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BABY'S TOYS.

(*After the manner of Eugene Field.*)

And where has baby been,
The toddling little mite?
Lo! here she comes again
Preparing for a fight.

She's brandishing a knife,
A carver too at that!
Oh! bless her little life,
She lunges at the cat.

The mother runs apace
And stops the deadly work,
When off again goes Grace
And back she brings a fork.

The fork is scarce put by,
Away flies little Tot;
And here she comes — O my!
A poker blazing hot.

The poker's put away,
The nurse is called in haste;
But Baby will not stay,
She has no time to waste.

And so again she's off,
I wonder what comes next:
A hat-pin sure enough,
And Tot is looking vexed.

But Grace has got to yield
Her latest, dearest prize;
Again she fares afield —
A needle huge in size!

When her supply is gone
Of every sharp-edged tool,
Then Gracey climbs upon
The new piano-stool.

From early morn till night
Mamma is in a fret.
May guardian angels bright
Protect her little pet.

— *Timothy J. Ahern, '98.*

January 5, 1896.

EUGENE FIELD.

(CONTINUED.)

(4) POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

In a former article, for purposes of criticism, we grouped Eugene Field's works under four heads: (1) his short stories; (2) his humorous poems; (3) his translations from Horace; and (4) his poems of childhood. We have already treated of the first three, and now we come to the fourth. Mr.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Field's name and fame will stand or fall with his poems for young folk and the family circle in general. I can not recall any poet who has treated this phase of human life so well. His children's pieces are generally as tender and as pure and as simple as the guileless hearts for whom he writes. His best inspiration has evidently come from his own fireside. His intense love for children, wife and mother shows him to be a man of good life and a kind heart. There are, however, some blemishes. His words are often needlessly long and altogether too learned for children. Besides, it is not well to accustom the young to bad spelling and ungrammatical language. But taking them all in all, they can be read with

profit even by older people. With Trumpet and Drum, and The Love Songs of Childhood, make very entertaining reading for young or old. The following are a few specimens, taken at random.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place —
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

Little All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet,
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near,
And he hears her cheering call:
"All-Aloney?"

Little All-Aloney's face
It is all aglow with glee,
As around that romping-place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers —
Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly:
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of Sorrow's store, —
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome,
And his heart is sore:
Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear —
Divine with mother love and cheer —
Calling from yonder spirit shore:
"All, all alone!"

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself, indeed, secure
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea, —
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in, — it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I?"

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care, —
A little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,
My little one — my all to me —
Sat robed in white upon my knee,
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright, —
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childless grace;
Then toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the morn, with rapturous face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide, —
That angel host, so fair and white;
And singing all that glorious night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train
And golden-head come back for me,
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

TO THE PASSING SAINT.

As to-night you came your way,
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,
Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,
Once he wandered from my sight;
He is such a little child,
He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year, —
Oh, so many a year since then!
Yet he was so very dear,
Surely he will come again.

If upon your way you see
One whose beauty is divine,
Will you send him back to me?
He is lost, and he is mine.

Tell him that his little chair
Nestles where the sunbeams meet,
That the shoes he used to wear
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet.

Tell him of each pretty toy
That was wont to share his glee;
Maybe that will bring my boy
Back to them and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go
Through the glad and sparkling frost,
Bid those bells ring high and low
For a little child that's lost!

O dear saint, that blessest men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again, —
Give me back my little boy!

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar plums tempting you so.

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to the ground.
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With striping of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

TEENY-WEENY.

Every evening, after tea,
Teeny-Weeny comes to me,
And, astride my willing knee,
Plies his lash and rides away;
Though that palfrey, all too spare,
Finds its burden hard to bear,
Teeny-Weeny doesn't care:
He commands, and I obey.

So I feel a tender pride
In my boy who dares to ride
That fierce horse of his astride,
Off into those misty lands;
And as on my breast he lies,
Dreaming in that wondrous wise,
I caress his folded eyes,
Pat his little dimpled hands.

On a time he went away,
Just a little while to stay,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I was very lonely then;
Life without him was so sad,
You can fancy I was glad
And made merry when I had
Teeny-Weeny back again!

So of evenings, after tea,
When he toddles up to me
And goes tugging at my knee,
You should hear his palfrey neigh!
You should see him prance and shy,
When, with an exulting cry,
Teeny-Weeny, vaulting high,
Plies his lash and rides away!

If an apology were needed for quoting so many poems entire, this is our reason. Abstract criticism and general principles do not come home to the reader like concrete examples; and when a verse is taken from here and there, we can ill-judge of the beauty and harmony of the poem as a whole. If the examples cited do not seem to justify the severity of the criticism, let the reader kindly bear in mind that we have selected from the best and not from the worst of Mr. Field's poems. In conclusion we are glad to avow that, whatever sober critics may say against his writings, with the young and innocent, at least, the name of Eugene Field will be a household word for generations to come.

— *David G. Supple, '98.*

THE PARISIAN STYLE AND OTHERS.

The Parisian Style. When writers of this class make their début, they are received by the unthinking world with éclat. They have a penchant for the bizarre and are ever on the qui vive for the recherché. They are men of goût, stylists par excellence. Apropos of everything they have a bon mot or a foreign proverb. Entre nous they are au courant with the best modern polyglot phrase books. Maybe they have spent a season in Paris, or in their early days sat vis-à-vis with a French tutor. They sometimes use a nom de plume, but in that case they write pour passer le temps. The style coupé is their favorite. Flow in their sentences there is none. All is jaunty. All is Frenchy. All is jerky. Up and down. It gives you ennui. The tout-ensemble shakes your hat off.

The Sombrero Style. Or perhaps they have been on Spanish waters — quien sabe? — or have seen Cuba in the distance, or have studied the olla podrida of a Spanish guide book. In any case they tell you plainly they do not believe in the Spanish proverb: "A mucho hablar, mucho errar." And so they go on to narrate at length how they wore a sombrero and rode a mustang on the Mexican border, and shook hands with a grandee or waved a bandanna at a toreador.

The Macaronic Style. In Italian, too, they are veritable maestri, — wrongly written maestros. They have a gusto for conversazione and meschianza, and they dwell con amore on macaroni and dolce far niente. In art they are dilettanti and virtuosi, and they avoid extravaganza for fear of making a fiasco. They know the effects of chiaro-oscuro and basso-relievo, and andantino they discuss con espressione. They rarely travel incognito; they have done Italy without a cicerone; and they have never made the mistake of ordering a kilometre of sausage for a single meal. They do not mean to insult their native tongue or to imply that she is inadequate to express their ideas. They are so filled with foreign views of things that they think aloud in a foreign language. Besides, if they confined themselves to pure English, how could the reading public divine that they are travelled men and have a smattering of many languages? Au revoir, Messieurs. Addio, Signori.

The Latin Style. Or peradventure they consider sesquipedalian verbiage to be the ne plus ultra of human composition and the idealization of orotund expression. Accordingly they desiderate vocables of learned length and thundering sound as the sine qua non of delectable writing. With heartfelt frankness and cordial ingenuousness they do not believe that

> "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
> Much fruit of sense is seldom found."

They are prodigals in language, spendthrifts in words, and gormandizers in diction. They prefer pomposity to simplicity, verbosity to brevity, Latinity to English. Their volubility goes on ad infinitum, but never ad nauseam, at least as far as they themselves are concerned. In one word they have, to their own proper satisfaction, solved the problem of perpetual motion and eternal gyration.

The Old Style. Some writers, and they be not a few, are right quaint anent the use of old words. They have a ready wit to ken obsolete meanings albeit they show thrice dark and scant intelligible, in such wise that not even he who runs may read. They beg gentle pardon, and anon they fare forth bedight in frills, drab gaiters and buff jerkin, and eke mayhap in velvet doublet and cocked hat. It jumps with their humor to use the language which their great-great-grand mother spake afore her death, — God rest her merry soul; they treasure the handkercher which she ware, and they keep it nigh unto their person when they sally abroad. Anent morals and intellectuals they be right strict and prim withal, and not in the leastwise vulgar. In travelling, it likes them to take a folk-wain in the room of an omnibus, and to scan the sky-edge when common folk are only looking at the horizon. Mere wine for them means pure wine and not a substitute for something stronger. In sooth they are right nice people: nathless we must bid them good-day, for it is about nine of the clock.

The Young Style. This style is bedizened with all the splendors of oriental imagery, and all the fancy of youthful poets, and all the order and consecutiveness to be found in a sick man's dream. Meandering streams and sylvan walks, shady dells and cozy nooks fill their page, while the whole scene is lit up by a pale moon. In their gardens roses are ever in bloom, and birds of variegated plumage sing all day and dream all night. The dissolving views of their mind are reflected on the canvas of foolscap by the camera of their imagination and the calcium light of their intellectual acumen. A writer of this stamp has lately written an article on Eugene Field, from which I give a few extracts: "Eugene Field might have been born in any country; — but the need of symmetry and terseness in pure literature might possibly have concentrated his lambent humor into electric and enduring brilliance. — To define a writer's limitations is not to slight his merits within them; still less is questioning his literary longevity decrying his product; least of all is a critic worth his salt who alleges a lack of conscious purpose as bearing on the vitality of written things. — He understood and felt that the limitations of art are the conditions of art; that the circumference makes the circle, the banks the river, the steps the dance, the mould the pattern. *In a word he was a civilized man, not a barbarian.* His native sanity and instincts as such, developed by education, saved him from dividing his powers between feeble production and energetic wailing, parochial ideas and charges of sectional prejudices, vague crudities representing aspiration instead of accomplishment and a propaganda that aspiration ought to be accredited as accomplishment, impotent ambition and the erection of impotence into a system of art." (*The Traveller's Record: Hartford.*)

Young man, your vague and pompous style betrays your youth. When you shall have had your surcease of the academic tread-mill, and you go out into a matter-of-fact world, your wings shall be clipped and your fancies winnowed fine in the sieve of experience; your bold figures and your minstrel-musical-acrobatic meschianzas shall be few and far between; and when you cull a panzy for the new year, you will not invoke the pale moon or the glorious orb of day to bear witness to the height and depth and breadth of your affections.

The Natural Style. The natural writer is guided by good taste and common sense, which point out to him the right word for the right place. His eye is simple and his intention pure, his one object being to express his thought exactly. He has something to say and he says it. As his thought is easy and natural, so is his style. He expresses himself forcibly because he feels intensely; he is eloquent because he is carried away by his subject. He avoids false glitter and ambitious ornament; and if he is asked to paint a shipwreck, he never throws in a cypress for good measure. Neither does he insult his native tongue by borrowing from foreign languages without necessity. In the choice of words he prefers those of home growth even to naturalized foreigners; when a Saxon word and a Latin word will express his meaning equally well, the Saxon is his choice. Nevertheless, he eschews the quaint and the antiquated. In one word a natural writer of good taste is

> "Not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

— *Francis J. Carney, '98.*

RICHARD III.

It has been well observed by different writers, that from the literature of any country, the history of its people's progress in thought and refinement might be gleaned. The reason given for this is, that the mind of the author is moulded in great part by his surroundings, and his writings naturally embody the thoughts and feelings of his countrymen. To this rule Shakespeare was no exception. Although his genius was not circumscribed by the narrow limits of his own country, still he could not help being influenced to a certain extent by the feelings of his time, and to this influence we may trace the existence of so many historical plays among the writings of the great poet.

England, during the poet's life, was just beginning to extend her fleets over every sea. Her people were carried away by their intense love for everything national. They bore this love with them into their amusements. The theatres were filled with subjects taken from the history of the nation, and we may hold, with some degree of probability, that it was to answer the demands of his time that Shakespeare wrote the historical plays which have come down to us.

Of these the one possessing the greatest interest for us at present is that of Richard III, which was produced by our students during the Christmas holidays. The facts upon which the drama is based are familiar to every student of English history. Edward IV., having driven Henry VI. from the throne, had reigned from 1461 to 1483, and at his death his eldest son was proclaimed king under the title of Edward V. But the young king did not reign long. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, constituted himself protector of Edward V. and, at length, by imprisoning and murdering the king and his brother, opened for himself the way to the throne.

Shakespeare, while he has not altered the general outline of the history, has, by the license given to poets, represented Margaret, who died in 1482, as alive in 1483, and has pictured Henry's funeral, the marriage of Richard to Lady Anne, and Clarence's imprisonment, as taking place about the same time, although there was a considerable period of time between each of them. This privilege, all critics allow him since it was absolutely necessary for bringing out Richard's character; but in other respects, namely, his delineation of Richard and the order of events, Shakespeare has adhered as closely to history as was possible or desirable.

The play itself must be conceded to fall below the greatest efforts of Shakespeare, such as Hamlet or Lear. This we may admit without being guilty of any cavilling spirit, or without implying any mediocrity in the drama; for Shakespeare's most faulty work is well worth studying. But when we say it falls below his great works, we mean that, in the judgment of all, it has not the absolute perfection which Shakespeare shows elsewhere; for in this effusion of his genius he seems to be only beginning to soar, and not as yet to have quite left behind the literary atmosphere of his contemporaries. The faults of the Elizabethan age in the matter of affected speech and passion are more prominent in Richard III. than in almost any other of his works. We can hardly imagine any woman, torn by grief like that of Anne, crying out as Shakespeare makes her do over the corpse of Henry VI., while Richard, Henry's murderer, stands near. And again, when Richard has awakened from his dream the night before his death, we feel that it is unnatural for anyone in his circumstances to cry out in alternate question and answer such as:

> "What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
> Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
> Is there a murderer here? No; Yes; etc."

A man before whom a guilty conscience had conjured such horrible dreams, would hardly, on waking, have tried to set his fears at rest by such formal reasoning, and, in truth, this stiffness and disagreement with what nature would suggest are a blemish in many speeches of the drama.

But these are only minor faults in the less mature work of genius, and it is not for us to join the ranks of those who, in their lack of sympathy with the poet, lose sight of his

beauties in carping at his trivial mistakes. We should remember, when considering these faults, that he who would criticise the works of genius must himself have appreciative genius, and that Shakespeare obeyed the same rules of growth in mind and body as the rest of mankind, only his intellectual growth was like that of the forest giant which, in time, rears its head far above its fellows.

Moreover, his masterly picture of the character of Richard III. would redeem any number of faults in the other parts of the drama. The wicked king stands out among the other characters like a lofty mountain in the midst of a softly undulating plain. By his very personality he seems to be cut off from those ties which bind man to man. In the other plays of Shakespeare one character depends upon the others, and is drawn out gradually by contact with them, but we feel that Richard depends on no one. He is like a creature that has come into the world independent of every one else, without any of the feelings of love and sympathy with which other natures are endowed. He is a being of will, intellect, and no heart. Nothing, be it never so fraught with pity to others, can awaken sympathy in him for that sorrow which "makes all men akin." Well is he made to describe his own character when, in Henry VI., he exclaims: —

> "I that have neither pity, love, nor fear;
> I have no brother, I am like no brother,
> And this word *love*, which gray-beards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me, *I am myself alone*."

And truly is he himself alone, for not only is he isolated in the drama of Richard III., but he forms a class by himself among the guilty heroes of Shakespeare. Iago, Macbeth, and all the rest of Shakespeare's masterpieces in guilt, when about to perform their wicked deeds, invent motives with which they may justify their purposes and strive by every means to lull the promptings of their consciences. But Richard, although he realizes the heinousness of his crimes, does not try to soothe the stings of outraged conscience by self-justification; he looks, rather, with bold effrontery in its face, and declares as in the opening soliloquy of the drama: —

> "I am determined to prove a villain."

He silences its remonstrances at his determination, by throttling it, as it were, and holds it at a distance from him by sheer force of will. To him, verily, does it seem that

> "Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
> Devised at first to keep the strong in awe."

What cares he for right? Might is right with him, "strong arms his conscience, swords his law." For him there can be no such consideration as right — evil is his innate characteristic, plotting evil his only pleasure. He is happy when his wicked designs prosper, and still unsatiated determines to go yet further into crime.

Unlike Macbeth, who is hurried on by the urging of his wife, and who commits crime only when influenced by her, Richard is constantly seeking new subjects for whom he may plan destruction. When he has put Clarence out of the way, he turns to his nephews, then to his wife, and his course of evil ends only with his death. Macbeth, however, after he has killed the king, shudders when he realizes that more crime must be committed if he would be safe. His will falters when he contemplates the awful consequences of his dreadful deeds. But Richard's will is iron; his intellect has only to determine a plan of procedure and immediately the will is in action to carry out the plan.

Never do we hear from Richard the groaning of spirit under which Macbeth labors. Once Richard has willed, he never relents. Even Lady Macbeth was moved to compassion when she looked upon the sleeping king, and declared that

> "Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done 't."

But Richard's heart was of stone and had no effect upon his will. His purpose stands unshaken and only heaven, itself, seems fit to overcome him.

We can feel some pity for Macbeth when he exclaims in his anguish

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

We consider that, after all, it is not so much his doing as that of his wife, and that he is not all wickedness; but in Richard there is nothing to excite pity. His spirit never trembles. Bold in the knowledge of his own unbending will and massive intellect as well as high station, he revels in his guilt when alone, and puts on the mask of hypocrisy only to further his plans. He delights in thinking how easily he overreaches all who come into his presence. So apparent is this self-assurance, that Coleridge declares pride of intellect to be the prevailing characteristic of Richard, whose greatest pleasure is to approach his unsuspecting victim, and spring on him like an assassin, — when least expected. For this purpose he dissembles his real feelings and determines "to look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." How different from Macbeth, who was overflowing with "the milk of human kindness," and "whose face was as a book where men might read strange matters," is Richard who could "smile and be a villain still!"

Nor is this all. Not content with being wholly depraved himself, he scoffs at, and derides those of nobler feelings than he possesses. He becomes sarcastic and gives free rein to his irony, that sure accompaniment of a low, ignoble mind. If he recalls the fact that a certain man is of high principles, he thinks not of admiring him for his uprightness, but considers how he may take advantage of them for his own evil ends. When he thinks of Edward as "true and just," he is

considering likewise, how much the more his arguments against Clarence will prevail with the king for those very qualities. He has no love for others, and so, instead of being touched by Clarence's affection and trust in him, the manifestation of those feelings on his brother's part only increases his satisfaction at outwitting the "simple, plain Clarence."

In short, he "is a monster in human shape," and as the eminent English critic Coleridge observes, "Shakespeare has here developed in a tone of sublime morality the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being." —*John T. McEleney, '97.*

HANDSHAKING IN DAVID COPPERFIELD.

As a ruddy cheek is the index of a healthy body, so the actions of a person indicate his character. In this little sketch, imperfect as it is, I shall try to show that the handshakings of the different persons in David Copperfield betray the hidden thoughts and feelings of their various characters.

The first instance which we notice, occurs when David shakes hands with Mr. Murdstone. He had met this gentleman once before, and had conceived a strong dislike for him.

When Mr. Murdstone was departing one day from Mrs. Copperfield's house, he asked Davy to shake hands with him. The boy's right hand was in his mother's left, so he gave the gentleman his left hand. His mother requested him to give Mr. Murdstone his right, but he would not. This illustrates the stubborness of character which Copperfield had as a boy and which is shown to a greater extent when Murdstone becomes his step-father.

Next comes Miss Murdstone. She shook hands with Copperfield, by giving him, on one occasion, "the tea-caddy scoop" instead of her fingers, and at another time her "cold, chilly finger-nails." She thus expresses by her actions her cold, chilly character. She had a very repelling air about her, and considered herself a model of "firmness," always carrying herself in a very precise way, and letting nothing disturb her in the least.

Mr. Dick is rather foolish. When he gets to like a person, he is so eager to demonstrate his friendship that he shakes hands over and over again, until he appears to be even more foolish than he really is. This excessive handshaking Miss Trotwood in her kindness desired to prevent, and she generally endeavored, when it occurred, to attract the attention of those present to something else.

In this study the most interesting hand which presents itself, is that of the forger and the thief, the cunning and avaricious clerk of Wickfield, Uriah Heep. Copperfield, coming home one night from school shook hands with him. "But oh, what a clammy hand was his! as ghostly to the touch as to the sight. I rubbed mine afterward, to warm it, and *to rub his off*. It was such an uncomfortable hand that when I went to bed it was still cold and wet upon my memory." Again he says his hand "felt like a fish in the dark;—I led him upstairs, and really his cold, damp hand felt so like a frog in mine that I was tempted to drop it and run away." At another time when Uriah had been severely rebuked by Miss Trotwood for the ghastly manner in which he writhed his body, he shook hands with Copperfield, not in the common way, but standing at a good distance and lifting David's hand up and down like a pump-handle of which Uriah was a little afraid. Do not his actions portray his character? The cold, damp hand shows his mean and sordid principles, his readiness to pilfer, forge, or do anything else that was necessary for his selfish ends; the squirmings of his body are typical of the many tricks he resorted to, in order to escape detection; and the manner in which he shook hands with Copperfield, in the presence of Miss Trotwood, whose money he had stolen, shows his fear of being caught or suspected.

Dr. Chilip is the mildest and meekest of little men. "On my telling him my name," says Copperfield, "he quite shook hands with me, which was a violent proceeding on his part, his usual course being to slide a tepid little fish-slice an inch or two in advance of his hip, and to evince the utmost discomposure when anybody grappled with it. Even now he put his hand in his coat pocket as soon as he could disengage it, and seemed relieved when he had got it safe back." To any one shaking hands with Chilip, this would make plain the timid, fearful nature which he possessed.

Mr. Peggotty has an opposite character. Frank, open, hearty, knowing no medium between sunny smiles and downright wrath, he shakes hands as though it was an exercise to benefit his muscles. Micawber always makes it a point to shake hands very genteely as becomes his pompous style and imposing personal appearance. Dr. Strong, when first introduced to Copperfield, gave him his hand, but David did not know what to do with it, as it did nothing for itself. However, when Copperfield had graduated from his school, the Doctor put out "his hand in overflowing cordiality, and called for a log to be thrown on the fire, that he might see his old pupil's face reddening in the blaze." Strong at first shook hands as one who thinks: "Oh well, I do not know whether you will be any use or not," but when afterward he knew his pupil's true worth, he was very well pleased to call him his friend.

Mrs. Steerforth, who has suffered greatly from the conduct of her son, hides her sufferings as though she felt them not. "I took," says David, "the hand she held out with a dignified and unbending air, and it was as calm in mine as if her breast had been at peace."

But I have said enough to bring out the great likeness existing between feeling and character on the one side, and such a common, simple action as shaking hands on the other. If, finally, anyone cares to have an hour or two of pleasure, let him closely study a book of his liking in some such way as this, and become familiar with some of its most interesting details. —*James McMorrow, First Rudiments B.*

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Press of the ANGEL GUARDIAN, 92 Ruggles St.

JANUARY, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

As soon as it became known in Boston that Alfred Austin was made laureate, there was a rush of gentle folk in search of his works. Most of them had never heard of him before, and to be completely ignorant on such a subject seemed unworthy both of themselves and their cultured city. Had they known that the choice was more a matter of politics than of literary merit, they would not have walked over one another in trying to gobble up the early worm. The public libraries were thronged with people hoping to catch even a glimpse of his volumes, that they might afterward be able to say with truth that they had seen his works. After a few days the new laureate was not to be had for love or money. Certainly not for love; and as for money, only the well-to-do could afford to run the risk of making a rash investment. For very soon the papers began to hint at plagiarism, cribbing, or literary pilfering of some kind. They first charged Sir Alfred to be with imitating Rev. William Allen of hymn-book fame, in the omission of the article. But on that charge he can easily be defended. Mr. Austin, being a classical scholar, may very well have omitted the definite article in imitation of the Latin, and the indefinite after the example of the Greek.

But the next charge is more serious. He is suspected of copying the peculiar excellences of a Long Island poet, named Bloodgood Cutter. If that be so, then justice requires that the literary world should give Cutter the preference in stocking their libraries; and what justice dictates in this matter national patriotism will ratify. On this point the *New York Sun* has the following letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The new Poet Laureate, in his evident aversion to the article, may not have cribbed from Rev. William Allen, but I think you will agree that the burden of proof is upon him to show that he is not guilty of the offence so far as concerns the sweet singer of Little Neck, L. I., Bloodgood Cutter. A few years ago Mr. Cutter made a trip abroad, and, as wherever he goes, he leaves a wake of verses astern, it is more than probable that much of his poetry fell into the hands of the English press. This would undoubtedly account for Mr. Austin's peculiarity of style. None of his poems had been published before Mr. Cutter's tour abroad, because nobody ever heard of Mr. Austin until this week, when the *Sun* brought him to notice. Therefore, it is only fair to quote from Mr. Cutter's writings, that the world may know the wickedness of Mr. Austin's attempt to climb Parnassus on another's shoulders. These passages occur in an ode written in honor of the last fair at Mineola;

Thursday is great gala day.
Long Island ladies will display.

The carriage going without horse
Seems great wonder on the course.

So nice around the track did go
And very pleasing it did show.

From a recent Christmas poem are these lines:

Country ladies great sights see
When they select for Christmas tree.

When Christmas time rolls round each year
Does very much our spirits cheer.

The wise men from land afar
Were led to Bethlehem by star.

JUSTICE.

BROOKLYN, JAN. 5.

However, let us mark time and wait: there is new inspiration coming. The policy of England in Venezuela and Africa and her prompt assistance to the suffering Christians of Armenia, may inspire the new laureate with something worthy of the government which created him. In the meantime the works he has already written may be read without any detriment to morals or politics. The papers tell us they are innocuous; they may not do you any good, but they will not do you any harm. If that be a profitable way of spending time, then read Mr. Austin from cover to cover. We are glad, however, that the honor was not conferred on greater geniuses of less morality.

Only a few days ago I said, that new inspiration was coming; and lo! here it is, much sooner than we expected. Poets no doubt are born not made, but it takes an office to bring them out. The following clipping is taken from the *New York Sun* of January 12;—

It is impossible to overlook, even in this hour of crisis, the crowning disgrace inflicted on this long-suffering country to-day, by its official versifier. The Poet Laureate's effort in the *Times*, entitled "Jameson's Ride," has broken the spirit of all Englishmen, who have seen it, and if Parliament were in session might easily have caused a vote of no confidence in the Government which appointed this successor of Tennyson. Here are three stanzas:

Wrong! Is it wrong? Well may be;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a burgher's baby
To be scared by a scolding name?
They may argue and prate and order;
Go tell them to save their breath,
Then over the Transvaal border,
And gallop for life or death.

Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,
And sweeter the cannon's roar,
But 'tis bitterly hard to battle
Beleaguered, and one to four.
I can tell you it wasn't a trifle
To swarm over Krügersdorp glen,
As they plied us with round and rifle,
And ploughed us again and again.

I suppose we were wrong — were madmen;
Still I think at the judgment day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand.

First Rudiments B. presented Rev. Father Rector, at Christmas, with a handsome volume of the best compositions, written as class exercises since the beginning of the present scholastic year. Father Rector was very much pleased with the gift and he had reason to be. Some of these compositions would do credit to students even in the higher classes. If First Rudiments B. continues its present rate of development, there is a bright future in store for the *Stylus*. The volume is prefaced by the following letter.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER RECTOR:

As it is your express wish that your pupils should give special attention to the study of English, we, the class of First Rudiments B, assisted by our Professor, Mr. Donnelly, have been trying to carry out your wishes. For this end we have analyzed the following selections from Connolly's Reader: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill, by Pierpont; The Songs of the Angels, by Father Faber; The Psalm of Life, by Longfellow; and The Return of Columbus, by Prescott. We have also analyzed, and written imitation exercises upon these subjects from the same book: The Planting of Maryland, by Bancroft; and the Egyptian Sphinx, by Stanley. Some of the compositions which have been written weekly up to the time of repetition, were upon the following subjects: Seen from the Window of a Railroad Car; A Visit to a Graveyard; The Autobiography of a Brook; The Uses of the Hands and the Ears; When I was Three Inches Tall; A Night in a Church; and The Story of a Chestnut. From these the following have been selected as specimens, and we present them to your Reverence as an evidence of our efforts, hoping you will cast a favorable eye upon their humble merits.

— *Henry McLaughlin,*
First Rudiments B.

If a college paper fosters a taste for English writing, it must be esteemed accordingly; and whatever helps to support a college journal, must be valued as means to an end. Now, without our advertisers our paper could not support itself, and hence it should soon cease to exist. Justice, then, as well as gratitude require that we make our advertisers some return; we should patronize them in preference to others whose wares are not a whit better, and to whom we are in no way indebted. Our advertisers, while they solicit patronage, are not asking a mere favor; they guarantee to give us the full value of our money. See if they be as good as their word; and if they are not, then you are justified in going elsewhere. May you not go farther and fare worse.

— *Charles J. Martell, '96.*

EVOLUTION OF A DENTIST.

When only a babe at the bottle,
I started my *pulling* career;
My dolly I took by the throttle
And pulled off its head from the rear.

The curls of my little brother
I oftentimes pulled in a pet;
And then pulled away from my mother —
I see her a-spanking me yet.

In spite of my aptness in pulling,
I never could pull through in school;
I'd rather go fishing or sculling
And pull in a perch on my spool.

I next became a conductor
And pulled an old bell-rope for years;
And then I evolved to a sexton
And pulled in the parish for prayers.

I ran for the office of Alderman
And won — but I pulled a few wires;
There wasn't a man in the district
That had such a pull as Fritz Meyers.

And now I've evolved to a dentist,
And reached my perfection, they say;
I stick in my pincers at random
And pull out both molars and pay.

I'm dangling a shingle in Texas
That pulls people in from the plains; —
FRITZ MEYERS, AN ELEGANT DENTIST,
EXTRACTS ALL YOUR TEETH WITH GREAT PAINS.

— *Daniel J. Collins, '98.*

A TRIOLET.

"So Ed. from overwork is dead?
The lazy lad was far advanced?"
"Upon his books he kept his head,
So Ed. from overwork is dead.
His sight was weak and hence, he said,
He never knew when Teacher glanced.
So Ed. from overwork is dead.
The lazy lad is far advanced."

— *G. F. C., '98.*

FRANCIS SCHLATTER.

According to the best authority, Francis Schlatter was born about forty years ago, in Alsace-Lorraine, Germany. With the exception that he was a shoemaker, little is known of his history up to the year 1890. It was in that year he settled at Jamesport, Long Island, as a fireman on a fishing steamer. Soon afterward, however, he grew tired of his new occupation and returned to his old love, making shoes. He was regarded, during his stay in that town, as an honest, hard-working man, but a trifle eccentric on some things. It is related that many of his nights, while at Jamesport, were spent in the perusal of books of some unknown nature. The Republican Party found in him, until the year 1892, a staunch supporter; in that year, however, he upheld the platform of the Socialistic Labor Party. It was also well known, at Jamesport, that Schlatter dabbled in stocks. It was reported at one time that he possessed a considerable number of shares in a silver mining concern. However true this may be, it was his avowed intention to investigate the mine, when he left Jamesport. Soon after his departure a report came from the west telling of the failure of that concern. By many people this is regarded as a solution for his present condition. They consider him mentally deranged on account of his loss in that failure.

Schlatter is described in the *South West Illustrated Magazine* as "A man of large stature and magnificent physique. Long, nut-brown hair, parted in the middle and combed smoothly, falls with graceful sweep over his broad shoulders. A brown moustache droops to a brown beard, untrimmed, yet not unkempt, hiding the chin, but revealing a strongly cut mouth and showing, where the beard and moustache meet, those hairless spots which mark the perfec Jewish facial adornment. Bushy eyebrows, and long, sweeping lashes shaded eyes of greyish-blue, clear, deep, kindly in expression yet, capable, as time revealed, of flashing fire that made men quail before him."

He is never tired of telling how he found his mission It seems that, while he was living at Long Island, he had a vision. In this state he heard a voice commanding him to write a letter to a person afflicted with paralysis. He did not fulfil the command, and soon after a second vision came to him. This time the voice rebuked him, and then ordered him to obey immediately his previous command. Schlatter did as bidden this time, and in a few days received a reply announcing complete restoration to health. "Then it was the light dawned on me," he goes on to say. "Night after night, that voice was heard bidding me follow. I did so and continued to follow until I have arrived in the west. Here seems to be my mission ground." Schlatter, in all his cures, uses no medium of any kind; all are performed by either shaking hands with the patients, or else by laying his hands on the afflicted member of the body. Another way, however, is sometimes employed, viz.:—that of blessing a handkerchief and telling the patient to apply it to the afflicted part.

Marvellous and interesting in the extreme are the tales that come from the west, telling of his cures. Such diseases as consumption, cancer and many previously held incurable are cured by this man. Many a blind man recovers his sight, many a lame one is made whole, the deaf hear, and all is accomplished by the simple imposition of Schlatter's hands. I would like very much to give a detailed account of all his wonderful cures, but time and space will not permit. I must therefore content myself by simply mentioning one or two.

It seems there lived in Denver a newspaper reporter who had been suffering with consumption for many years. During the last eight years, life was almost unendurable. It was impossible for him to obtain rest at night, his sleep being broken continually by coughing spells. Every remedy he could possibly obtain was tried, but to no avail. He was completely discouraged. A friend, however, had heard of Schlatter's wonderful work and prevailed on the reporter to see the "healer." He did so, and obtained a "blessed handkerchief" from him, with instruction to place it on his chest every night. The directions were followed out to the very letter, and that night the patient experienced no fits of coughing, but rose greatly refreshed. "This improvement has now continued for seven nights," writes the correspondent of the *New York Sun*.

Another, and perhaps more powerful cure, is that of an invalid lady who lived two years in Denver. She was the daughter of a Vermont physician and, although she had obtained the very best medical assistance, it was in vain. She daily grew weaker and weaker. No solid food would remain on her stomach, indeed she could scarcely taste any without great distress. Her eyesight began to fail on account of her weakness, as did also her limbs. She was in short a helpless invalid. Schlatter's glory was at its zenith here at this time, and the invalid was induced to see him. A carriage was obtained, and she was driven to the Fox residence where Schlatter was stopping. On the way to their destination, they were compelled to travel over an asphalt road, and also one paved with cobble stones. While on the first she experienced scarcely any pain, but as soon as they came to the second she suffered intensely, and in fact, when they reached the Fox residence she was completely exhausted. The "healer" saw her from his post at the fence, and hastened to the carriage. Immediately he took her hand, held it for a few moments, and then with an exclamation of "Thank the Father" dropped it and retired as quickly as he came. "All seemed dark to me," said the lady in telling her story to the reporter, "until we reached the house. When, however, that man grasped my hand, I felt something strange was happening, I felt suddenly a few sharp pains in my right side at a place where I had never felt any pain before. It seemed all to culminate there, and at that point appeared to

leave my body." According to latest reports she is still recovering. She can now move around without any help, can eat as heartily as she ever did, and see as well as she did previous to her sickness.

It is, as I have said before, interesting in the extreme to read these so-called cures; but it all reduces to two questions: Does this man really heal? Is he a holy man? In regard to the first question, I will quote from two New York Papers. The *Sun's* correspondent has: "The words of the patients must be taken for what they are worth. Those in pain have secured some relief, but whether this relief is permanent, time alone can tell." The other paper has: "It has been very difficult to verify the cures reported." This shows how much faith is put in them by men, whose duty it was to investigate the matter. Although relief has been obtained in some cases, might not this be obtained through some magnetic power, which this man has in his hands, or even by the imagination of the patients themselves? Indeed, many cures are wrought at the present time by means of magnetism, while those obtained through imagination are of no small number. In short, we have no authentic authority at all on which we can rely that the cures are genuine.

Now to this second question. Is he a holy man? Consider his past life, Catholic reader, and answer this question yourself. "I am a Catholic," says the "healer." Yet we find his actions belie his words. He attends a Catholic church on one Sunday, on the next goes to a Methodist, on the following to a Congregational, while very often he fails to attend any church whatever. In no place do we hear of his preaching any doctrine, except Faith in the Father. It is well to have a good sound faith, but we must also remember Faith without good works is not sufficient for salvation. We fail also to find any reference made to his attendance to those duties which as a Catholic he is bound to perform. His excessive meals after fasting show him to be very human indeed. —*Benjamin F. Teeling, '98.*

HAIL TO THE KING!

Hail to the King!
The Saviour of man is born.
The glorious angels sing
Hail to the King!
In the air doth ring
On this blessed morn
Hail to the King!
The Saviour of man is born.

—*John B. Lynch.*

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"This is Levi's birthday, Abel,
What's your gift for little Dolly?"
"Wash the window, dearest Mabel,
And let him see the trolley."

—*D. J. C, '98.*

DOMI.

Hail '96! Happy New Year!

The new physical laboratory will soon be completed.

The marvellous mechanism of the eye at present rivets the astonishment of the Class of Physiological Psychology.

Rev. Fr. Doonan, S. J., Professor of Philosophy, gave the first of a series of ten lectures on Ethics, on Tuesday, January 7th.

Professor: "What is momentum?"

Student: "Momentum is the rate of mass-displacement."

Professor: "For example?"

Student: "Suppose I take a railroad-train" —

Professor: "I guess you will have your hands full."

"Viscosity is that property by which cold molasses can flow."

Rev. Fr. Barnum, S. J., gave a second lecture to the students of the college in the College Hall, Thursday, January 9th. Like the previous lecture it was exceedingly interesting and witty. Father Barnum touched particularly upon the peculiarities of the Alaskan language.

According to Hume's doctrine of invariable sequence two should always come after one. Although this is not a correct definition of cause and effect, yet it may be verified especially during this year; since the advent of two after one is the invariable sequence of leap-year, when special privileges are readily enjoyed.

The two reporters whom the senior class happily possesses are the objects of daily attention. All the potential energy which they have by virtue of their positions (on their respective staffs), undergoes a continual strain in their endeavor to obtain notes. Were one able to fathom the depths of their minds or to subject the cortices of their cerebra (O Physiological Psychology, thy sweet names haunt me still!) to the keen blade of the dissecting knife, he would find ample information regarding college affairs. Hail! jolly, energetic representatives of a craft similar to our own, — Sympathy, with all its sighs, goes out to you! Patience bereft of heavy cares attend you!

A change (mirabile dictu!) came over many of the students during the first few days of this second term. Themes with all their attendant cares engrossed their attention. Looks hitherto somewhat of a blank, due to negligence in study, assumed a more intelligent aspect. A potency of life infused itself into many that was calculated to subdue all adversaries in the shape of Alcaies, Distictes, and Greek and Latin themes. A certain cold and formal air seemed to possess all—even the atmosphere took on a frigidity that caused the warmest workers to shiver, and that registered itself about twenty degrees below zero. Such sympathy, heretofore unheard of, surely deserves to be chronicled in the Domi column, with its solemn tread. —*James P. Warren, '96.*

ALUMNI.

SINCE the publication of our last number the Christmas ordinations have taken place, bringing joy to many young hearts destined henceforth to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Among those who received orders for this Archdiocese there were, as usual, many who made their preparatory studies at Boston College. On Friday, December 20, Archbishop Williams conferred Holy Orders upon the following in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross: priesthood, Revs. Joseph F. Coppinger, Charles J. Galligan, John F. Kelleher, William J. McCarthy, Albert M. Readdy, Charles A. Ullrich and William B. Whalen of the class of '91; deaconship, Revs. Daniel J. Carney, Timothy A. Curtin, Michael C. Gilbride, Charles P. Heaney and Mark E. Madden of the class of '92. Two days previous the four minor orders were conferred at the Seminary on Messrs. Timothy J. Woods, '92, James. F. Kelley, Austin D. Malley, Edward F. McLeod, William G. Mullin, William H. O'Connell and John J. Cronin of the class of '93; and on the same day His Grace admitted to the first clerical tonsure Messrs. John J. Flood, Peter J. Foley, Francis H. Houston, and David F. Regan of the class of '94, and George A. Reardon a former member of this class.

After a short vacation the newly ordained priests were assigned to the following parishes: Rev. Joseph F. Coppinger, St. Joseph's Church, West End; Rev. Charles J. Galligan, St. Bernard's Church, West Newton; Rev. John F. Kelleher, St. Patrick's Church, Watertown; Rev. William J. McCarthy, Church of the Sacred Heart, West Lynn; Rev. Albert M. Readdy, St. Augustine's Church, South Boston; Rev. Charles A. Ullrich, St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, and Rev. Wm. B. Whalen, Church of St. Peter and Paul, South Boston.

Several of the older graduates in the ranks of the clergy of this Archdiocese were transferred to other fields of labor at the beginning of the new year. Rev. John M. Donovan, '77, for many years a curate at St. Francis de Sales' Church, Charlestown, has been put in charge of a parish at Ipswich, and his place has been taken by Rev. Thomas F. McCarthy, '89, formerly of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton. Rev. Edward J. Fegan, '82, is now stationed in Natick, and Rev. James P. McGuigan, '85, will assist in administering the new All Saints' Parish in Roxbury. Rev. James J. Murphy, '89, has been transferred from St. Ann's Church, Gloucester, to his native town, Peabody, and Rev. Denis P. Crimmins of the same class has gone from Somerville, to to the Church of the Rosary in South Boston.

After eighteen years of faithful and intelligent service, thirteen of which were spent at the head of the department, Edward A. McLaughlin, '72, was denied a re-election to the clerkship of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, for no other reason than that he is a Catholic. The members of that un-American organization, which for several years past, has wielded a potent influence for bad in the politics of this country, swore some time ago, that they would have his head, but few believed that the members of so intelligent a body as the Massachusetts House of Representatives, would yield to such influences. An appeal was made to the partisan spirit of the Republican members, however, and, through the instrumentality of the caucus, he was defeated for re-election, although a majority of the house were favorable to him. His successor, as if to make more plain the cause of the defeat, immediately chose as his assistant, in place of Thomas J. Hurley, '85, a gentleman who has been prominently identified with the mouthpiece of the proscriptive society, to whose dark-lantern methods he owed his advancement. Scarcely had the smoke of battle passed away, when the members of the House, who had not the courage of their convictions, realized that a mistake had been made, for with few exceptions the press of the city condemned their actions in the severest terms. The Republicans have already begun to reap their harvest, because the Democrats of this city, no longer holding as of any account, faithful and long service, have removed several Republicans, who seemed to have a life tenure of the offices which they held. While deeply regretting the unfortunate occurrence, we believe, as do many of Ned's friends, that he will soon find himself more fortunately situated, because such intelligent and faithful attention to duty, as he has shown, cannot go long unrewarded.

Rev. William H. O'Connell, '81, sailed for Europe on the 8th inst., and must already have arrived on the scene of his future labors as Rector of the American College at Rome. During the two weeks previous to his departure Father O'Connell was the recipient of many marks of esteem from both clergy and laity, but we are sure that none brought him greater pleasure than the reception given in his honor by Dr. William G. Macdonald, '77, at the latter's home on Shawmut Ave. It was strictly an alumni affair, and one of the most delightful gatherings of its kind. Besides some one hundred graduates, Very Rev. William O'B. Pardow, the Jesuit Provincial, Rev. Timothy Brosnahan and Rev. Edward V. Boursand were present. The formal exercises were of short duration, and after all had been introduced to one another a very jovial spirit took possession of the entire assemblage. Refreshments were served about 10.30, and the remainder of the evening until midnight was devoted to song and story, during which time many pleasant memories of bygone days were recalled.

On Sunday, December 29, two very successful concerts were given in the Boston Theatre for the benefit of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, of which Rev. John F. Cummins, '72, is Pastor. One of the features of these entertainments was the playing of "The Barbecue March," a new composition dedicated to Father Cummins by the composer, Mr. Lawrence B. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor and his two brothers will be remembered by their contemporaries at the college for the remarkable musical talent which they displayed when they were boys.

Rev. P. H. Callanan, '77, who was one of the first of the graduates to be honored with a parish, observed the fifteenth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on December 18. His parishioners gave him a testimonial that was noteworthy because of the large number of prominent non-Catholic gentlemen who came to pay their respects to the youthful and energetic Pastor of St. John's Church, Newton Lower Falls.

Mrs. Catherine Merritt, the mother of Rev. Nathaniel J. Merritt, '80, died at her home on Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury, just before Christmas, and was buried with the full rites of the Church. A large number of friends attended the solemn exercises over her remains as a token of respect to the memory of one of the kindest and most exemplary women in the community.

Philip J. Farley, '84, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of bowling in this State. He is interested in the Les Misérables Club of Lowell, one of the leading teams of the Massachusetts Amateur Bowling League.

Charles I. Quirk, '91, has been chosen chairman of the caucus by the democratic members of the House of Representatives, which carries with it leadership of the party forces on the floor. Charlie is serving his second term in the legislature.

—*John D. Drum, '90.*

THE LITTLE GUARD.

Dear little Sanctuary light,
Guard well thy care;
Keep His home always bright,
Dear little Sanctuary light,
All through the lonely night
Comfort Him there.
Dear little Sanctuary light,
Guard well thy care.

—*Richard H. Splaine, '98.*

MARY THE VIRGIN.

Like a lily white
Is the Holy Maid:
Pure as morning light,
Like a lily white,
Lovely to the sight
In simple robe arrayed.
Like a lily white
Is the Holy Maid.

—*James W. O'Hara, '98.*

WANTED.

A YOUNG physician, who would devote his life to the Alaskan Mission. If that be too much to expect, then Father Barnum would gladly make arrangements for a doctor, young or old, who has no patients and plenty of patience. He can have a few years of valuable practice, for a mere song.

CLASS NOTES.

CLASS OF '96. The annual banquet was held this year at the Parker House. As this was to be the last class-banquet of '96, no pains were spared to outdo all previous gatherings. The different committees did their work well, and the result of their labors speaks for them.

There has been a slight change in the order of time in class.

Another moustache is beginning to assert itself, a handsome jet-black one too.

The study of ethics has been begun.

CLASS OF '97. As in former years, the class gathered around the festive board at the Thorndike for the annual banquet. Despite the fact that but one of our invited guests could be present, we passed another enjoyable evening together. The toasts were responded to by P. S. Cuniff on College Spirit, M. J. Carey on Dramatics, and J. H. Devlin on College Journalism. The President's address was delivered by John T. McEleney, John C. Sweeney composed and read the class poem, Edward J. Kenney gave the Class History and William F. Lyons prophesied as to our future careers. The orator of the evening, M. John Splaine, spoke on The College Student Militant. Albert C. Mullin delivered a witty speech. Piano Selections were rendered by H. M. Brock and L. F. O'Neil. Vocal music was afforded by Chas. T. O'Brien, Joseph F. Collins, and Jos P. Walsh. Jos. Walsh and Henry Grainger, on the banjo and guitar respectively, gave us pleasing darkey melodies. Hugh McDermod made an efficient toast-master.

The next business to come before the class is concerning the class pin.

The class barber must have gone on a strike.

CLASS OF '98. The Castle Square Hotel was chosen by '98 for its annual spread. Jas. T. McCormick acted as toast-master. Francis Carney spoke on Football; Chas J. McGuire, on the Faculty; David G. Supple, on the Class of '98; Ben. F. Teeling, on the Fulton Debating Society; J. H. Cleary, on The Student's Paradise; Timothy P. Sweeney, on *Alma Mater*; Richard H. Splaine, on Our Professor; and George F. Colpoys on Chemistry. Mr. Daniel J. Quinn, S. J., the guest of the evening, held the strictest attention of the class while he urged, in a felicitous address, the necessity of taking advantage of present opportunities. His address was followed by song and instrumental music together with more speeches. John P. Sheehan was the Class Historian; George McLaughlin, Class Poet; and Wm. J. Farrel, Class Prophet.

John A. Brewin, our plucky foot-ball captain who was injured on Thanksgiving Day, has returned to College.

CLASS OF '99. *Freshman Public Academy.* The illustrated public reading of Sir Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake, given under the auspices of the Freshman Literary Academy, was rendered before a large and appreciative audience in the

College Hall on the evening of December 15. "The merit of the performance," says one of the daily papers, "would have done credit to professionals." The entertainment was embellished by the music of the harp, the only instrument mentioned in the poem. The performer was Sig. Fabiani, a celebrated artist, who contributed several pleasing numbers as interludes. He also acted as accompanist for Arthur J. Bertrand, baritone, who rendered The Song of Allan Bane, and the Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, as well as for Paul O'Connor, soprano, who gave two solos, The Soldier's Rest and Ellen's Hymn to the Virgin. The Salutatory was delivered by Edwin P. Does. Eugene J. Feeley read a critical review of the poem, and Joseph P. Cady, a character sketch of Ellen, the Lady of the Lake. The prologue was rendered by James E. Bonner; the first canto by James M. Kilroy and Joseph P. Green; the second and third by James A. Murray; the fourth and fifth by Nicholas S. Lawless, and the sixth by John B. Doyle.

The stereopticon views of the Scottish scenery were among the best ever seen in the College Hall, and represented, in a most beautiful manner, the scenes described in the poem.

The annual class banquet and reunion was held in the music-room on December 23. On this occasion the class presented their professor, Mr. A. J. Duarte, S. J. with a serviceable travelling bag. The presentation was made by Edwin P. Does. Mr. Duarte was taken completely by surprise, but thanked the class in a most hearty manner. Musical numbers were contributed by John J. McAllister, Frank H. Doyle, Joseph P. Cady, Edward P. Farrell, Joseph L. Powers, Arthur J. Bertrand, and Michael J. Driscoll. The Class Memories were chronicled by James A. Murray; and James H. Kenney, assisted by the illustrations of Joseph L. Powers, essayed to tell the future of the members of '99. Readings were given by Nicholas S. Lawless, Charles A. O'Brien and Edward J. O'Neill. Richard S. Teeling read an original Christmas Story, and Joseph P. Loughry the class poem. Joseph R. Williams was toast-master and called upon the following for toasts: Eugene J. Feeley, Joseph J. O'Brien, William C. Creed, Nicholas S. Lawless, and Edward J. Gavin. The following former members of the class were also called upon: Francis J. Conlin responded to the toast "Our Invited Guests;" James B. Duffy, "Fordham College;" John F. Shields, "Holy Cross College." Charles S. O'Connor delivered the epilogue and the evening festivities ended with a Grand Finale by the class.

The class is taking active interest in Athletics and will make a grand struggle to retain the cup now in their possession, emblematic of the indoor championship. Manager James A. Murray is actively engaged in booking dates for the ball season. Games will be arranged with the academies in this section and with Holy Cross Freshmen. There is excellent material in the class for a good team, and the Freshmen will have a championship nine if work and enthusiasm count for anything.

John B. Doyle has returned to class after a short illness. John Prendergast is yet among the absent; though recovering slowly, he will hardly be back before the second term. Francis J. Conlin is expected to rejoin the class in February.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Duffy, some of the members of the class spent an enjoyable time with the Duffy boys before their return to Fordham. They left for New York on January 6th.

Second Grammar A think they were treated rather coldly the past week.

The Second Grammar B boys report a happy vacation. However, that is all they do report.

Third Grammar B. Jas. Hartigan is back again after a short illness. Hugh McGrath is busily engaged in trying to feel at home in his new "long 'uns." Chas. Finn's rendition of The Sprig of Green in Junior Elocution, has called forth well merited approbation from all sides.

Fr. Rache, S. J., wears a nice new biretta, the gift of his class, First Rudiments A.

Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Doherty were present at a specimen given by Second Rudiments last month. Fr. Rector expressed his pleasure on account of the progress and facility the boys show in turning Latin into English and English into Latin.

— *Jas. H. Devlin, '97.*

A FEMALE GRIEVANCE.

The mannish Miss Strider in bloomers,
Is as bad as she possibly can;
To women in skirts on the sidewalk
She raises her hat like a man.

— *T. P. S.*

QUICK WORK.

A little rat
In terror sat:
A crouching cat
Eyes little rat.

A spring — the rat
Within the cat
In terror sat.
Poor little rat!

— *G. A. McL.*

In about a month Cobb, Aldrich & Co. will put a Boston College brand of cigars in the market. We should advise those whose monthly reports are about as low as the temperature of Alaska to see that the Head Domestic Examiner of these reports be provided with a box. Through the poetic haze and humanizing aroma figures, that to the critical paternal eye may seem below contempt, will loom to satisfactory proportions. The Alumni too should indulge, especially while reading the Domi column. A good smoke gives piquancy to a bad joke.

EXCHANGES.

The November number of the *Tiltonian* opens its pages with a prize oration which bears the significant title, "How far should we countenance the Roman Catholic?"

Now it is not our custom to encourage religious controversy in our columns, because we feel that in most cases it is so much "sweetness wasted on the desert air." Whether from malice or from ignorance, the person at whom the reply is directed generally seeks refuge in those time-worn slanders which have been repeatedly refuted, and no array of facts or exposé of the fallacy of his arguments can force him into a retraction of his statements.

The article in question is a strange mixture of fact and fiction. It has no merit either from a literary or from an argumentative point of view. The writer's logic is bad, his knowledge of the government of the Church, as well as its position on the school question in America is a minus quantity. Occasionally an historical truth is thrown in, just to give to the composition the semblance of truth. But that which stings most is the patronizing, condescending style which the author affects. We should expect such treatment from demagogues and pulpit politicians of the "dark-cellar" fraternity, but when a leading Protestant institution of learning lends its sanction to such malicious assertions — for there is no attempt at proof — it is high time to ask ourselves, "Is there question of *countenancing* Roman Catholics to-day in the land which the Catholic Columbus gave to the world, for which Catholic missioners, paving the way for civilization, laid down their lives?" Here in these United States founded upon the broad principle of liberty of conscience to all, first promulgated by the Catholic colony of Maryland — in this glorious Republic which the Catholic citizen and the Catholic soldier did so much to establish and preserve, are we to exist only by the indulgence of a few arrogant individuals — self-constituted guardians of the Republic — who presume to take to themselves all the patriotism which exists in the land? History tells us that long before the English settled at Jamestown the Catholics had established St. Augustine, the earliest European settlement in America. And when to-day our prize orator puts himself at the pains of finding out just how far we should be tolerated here, we fling back the taunt, and we say to him, "We have no apology to offer for our presence in the United States; we were here before you, and we do not propose to vacate at the bidding of any importation from the Queen's dominions, who comes in the rôle of a deliverer to 'protect' the country from its staunchest friends."

We make an humble obeisance to our friend for his condescension in preferring the Catholic to the pagan religion, and likewise for his graciousness in admitting us within the pale of Christian Churches. His knowledge of history seems rather faulty, for if we remember rightly Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the only one of that name who signed the Declaration of Independence.

And then a strange thing occurs. After disproving the charge that Catholics are disloyal to the government, and citing numerous examples in which Catholics have been faithful to important trusts under the government, he makes this startling statement with the utmost nonchalance: "It is true that the Church entered into the campaigns of '88 and '92 as a political body to defeat the election of General Harrison . . ." It never occurred to our friend to offer anything like proof to substantiate such a sweeping statement, and we are under the painful necessity of branding it as unqualifiedly false.

The writer's inconsistency is again displayed a few sentences further on when he takes occasion to remark that, "In countries which are overwhelmingly Catholic the Pope does not exercise even a shadow of sovereignty."

The school question is next dragged in and the writer shows his ignorance of the facts when he inveighs against the inefficiency of the parochial schools. So far from being inferior to the public schools, representatives of the former have repeatedly distanced public school scholars in contest for position, right in the diocese of New York of which he speaks.

From all this, then, the orator draws the conclusion that, "the Church, as an organization, should be opposed only so far as it attempts to cultivate European ideas on American free soil," and that it should be countenanced "just as far as its principles conform to our American institutions." Stuff!

We have had ample cause of late to test the loyalty and patriotism of Catholic and Protestant alike. And while the Catholic clergy and laity almost to a man, commended the firm stand taken by the President in the dispute with Great Britain, and made liberal offers of support in case of war, while the patriots who have been protecting the country for years against unseen enemies become afflicted with strange terror in the presence of a real one, and to their shame be it said, men calling themselves Christian Ministers, have used their pulpits to denounce the president for his manly, patriotic course while they clamor for peace at any price.

We advise our friend not to throw himself again into the field of religious controversy until he finds himself better equipped for the struggle.

Most of the December exchanges come to us with jingling Christmas verse and bright Christmas stories. All seem to be thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the festival. The stories especially, are, in many cases, of more than ordinary merit.

The *Dial*, for January has a most attractive appearance in its immaculate cover. Its contents, too, are in keeping with its outward appearance. The poem, "Knocking," by "Jingo," is high-class, even for a journal of the *Dial's* reputation.

One of the best features of the *Purple* is its editorial column, to which various members of the staff contribute. The topics treated are always live and interesting ones, and there is a depth of thought in them that is rarely found in

college journals. With one of the editors in the December issue we join in expressing our appreciation of the sentiment contained in the words of "America." We do not know, however, that it has ever been officially adopted as the national hymn. In fact we rather think that a very respectable majority of Americans would object to its adoption as the national hymn while it is sung to the tune of "God save the Queen." To our mind the American national song has yet to be written. Meantime, the claims of the "Star Spangled Banner" are at least as worthy of consideration as are those of "America."

Donahoe's Magazine for January appears in a new dress, and, as usual with this bright publication, is on a level with the best of our American monthlies. In its opening pages the timely question, "Should Cleveland Have a Third Term?" is very intelligently discussed by Ex-Congressman Michael D. Harter. Our own alumnus, Mr. Julian E. Johnstone, whose poetic abilities are well known to STYLUS readers, contributes a delightful poem entitled "Sea Longings." The different articles are well illustrated and there is an air of refinement about the whole number that is truly refreshing. Not the least attractive feature of *Donahoe's* is the vigor and timeliness of its editorial columns.

The *Georgetown College Journal* does not come up to our expectations of what the Georgetown boys can do. Of course there is much to commend in the Journal, but we expect more from Georgetown than we do from most of our other colleges. Can it be that the students are not taking the interest they should in their college publication?

The *St. Mary's Chimes* begins the new year with a number that gives much promise for the future of the *Chimes*. Eliza Allen Starr is the subject of an article which gives us a brief resumé of her life and principal works.

"Swallow-Flights of Song" is the title of an interesting review of Fr. Tabb's latest volume of poems. Apropos of Fr. Tabb's poems we would remind the Ex-man on the *De La Salle* that Fr. Tabb does not claim the credit of the triolet in our November number beginning

"A little hare
Will cover ground," etc.

—*Patrick S. Cunniff, '97.*

Rejoice, and men will seek you:
Grieve, and they turn and go:
They want full measure of all your pleasure
But they do not need your woe.

—*Ex.*

WE regret that want of space compels us to omit, for the present, the interesting notes of James T. McCormick on Athletics. We trust the omission will not cast a damper on the interest lately shown by the students in this department of college life.

SOCIETIES.

THE third preliminary debate of the Fulton Debating Society was held on Friday, December 20, 1895, when the question, "Resolved, that a Monarchical is better than a Republican form of government," was debated on the affirmative by William J. Campbell, '96, and David G. Supple, '98, and on the negative by Henry M. Brock, '97, and Benjamin F. Teeling, '98. The house voted the merits of the question to the negative, the merits of the debate to the affirmative. The critic was Arthur M. Farrell, '97.

On Friday, December 13, the question, "Resolved, that Massachusetts should adopt biennial elections," was debated on the affirmative by Richard J. Lane, '97, and Leo F. O'Neil, '97, and on the negative by Francis Cronin, '96, and John T. McEleney, '97. The merits of both question and debate were voted to the negative.

Meetings of the society have been suspended during the examinations, and on December 20, the society adjourned until the first Friday in February, when the semi-annual elections will take place.

The Junior Debating Society has also suspended its meetings until the second term.

Up to the present, no mention has been made in this column of the Angelica Club, a social organization composed of several members from the class of philosophy, with honorary members from the class of '95, and former members of '96.

The society editor has enjoyed the hospitality of the club on more than one occasion, and although the notices of the meetings have failed to appear, the omission has been unintentional, and in order that it may not occur again, he extends a cordial invitation to the members, to honor him by becoming associate editors of this column.

—*H. J. Mahoney, '96.*

A BAD CIGAR.

With a bad cigar
In his mouth,
He took a car;
With a bad cigar
He rode not far
They threw him out
With a bad cigar
In his mouth.

—*F. C.*

THE CLASS OF 1900.

Shall we call it "naughty naught?"
Will that abbreviation do?
"Naughty ones," what have you thought?
Shall we call it "naughty naught?"
You, next year, will you be brought
To hold yourself as "naughty too?"
Shall we call it naughty naught?"
Will that abbreviation do?

—*D.*