard</i>	Kucker
Kelly	<i>Right Tackle</i>	Porter
Mullen	<i>Right End</i>	High
Walsh (C.)	<i>Quarter Back</i>	Buchan
Wheeler	<i>Left Half</i>	Hogan
Brown	<i>Right Half</i>	Sinkler
Goeke	<i>Full Back</i>	Bothne

SCORE:—Notre Dame, 20; Northwestern, 0. *Touch-downs*—Goeke, Brown, Casey, Wheeler. *Goals from Touch-downs*—Casey (2). *Substitutes*—Davila for Hesse; Palmer for Davila; Gilbert for Hogan. *Referee*—Johnson. *Umpire*—Brennan. *Linesmen*—Emerich and Bennett. *Time*—20:00 halves.

Exchanges.

Perhaps the best of our exchanges this time is the *Dial* of St. Mary's College, Kas. Besides, from cover to cover, everything is *bona fide* student's work—an assertion we should like to make in regard to all of the exchanges before us. The present number opens with a poem, in which the motion of the sea is cleverly echoed in the verses. In the essay on poetry the writer very creditably defends his position: that poetry is essentially spontaneous. The harm that Huxley tried to do to Christian faith and practice is briefly and clearly told, and E. W. Howe, a Kansas novelist, is shown his merits

and defects. "Starved Rock" is, unfortunately, rendered in dialogue, for the old man of the woods is unnatural in his talk. "Mid Snowy Peaks" is a successful effort at describing a trip in the Rocky Mountains. The criticism on Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," is a brave attempt, but the critic has missed the poet's idea. The first two lines of the first, third and fourth stanzas indicate that the scene has now those same features that it had in times of yore. The poet, however, misses in it that "celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream," with which it seemed covered before. Hence his sorrow, the depth of which cannot be expressed in words; and he longs to see that splendor again—"The touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still, the tender grace." The fisherman's boy shouts and the sailor lad sings because they see the celestial light. The inability to perceive the sights and sounds of nature, through that glorious medium, which seemed ever present in childhood's days, forms the moan of some of our greatest modern poets. It is the idea that pervades the "Intimations of Immortality," and Shelley's "O World, O Life, O Time!" One of the most pleasing features of the *Dial* is that its columns are open to the early efforts of those whose graduation is as far off as 1902.

These clippings are from *Ravelings* of Monmouth, Ill. The italics are ours. "We *would* greatly value a paper which *even* chronologized the events of our college career." "How much more *would* we value a paper containing personal mention of ourselves" (These 'woulds' are meant to exhort). "We have undertaken this publication in order that you *might* have a college paper." "The tortoise could never have *caught* the hare had *the tortoise or* the hare not stopped." "There is scarcely any one but *who* has some leisure hours." "We sincerely hope that we *will* not be compelled." "Parents remembered the boys *with generous supplies*."

Otterbein *Ægis* says that Otterbein College has a first-class staff of teachers. We hope the students will show us that they have profited of this opportunity by their literary efforts in the next *Ægis*.

The *Carmelite Review* has good reading matter in both verse and prose. "A Letter from Spain," "Out of Town for a Month" and "Twilight Talks" are particularly noticeable.

Personals.

—Otis Spencer (student '83) is filling a government position in Denver, Col.

—Otto A. Rothert, B. L. ('92), is in business, with his father in Louisville, Ky.

—John Barrett (student '94) has gone into the Electrical Engineering business with his father in Chicago.

—Oscar F. Schmidt, captain of last year's baseball team, is pursuing an advanced course of music in the Boston Conservatory of Music.

—Dr. Dwight Philips (student '92) and A. B. Chidester, LL. B. ('94), of South Bend, came up to encourage the boys in their Field-Day exercises.

—George Anson (student '95) is at present, in the lumber business at his home, Merrel, Wis. His many friends at the University wish him every possible success.

—Nicholas Dinkel, B. S. ('95), is spending his spare moments in playing right tackle on the football team at his home in Springfield, Ohio. If the team is composed of such men as Nick, it must be a strong one, as there is no doubt but that he was one of the best players on our last year's Varsity eleven.

—A letter has been received from Mr. Charles P. Smith (student '95), challenging the Varsity to a trial on the gridiron with the strong Illinois Cycle Club eleven, of which Mr. Smith is the manager. It is quite likely that the challenge will be accepted, and we shall have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with Mr. Smith.

—On Monday last our Rev. Diocesan, Bishop Rademacher, of Fort Wayne, who was on a confirmation tour to Mishawaka, made a short but informal call with Dean Oechtering, and was entertained by the Very Rev. President and members of the Faculty. We are always pleased to see the good Bishop, and hope that he will find time to call soon again.

—Doctor Dinnen, a student here in the 60's, spent Sunday at the University visiting his son William, of Carroll Hall. He was accompanied by William's younger brothers who promise to come in the near future and swell the ranks of the Carrolls. The Doctor is a gentleman of fine parts, and has a very extensive practice in Fort Wayne. His description of football, as played in the ancient days of Notre Dame, was enjoyable and replete with laughable incidents. Canvas suits were unknown here then, and the leg of a leather boot stuffed with straw served the purpose of the present inflated pigskin. The lack of modern improvements in the sporting facilities of that period does not, however, diminish the halo of those days, which were the happiest in the Doctor's life.

Local Items.

—The base viol is a good thing—push it along.

—The Carrolls sadly need a hall "yell." Will some one kindly help them out?

—The number of hand-ball players in the Carroll "gym" increases every day.

—The Columbians did not meet Thursday evening. They were preparing for the Competitions.

—Prizes have been awarded to the victors in the Carroll field-day sports. All are pleased with their rewards.

—The "anarchist," with the shaggy brush, is still heard occasionally. He has begun a new course of lectures, but converts to his views are rare.

—During the week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the class of English Literature upon the characteristics of Milton's blank verse.

—Prizes were distributed last Sunday to all the winners in the field-day events. There were some neat gold medals among them.

—The Crescent Club held a short extra session Thursday at 5 p. m. Though extra short and free for all it was greatly appreciated.

—The Civil Engineers were out during the last two weeks doing field work. The ground running past the Novitiate was surveyed for railroad purposes.

—Next Thursday will mark the second anniversary of the death of our founder, Father Sorin. A solemn Mass of Requiem will be celebrated for the repose of his soul.

—The ulsters were called out for a few hours during the week, but it was all a "bluff." The snow was simply engaging in a little light practice, to indulge in a tremendous flying-wedge later on.

—The Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., will preach the students' retreat, which begins next Tuesday evening. Father "Tom," as he is familiarly known, was at one time a student in Carroll hall.

—In the drawing last Sunday for the field-day box of cigars, Wm. Kegler was the fortunate one. Kegler does not smoke, but, "there were others," and he had many friends while the cigars lasted.

—IMPORTANT NOTICE:—Ten dollars reward, doctor's bill paid and a gold medal from the Humane Society, for any one who will corral before the next competitions the bull that bellows "Ben Bolt."

—Among the visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. Krug, of Dayton, Ohio. They came to see their son George, at Carroll hall. During their visit they made many friends, who will be glad to see them often at Notre Dame.

—He is loose again—that poet of the endless "poems." You can't get away from him, unless you forget your politeness. We never appreciated Horace's predicament long ago in the "Via Sacra," so much as now, but experience is a great teacher.

—The first snow of the season fell last Sunday. A student of Brownson hall, who comes from the land of the sombrero and the palm, could not find words enough to express his delight at the sight of the flakes. It will be interesting to listen to his remarks about the middle of December—if he live that long.

—The Reverend L. W. Mulhane, of Mt. Vernon, O., was the guest of the University last Wednesday. It was his first visit to Notre Dame since '80, the year after the fire. During his short stay he was kept busy in hunting up old friends. There are many, however, whom he did not see; they look forward to another visit.

—Competitions may be defined as trials of strength in which one discovers his weakness.

In the latest competitions

Did you flunk?

Did you ride or did you walk?

Did you act as "white as chalk?"

Did your nearest neighbors talk?

Did you flunk?

—That new yell is a decided success and has grown into favor with the biggest Postgrad, as well as with the smallest Minim. The day after the game we noticed with sympathy that several of the "rooters" were suffering more than the players. One of the leaders of the former says he would prefer to shake hands with half the students than be leader again.

—The "Count" was noticed marching up and down the corridor with a logic lecture book in his hand. While not stealthily looking into the book, he was mumbling something to himself about philosophy and idea and proposition, when a pillow came flying toward the back of his neck and drove all his philosophy to the winds. Don't be a peripatetic—it is bad for the health.

—A visitor who attended Mass last Thursday spoke of the singing with words of the highest praise. The Archconfraternities, assisted by the choir, rendered sweet music during the Divine Sacrifice. It was an attempt at the revival of congregational singing, which, in former years, always formed a distinct part of the services. Great credit is due to Professor Preston, through whose efforts the revival was made possible.

—Those who were guilty of the disturbance at last Wednesday's concert succeeded in spoiling the enjoyment of those who came to listen to the music. Seldom has Wasington hall seen such a display of boorishness. That some of the members of Brownson hall have not learned to behave themselves in the presence of ladies, only emphasizes the fact that the department

is overrun with babies. Sorin hall, too, has need of cradles. The better class in both halls should strongly condemn such conduct.

—Several reasonable complaints were made since the football game on the 20th between the ex-Carrolls and the Carrolls. The Carrolls claim that they were not only compelled to play as many extras as the crowd were willing to rush in against them, but they were allowed scarcely room to breathe. Their complaints are directed chiefly against Senior students, and they are perfectly justifiable. No matter what, or between whom, a contest is taking place the crowd should take only their own part—that of spectators.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, of St. Edward's hall, held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers, with the following result: Very Rev. Fathers Corby and Morrissey, Hon. Directors: Rev. J. J. French, Director; Rev. J. J. Burns, Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Thomas Sexton, 1st Vice-President; Leo Rasche, 2d Vice-Pres.; John Bullene, Recording Secretary; Daniel Spillard, Treasurer; Robert McIntyre and Frank Breslin, 1st and 2d Sergeants-at-Arms; Leo Garrity and Jerry Jonquet, 1st and 2d Censors. The President then entertained the members with an interesting account of his trip to Europe.

—FOOTBALL.—All arrangements were made with Hadden, of the Chicago Athletic Club, to coach the Varsity, and he was expected last Thursday afternoon; but he went East with the club and broke his contract. Mr. Hadden is far from scrupulous in business dealings.—Varsity lined up against the scrubs last Thursday for a half-hour's practice. They showed up better than usual in interference, though several members were absent.—The ex-Carrolls attempted a game on Brownson campus with the Carrolls on the 20th, but it proved a fizzle. The huge babies of the hall were out for a display of idiocy and spoiled the game. Score, ex-Carrolls, 8; Carrolls, 0.—With a view to strengthen their line, the Carrolls had a practice game between the first elevens last Thursday. The Specials will soon line up against the ex-Carrolls.—The Carroll second elevens played a tie game on their gridiron on the 24th.—The Minims defeated the Carroll third eleven on Thursday. Score, 4 to 0.

—REGATTA.—Thursday forenoon the Boat Club entertained their friends and the public with two well-contested races on St. Joseph's Lake. A boat race so late in the fall is a new departure at Notre Dame; but so well-equipped were the men, through the constant attention of their president, Father Regan, that the races on last Thursday were not far inferior to those of last commencement! The day was in every way favorable to the sport. All the students and a few visitors lined the shore of the lake. The Band played its sweetest pieces, and everything was in proper order.

The first race was a close contest. When Judge McManus gave the signal to start, the blue-costumed crew of the *Evangeline* pulled away from the buoy, a little ahead of their opponents in crimson. On the way to the other end of the course, the *Minnehaha* gained on the *Evangeline*, but lost slightly on the turn. Coming back the shells were almost stern to stern, with the *Evangeline* a little in the lead. The Blues ran alongside their buoy a quarter of a length in advance of their opponents. The *Evangeline* was manned by Charles D. McPhee, No. 1; Edgar Crilly, No. 2; Jenaro Davila, No. 3; John F. Mullen, Captain, No. 4; Alexander P. Carney, No. 5; Louis E. Brinker, Stroke, and Thomas T. Finnerty, Coxswain. The *Minnehaha's* crew was arranged as follows:—Ralph L. Palmer, Captain, No. 1; John C. Hesse, No. 2; Francis J. Wensinger, No. 3; Thomas W. King, No. 4; Frank H. Hesse, No. 5; Arthur T. Chase, Stroke, and Henry W. Mathewson, Coxswain. Time, 2.13 four-fifths.

The four-oared race was not so exciting a contest. After the word was given, the crew of the *Yosemite*, in black-and-gold, took the start and gained steadily. The *Montmorency's* men, in their pretty red and gold costumes, made a good fight, however, but all to no purpose, for the *Yosemite* finished three lengths ahead of her sister, the *Montmorency*. The crews took their places as follows: The *Yosemite*—Edward P. Moran, Captain, No. 1; Oliver W. Tong, No. 2; Robert L. Fox, No. 3; Stewart McDonald, Stroke; Edgar Crilly, Coxswain. *Montmorency*—F. Howard Pim, No. 1; R. E. Barry, No. 2; Francis E. Stare, No. 3; Edward J. Gilmartin, Captain and Stroke; W. B. Weaver, Coxswain. Time, 2.18 two-fifths. The prizes which are silver anchors, will be given to the victorious crews by Father Regan. The affair was very successful, and no one can find reason to complain. After the events were over, the students marched back to the campus to the tune of the "Washington Post," well pleased with the morning's sport.

LAW SCHOOL—UNIVERSITY COURTS.

MOOT-COURT.

The Moot-Court has always been an attractive feature of the course of study in the Law Department. Nothing could be more helpful to students in the way of enabling them to acquire a practical knowledge of the law. Those who carefully follow its proceedings soon learn how to apply the principles of the law to the facts of actual cases. Indeed, its proceedings correspond as closely as practicable to those of the ordinary trial courts throughout the country. The organization of the Moot-Court for the current year was completed last week by the appointment of the following officers: Colonel William Hoynes, Judge; James B. Barrett, Clerk; A. H. Gaukler, Deputy Clerk; Daniel P. Murphy, Prosecuting Attorney; A. H. Mulberger, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney;

Frank P. McManus, Referee; James H. Brown, Sheriff; Thomas F. Ryan, Deputy Sheriff; Louis C. Wurzer, Coroner; John F. Carr, Deputy Coroner; Albert J. Galen, Reporter.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

The distinction between actions at law and suits in equity is clearly marked in the practice of the University Courts, and hence a court of chancery has been organized to take cognizance and jurisdiction of suits in equity. The following officers have been chosen for the current year: Col. Wm. Hoynes, Chancellor; Louis C. Wurzer, Clerk; Edward J. Mingey, Deputy Clerk; John J. Gallagher, Master in Chancery; Samuel H. Frazer, Deputy Sheriff; Joseph Corby and E. J. Hierholzer, Reporters.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Cases of minor importance and involving small amounts are usually tried before a Justice of the Peace. The proceedings in this court are very simple. Appeals may be taken from it to the Moot-Court. The following are its officers: M. F. Hennebry, Justice; James Quinn, Clerk; Alfred T. Regan, Constable.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Cases involving Federal questions, breaches of the Federal laws, controversies between citizens of different States, etc., are properly tried in the Federal courts, and as such cases are within the scope of study and practice at Notre Dame, a United States District Court has been organized with the following officers: Colonel William Hoynes, Judge; Albert J. Galen, Clerk; Thomas J. Medley, Deputy Clerk; Frank P. McManus, United States District Attorney; Clark Schermerhorn, Assistant District Attorney; John J. Gallagher, United States Marshal; William Walsh, Assistant Marshal; John J. Kelly, Reporter.

The Laws of '96 and '97 met Thursday morning in the Law room and completed their class organization. The following officers were elected for the Class of '96: President, Daniel P. Murphy; Vice-President, J. B. Barrett; Secretary, L. C. Wurzer; Treasurer, M. F. Hennebry; Orator, Francis P. McManus; Historian, Albert Galen; Class-Prophet, J. J. Gallagher; Class-Poet, James R. Browne. The officers of the juniors are: President, A. H. Gaukler; Vice-President, W. A. Walsh; Secretary, J. B. Quinn; Treasurer, E. J. Mingey; Orator, J. J. Kelly; Historian, A. H. Mulberger; Prophet, E. J. Hierholzer. After the meetings of these separate bodies a combined organization of the two classes was effected. A. H. Gaukler was chosen Chairman, and L. C. Wurzer, Secretary. It was proposed to adopt a common emblem and a common yell. For this purpose two committees were appointed: On yells, J. B. Barrett, L. C. Wurzer, E. J. Mingey, J. B. Quinn. On class emblems: Daniel J. Murphy, F. P. McManus, A. F. Gaukler and W. A. Walsh. There is an active stir among our Laws, and some new things may be looked for from them.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Brennan, Burns, Costello, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulburger, E. Murphy, Miller, McManus, McDonough, Palmer, Prichard, Puls-kamp, Reilly, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Steele, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Brennan, Burke, Blackman, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, J. Corby, J. E. Corby, Clendenin, Carney, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Goeke, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Hay, Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Hengen, Hesse, Henry, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzen, Kirwin, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Mathewson, R. Monahan, Murphy, B. Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McHugh, McKenzie, McCormack, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Pulskamp, Quinn, G. Ryan, Rowan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Speake, Steiner, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wensinger, Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Barry, Burns, G. Burke, Bump, E. Burke, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Cary, Crowdus, Cave, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fennessey, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, Keffe, Kay, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Krug,* Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Leonard, Loomis, Moorhead, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Brien, O'Malley,* Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Smith, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Wimb-berg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zaehnl.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bergeron, W. Bullen, J. Bullene, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, R. Brissander, F. Brissander, Campau, Campbell, Catchpole, Cotter, Cressy, Clarke, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Fetter, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Polk, Paul, Plunkett, Pyle, Phillips, Quinlan, C. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidener, Waite.

* Omitted last week by mistake.