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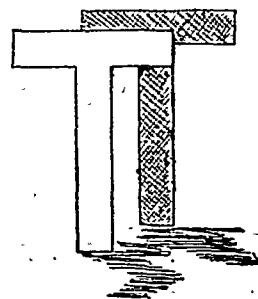
## Hiems et Vita.

**W**ITA quidem similis quatuor temporibus anni.  
Si moritur corpus, melior pars vivit in ævum.  
Vere novo pueri facies ridere videtur:  
Corporis atque animi vires ut planta virescunt.  
Impatiens juvenis, jam matre domoque relicta,  
Fervescit, trepidatque sibi conjungere amicos,  
Cui rident ludi nimium; horret cura laboris.  
Nunc barba ornatus, sana ratione superbus  
Cogitat, officiique gravis complere severa  
Munera vir nititur rerumque excerpere fructus.  
Tristis hiems lento cœpit procedere gradu:  
Undique nudatos vestit mœstissima campos  
Nix, alboque jacet late natura sepulchro.  
Frigida tum rapido torpescunt flumina cursu,  
Consistunt fontes glacie, lacus ipse quiescit.  
Non avium grata resonant dulcedine silvæ:  
Cuncta silent, et oves cessant balare per arva,  
Mutaque clauduntur stabulis armenta vacantque.  
Curvatum longo curarum pondere corpus,  
Morbosum, titubans, baculo firmatur acuto.  
Paulatim annoso capiti radiare videtur  
Canities, tremulique senis cito membra rigescunt,  
Pallida cui certæ mortis jam impendet imago.  
Limoso sentit junctam cum corpore mentem,  
Sentit utrumque simul duros tolerare labores:  
At tandem justis orietur vita perennis:  
"Non omnis moriar" clamat natura Fidesque,  
Post hiemem ver æternum florebit et ultra.

S. F.

## Lowell and the English Critics.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.



THE London *Athenæum*, commenting upon the last poems of Lowell, takes occasion to venture a few remarks upon his standing as a poet, and is severe in its criticism of the American people for ever thinking Lowell a singer of national importance. The American people has justly regarded Lowell as its representative man of letters; as a critic he possessed

a judgment that was true and accurate—a little lenient, perhaps, with the technique of his own poems, but for the most part correct. As a prose writer he had a style which is at the same time strong and pleasing, which abounds in flowery language that in no way detracts from its strength, and adds greatly to its harmony. As a poet he has both beauties and defects, but it is a mistake to say that Americans have ever placed him in the first rank. To his poems we attribute great worth, and think that they have amply merited for him the place that he holds in our literature. To read him with the express intention of discovering his faults would be an easy thing; they are often so apparent that an ordinary reader would need no tutor to discover them. Accuracy is something that the critics are most exacting of in one who would pose as a poet, and something which taste has come to consider the highest essential of art. To read Lowell with an eye for the beautiful would be much more easy and pleasant—an occupation that will be as amply rewarded as searching for his defects.

It is asserted by some that what is best and most beautiful in Lowell is not American; that he does not portray the manners and customs of our country, but that his work savors more of England. This is evidently a remark of inexperience; for those who have been constantly surrounded by New England influences say that never were Eastern mannerisms mirrored more faithfully than by Lowell. He was not, however, what critics consider an eminent artist, for art in its modern sense consists in the dress which embodies the substance, and poetic thought itself must often be of minor consideration. To assert that technique is not an essential of art would be an equally foolish extreme. The object of art is, after all, to please, and to reach that end a poet uses what he considers the best means. Lowell recognized technique; but in following the bidding of his muse he often consigned it to a secondary place. I do not

mean to say that his poems as they stand will not suffer revision. Had he only been as exacting of himself as he was of others, he would undoubtedly have produced more beautiful pieces than he did, but genius is often eccentric; and when the American people looked up to Lowell as a poet of no mean ability it was only paraphrasing the old adage—that the world is not slow to discover originality; for Lowell was original. The poet that influenced him was nature, and in following the dictates of this exacting master he often failed to express what he must have felt: In all of his early poems we find a modulation and imagery that bid fair to rival the first attempts of poets as great even as Tennyson. "My Love" is only a passing example:

"Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star  
And yet her heart is ever near.

.....  
She is a woman, one in whom  
The springtime of her childish years  
Hath never lost its sweet perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

Throughout all his lyrics, Lowell shows this same love of nature; but this seems to be a criticism that is paid to the early efforts of any one who has written verse, and has come to signify less than it should. Nature is truly the common property of all verse-makers; and to abuse a man for telling us nothing new about her is not a very severe censure. If Lowell said nothing new about nature, what he did say was for the most part beautiful and vivid.

In his best passages imagery and fancy run riot, and impassioned expressions are most admirably characteristic!

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then if ever come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the Earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct above it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

It is no difficult thing to give a just criterion for judging works of this class. In dealing with such subjects it can be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and a metaphor or simile is either a magnificent figure of speech or an utter absurdity. In reading the "Vision of Sir Launfal" a fair critic can only come to one conclusion—that it is the work of a master-

hand. Besides the loftiness of the subject, the poet finds occasion for several beautiful lyrics. With the exception of this one poem, and a few more, perhaps, Lowell has written few lyrics that will live. A song must please the ear, and the criticism that many of Lowell's lines jar and seem out of joint is a just one.

Of his shorter poems there are many of more than average beauty, of which it will be sufficient merely to mention "All Saints" and "Extreme Unction." It is only by comparison with the greatest poets the English language of this century has produced that Lowell suffers. When we liken him in sweetness to Tennyson or in simplicity to Longfellow, we are amazed at the difference; but despite this fact we can find much in his works that is worth more than a passing notice. If he has been given too high a position among the poets, time will soon reveal it. The place that he now holds is, however, a just one; for despite his faults he is a poet who has written many charming things. His virtues far outshine the darkness of his vices, and the impression left upon the mind after reading the greater number of his poems is one of pleasure at the brilliancy and uniqueness of expression, rather than a feeling that our finer sense of the beautiful has been insulted by overdrawn and bombastic figures.

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#### The Boy Poet.

HORACE A. WILSON, '97.

In his delightful little book of essays entitled "Res. Judicatae," Augustine Birrell says that "the lives of poets, even of persons who have passed for poets, eclipse in general and permanent interest the lives of other men." While this assertion may not be entirely true, it certainly holds good in the case of Thomas Chatterton. His history is a never-failing source of interest to all men, since nowhere in the annals of literature can there be found a more extraordinary example of precocious genius, or an instance of a career so brief and so melancholy.

Thomas Chatterton, the son of a poor schoolmaster of Bristol, was born on the 20th of November, 1752, in the humble dwelling where his father had died just three months previous. His mother, but twenty at the time of his birth, and burdened with the care of a little daughter, removed from the dwelling which had been

provided for her husband as master of Pile Street School, and took up her residence on Redcliff Hill, where, as schoolmistress and seamstress, she strove to support her family. She endeavored to teach her son the rudiments of learning, but to no purpose. It is said that Thomas would sit alone for hours crying, or else lapse into a fit of abstraction, from which it was very difficult to rouse him. He was also wayward, and cared nothing for the amusements of the children of his own age. These traits aroused a fear that he was deficient in intellect. Accordingly at the age of five the little fellow was sent to Mr. Love, his father's successor in Pile Street. Here, however, he showed no improvement, and was sent home as hopelessly dull and incapable of learning. These were certainly equivocal signs of the latent genius that was later to be aroused.

Between the ages of six and seven, a great change took place in his life. His mother was one day tearing up an old music folio, when she noticed that her son was fascinated by the illuminated capitals. Taking advantage of this fact, she taught him the alphabet, and he gradually learned to read from an old black-lettered bible. His mental cultivation now for the first time began. He made such progress in his studies that "at eight years of age he was so eager for books that he would read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if allowed." So deeply engrossed was he in reading that he neglected both food and drink, and would fall into fits of unconsciousness, so that when spoken to, he would start up and ask what was being talked about. Despite these eccentricities, Thomas was frank, companionable and very useful about the house. His mother tells us that from his childhood he was impulsive, generous and rather quick-tempered, though easily appeased, and he was gifted with a remarkable memory. He was a handsome boy; his grey eyes, one of which was larger than the other, were remarkable for their brilliancy. In his early youth, his want of a friend who could understand his thoughts and sympathize with him, perhaps fostered that peculiar secretiveness and self-reliance which so marked his later days.

When Thomas was about eight years old, he was sent to Colston's Hospital—the Blue-coat School of Bristol—where he was subjected to a regular routine. Having formerly been unrestricted and free to gratify all his peculiar fancies, his new life soon became distasteful. As he himself said: "He could not learn so much

at school as he could at home, for they had not books enough there." Although he was not satisfied with the school, he does not appear to have neglected his studies; indeed, he is reported to have made considerable progress in arithmetic. During the seven years spent at school, he lost no opportunity of reading new books. With his pocket money, he borrowed books at a circulating library, which he pored over while his school-fellows were at play. When released from school, he hurried home and spent the remainder of the day in reading or drawing. Sometimes he wrote at the window-sill of his mother's school-room; but more frequently he retired to his attic study, locked himself in, and wrote or read till the light failed him. The portraits of Chatterton generally represent him reading, writing or lounging about in his attic room. Heraldry had a peculiar fascination for him; in fact, he had all the love of the pre-Raphaelites for the manners and customs of the Middle Ages. He would sit for hours with his ochre and other pigments drawing rough pictures of Gothic churches, mail-clad warriors and mediæval castles. It is no wonder that such tastes were formed. From his earliest infancy he had loved to wander through St. Mary's Church—"that wonder of mansions," as he called it. When among the tombs of the departed Bristol citizens, those romances of mediæval life, which later found expression in the Rowley poems, began to shape themselves in his mind.

While Chatterton's relations with Colton's Hospital were not very pleasant, he yet made the acquaintance of Thomas Phillips, the usher of the school, for whom he felt a deep affection. Phillips was the poet's first friend, and one might almost say his last. He gives utterance to his affection in the "Elegy" written on the death of Phillips:

"Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,  
Thee would my soul-rack'd muse attempt to paint."

And again:

"In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,  
Thy mind was honor and thy soul divine."

Phillips was of a literary bent of mind, and it was he perhaps who incited Chatterton to attempt versification. At least in his twelfth year, the boy had more than once appeared in the poet's corner of the local newspaper.

On the first of July, 1767, Chatterton left Colston's Hospital and on the very same day was articled to Mr. Lambert, an attorney. Poor Chatterton found his new position more uncongenial than the old. His employer had no

sympathy with his tastes, and would often tear up the poor boy's manuscript. It is even said that he once publicly chastised Chatterton. Certainly it is not surprising that the poet wished to leave his unsympathetic and cruel master. It is thought that in order to accomplish his desire, he wrote his will which he left on his desk. Certain it is that Mr. Lambert on seeing it, immediately cancelled his indentures, and Chatterton, now free, soon started for London to begin his literary labors in earnest. During the first month, his literary efforts were astonishing. He wrote for magazines and journals of every class, and even began a musical extravaganza, entitled "Amphitryon," which, however, was never finished. Some of these papers, it is true, were not original, but this was a practice too common in his days, and Chatterton was no less scrupulous than others. He wrote many essays, most of which, though published, were never paid for. Finally having no further means of disposing of his work, he gave up writing and besought Mr. Barrett to recommend him to the office of a surgeon's mate. His request having been refused, the wretched boy was left without resources.

On the night of Friday, the 24th of August, 1770, by means of arsenic in water, he put an end to his life. When his door was forced open the next day, his remains were found distorted by the death struggle. The room was littered with the torn up remnants of his latest work. Thus perished in poverty, despair and obscurity, one who, had he lived, would undoubtedly have ranked among the first of our poets' generation. How beautifully has the poet Keats eulogized him!

"O Chatterton! how very sad thy fate!  
 Dear child of sorrow; son of misery!  
 How soon the film of death obscured that eye  
 Whence Genius mildly flashed and high debate.  
 How soon that voice, majestic and elate,  
 Melted in dying numbers! Oh, how nigh  
 Was night to thy fair morning! Thou didst die  
 A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.  
 But this is past; thou art among the stars  
 Of highest Heaven; to the rolling spheres  
 Thou sweetly singest; nought thy hymning mars,  
 Above the ingrate world and human fears.  
 On earth the good man base detraction bars  
 From thy fair name, and waters it with tears."

Chatterton's place in literature has not yet been satisfactorily established. "His real fame, depending on more discriminate judgments, has been one of hearsay rather than of independent opinion," says Mr. Bell; "and is founded less on the concurrent testimony of his countrymen than on the private taste of

the few individuals who have penetrated the veil of obscurity and falsification with which his writings are invested." Certainly his poems are marvellous, considering the time at which they were written. They equal, if not surpass, the early efforts of such men as Dryden, Pope and others famous in literature, and are of great variety and unquestionable merit. For the sake of convenience, they may be divided into two groups. The first embraces all those poems which Chatterton acknowledged as his own; and the second those forgeries, known as the Rowley Poems, which he gave to the public as the production of a certain deceased monk, Thomas Rowley by name. "A Hymn for Christmas Day," written when the poet was but eleven years of age, contains some fine lines. How rhythmical and beautiful are the opening ones:

"Almighty Frammer of the skies,  
 O let our pure devotion rise,  
 Like incense in Thy sight!  
 Wrapt in impenetrable shade  
 The texture of our souls was made,  
 Till Thy command gave light."

"Sly Dick," "The Church Warden and the Apparition," and "Apostate Will," are early proofs of the poet's innate facility in writing satires. He possessed all the qualities of a successful satirist, and he did not hesitate to give them full scope. He even carried his power farther than his judgment approved in calmer hours, so that public men, and even those who would have been his friends but for this, fell under his scathing pen. As Chatterton says in his will, "when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe." His want of restraint in expression is shown in the following lines addressed to Horace Walpole, who, while Chatterton was in London, had incurred the poet's displeasure:

"Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,  
 And twaddling letters to some fair indite;  
 Laud all above thee; fawn and cringe to those  
 Who, for thy fame, were better friends than foes."

His later satires, "Epistle to the Reverend Mr. Catcott," "The Exhibition," "Resignation" and "Kew Gardens" are even more bitter. The last two are infamous tirades against the prominent men of Chatterton's day. In the verses in the satire, "Resignation," ridiculing and condemning the English Ministry, occur these striking lines which show the poet's sympathy with the American Colonies:

"Alas! America, thy ruined cause  
 Displays the Ministry's contempt of laws.  
 Unrepresented, thou art taxed, excised,  
 By creatures much too vile to be despised."

Some of Chatterton's "Elegies" are good,

the one on the death of his friend Phillips being perhaps the best. The poems written for his friend Baker and addressed to Miss Hoyland are light and sentimental.

"O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel! saint!  
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint."

In "The Revenge" is displayed the poet's great powers of imagination. It is a clever little burletta, though marred by the coarseness of some of the lines. The happy blending of the dialogues between the characters, by the intervening speeches of the "Air" enhances the interest. The Rowley Poems, about which there has been so much controversy, are Chatterton's finest productions, and it is to them principally that the immortality of his name is due. They are a collection of dramatic, lyrical and descriptive poems, said by Chatterton to have been preserved in the Muniment Room of St. Mary's Church. We now know from certain proofs that the fiction which the poet wove about the Rowley Poems was simply a mask to hide his literary efforts.

The "Bristowe Tragedie," the first of the group, is a spirited ballad. In it the poet has given full vent to the fire and impetuosity of his youth. The masterpiece of the Rowley Poems is the dramatic interlude of "Aella." The story of the tragedy is clear and brilliantly told. The light, simple, easy-flowing songs, interspersed in it, add to its charm. The language is spirited, and the poem contains some fine lines. The "Song to Aella" is a beautiful ode, and in point of excellence surpasses all of Chatterton's other short poems. "Elinore and Juga" was probably the first of the Rowley group. This poem, besides nearly the whole of "Aella," and some others, are written in the ten-line stanza, invented by Chatterton, and is distinctly his own.

"The Ballad of Charitie," the last of the Rowley Poems, contains some strong lines. The description of the storm is excellent, and the meeting of the Abbot and the pilgrim is graphically told. The last productions of Chatterton are mere fragments. In "The Resignation," he gives utterance to those conflicting emotions which beset him previous to his death. Fluctuating between hope and despair, he attempts to conceal the latter from his friends; but in his last production, entitled "Last Verses," his pent-up feelings burst forth in these bitter yet touching lines:

"Farewell, Bristolias, dingy piles of brick,  
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of Trick!  
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,  
And paid for learning with your empty praise."

### An Idaho Evening.\*

N. J. M.

"'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep."

The lingering rays of the June day were slowly creeping up the house-tops of Pocatello and kissing, as with a fond farewell, the green sides and rocky turrets of the unbroken chain of the mountains that stand just east of the city. From a position on the veranda of the Pacific Hotel one could see over miles of sage-brush plains that stretch away to the west, north and south. Here and there rise little Indian villages, and the blue smoke curling from their weather-beaten tepees, form strange and fantastic images on the bright blue surface of the evening sky.

The Snake River—which, by the way, labors under a horrid misnomer, for its crystal waters and mirror-like surface would suggest anything but an uncanny reptile—describes a semi-circle around the southern side of the city, and then leads off and loses itself in broad and picturesque cañons. Its little eddies dimple into smiles, and ripple into laughter, or speak in querulous tones, as they come in contact with the clusters of golden-rod that grow along its banks. But there is a grandeur and an eloquence of beauty in every warble of a wave, a rhythm prettier than that of a song, a wordless poetry which, to the lover of nature, needs no interpretation.

Night, with balmy breath, is bringing rest and quiet to these children of toil. In the far distance one can still hear the faint tinkle of a bell, the lowing of an animal which has strayed from its fold, and the harsh "hoy there!" of the cow-boy as he "rounds up" his herd. Across the river peals forth the mournful cry of the coyote; now the plashing of oars mingle with the wild strain of an Indian song, and darkness closes the scene.

When this old world grows dull, and we are weary of its hack sounds and sights, it is well to go to some quiet corner, put a block before the wheel of Time, and become a silent spectator of the affairs of others. Few places are more restful, especially during the long, hot days of summer, than the peaceful shades of a mountain inn. The pure, bracing air is a welcome change from the smoky atmosphere of a great city; while the cheery dispositions of the whole-souled mountaineers are sure to banish the last



symptoms of the blues, and drive dull, carking cares beyond recall.

Pocatello is much disturbed this evening. Little knots of men are seen on the streets. Their faces display an awful earnestness, and when passing them one can easily learn that they are talking about war. The bulletin board at the telegraph office shows several late dispatches telling how Sitting Bull and his blood-thirsty braves are carrying death and destruction among the defenceless settlers on Pine Ridge.

The people of Pocatello have good reason for alarm, since they are surrounded by countless bands of Snake Indians, who are warm sympathizers of Sitting Bull; but the immediate cause of anxiety is the Governor's telegram, which has just been received. He directs the Captain of the Pocatello guards to take his company and go at once to aid the people of Blackfoot, a small mountain town fifteen miles distant. The Indians there have begun stealing cattle from the settlers. Several sharp skirmishes have taken place between the ranchmen and red-men, and the townspeople are fearful of an attack to-night.

The question uppermost in the minds of the Pocatello people is: "Should the Governor expect us to send our guards to Blackfoot when we ourselves stand in imminent danger of a raid from the Snakes?"

At a meeting in the town-hall, the question is discussed for and against, and some of the wiser ones aver that the Governor's demand is unreasonable, and that charity begins at home. But the young men, endowed with that unselfishness so characteristic of the West, provide a temporary garrison for Pocatello, and decide to go to the aid of Blackfoot.

One of the most pleasant diversions of Idaho's young people is horse-back riding. Not a young man or woman in Pocatello but is a skilled and graceful rider. It is a pretty sight on a calm summer evening to see them gallop in pairs over the level grassy plains and disappear in the shady cañons.

On a rustic seat between two shady catalpa trees on the lawn of the most pretentious residence in Pocatello sits a young woman weeping as though her heart would break. Through the half-opened door come the subdued strains of a piano, and fragments of that beautiful song, "Sunnöves Lied." There is something extremely pathetic about the grief of this young girl sitting there in the moonlight, her blue eyes filled with tears, her breast heaving with emotion, and her auburn hair falling over her

left shoulder as she rests her head on her hand. The door opens, and a smaller girl, evidently her sister, steps out. She sits beside the weeping girl, takes her hand and, smoothing back the curls from her sister's forehead, speaks consolingly to her.

"Well, if you're not the biggest baby, Katharine, that I ever saw. Fred has fought the Indians before, and never got hurt," said the younger girl plucking a beautiful white rose, in whose leaves glistened the pearly dew-drops.

"Here, Katharine, the stars sympathize with you. See how they have wept on this rose." And pinning a bouquet in her sister's bosom she laid her head upon her shoulder, kissed her, and re-entered the parlor.

A young man in military uniform had just rode up in front of the residence, tied his horse, entered the gate and was met half way by Katharine, who gave him a very cordial greeting. He was Captain of the Pocatello guards.

"I can't stay long, Katharine, we're all ready to start for Blackfoot, and they're waiting for me."

"But do stay a minute, Fred, and now promise me that you will not rush recklessly into danger, and that you'll be kind to the little Indians, if you have to take them prisoners, and that you'll not be cruel to the older ones if you can avoid it."

"That would be promising a great deal for an enemy, Katharine," said Fred with a smile, "but I promise you. Indeed I can do nothing bad so long as a thought of you lingers in my soul. And now, dearest, promise me that you'll not be lonesome and that you won't worry."

With an affectionate farewell to the young girl, Fred got on his horse, and led the guards out of town; Katharine was almost prostrated with grief, for she had a strange presentiment that she had seen Fred for the last time. About two o'clock she rose from a sleepless pillow to respond to a ring at the door, and to her surprise there stood Fred. There were many exclamations and a warm greeting, but these soon became surprise on the part of Katharine, and chagrin on the part of Fred, when he told her he had given up his command to his friend, Joe Rockwood, and had come back because he could not leave her.

"Then, Fred, you'll have to bear the stigma of a coward, because you weakened in the hour of danger—just on my account?"

Katharine said no more; but her looks were more eloquent than words, and Fred interpreted them aright, when he passed out the door,

mounted his horse, and by hard riding overtook his company and again became its leader.

The road from Pocatello to Blackfoot leads through yawning chasms and beneath shady cliffs, and defiles so narrow that horsemen, in order to pass through, must ride in single file. The guards had been fearful that the Blackfeet would attack them in these narrow passes: for an Indian will never fight in the open field, if he can do so advantageously from ambush. In war, as in everything else, he is cunning and treacherous.

Just where a narrow defile opens upon a sage-brush plain, and where the mountains on each side are thickly covered with pines and aspens, Fred noticed a sudden flash of light from one of the highest rocks, and knowing all about Indian signals, he ordered his men to be ready for an attack. In an instant the Indian war-whoop broke the death-like stillness of the night, and myriads of Blackfeet rose from brush and cavern, and rushed down upon the unfortunate guards. But the heavy Winchesters of the Pocatello boys made death and slaughter among the Indians, and after a terrible fight of forty-five minutes, the red-men gave up and fled. Only three of the guards were killed, and Fred was severely wounded. His comrades carried him to a clearing in the sage-brush, and pitched their tents. He dictated a letter to his friend, Joe Rockwood; it was for Katharine. "There will be tears and a breaking heart at Pocatello to-morrow, when that letter is read, Joe, old boy," he said. "But tell Katharine I wasn't afraid to die." His eyes closed; he ceased to breathe, and—it was morning.

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#### The Laureates of England.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

The office of Poet Laureate, which has been so signally honored during our own time, was created under very ordinary circumstances. There was nothing exceptional to mark its beginning, unless we take into account the greatness of the first Laureate, Ben Jonson. In 1616, Jonson, whose income was never during his whole life great enough to meet his demands, was given a pension by King James. The royal gift, thus bestowed, consisted of one hundred marks. In 1630, King Charles increased the amount to one hundred pounds and "a tierce of Canary wine." The poet was thus

enabled to live more comfortably. Even then his extravagance and liberality often placed him in critical positions.

Jonson was born in 1573, and was educated at Westminster School, and according to Fuller, who was born in 1608, at St. John's, Cambridge; but it is very doubtful whether he was ever at Cambridge. The early life of Jonson was somewhat varied. After working for a time as a bricklayer, he entered the army, and served as a foot-soldier in the Netherlands. On his return to England he went on the stage, but his success as an actor was no greater than that he had achieved in his former pursuits. Evidently not disheartened, he took up literature, and began his work as a playwright. It was about this time that he quarrelled with a fellow-actor, whom he killed in a duel. For this Jonson was thrown into prison. During his imprisonment he became a Catholic, but subsequently returned to his former belief.

In 1598, his first important comedy, "Every Man in his Humor," was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. This piece was followed by "Every Man out of His Humor," a comic satire. Both plays were very successful. His first tragedy, "Sejanus" (Seianus; His Fall, a Tragedia) appeared in 1603. Among his other important works are "The Silent Woman," "The Alchemist" and "Volpone." His last play was "The Sad Shepherd," a pastoral drama. He died August 6, 1637. In the latter years of his life he was looked upon by many as the greatest man of letters in England. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his tomb is the well-known epitaph—"O rare Ben Jonson."

The successor of Jonson as Laureate was Sir William Davenant. He was born at Oxford in 1605, and was the son of a vintner. On leaving college, he entered as a page the service of the Duchess of Richmond. He lived also with his friend, Sir Fulke Greville. After the death of this gentleman in 1628, Davenant's active life began. The next year, his tragedy of "Albovine, King of the Lombards," was published. Shortly afterwards appeared "The Just Italian," and "The Cruel Brother." His works brought him into prominence, and in 1641 he became involved in political difficulties. Taking sides with the king, he was imprisoned. When released he went to France, but he returned after a short stay in that country, and took part as lieutenant-general, at the siege of Gloucester. About this time King Charles knighted him. Davenant concluded that there was little for

him to gain in England, and determined to take a colony to Virginia; but the vessel on which he set sail with his company was captured, and the leader was a second time put into prison. Through Milton, it is said, he procured his release. The remainder of his life was spent in quiet; he died in 1668. He was admired by Scott, and Dryden spoke well of him, but he is little known to-day.

John Dryden was the third poet upon whom the honor was conferred. His native place was Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire. He was born on August 9, 1631. His father was a stern Puritan. Dryden received his education at Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge. After he had obtained his degree of M. A., in 1657, he went to London. It was during this time that he wrote his poem on the death of Oliver Cromwell. Soon after, however, he brought out "Astrea Redux," commemorating the Restoration. Whatever may have been the reason for this change of sentiments, it is certain that ever afterwards the poet was steadfast in his principles.

His comedy, "The Wild Gallant," appeared in 1662. It was not a great success. During the next thirty years he brought out twenty-seven plays. In one of these he was assisted by Davenant; and two others, "Ædipus" and "The Duke of Guise," he wrote in conjunction with Nathaniel Lee.

Dryden, however, is best remembered by his poems. In 1627, he published "The Hind and the Panther." After this came the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and "Anne Killigrew." Pope has said "He could select from his works better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply." In 1665, Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, but the union was not a happy one. He died in London, 1700, and his body was placed with his fellow-poets in Westminster Abbey.

After Dryden, and down to the time of Southey, came a number of laureates, scarcely spoken of at the present time. Thomas Shadwell, who shared the honor from 1688 to 1692, won a little meed of praise with his "Sullen Lovers" in 1668, his first publication; it brought him some fame. In all he wrote twenty-one plays. Nahum Tate was made Laureate in 1690. He wrote a number of poems, and ten plays, none of them worthy to be remembered. Under George I., Nicholas Rowe, in 1714, was made Poet-Laureate. "The Ambitious Step-Mother" was his first work. Congreve considers it "a very good tragedy." Next came "Tamerlane"

and "The Fair Penitent," both tragedies. A comedy, "The Biter," followed in 1705. He also made some translations from the Greek and wrote several poems. When the Duke of Newcastle married Lady Gudolphin, Eusden celebrated the event in an epithalamium. The work brought him into favor, and in 1718 he was made Laureate. His translation of Tasso's works, which he left in MS., and a number of poems which he published, are his principal works. Cooke speaks of him as

"Eusden, a laurel'd bard by fortune rais'd,  
By few been read, by fewer still been prais'd."

Eusden died in 1730, and Colly Cibber was appointed to succeed him. In addition to this honor the poet was given a pension of £2000. When very young Cibber became an actor. He was not successful on the stage, and accordingly took up literature. His first production, "Love's Last Shift; or, the Fool in Fashion," came out in 1695. Nine years later, "The Careless Husband" appeared. His "Apology for his Life" was greatly admired by some of the foremost writers of the time, among them Boswell and Swift. Fielding, on the other hand, ridiculed the author. The number of plays with which Cibber had to do, either singly or jointly, amounts to about thirty.

The laurel was next conferred upon William Whitehead in 1757. He was the son of a baker, and was educated at Winchester and Cambridge. Through his friend, Lady Jersey, he was appointed, in 1755, Secretary and Registrar of the Order of Bath. He has written a number of poems and tragedies. "Plays and Poems," in two volumes, were published in 1774.

Thomas Warton was the tenth poet to sing the praises of the king. His native place was Basinstoke. From 1757-67 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and was made Camden Professor of Ancient History in 1785. He was a student and wrote much concerning his college. His history of English poetry was printed in 1774. He also wrote a number of poems and essays. In 1772 was published his life of Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College. Warton died May 21, 1790. Byron writes thus of his successor:

"The monarch, mute till then, exclaimed: 'What! what!  
Pye come again! No more—no more of that!'"

Henry James Pye was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1784 he was elected member of Parliament, and in 1790, made Laureate. "Elegies," his first work, came out in 1763; "Six Olympic Odes of Pindar" in 1775. He also made a translation of Aristotle's "Poetics." Like his contemporaries he wrote several plays.



Of this long list of poets, from Dryden to the beginning of the present century, there is not one whose works have withstood the test of time. That none of the great writers, who lived during this period, were chosen can be understood when it is known that political influence had much to do with the office. Though Walter Scott declined the honor, it was, nevertheless, accepted by one who achieved at least a place among the English poets.

Robert Southey will, perhaps, be best remembered by his poems. Of his prose works, "The Life of Nelson," it is said, is the best. The poet was born in 1774, in the town of Bristol. At the age of nineteen he wrote "Joan of Arc," and the next year he published "Wat Tyler," a dramatic poem. In his early life he wandered about considerably, and shortly before his first marriage was one of those who, with Coleridge and Wordsworth, had planned to found a society on the banks of the Susquehanna; the project, however, was given up. Toward the end of his life, Southey was stricken with a mental disease, from which he was never entirely freed. He died in 1843. Important among his other poems are "The Curse of Kehama" and a "Vision of Judgment." It is he, also, who has given us the poem "After Blenheim," and that rushing, leaping rime "The Cataract of Lodore."

Another of the Lake School poets, William Wordsworth, was the next to commemorate the exploits of Englishmen. He was a simple man and the ridicule heaped upon him in his early life seemed but to increase his love for men and all creatures. He knew nature, because he had studied it with attention. From it came his inspirations, and his thoughts were pure. His desire was to bring all, both old and young, to a realization of the beauties and joys about them. The good he did for the poorer classes can be fully known by a review of his works. Whatever people thought of his poetry, the old poet knew it could do no mischief, for, as he says, "None of my works, written since the days of my early youth, contain a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature." The people of to-day see in him still more than this, they see that the more they study him, the greater he becomes. The sonnet, "The World is too Much with Us," and the ode "Intimations of Immortality" are sufficient to awaken in the student a desire to read deeper into this man. If he has written simple verses, he has also composed the "Intimations of Immortality,"

"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" and many other exquisite lyrics. Thus he speaks in "To the Cuckoo:"

"To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen!" —

showing us how he looked upon the little things of this life.

When Wordsworth died, Alfred Tennyson was forty years of age. Alfred, together with his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At one time, while the boys were yet at school, Charles gave greater promise as a poet than his brother. It was not however to continue thus, for the true one soon began to reveal himself. After his appointment to the Laureateship he gave to the world those masterpieces which have gained for him the title of one of the greatest poets of the century. His works are still fresh in the minds of the living. What changes time will bring no one can tell; but it may safely be said that the "Idyls of the King" assure his name immortality. Certainly the world will not soon forget "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," and "The Princess." How much more could be added concerning his lyrics and short poems?

Since the death of Tennyson in 1892, the English-speaking people had been anxiously waiting to hear the name of his successor. When on the first of the present year it was announced that Alfred Austin had been chosen, much dissatisfaction was expressed both in Europe and America. Many had hoped to see one of the more noted writers selected for the office. Mr. Austin was born in Headingley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. On the 30th of next May he will be sixty-one years of age. In 1853 he took his degree in the University of London, and at twenty-two was admitted to the bar. When his father died in, 1861, Austin abandoned law and went to Italy. Among his important poems are "Life's Tragedy," published in 1873, and again in 1895; "The Season—a Satire," in 1861, and "Rome or Death in 1873; he has also written several tragedies and a great number of political articles. He was correspondent for the London *Standard* at the Vatican Council, and during the Franco-German war in 1870. He was one of the founders of the *National Review*, which made its first appearance in 1883, and he acted as its editor from that time till 1893. His last production, "Jameson's Ride," published in the *Times*, has been ridiculed at home and in America.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Staff.

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	JAMES BARRY,	} <i>Reporters.</i>
	FRANCIS O'MALLEY,	
	JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

—The University Stock Company will make its initial appearance in Washington Hall, on next Wednesday afternoon. There will be a double bill—a farce of Sidney Rosenfeld's, "The Hair-Apparent," full of sparkle and comic situations; and Dr. Egan's one-act drama, "The Rising of the Moon," which will be remembered by the "old settlers" as the brightest and most successful play which has been put upon our boards in half a dozen years. The Stock Company counts among its members the cleverest and most finished of our actors, and its entertainment is certain to be an artistic success. The SCHOLASTIC will expect much on next Wednesday, and we are comfortably sure that a disappointment is not in store for us.

—Paul Verlaine, the chief of the French decadents, mystics, symbolists, call them what you will, has gone down unhonored to his grave. He was an enigma even to Max Nordau—and the author of "Degeneration" rarely pauses to bandy words about—a creature of moods, a poet with the appetites of a beast, a Dr. Jekyll in whom the better part rarely kept

the upper hand from sun to sun. He was the Villon of the Paris of to-day—an artist greater than the unforgotten singer of "the snows of yester-year," an outcast who would have aroused the pity of that prince of thieves and vagabonds. His verses were as lawless as was his life—consistent only in their lawlessness. His lyrics, some of them, are distinctly great; forged in the white heat of genius, they are the perfect expression of poetic moods. Even in English—we have seen but one little volume of translations—the lines are full of music and tense beauty. His lyrics are destined to be undying—his other poems and the man himself are best forgotten.

—"Dante's readers turn students, his students zealots; and what was a taste becomes a religion." It was with Carlyle's words that Doctor O'Malley, in his lecture last Thursday afternoon, made explanation of his devotion to the moulder of Italy's speech, and that "Comedy" which men call "Divine." To give more than an outline of the poet's life, the briefest synopsis of the argument of the "Inferno," a passing comment on the strength or beauty or pathos of some of its passages, were well-nigh impossible in sixty minutes, and Doctor O'Malley's lecture was anything but esoteric. With broad strokes, he sketched the condition of Italy in Dante's time and the part which he played in Florentine politics; touched upon his ideal passion for Beatrice, and then went on with the plot of the "Inferno." Two episodes he elaborated with fine art and tender feeling—the luckless love of Paolo and Francesca, the pitiful story of Count Ugolino and his sons. There were pictures, too, a score of Dorè's wonderful drawings, reproduced by the aid of the stereopticon. The illustrations, however, were of minor importance, the lecture did not need them, though they were valuable as the graphic realizations of the poet's vision. We trust that we may see more of Dante and Dorè and Doctor O'Malley.

—Father François has not forgotten the University or the warm friends he made during his stay of twelve months at Notre Dame. A bronze of Lafrance's and a set of Charles Blanc's monumental work on the art of the world, "Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles" came over the sea from Paris before '95 was only a memory, and with them kindest

Christmas greetings to President Morrissey, the Faculty, and the students of the University. It would be hard to fancy Lafrance doing anything more beautiful than this poetic conception of the "Voice crying in the wilderness," the herald-youth, St. John. The figure is full of passionate purity; the lithe limbs, graceful and firm as only a child's can be; the eager, daring poise of the up-tossed head, with its waving wealth of hair; the boy-face aglow with enthusiasm, the tense nostrils and half-parted lips, the eyes alight with joy and the fire of prophecy—this is the ideal Messenger, comes the thought, St. John as the angels saw him. One almost listens for the cry, "Make straight the way of the Lord!"—the figure is so full of life and purpose. Blanc's "Histoire" is a valuable addition to the art works in the library; the plates are on steel and wood; the paper and press-work are Parisian. If Father Français had needed a monument to keep the memory of his visit fresh in our minds, he could not have chosen one more worthy of himself.

—This last week was one of most wonderful weather—for mid-winter. It may have been this hint of the coming springtime, the raw, March kindness of the sunshine; it may have been a desire to have done with the bother of the spring elections; but at any rate, every office in the gift of the Athletic Association was disposed of during the last seven days. The walking was disagreeable, the February magazines were still things of the future, and so our athletes and our rooters gave themselves up to the joy of making certain of their fellows officials of various degrees, from that of captain or manager to the comparatively humble one of secretary. For once, political methods were abandoned, Hall-pride forgotten and "slates" ruthlessly frowned down, and, as a result, the new officials are a thoroughly capable and creditable lot of young men. The election of a captain of the track team was a formal recognition of the importance of field-sports; but yet more was needed to insure success on the cinder path. Sorin Hall was the first to suggest the needed stimulus, and a contest, on nearly even terms, between the Halls is a certainty on Field-Day. Sorin has a captain and manager already, and the winner of an event on the 30th of May will deserve his victory. Altogether, there is a significant revival of interest in things athletic, and '96 promises to be a star year for the Gold and Blue.

#### Exchanges.

In the December issue of the *University of Virginia Magazine*, the board of editors take their adieu seemingly in discontent at what they consider the poor appearance the magazine has made during their term of office, and in condemnation of the apathy of their fellow-students towards the honor of their college paper. "We have regretted deeply the lack of contributions, for the sake of college reputation; and in laying this, the last fruit of our selection, before our readers, we are but stating a plain fact when we say that if the students desire to continue the publication of the *Magazine*, they must give the editors something to publish." If this is editorial rhetoric, it is unfair to the students; if it is simple prose, the retiring editors have a very high conception of the standard their paper should reach. To our more humble taste the present number of the *Magazine* (we regret we have not had the pleasure of reading any preceding number) in the number and merit of its contributions is not unworthy of any college in the land. We do not remember reading any other college paper with more enthusiasm and literary profit than we experienced in reading the *Magazine*.

The efforts in verse in the present number are not very noticeable; but the contributions in prose are, and they raise the *Magazine* as much above the average college paper as a high hill is raised above a low-lying plain. For the most part, the articles deal with the realm of fiction; but they show a general ability that leads us to think that articles in literary criticism or historical and abstract study would be handled with similar interest and instructiveness. They show a wealth of words, a power of using them effectively and a knack of arranging the plot of a story to a degree unusual in college students—but especially a reserve, a not saying too much, which, we are told, is acquired only with years. "Unreclaimed" is a story which, for originality, interest, character pictures and general cleverness, we have not seen surpassed in the Christmas magazines for the general public.

"Early Years," is an attractive account of the University of Virginia from its earliest years, written in careful and elegant English. The conservatism and puritanical harshness that marked the government of the University in the years before the civil war seem to have

provoked a spirit of opposition in the student body which showed itself in incredible acts of ruffianism, only ending in the dastardly murder of a member of the faculty. "Punchniello and Columbine" is a sad little story sweetly told. There is a stage girl who excites a double passion. One of her admirers is humble and faithful, him she does not heed; the other is a cruel, trifling Lothario who fascinates her. A special interest attaches to the story as the confession wrung by remorse in old age from him who in thoughtless youth had broken the girl's heart. There could not be a sadder touch of nature than that of Punchniello, the jester, weeping out his heart by the newly-closed grave.

"The Rustler's Daughter" is the relation of an incident on a cattle ranch, around which are clustered the open country breeziness, naturalness, savagery mixed with gentleness, the uncultivated vices and virtues which are characteristic of such life. "Aftermath," "An Unimportant Incident," "The Will That Never Was" and "A Fable" are little literary vignettes, skilfully planned and delicately executed. He, in the "Easy Chair," is in one of those moods of disgust which the young man assumes from time to time to look well and to be raised above the common herd. From this eminence he opens his mouth and vomits his bile in a large poof that covers everything round him. The seeker after spiritual enlightenment and consolation, if he have an earnest will, will not be thwarted and discouraged by the little physical discomforts that may be connected with attendance at Church: such as draughts, heat, hard seats, harsh-toned choirs and dull preachers. To the soft-pillow Christianity of the nineteenth century, that staggers before those mole-hill difficulties, spiritual regeneration will not come. Moreover, it is not just to connect these "stumbling-blocks" with "mediæval æstheticism."

Of the heat and cold and hard seats, that may have annoyed our brawny ancestors, there is no record; but if they noticed these things we know they soon forgot them in the presence of those stirring exhortations and angelic choir strains which we are now endeavoring to bring back into the world. Again, it is unjust to modern education to consider it a process for turning out a packed but disorderly storehouse, and to professors to say that they are human phenomena with encyclopediac brains, but no understanding hearts, who crowd out of the soul all originality and idealism. It sounds grandly; but we must not let ourselves be allured into sacrificing common-sense to the jingle of

words or the turn of a sentence. If, during the twelve or fourteen years of his life which a youth devotes to education, he finds no time or opportunity fully to develop his mental faculties, the blame must not be put on education or its teachers. The University of Virginia has recently suffered the loss of her buildings from fire; but, like our own Notre Dame, she soon will rise a phoenix from her ashes, with a renewed strength that will know no weakening. And with this new strength the *Magazine*, her worthy representative, will, we hope, come to us oftener than once a month.

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#### Obituary.

##### DEATH OF GENERAL EWING.

General Thomas Ewing died Tuesday morning at his home in New York, from injuries received in an accident the day before. General Ewing was the son of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Sr., of Ohio; he was born at Lancaster in 1829, and was educated at Brown University. After his graduation he studied law and was admitted to the bar. Early in the fifties he settled in Kansas, and was for several years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that state. When the civil war broke out, General Ewing resigned his position on the Bench, and was made Colonel of the Eleventh Kansas Regiment. His war record was most brilliant; his daring defence at Pilot Knob showing great military skill, and he rose to the rank of Maj.-General. At the close of the war, General Ewing went to Washington where he practised law until 1870, when he returned to Lancaster Ohio, and entered politics. He was in Congress from 1877 till '81, and in 1879 was candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. In 1881 General Ewing removed to New York where, until the time of his death, he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He was Counsel to the Building Department of New York City, and had been the President of the Ohio Society since the time of its organization some ten years ago. General Ewing was the brother of Mrs. General Sherman, a cousin of the late James G. Blaine and the uncle of Professor Ewing.

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—Notre Dame mourns a true friend in Mr. Jacob Wile, who died during the past week at Laporte, Ind. It is a notable fact in the history of our *Alma Mater*, that many of her warmest friends were among those outside the

Church. Mr. Wile was an adherent of the Jewish faith, and a man of considerable prominence in the councils of Judaism. He had the self-reliance and moral hardihood of a self-made man. To him sectarian jealousy and narrow bigotry were impossible; his mind was broad enough and his heart large enough to find appreciation and sympathy for all that is good. Mr. Wile belonged to an older generation,—the generation of Fathers Sorin, Granger and Walsh—but the tradition of his unfailing sympathy and practical friendship for the University has been handed down without interruption to the younger men. To the bereaved family, the Faculty of the University offer the assurance of sincere condolence. Now that he is gone, it is pleasant to recall that as husband, father and citizen, Mr. Wile was a model man; as a friend—such as the University knew him—his loyalty was unfailing and invaluable. Peace be to his soul!

—Another link between the University of today and the struggling college of the "fifties" has been snapped. On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, a Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted over the body of Mrs. MARY ANN MULLIGAN, one of the earliest and most faithful of the friends who cheered, with little deeds of kindness, the dark days of our Father-Founder. She was for two score years a member of the congregation of the Sacred Heart, and one of the stained windows in the church was the gift of her and her husband. Of late years, she made her home in Leadville, Col., where her life went quietly out, on Wednesday, the 22d. Three daughters survive her, two of whom are Sisters of the Holy Cross. Mrs. Mulligan was a loyal friend, a true and loving wife, a good and faithful mother, and her reward will be exceeding great. May she rest in peace!

## RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Divine Providence in Its infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the loving father of Arthur Mulberger, one of our classmates; and

WHEREAS: We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement, be it, therefore,

RESOLVED: That we, the members the Class of '97, tender him assurance of our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to him.

ELMER MURPHY,

JAMES BARRY,

JOHN W. MILLER,—Committee.

## Personals.

—Mr. J. W. Ferguson, a well-known merchant, of Battle Creek, Michigan, entered his son as a student in the University, on Monday last.

—Mrs. J. T. Muesselman, of Paris, Ill., paid a short visit to the University during the past week. Her brother, Jay E. Morehouse, of St. Edward's Hall, accompanied her.

—The Rev. J. M. Toohey and Rev. T. E. St. Arnaud were among the welcome guests of the University on Wednesday last. It is hoped that the genial clergymen will call again and make a longer stay.

—It is not too late to acknowledge the New-Year's greetings of our friends. Mr. Frank D. Hennessy (B. L. '94) wishes all at Notre Dame a Happy New Year. Frank is practising law in Portland, Oregon.

—A number of the boys called on Frank Kinsella during the holidays. He is doing a lucrative business in the Windy City. He is the same whole-souled, genial fellow that he was while a student in '82.

—R. E. Flemming, (B. A., '83) is at present holding the position of Assistant-Manager of the C., N. O., & S. W. Railway. His headquarters are at Louisville, Ky., where he is the head of a happy household. He wishes to extend, through the SCHOLASTIC, his kindest regards to his old classmates, prefects and professors.

—Among the "old boys," whose thoughts often turn towards their *Alma Mater* in affectionate remembrance, is William A. Correll (C. E. '94). Mr. Correll is a constant reader of the SCHOLASTIC, and is as much interested in the doings at Notre Dame as he was when a student here. He is at present at his home in Matawana, Pennsylvania.

—In a recent issue of the *Lincoln Leader*, published at Lincoln, Ill., is an account of the life of Mr. William Fogarty, a commercial graduate of the '80's. Mr. Fogarty is prominent in the official circles of Logan County, Illinois, and although still a young man he holds several positions of trust. He is favorably spoken of as Democratic nominee for the Legislature in the coming campaign.

—The Staff, on behalf of itself and the University, thanks Mr. James B. Dillon for his kind New-Year wishes, and assures him that the delay in presenting the first number for '96 was not due to a lack of Christmas cheer as he fears; on the contrary, we fear that a surfeit of good things made us slightly lazy. However, we have now recovered, and promise to bring forth the SCHOLASTIC regularly every week, and to try to make up for lost time by future promptness.

—Hon. William P. Breen, '79, of Fort Wayne has been asked to deliver a lecture on Freder-



rick Ozanam, before the Catholic Summer School at Madison. Judge Breen is a scholar and an orator—Jubilee visitors will remember the wonderful way in which he swayed his audience on Alumni night, last June—and it is a foregone conclusion that Ozanam will find an ardent and sympathetic champion, next summer, in Wisconsin's capital.

—Mr. Joseph D. McCarrick is one of the younger men who are repeating the successes of their college days in the more exacting world of business. While he was at college—he entered as a Freshman in English in '92, and, after completing his Sophomore year in '94, left school to take a position in the Washington offices of the Southern Railway—he was a general favorite; and a host of warm friends will rejoice at his recent promotion and removal to Norfolk, the home of his parents. He was third-baseman of the Varsity in '93 and '94, and made a splendid record as guardian of the eastern corner of our diamond. The SCHOLASTIC voices the congratulations and best wishes of his comrades of other days. *The Landmark*, Norfolk's leading daily, has this to say of him:

"Mr. Joseph D. McCarrick, son of Captain James W. McCarrick, of this city, is among other prominent young Virginians who will be brought back to Norfolk by the change which has taken place in the terminus of the Southern Railway. Mr. McCarrick is a Norfolk boy who is an honor to his native city. After receiving a thorough education at the University of Notre Dame, in the West, he has been in the employ of the Southern Railway for the past two years. He is remembered here as a manly boy who as a man has fulfilled the promise of his youth and the expectations of his friends."

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#### Local Items.

—Skating is still the favorite pastime of the Carrolls.

—Found—A sum of money. Owner may call at Students' office.

—FOUND—A gold ring. The owner may have it by calling on the Prefect of Brownson Hall.

—Lost—In or near Carroll Gymnasium, a diary pocket-book containing a sum of money. Finder please return to Students' office.

—To judge from the happy faces of the Minims and their unstinted praise, they must have enjoyed Dr. O'Malley's story of "Fairyl-land" exceedingly.

—Father Regan gave a short talk in Brownson Hall on Thursday morning. The hearty applause at the close of his remarks showed that they were appreciated.

—Two Carrollites' heads came together with a crash. They staggered several feet apart from the point of contact, and an onlooker made the scientific remark: "Like poles repel one another."

—"Funny," said Confer, as he helped himself to some chicken-salad, "that such a cold thing as a snowball will make a stove in a man's hat." The "head" simply cut another notch in the table.

—A series of handball contests between different tables in the Brownson refectory is now on. Games are played for "pie," and any table wishing to compete will address "The Champions," care of B. Hilarion's table.

—A gentleman in the Astronomy class the other evening asked the following question: "Professor, what causes stars to fall from the heavens." For answer he "got the laugh" from the whole class, while the professor smiled.

—There is a report going round the "yard" that Colonel McKenzie came back to Notre Dame on a half-fare ticket. The originator of that story had better avoid the Colonel in the future. These Kentucky gentlemen are wicked.

—McCarthy has been telling some funny yarns in the "gym" since he returned from Chicago. He says he would be up there yet, but the snow drove him out. Never mind, War Horse. Think of all the money you have saved.

—The skating has been very good on St. Joseph's Lake for the last few days, and Willie O'Brien and his new cap have been enjoying themselves accordingly. The gentleman from Chicago can cut anything on the ice from a star to the Greek alphabet.

—Anyone who doubts that there are fish in St. Joseph's Lake should have been down on the ice this week. Two or three men from South Bend were fishing through the ice on Wednesday afternoon, and in a few hours had caught a string of twelve or thirteen bass.

—Father Alexander Kirsch will lecture in Washington Hall next Thursday afternoon. He will guide his audience into the world natural and solve its mysteries; and then he promises something besides that will need no explanation. The lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon pictures.

—He was very new to Washington Hall, for in his innocence he asked of his neighbor: "Did they turn off the steam in this place to help us to realize how cold it was 'on Dante's lake of ice?" And he who sat beside him glared at him in silence, while the mercury sought even lower levels in the tube.

—Have you noticed the epidemic of corduroy vests in Brownson Hall? One can almost tell the state a man hails from now by the vest he wears. Joe Davila's vest is light brown—almost yellow—and is covered with small shamrocks. He says he will keep it in his trunk until the seventeenth of Ireland, and then—

—Some of the boys who visited strong man Shultz during the holidays, found him feeding a small sized zoölogical garden of his own. He

owns an eagle, two foxes, a hawk, a bear cub, and a horse. He says his happiness would be complete if he only had a baby elephant in his collection.

—Have you noticed how quiet the crowd has been this session? Only a short month ago they owned the "gym," but now they stand in their favorite corner, like a brood of chickens in a rain-storm, the picture of despair. Alas! their leader has left us, and two of their idols were beaten at recent elections. Hence, this melancholy. Brace up, boys, brace up!

—Tickets are out for the entertainment to be given by the University Stock Company next Wednesday afternoon. A one-act play and a farce will be given. The rehearsals point to a good performance, and this second appearance of the Company should be as successful as the first. Parts of the latest operas will be rendered by the orchestra. Tickets may be obtained at the Students' office or from members of the Company.

—As you enter the "gym" any of these fine days you will see a number of men wearing a look of sadness on their faces and a roll of Congress paper in their coat pockets. From their general appearance you will think they are in the last stages of consumption; but it is worse than that. Rhetoric did it. If that daily essay business had lasted much longer Sammon and McCormick would be writing essays on the walls of some insane asylum by this time.

—Whenever you see Walsh and O'Brien together you may be sure that they are discussing the relative merits of the East and the West. Last session Chicago Willie had the advantage of New York Willie, as the latter had never seen Chicago. During the holidays, however, Walsh visited that city of bluff, smoke and pretty girls with the intention of buying the place if he liked it. He has returned to Notre Dame, and Chicago is still in the possession of its original owners. When O'Brien mentions his native burg this session, Walsh simply says, "Lake Front Park," and the Chicago Willie relegates himself to the background.

—The youth with the newly-born moustache and the Olympic club sweater is sad. One night last week as he roamed around the campus, dropping his "r's" as usual, he heard Forbing playing the chorus of "What Did Dugan Do to Him?" and the music, together with the fact that he had not received a letter from Ohio for nearly a week, caused great tears to course down his pale cheeks. The gentleman with blonde hair, who sits in front of this youth in the study-hall, says that the boy now owns a toy pistol and a box of blank cartridges. Unless something is done, there will be a vacant chair in the study-hall, and a fresh grave in San Francisco.

—The Reverend President has been in conference during the week with the heads of the different faculties, relative to the work being done by the classes. The reports he received were gratifying. The high standard for promotions made it possible for each professor to meet a select body of men after the holidays. There is enthusiasm and earnestness, too, in the work both of professors and students. In some of the English classes daily themes are now required. Notre Dame offers one of the best courses of English in the country. And the good work promises to go on. June will see the close of one of the most successful terms in the history of the University.

—An edifying example of the charity of the students of Notre Dame came to light last week. A number of poor people from South Bend, it seems, applied to the boys for aid. They were referred to the University authorities for immediate assistance, while the students set inquiries afoot regarding their needs. When it was found that they were truly deserving, a purse was raised, and their wants relieved. This generous assistance enabled several bright little fellows to attend school. The men of Notre Dame in matters of charity follow the injunction, "not to let the left hand know what the right hand doth." The whole affair would have remained hidden were it not that the SCHOLASTIC man was near, and gives the account here in the hope that the action of the men of Brownson Hall may be imitated.

#### SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOPATRIANS.—The first meeting for this session was held last Wednesday. The election of officers for the new term resulted as follows: 1st Vice-President, W. P. Monahan; 2d Vice-President, E. J. Gainer; Treasurer, G. A. Krug; Recording Secretary, H. Stearns; Corresponding Secretary, C. Girsch; 1st Censor, J. O'Malley; 2d Censor, V. B. Welker; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. J. Shillington; Marshall, J. E. Koehler. The election was an exciting one. The candidates had a strong following, and the canvass was thorough. Two offices remain unfilled; the incumbents will be chosen at the next meeting.

PHILODEMICS.—On Wednesday evening the Philodemics met for the election of officers for the long term. The following were chosen: Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Director; Dr. A. O'Malley, Honorary Critic; D. Murphy, President; A. Stace, Vice-President; G. Puskamp, Corresponding Secretary; E. Murphy, Recording Secretary; E. Brennan, Treasurer, and C. Bryan, Literary Critic. The Programme Committee, appointed by the President, is composed of Messrs. E. Murphy, Stace and Gaukler. After the committee had been instructed to draw up a programme for next Wednesday evening, the meeting adjourned. Half the evenings will be literary, devoted to the consideration of some author of to-day, the others to debates.

ST. CECILIANS.—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: T. A. Lowery, 1st Vice-President; F. B. Cornell, 2d Vice-President; T. Burns, Recording Secretary; G. Burke, Corresponding Secretary; J. Fennessey, Treasurer; A. Schoenbein, Historian; F. Druiding, 1st Censor; R. Franey, 2d Censor; J. Shiels, Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. F. Druiding read a pathetic selection entitled "Connors." Messrs. Schoenbein, Lowery, Burke and Fennessey were appointed for the next programme.

COLUMBIANS.—The Columbian Literary Society re-organized on Thursday evening last for the ensuing session with the following list of officers: 1st Vice-President, R. O'Malley; 2d Vice-President, J. Byrne; Secretary, J. Forbing; Corresponding Secretary, A. Sammon; Treasurer, F. Harrison; Critic, T. Finnerty; Censor, W. Geoghegan; Committee on Membership, Messrs. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, J. Kelly, Wurzer, E. Moran; Committee on programme Messrs. Byrnes, Harrison and Mingey. A voluntary programme of six items was assigned for next Thursday's meeting. The Rev. President made a few remarks for the welfare of the society in the important work of the present session. Before long the aspiring members will be haunted with an introduction to the foot-lights, as the reputation of the annual productions of the Columbians will be in their hands.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—The Athletic Association at their meeting last Sunday filled the remaining offices for the term. Colonel Hoynes was unanimously chosen to succeed himself as President of the Association. A. Galen was elected Vice-President; W. Walsh, Corresponding Secretary; E. Delaney, Recording Secretary; Daniel V. Casey, Manager of the football team; J. McCarthy, Captain of the University Track Team; Rev. James A. Burns, Promoter, and Bro. Hugh, Director. The Executive Committee is composed of the following members: Rev. James A. Burns, Messrs. J. Barry, T. Cavanagh, R. O'Malley and E. Kelly.

The Sorin Hall branch of the Athletic Association met Wednesday evening in the law room for the election of officers and the arrangement of a plan of campaign for the spring field-day. It was universally agreed that those who wish to compete in the track events of this spring should begin practice immediately. Much enthusiasm was evoked by a speech made by Mr. J. Gallagher, to the effect that Sorin Hall should go to work this spring with a will, and wipe out or avenge the disgraceful defeat she suffered last fall at the hands of Brownson Hall. John Gallagher was elected captain of the team; D. V. Casey, Manager. A new office—that of water-carrier—was created on the motion of John G. Mott. On account of the modesty of the gentleman elected to the position, we are requested not to mention his name.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Barrett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Eyan-son, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, McNamara,\* McDonough, Marr, Palmer, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sanders,\* Sullivan, Steele, Slevin, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barry, Ball, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blackman, Berthelet, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, John Corby, Crane, Cullen, Clendenin, Carney, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyan-son, Forbing, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Frazer, Fehr, Farrell, Fera, Farley, Ferguson, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Galen, Gebhart, Gilmore, Hay, F. Hesse, Hagerty, Healy, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzon, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Maguire, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCormack, Mullen, Mueller, Morehouse, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, Neeley, R. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rheinhardt, J. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Scott, Sheehan, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tong, Taylor, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, Wigg, Wade.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Bernardin, Begly, G. Burke, E. Burke, Cottin, Cornell, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Cowie, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Dugas, Dinnen, Donovan, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fox, Fennessey, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Hunt, Hayes, Hoban, Jelonak, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lehman, Leach, Long, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Loomis, Land, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Massey, Monahan, Murray, L. Meagher, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, H. McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Webb, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zaehle.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, Blanchfield, Cottin, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Clarke, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernest, Ells, Fetter, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Martin, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, Marshall, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Patee, Quinnlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sexton, Sontag, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Waite, Welsh, Wilde, Weber, Weidener.

\* Omitted last week by mistake.