

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Ode.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

[Read at the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of  
the birth of Washington, Feb. 22, 1898.]

### I.

The heart must tune  
Itself in harmony with chords  
Unsounded till those vibrant words,  
"Our Country and our Washington," swell through  
The soul. Songs are as leaves that strow  
The wind-swept isles of space, and show  
Where the wanton zephyr darts.  
Music stands completest of the arts.  
The tense Laocöon must ever writhe  
In fear. The Crucifixion sends  
Unintermittingly through saddened hearts  
Its sorrow, half suppressed,  
Which never changes, never ends.  
The poet marshals words, sad toned or blithe,  
And longs for what is unexpressed.  
The purple blush that tints the blue-bell's throat,  
The shade of sadness in the thrush's note,  
The unnamed tone that stains the evening sky,  
Live only in the poet's eye.  
He plays upon a single chord.  
The loneliness of wintry stars,  
When the soft moonlight  
Breaks the silences of night;  
The joy of being when the orange bars  
Of dawn dart eager to consume  
Night's brooding gloom  
Can find no fitting word.

### II.

"Tradition welds its noble deeds  
Into our lives.  
The tale of hero-striving feeds  
The mind, and drives  
The dart of adoration deep into the heart.  
We fill our part  
And pass. Thermopylæ  
Gives not all glory  
To those Spartans famed in story;  
The spirits of brave men had birth  
Not in that famous day,  
But were the valor and the worth  
Of generations Time had swept away.

### III.

Our Washington!  
Relentless Time tincts passing years  
With essence of forgetfulness.  
The names of men will fade from memory  
And pass; unthought-of isles  
Will teem with life and sink into the sea;  
But whirling spheres,  
Now uncreated nothingness,  
Will bear to outmost space  
The glory of our race—  
Our Washington!

### IV.

If wish had strength, and could reanimate  
His ashes every hundred years,  
That he might guide the Ship of State  
A little while, in his wise way, and dissipate  
Our growing fears;  
Bring back a purer motivated life,  
Where Liberty and God are one;  
Ameliorate the maddened strife  
For gold,—by which we measure all things done,—  
How welcome he would be!  
A time of sweet tranquility  
Would rest the hearts of men;  
And he would win them to a quiet life again  
By his simplicity.

### V.

Alone at night  
With the shafted light  
Of countless stars;  
Alone with the weight  
Of a nation's fate  
And the nation's wars,  
When others were dismayed  
At the great force arrayed,  
He walked alone, and prayed—  
On God dependent,  
To help the cause of right,  
To crush tyrannic might,  
To end the unjust fight,—  
Freedom triumphant.

### VI.

When mighty nations of the earth  
Were joined in war,  
And France begat Democracy,

That soon outgrew its birth  
 And changed into the hydra, Anarchy;  
 When breadth of mind applied  
 Itself to framing laws unshaped before;  
 When intellect to madness ran,  
 And Rousseau, drunk with pride,  
 Sent forth the foul-born lie,  
 That Reason is the God of man;  
 Then firmly at the helm he stood  
 In simple faith,—and good,  
 And guided through the stormy seas  
     A nation's fate,  
     The Ship of State,  
 That was, and is, and shall be free  
     From all idolatry.

## VII.

There is a flower glinting in the Alpine snow,—  
 The Edelweiss,—that blooms perpetually.  
     The azure cold,  
     Nor blasts that blow,  
 The glacier's numbing breath, can still  
     Its gentle life,—  
     So sweet, so bold  
     Is that rare purity  
 Which sheds its subtile fragrance through his life.

## VIII.

Sweet bells of music tinkled in his soul,  
 Which, like the chime of Orpheus' lyre, could charm  
 To reason things irrational. The roll  
 Of hatred's flood-tide could not harm  
     His sweet sincerity,  
 That, as the water-lily, lifts its head  
 Star-white to drift upon the surface of the stream—  
 A fragile plant, created in a poet's dream.

## IX.

It is not given every man to do  
 What he has done. But in his sphere,  
 However low it be, there will appear  
 A task that each may make his own.  
 The call of duty comes to all, not to the few,  
 And virtue rarely wears a crown.

## X.

Why seek for worldly fame?  
 The caverned pyramid  
 Has long outlived the name  
 Of him whose mummy-case inlaid with gold  
     Its secret chambers hold.  
 And it will some day crumble into mould,  
     Worn by the drip of years,  
     Until the markings of its site is hid,  
     And only God will know.  
 Nothing eludes corroding age,  
     But he will go  
     To other days, who fills the page  
 Of Time with deeds that still outlive the spheres.

## XI.

There is no memory to us so sweetly sad  
     As Gettysburg;  
     So emblematic of the latent good  
     That man hides in his soul.

Right must prevail. So felt our other chief,  
 That Washington so lately gone, our grief  
 Is not yet old. God named him his High-priest,  
     A worthy Aaron, keeping undefiled  
     The covenant of Liberty. His mild  
 Face shone with peace when he could feast  
 The souls of men with Faith, and lead them,  
     reconciled,  
     To death, for Freedom's sake.  
     He stood amid the rain  
     Of shot, and watched the mad  
 Shells' crimson wake, and heard Death toll  
 His fearful bell in every bomb, and saw  
 Life's blood incarnadine the peaceful fields  
     And ripened grain,  
 Where yestereve the thrush piped her refrain.  
 When war-lit eyes waxed sweet to make  
     A final prayer,  
     While the quaking air  
 Was rent with shells, and the hellish glare  
 Of cannons vomiting everywhere;  
     Then History stopped to hear  
     His benediction melt upon the ear—  
 "Absolvo vos." It was the voice of God,  
     And gladdened into prayer  
 Those dying on the blood-drenched sod.  
     Sin is the oozy slime  
 From which may grow in countless years  
     The lily. Tears  
 Of slaves were reckoned from all time,  
 And each was paid by bitterer drops of blood.

## XII.

Fair Liberty!  
 The universe is throbbing with thy fame;  
 The little child lisps happily thy name,  
 And Nature croons it softly. The shy rose  
 That sprinkles petals to the breeze,  
 The nautilus that sails the tropic seas,  
 The bob-o-link a-running down the sky,  
     Are ever singing Liberty!

## XIII.

The wave the blue Pacific brings,  
 That lapped the pink-tinged coral reefs,  
 That laved the palm-fringed atoll reefs,  
 Where the sea-bird rests,—and sings,  
 It takes a deeper blue, and rings  
 With clearer clang when sounding on the rocks of  
     Liberty.

The sky rose-red in the lurid blaze  
     Of ending day; the tender wind  
 That drives the herded clouds; the trustful ways  
     Of birds have something undefined,  
 Some subtile essence fragrant with the scent of  
     Liberty.

The serfs, the slaves, who blindly grope  
 Oppressed by customs of a thousand years,  
     Find here no caste, no peers,  
     And breathe instinctive hope  
 That emanates from Glory's flag, the Stars, the  
     Stripes of Liberty.

XIV.

Through every mind the query rings,  
 Where do we tend?  
 What is the final end  
 Of Life? The mottled butterfly that wings  
 Its lazy way among the golden-rods,  
 Or steals the dusty pollen from the tasselled  
 Corn that nods  
 To the soft wind's wooing; the honey-bee  
 That sips the nectared clover-head, and sings  
 Its drowsy tune  
 Through fragrant June,—  
 These live their little day and cease to be.  
 Has man no more?  
 We may not know God's mind;  
 But this we feel: that all things lay  
 Their course in some eternal plan;  
 The wave that laps the solitary shore,  
 The rose unpetalled by the fickle wind,  
 Have in their humble way  
 Increased the happiness of man.

XV.

The dying nation passes quietly,  
 As some primeval oak where slow decay  
 Wears imperceptibly  
 The tissued cells away.  
 Not with reverberating sounds that fill  
 The world with awe,  
 And causes hoary Time to thrill  
 With pity,—but by Natural Law.  
 Great men are often harbingers of woe—  
 Volcanic peaks erupted, by the awful throe  
 Forerunning death. The golden days  
 Of Greece had passed when Plato taught  
 And Pindar sang his lays.  
 Stern Cato, born too late, austere bought  
 His freedom with his death; while Virgil wrote  
 And Horace piped his lower, clearer note.  
 The sacred fate of Liberty  
 Will rest not with the chosen few,  
 Who seek the Good, the True;  
 But with the mass that feels so silently.

XVI.

Temper calmly joy and pride,  
 Twine the holly, and the myrtle,  
 Wreath the olive and the myrtle,  
 Twine them, wreath them, side by side.  
 Hail the victor who has won,  
 Bind the bay-leaves for his brow,  
 Weave the oak-leaves for his brow,  
 Symbols of a race well run.  
 He is ours, but others name him;  
 He has neither clime nor race,  
 He has neither rank nor place,  
 Mankind and the ages claim him.

Washington: Patriot and Statesman.\*

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.



WICE had the tide of conquest ebbed and flowed, and still the fate of the republic lay trembling in the balance. The talons of the young eagle had not yet fastened upon her prey. Yorktown, invested by the army of the allies, still kept guard over the fortunes of the tyrant. But when the sun rose bright and clear on the morning of the 19th of October, 1781, the word had sped throughout our camp that Cornwallis had surrendered, and the cannons boomed the glad tidings of victory, and found an answering echo in a million hearts. It was like the glow that flushes the eastern sky before the dawn. A ray of hope had pierced the gloom of doubt and uncertainty, and the waning light of patriotism flared up brighter and stronger than before.

But in one heart, at least, it had never ceased to shed its warmth and radiance. Washington was not a man to bask in the sunshine of prosperity; and when misfortune came to lower his head and slink away to obscurity and oblivion. The path of duty was his way of life. When all around him, was dark and cheerless, and the destiny of a nation lay heavy upon him; when ruin and defeat stared him in the face, and the future offered no glimmering of hope; when even the most sanguine of success had given way to despair, it was his glory never to have faltered, never to have swerved from the beaten track of duty and of honor. His trust was in God and in himself. And the spirit of the man seemed to animate his followers. None other than he could have kept the spark of patriotism aglow in the band of half-clad, half-starved men, who buffeted the icy waves of the Delaware on the memorable Christmas night at Trenton, and lay along the frozen banks of the Neshaminy through the rigors of a winter's storms. His presence in their midst inspired them with a trust and confidence in the righteousness of the cause, and in the ability of the leader, that augured well for the future of the new republic. From hardship and suffering he led them on to victory and glory, while the world wondered and stood amazed at the energy, the keen foresight, of the general, and the self-sacrificing devotion of the patriot.

\* Oration delivered on Washington's Birthday, 1889.



Nor was the occasion ever lacking for him to display the intense love of country that actuated him from first to last in his public career. When the treaty of peace had been wrested from the reluctant hand of the British sovereign, on the surface, all looked bright and hopeful; but, within, the seeds of discord already offered evidence of an abundant harvest of internal strife and dissension. The lawlessness, consequent upon the overthrow of the existing order, and the establishment of a new government, boded no good to the welfare of the republic. The disaffections in the army, the petty bickerings and jealousies of the officers, and, above all, the too frequent signs of a weak and powerless administration, added fuel to the flame of discontent. The time was ripe for a second revolution. Everywhere were heard complaints, loud and vehement. The more turbulent spirits threatened even open rebellion. The veterans that had fought and bled for their country, enduring alike the winter's cold and the scorching rays of the summer sun, and who now clamored unheeded for the redress of a multitude of grievances, looked to Washington for succor and support. All else had failed them; and, justly indignant at the scorn and ingratitude that had been heaped upon them, they denounced the tyranny that trampled upon their rights, and boldly advocated an appeal to arms to force from the Congress the reward due to the preservers of the nation. It was a moment of terrible danger to the republic. It lay in the power of one man to destroy the monument that he himself had reared. His hand held the torch that could set a nation in flames, and from the ashes of the democracy would have sprung up an empire, whose sceptre was but waiting for his grasp.

No one had ever questioned the patriotism of Washington, and the sacrifice of a life's best years for his country's good was not to be marred by an act of infamy at its close. His honor and his integrity were beyond censure; but the peril was imminent, and none felt and appreciated it more keenly than he. He called his soldiers to him, and in the language of a friend and a father, he besought them not to sully the fame that had hitherto been theirs. "Let me conjure you," he addressed them, "in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes to overturn the liberties

of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood." He had grown gray in their service, and the appeal was not made in vain. The sense of injury and injustice was lost in the nobler feelings of loyalty and patriotism. They resolved to preserve untarnished the glory that had been bought at the price of their blood. The danger was averted, quiet and tranquillity restored; and Washington, the conqueror in war, the guardian and protector in peace, seemed fated ever to remain the better genius of his country.

In the interval that elapsed between the declaration of independence and the adoption of the Federal constitution, he was a firm believer in the absolute necessity of the centralization of a power that would pervade the whole Union. With Hamilton and Madison and Jay he labored to impress upon the mind of the people the ruinous consequences of a weak and impotent administration. Unhesitating in the conviction that strength and security lay only in a solid and stable form of government, he continued to urge the necessity of prompt and concerted action on the part of all the members of the Confederation. The revolutionary measures that followed, resulting in the establishment of the present order, were indirectly attributable to the influence and exertions of Washington. And the annals of the nation bear testimony to the esteem in which it held him. The unanimous consent of a grateful people called him to the helm of the newly-launched ship of state, to guide and direct its course through the troubled waters that seethed and lifted around it. It was a sea of untold difficulties for the mariner unacquainted with its rocks and shoals. But the daring intrepidity, the confident assurance, and the keen judgment and foresight of Washington, tempered with a wise caution and discretion, demonstrated to the world his ability to govern the empire that he had founded.

As a statesman, he wielded the sceptre of administration with the same efficiency that always characterized his efforts on the field of battle. Nor could the times have proved more unfavorable to the preservation of peace and tranquillity in the nation. The condition of its affairs, both at home and abroad, was deplorable. The national credit had reached its lowest ebb, and in the place of a system of finance, established on a sound and permanent basis, was to be found a lack of all order and arrangement. A vague and unreasoning dread

of an attempt upon their liberty, combined with a constantly increasing distrust of the new government and of everything connected with it, seemed to have taken a firm hold on the mind of the people. Party strife and sectional animosity had stirred into life the dying embers of discord and disunion. Already had the North been pitted against the South, the East against the West. From the citizens of a nation, one and undivided, conscious of the bright future in store for themselves and their posterity, and blessed with the choicest gifts that God has ever bestowed upon man—liberty and independence,—there seemed to have departed all pride in the national honor; and in its stead there had arisen jealousies without number, discord and conflict, riot and trouble interminable. Abroad, our allies in time of war were fast assuming the character of enemies of our peace. On the eastern horizon there loomed up a cloud of the darkness of night, pregnant with disaster and disruption, while at home, intrigue and division were gnawing at the vitals of the republic.

But in the midst of the turmoil and confusion, when the danger of a social upheaval was terribly imminent, and the lovers of law and order and liberty, stood aghast at the peril of the nation, Washington remained calm and impassive. The crisis had no terrors for him. He had considered the situation, coolly and deliberately, and once resolved upon his plan of action, even in the face of a bitter opposition and the cavilling and complaints of a blind and prejudiced people, he followed it firmly and unflinchingly to the end. He did not hesitate to risk an unparalleled popularity in the cause of right and justice. "There is," he said, "but one straight course, and that is to seek truth and to pursue it steadily."

And the issue seemed always to justify his action. He brought the force of his intellect to bear upon the needs of the nation, and wealth and prosperity arose from the contact. He struck the rock of necessity with the rod of experience, and a fountain of plenty gushed forth on the land. The firmness and the vigor of his foreign policy created a universal respect for the strength and stability of the new republic. Schooled in the midst of trials and adversity, he sought always to avoid the issue of a hazardous and uncertain contest, provided that the honor of the nation did not demand an appeal to arms. And yet, his experience and sagacity convinced him of the advantage to be gained from a powerful and well-ordered mil-

itary force. "In peace," said he, "prepare for war." But for him war was a source of untold evil. Had he not witnessed the heart of a nation throbbing in the death throes of the conflict, shedding its life's blood on a hundred battlefields, and sacrificing its sons on the altar of liberty? Rather did he choose to draw down upon himself the unjust and undeserved censures of a credulous people, than that they should suffer in their ignorance and folly.

While a tempest of discord raged around him, and the waves of passion and prejudice swept over the land, he stood firm, confident, and undismayed, like a pillar of granite in the path of the torrent. Then, as always, did he prove himself to be the true preserver of their rights, the guardian of their liberty, and the bulwark of the nation.

Washington was not the creation of the time; his course was not that of the meteor that springs from the darkness, dazzles with its splendor, and is gone. It was rather like the flow of a mighty river, that sweeps grandly on forever, bearing down all obstacles that arise to impede its progress, and emptying into the great ocean of eternity. For the fame and the glory of Washington must be unending. His spirit still lives and moves in our midst, inspiring us with a love of all that is noble, and generous, and good. He has left us an example that will act as the guiding star for future ages, shining bright and clear through the mist of the centuries. As long as America shall endure, his place will be the first in the throng of its heroes. And today, when the waters that lap our eastern shores had glistened in the first rays of the sun that never sets upon our territory, and the soul of the nation had stirred into life and action, in seventy million hearts there dwelt the cherished memory of a man; and on the lips of a people there is but one name, and the name is—Washington.

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#### Searching.

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*Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.*

VAINLY I search among the things that be  
 For some true sign  
 Of what the fates may have in store for me  
 In the dim, unknown futurity.  
 Vainly I walked along the endless shore  
 Of time's wide sea,  
 List'ning to the waves' dull roar,  
 Longing for some voice to speak to me  
 Of things to come;  
 Yet the sea's low monotone,  
 Mourned softly and alone.  
 Vainly I knocked upon th' unwielding door,  
 That stands alway  
 Between time's unknown night and spinning day;  
 But no voice sounded save my own.  
 And lo! I gave myself, as best beseems,  
 Unto the wings of penetrating dreams.—A. L. M

John Sebastian Bach.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE.

There is a neglect in these days of the Masters to whom all musical composition owes its origin. When the impressive strains of an opera take you away from material things, you marvel at the author's power. Your wonder is rightly aroused; but the single composer did not originate the scientific arrangement by which his production was made possible. These methods are the outgrowth of many men's efforts; the essence of lifetimes of exclusive devotion to music. Therefore, in this art, as in all the truly great arts, there are men that have really earned the exalted position posterity has assigned them.

To John Sebastian Bach must be accorded the title, "Father of Modern Music." All succeeding composers have bowed with reverence before his name. They acknowledge in him "the creative mind, which not only placed music on a deep scientific basis, but perfected the form from which have been developed the wonderfully rich and varied phases of orchestral composition." Händel, his contemporary, called him the giant of music. Haydn wrote: "Whoever understands me knows that I owe much to Sebastian Bach, that I have studied him thoroughly and well, and I acknowledge only him as my model." Mozart's unceasing research brought to light many of Bach's unpublished manuscripts, and helped Germany to appreciate better this great master. The names of other luminaries of music might be cited to lend additional praise to Bach's great gift to posterity. These men record their sense of obligation to one whose name, in comparison with many of his brother composers, is obscure to the general public.

Sebastain Bach was born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685. He was the son of a court musician, and was a descendant of a family that even at that date had annual gatherings of a musical character. Young Bach was original in his methods of study, and mastered with little outside assistance a musical education at Luneberg. He at once showed his preference for the organ, and he studied all the great composers of sacred music.

One factor, doubtless, favorable to Bach was the condition of Germany with respect to the fine arts. Mr. G. F. Ferris says: "At this period Germany was beginning to experience

its musical renaissance. The various German courts felt that throb of life and enthusiasm which had distinguished the Italian principalities in the preceding century in the direction of painting and sculpture. Every little capital was a focus of artistic rays, and there was a general spirit of rivalry among the princes, who aspired to cultivate the arts of peace as well as those of war." Bach had become known as a gifted musician, not only by his wonderful powers as an organist, but by two of his earlier masterpieces, "Gott ist mein König" and "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss."

In reviewing the triumphs of this gifted man one can not help lingering on testimonials of private esteem more than on public praise. Perhaps the most gratifying of his many experiences was his journey to see old Reinke, then nearly a centenarian, whose fame as an organist was national. Reinke had long been the object of Bach's enthusiasm. The aged man listened while his youthful rival improvised on the old choral, "Upon the Rivers of Babylon." Reinke shed tears of joy while he tenderly embraced Bach, and said: "I did think this art would die with me; but I see that you will keep it alive."

On another occasion Bach was invited before Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, to a public competition with a French virtuoso, Marchand, who had delighted the king by his clever execution. Competitions of that kind were then in vogue. They were both to improvise on the same theme. Marchand heard Bach's performance, and bluntly refused to play after him. The Frenchman signaled his inferiority by secretly leaving the city of Dresden. It is further stated that Augustus sent Bach a hundred *louis d'or*; but the money never reached him—it was appropriated by one of the court officials.

Despite his great popularity, Bach was at no time in great financial freedom; on the contrary, it was owing chiefly to the old-fashioned German thrift practised by his first and second wives that a family so large as his was brought up without want. His life was spent mostly at Weimar and Leipsic. He was by nature so singularly retiring and unobtrusive that he dreaded any diversion from his wonted severe and exclusive art-life; as a result, all offers to take him away were fruitless. Yet it can not be said that he was without "that keen spirit of rivalry, that love of combat, which seems to be native to spirits of the more robust and energetic type." In Bach's works are found



the deepest and highest reaches in musical science. His mind seems to have grasped all its resources, and to have embodied them with austere purity and precision of form.

Shortly before his death he was seized with blindness, a natural result of his incessant labors. He died in 1750. That his glory as a composer should be so largely posthumous is probably the result of his exceeding simplicity and diffidence. He always shrank from popular applause. It was only through such masters as Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven that the musical world was taught to appreciate this master-spirit. What higher compliment could be given than Mozart's exclamation the first time he heard one of Bach's hymns, "Thank God! I learn something absolutely new."

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#### Anthony's Midnight Attack.

GEORGE A. BARTHEL.

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Anthony Jackson and I were friends and members of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York State Militia. One winter's night in January we were summoned to appear at the armory. Our regiment had orders to go to Brooklyn to quell riots occasioned by a car-strike. This was startling news to us, since we were but recruits of one year's practice. We did, however, what was required of us with as cheerful a face as possible.

Our arrival in Brooklyn was hailed with jeers. A car-house on the outskirts of the city was temporarily assigned us. It was a shanty, unfit to be a dog's kennel. Owing to Anthony's athletic abilities he was put on guard at the corner of the square. He had patrolled his post but a short time, when he was suddenly attacked by three drunken men. He ordered them to keep off the sidewalk, but on their refusal he advanced with fixed bayonet to enforce his command. Fearful was the struggle that lasted but a few minutes. One ruffian drew a pair of steel knuckles and attacked my friend with them. The others grabbed his bayonet. He succeeded in jerking this off his gun by a peculiar twist, and then hit the man with the knuckles between the eyes, which enraged both assailants and spectators.

Just then, the sergeant's section came rushing down from the guard-house and dispersed the angry mob. They vowed to even up matters, and at seven o'clock about twenty men stood on the corner opposite the one Anthony was

guarding, and pointed him out as the object of their hate.

The captain in command feared an attack, and for this reason he doubled the posts. My friend was changed from the seventh to the fifteenth, which was at the bottom of the hill hard by a saloon. He appeared to quail when the latter post was assigned him, but showed no unwillingness to do his duty.

Spies were on the alert, when the relief went out at twelve o'clock. Anthony took in his new post at the first round. It was exceedingly lonesome. In a neighboring barn an owl hooted, and a watch-dog barked vigorously at a passing vehicle. Three hundred yards from him a ray of light shone on a tall white tombstone in a private graveyard. He would have watched there rather than at his present post. Suddenly he heard issuing from the saloon curses and yells such as he had never heard before. The men within were mad with whiskey. Their swearing became louder; the door was opened and slammed at intervals; and several times he thought the crowd would attack the car-house from the rear.

"O heavens!" he murmured, "I wish my time was up." He had, however, another hour before him. What was that? the crowd surging toward him? He listened. The wind howled and blew the sand and dust into his face, and threw his cape over his head. He stood motionless and bewildered. Just then, the clock on the King's County Penitentiary struck one. All was silent. "There are some men on the hill," he thought; "pebbles and stones are rolling down." He plainly heard some one climbing and another sliding down the hill. Heavy breathing sounds were audible. He could, however, see nothing. A dense black mass was before him. His legs became weak, his hands lifeless. A cold sweat started from his brow, and a blast of wind chilled him to the quick. The haggard and wasted faces of his yesterday assailants came up before him. He thought they stood in front of him, but he could not make out clearly. He felt the hot breath of his aggressors, saw their glaring eyes burning for vengeance, and a blow sent him to the ground yelling, "Corporal of the guard!"

His call was answered by the squad, who found the guardsman senseless beside the hill with a goat standing over him. The animal showed fight, but a thrust of the corporal's bayonet made it retire. Anthony was carried to the car-house where he quickly regained consciousness.

## The Partition of China.

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

The great empire of the Chinese is apparently on the verge of destruction. That vast region of southeastern Asia is about to be rejuvenated, to become a new Europe. England, Russia, Germany and France, after their pantomime before the Turkish Sultan, have transferred their operations to a more gullible subject. The mighty concert of European powers, so intent upon remonstrating with the Turk, yet so inert in the time for action, may now effect the recovery of a great but benighted people.

Africa has been carefully dissected. Here the problem of diplomacy has been so thoroughly discussed, and its applications so cautiously applied, that future changes on this continent must be very little or very great. The expansive tendency of Great Britain is much harassed in this nation's effort to bring together her territory of the Nile and the more distant possessions in the South, to make a controlled land-passage from Alexandria to the Cape. Affairs in Africa, then, are left for the untried fields of China.

Russia's great work—the Trans-Siberian railroad—has led her directly to her goal. She, among all the powers, has established her prestige in Asiatic affairs. No matter what way the great kaleidoscope is turned, her place among eager rivals must be in the van. Her steel bond of union with the Chinese Empire is, perhaps, a strong one; one that may some day stand the test of vigorous assaults against it. Russia, like Germany, acts alone. The Czar depends upon his hardy Cossacks for co-operation with his powerful fleet; and recent concessions from China have brought Vladivostok, the rendezvous of the Czar's fleet, and Port Arthur in such close proximity as to make them one and the same port. However close Russia be to China, she has always to fear the cunning of British diplomacy and the strength of British guns.

Great Britain, perhaps, would be the most worthy of all aspirants to this new acquisition. She has the good will and support of Japan, and is therefore a powerful menace to Russian advances. Japan, with her mere veneer of civilization, winces under the stigma of a fruitless conquest. Defeating China in battle, as she did, and occupying Corea, from which she was expelled by Russian subtlety, she turns to

Great Britain for redress. The English fleet at Port Hamilton, close to Corea, is ready to take under its direction the splendid ships and arms of this pugnacious convert to modern methods, and to keep a watch upon Muscovite movements. The value of this ally to the English forces is recognized; for though Japan's knowledge and experience in the skilful management of international complications may have been but recently acquired, and shallow, her alliance with so accomplished a diplomatic trickster as Great Britain would bring about events favorable to the Japanese cause. Japan might be avenged for the Corean expulsion, while England, true to her traditions, would seize the more substantial spoils. Mindful of the interests of her neighboring possessions, England will certainly grasp every opportunity making for her own advantage. In so doing, she must offer a stern opposition to the efforts of the other great powers lest she find India threatened. Britain's Asiatic possessions may not be encroached upon. They cost dearly; and to leave their borders open to invasion would be a serious blow to British supremacy.

Japan, too, must anxiously regard Corea and the adjoining territory. Her morbid neighbor was not a source of danger; but if Russia should win these ports, the new-comer might force Japan into a humiliating treaty, or, maybe, a still more humiliating war. Japan, in all events, seems to have most to fear;—more than China. She has more to lose.

Germany, while perhaps not the most important factor in the recent manœuvring in the far East, is certainly the most visible. The massacre of German missionaries—an atrocity deeply lamented by the Kaiser, and to be well paid for, as payments in money go—gives the active ruler new fields for venture. The German emperor conceived the idea that his fleet was inadequate, at least inferior to another, and he must reconstruct and improve it. Gold—enormous quantities of it—could not appease the wrath of the outraged sovereign. He must have lands. China bows in acknowledgment of the justice of his demand; and in the possession of Kiao-Chow Bay, with its excellent harbor, the emperor has established himself in a rich country with a convenient shipping port. With recent African complications in mind, Germany will keep a vigilant eye upon all England's doings, and the Kaiser now may experiment in things naval. Whether the occupation of Kiao-Chow means much or little for Germany, it adds to the tangle; and, while



her move may appear to anticipate others, her share in the division must not be large; otherwise Russia and England have made errors in their calculations.

France seems to take no active part in the present proceedings. That she means to stand idly by and allow what might be her portion of the prey to pass from her grasp without a struggle seems improbable. France's eagerness for strife would rather indicate her readiness to join in the general fray when the time for action comes. Moreover, Franco-Russian relations may develop surprising results in the event of war. If Russia calls for aid, France will respond. We respect her reticence. Meanwhile, China lies dormant. The powers of Europe clamor at all her doors. They vie with one another for precedence. One watches the other, and all move forward toward the same end—the partitioning of the great territory.

The vast population of the empire probably does not know of the threatening destruction; or, knowing, does not care. Chinese governmental institutions are corrupt. The flagrancy of its army was made manifest during the late war with Japan, and most Chinese officials are said to be professional plunderers, with no thought of responsibility to the existing government. Yet travellers from these regions report the Chinese to be an industrious, intelligent and honorable class,—a people capable of great results. There is but one Chinese railroad in all this vast region; and the wretched inhabitants of the interior districts, if they knew of their probable delivery from a crushing burden, would pray for its speedy coming.

Whatever the change may be, it must be for the advancement of trade and commerce. Pent-up resources will be realized, and find outlets to the traffic of nations. We know that what trade relations exist between China and the commercial world were forced upon that nation. Her ports were opened only after severe measures made their demand.

Of the coveting ones, Russia is a commercial nation, as are all the rest, and her predominance would be an improvement on existing conditions. But Russian rule is not followed by so rapid a regeneration as is the rule of Great Britain. British conquest leaves wide avenues for trade and industry. Surely it will be to the gratification of the civilized world. After all preludes, though, there is a possibility of no further action; an interference might stagnate it. Waiving this, we look for the passing of China and the reform of the Chinese.

#### Books and Periodicals.

TABLES OF GERMAN GRAMMAR. By A. A. Fischer, Ig. Kohler and Son. Philadelphia.

Clear, precise, correct, are the attributes of this work by a practical teacher. The much maligned German verbs receive special attention. The book is not designed to take the place of a regular Grammar, but is rather an auxiliary to Grammar. Advanced students will use it with profit.

—"The Traveller's Daily Companion," a booklet published by Benziger Brothers, contains, among other short devotional exercises the "Itinerarium," or prayers for a journey.

—"The Little Month of St. Joseph" is made up of exercises for each day of the month followed by an example showing the special favors granted to those who have had recourse to the great saint. The proceeds for the sale of this pamphlet are employed in helping to support the orphans at the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston.

—The *Bachelor of Arts*, in its elongated flapping red covers, has again shown itself for the first time in many moons; and since the first appearance, the *Bachelor* can not be said to have grown much wiser and fuller with wordly wisdom. As a magazine devoted to university interests, it is very good and of value to students that are, and in a short way, students that used to be. Yet the notes by this time should have been strong and complete; and they are not so good as in the *Bachelor's* early days.

As a magazine devoted to general literature it has had little of success. College literature is light and airy and has the air of the good-natured amateur about it. The *Bachelor* is heavy in its attempt to be light; and has nothing of interest, temporary or permanent, light or heavy, in general literature. That it could be made an excellent magazine is certainly possible; but that it is so is quite another thing.

—*Harper's* for March is exceedingly interesting for a variety of matter, but principally for Roden's Corner. Henry Seton Merriman is certainly a very clever writer and has attained success in this new novel. The character study is excellent. The only fault is, perhaps, that there are too many characters. The incident is scattered; there are too many divisions to the scheme of action, and the reader is liable to become confused.

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—The snow and cold will soon give way to sunshine and warmth; the dreary earth will grow green again. February will have passed into March in a day. March, blustering and wind-swept, will melt into the damp of April; April will grow into the flowers of May. It seems long to come; but all is quick in passing. Near the end of May the oratorical and elocution contests will take place; and this is a warning, for such as would be ambitious, to begin to consider what they shall do, that they may be as near perfect as possible when the time is come. As the aspect now is, there should be a goodly number of contestants. Many seem to be very much interested in oratory and elocution; and many have won success. There is golden opportunity for those that wish to make the effort. In the elocution classes of the University are many with talent who will do well to contest for the honor. Let everyone, however, be well prepared for entering on the day of the preliminaries. Half-prepared selections will never win; and the contests will be so close that the winner will struggle hard to push to the front. There are some of the weaker-hearted ones who have not courage to enter. Yet the chance for victory leans as much to their side as to any. The going in is no difficulty; and all will look upon their efforts with kindness. The Breen oratorical medal and the Barry elocution medal are at stake.

## The Stars and Stripes Forever!

The gloom over the loss of the *Maine* still hung over us all; but despite this, or rather because of this frightful accident and its attending train of war-rumors, Washington's Birthday was celebrated this year at Notre Dame in a more fitting manner than ever before. The accident that befell our brave blue-jackets in the harbor of Havana brought misery to many a fire-side, just as the news of a great battle, whether victory or defeat, brings grief to thousands of homes; but if we would keep the fire of patriotism aflame we must have our army and navy imperilled at times, and the clear sky must show a war-cloud occasionally. Long continued peace would be almost as disastrous, I imagine, as long continued war. Your International Arbitration advocate will tell you that warfare is barbarous and a disgrace to our enlightened age; nevertheless, there are times when the fluttering banners, the fife and drum and the roar of artillery are absolutely necessary to arouse us from our lethargy and to remind us that our work-a-day world is not all.

So everyone that entered Washington Hall last Tuesday morning to witness the flag-presentation exercises had just read all the "war news" in their morning papers an hour before, and as a result they listened more attentively to the many patriotic words addressed to them, and they sang

"The army and navy forever,  
Three cheers for the red white and blue,"

as if they meant it. The custom of the senior class, instituted by the Class of '96, of presenting a storm-flag to the University each Washington's Birthday is a happy one, and the presentation exercises add much to the enjoyment of the day. The Hall was tastefully decorated with the Stars and Stripes and our Gold and Blue, and across the proscenium arch hung the new flag, the gift of the Class of '98. The old flags of '96 and '97, now weather-beaten and torn, fell in graceful folds from the balcony railing. The band opened the programme with the inspiring "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the audience arose and sang the chorus in an admirable manner. Then Mr. Raymond G. O'Malley, President of the Class of '98, came upon the stage, and, in a few well-delivered, patriotic words presented, in the name of the senior class, our beautiful

flag to the University. He spoke of the debt Notre Dame men, past and present, owe to our Faculty for the principles of love of God and country that are taught us while here, and that send us out into the world filled with naught but love and respect for Old Glory. He said:

The fruit of a plant is the reward of the husbandman for his care in growing the seed; so is the life of a man to the University for forming him. I shall not attempt to speak of those in whose care we, fortunately, are placed. The gratitude we feel for what we obtain here must be told by our after-deeds; but for part of what has been given us we wish today to attest our appreciation by presenting the national emblem to our fostering Mother for the true American principles that have been instilled into us, by her teachings and surroundings, by example and precept, by the history of the Institution and the lives of her sons—the gratitude for all that we wish today to give expression in this way.

Were not this practice of presenting our flag to the University established we should be called on to begin it. It is a custom that will grow most sacred with years. This day shall become more and more an occasion to rekindle the fire of true patriotism in the hearts of the sons of this house. Here that fire has been started, and here year after year by this act is it fanned to a glowing, living flame—the patriot's love of country.

It is our sacred duty to love our country, and it has need of our best efforts. Though this flag fly over a nation at peace—Heaven grant that thus it shall always fly!—yet this land needs American citizens; men that understand and love the country; that, if the horrors of war should come, would defend it with their lives; that in peace shall promote its progress by their honesty as citizens. The perfection of the American state is in the perfection of its members. Its safety depends not only on the worth of its rulers, but also on the manhood of those that compose and that are the state. This you have taught us. You have shown us that it is our duty as Christians to be good citizens of this republic.

Today those that have preceded us are thinking of this moment as they honor the glorious name of Washington. Scattered throughout this nation in their several paths of life, they think of this act that we now do, which they too performed, and which all that follow us shall perform; and this thought is reminding them of their sacred duties as American citizens. It is making them defenders of their country and the hope of its permanence. That the Faculty feels this in the thankless work they are doing we know well; that this flag speaks the sentiments of all Notre Dame in all times is reason for our attempt to thus say what can not be told in words. It is to this sentiment, which we feel this flag speaks and which can only thus be spoken, we wish to give expression.

Very Reverend Father, as representative of the Class of '98, I present to you, our honored President, this flag of our country, as a symbol of our love for our nation and a token of gratitude to you and the members of the Faculty.

Professor Preston then raised his baton, and the band, which he has been training so carefully during the past months, rendered "The Stars and Stripes Forever" with a dash and swing that thrilled. At the conclusion of the march Very

Reverend President Morrissey made a graceful, patriotic address, and accepted the flag in the name of the University. He said:

Most fitting is it that on the annual recurrence of the natal day of the Father of their Country, the children of America should become enthusiastic in their protestations of affection for him and for the land of which it is their proud distinction to be citizens. From time immemorial it has been customary to celebrate anniversaries, and the custom seems to be useful and national. Identified with the names and memories of those that by their lives have furnished a practical illustration of their worth are principles worthy to be preserved, defended, nay, diffused. The frequent recital of these principles affords a stimulus for action and a rule for conduct. There is a principle in our very nature that prompts us to keep in memory the names and deeds of those that have figured conspicuously on the pages of the world's history, and who in their day have shone forth as benefactors of mankind. We glory in honoring men of genius and renown; men that have left the impress of their lives upon the epochs in which they lived, and such men will cease to be honored only when we become indifferent to the principles defended, the virtues exhibited, and the liberties achieved by them.

And the day on which a whole nation recalls the glories of a man whose statesmanship, patriotism and integrity have won for him the proud title of "Father of his Country," you, gentlemen of the Class of '98, have selected to present to your *Alma Mater* this token of regard and appreciation. What grander token could you give than that of the Flag of your country, whose colors symbolize the highest aspirations of the human soul—God and country. What more appropriate place to present it than here at Notre Dame wherein men's best efforts are put forth to the development of the truest citizenship, and from whose sacred precincts have gone forth in the past devoted men and women, whose sacred duty it was to see that that glorious flag should come forth from bloody conflict "untarnished and untainted;" and from whose doors—should such a time again come to pass—many would willingly march forth again to do battle both for God and for country.

These exercises this morning emphasize a very important point, one that should have the place of honor in the curriculum of every American educational institution, and without which any curriculum must necessarily be incomplete—loyalty to the fundamental principles upon which rests the fabric of our glorious Constitution.

Most willingly do I accept this flag from the Class of '98. It shall be safely guarded in this home of religion and knowledge. Its presence here will be an inspiration to all present and future students to do their duties as privileged sons of a privileged land. Let the folds of that flag, as they are wafted to the breeze, be a proof to all people and to all times that the aim of the institution, whose privilege it is to possess it, is to turn out young men who, by honesty, integrity, and strict adherence to the dictates of conscience, will do their utmost in perpetuating those high and ennobling principles of which it is so fittingly emblematic.

When the applause that followed Father Morrissey's remarks had subsided, the audience again arose and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then Mr. Frank Earle Hering, '98,

read his beautiful "Ode," which has the place of honor in today's SCHOLASTIC. As the reader may judge of its beauties for himself, the only comment to be made is that it is the best poem that has ever been read by a student from the Washington Hall stage; and this, we all know, is saying a great deal. The morning programme then came to a fitting close with the chorus "America" by the audience. Much praise is due the Committee of Arrangements appointed by the senior class, Mr. Michael R. Powers, '98, and Mr. Edward J. Mingey, '98, for the good management displayed in the exercises; and to Professor Preston and the members of the band for their accompaniments to the choruses and for the pleasure afforded by their admirable rendition of Sousa's march.

#### THE EXERCISES OF THE AFTERNOON.

The ushers appointed to attend to the afternoon audience in Washington Hall had much to do; for seldom has a larger crowd assembled in our pretty theatre than on Tuesday afternoon. Thanks to their efforts, however, everyone was comfortably seated, and with the aid of chairs in the aisles crowding was avoided. All things considered, the afternoon exercises were the most successful of any held in honor of the Father of Our Country in recent years. The success is due first of all to Professor Carmody, stage manager, who trained the cast and "staged" the production so intelligently, and to the members of Professor Carmody's classes that took part, whose earnest, careful efforts showed that they have given much study to their several parts. The orchestra opened the programme with the overture "National Melodies," which they played acceptably, after which Mr. Edward J. Mingey, '98, mounted the stage and delivered the oration of the day. Mr. Mingey deserves our everlasting gratitude for the study he gave to his address. His delivery was a trifle too rapid, but he spoke from beginning to end without the slightest break or hesitancy, which is unusual on such occasions. The speech will be found in today's SCHOLASTIC.

Then the curtain rose upon Mr. Augustin Daly's "A Night Off," a comedy in four acts. Professor Carmody showed good judgment in the selection of the piece, for light comedy of this kind is far better suited to college theatricals than the heavier plays usually attempted.

The production was well mounted and the stage settings have never been surpassed at Notre Dame. "A Night Off" abounds in

comical situations, which were well worked up, especially the "curtain" to the third act. Mr. Elmer Murphy has done much good work in the past, but as Professor Justinian Babbitt, he surpassed all previous efforts. His "make-up" was very natural and effective, and he spoke his lines intelligently and without hesitancy. He was the humble, injured professor, and he never forgot it for an instant. In his scene with Damask and Snap in the last act, however, his grief over the failure of his play was not quite as real as could be wished. Mr. Murphy has an excellent voice and a good presence. The Harry Damask of Mr. Louis M. Reed was the best bit of local acting since the days of Hugh O'Donnell. Mr. Reed has an excellent stage appearance and voice, and the only time he overdid his work,—the scene with Angelica in the third act,—the offence was slight. At times his work was very clever, and never was he amateurish. Mr. Jerome J. Crowley as Jack Mulberry delivered his lines intelligently and clearly, and his efforts were very acceptable. A lack of repose and a slight tendency toward "staginess" were his only faults. The fortune-telling scene with Nisbe in the third act was somewhat overdone; but altogether Mr. Crowley's work was pleasing and gives promise of much merit after he has conquered his slight nervousness. The Lord Mulberry of Mr. Edward J. Walsh was a part that fitted him to a nicety, and there was an evenness and ease about his work that was enjoyable. Mr. Francis B. Cornell made much of the part of Marcus Brutus Snap and his work at the "curtain" in the third act was admirable. His delivery was rather lifeless at times, and his hand gestures were too frequent, but these mistakes can be remedied with practice. In the original play the Professor's servant is a woman, Susan, but luckily in the performance last Tuesday the character was changed to that of Sambo, a colored boy, and luckily, also, Mr. E. M. Hubbard was chosen for the part. The character is one of the most important in the play, and Mr. Hubbard did justice to it throughout. He was perfectly at home upon the stage, his dialect was faultless, and he could be heard with ease in every part of the theatre. Mr. Hubbard well deserved the applause that was so freely given him. The Prowl of Mr. Francis P. Dreher and the Louis of Mr. Lucian C. Wheeler, although unimportant, were well done.

To the "ladies" of the company we make our very best bow. When they talked they

reminded one of a contralto with a severe cold, but athletic young men can not be blamed for owning healthy base voices. College men that attempt to portray female characters on the stage can not be criticised very severely, because perfection in this work is rare. Nevertheless, Mr. William P. Grady was a delightfully severe Mrs. Babbitt, with a "make-up" sufficiently heart rending, and a stride that such a strong, hearty woman might well be proud of. Mr. William Fitzpatrick made a pleasing Angelica Damask. His voice was much better suited for work of this kind than that of any of the other "female" characters. The Nisbe of Mr. Joseph W. Touhy was well done and his "make-up" was excellent. His voice at times, however, carried hardly beyond the first three or four rows. This fault, together with the lack of repose mentioned before, is the most glaring sin of our local Thespians. When they learn that it is necessary to talk distinctly and above a conversational tone in order to fill Washington Hall, and that it is not necessary to have hands or knees moving *all* the time they are on the stage, their work will be much more acceptable. These two drawbacks, especially the former, were much less noticeable on Tuesday than on previous occasions, and under Professor Carmody's able direction, there is no doubt they will become much less prominent before the next production.

It is hoped that the success of last year's production of Marmon's "Right to Riches," and the equal success of "A Night Off," have thoroughly established the precedent that light comedy is the order in amateur college theatricals. One can do infinitely better when his efforts are along the line of his true nature, and that is why the heavy tragedies must ever suffer more or less derogation and unnaturalness at the hands of strictly amateur men.

To Professor Newton A. Preston, musical director for the company, we are indebted for the excellent work of the orchestra. We must say, that there is a lack of volume, especially among the strings, in the work of the orchestra which is hard to understand when we consider the number of pieces of which it is composed. The orchestra has done, and is doing, such creditable work that it can stand a little criticism now and then. The pieces rendered were difficult, but pleasing, indeed; and all the musicians answered promptly to the director's baton. In speaking of the manner of the play and the music it would be slightly perplexing to choose the master of the two.

#### Mr. Anson at Notre Dame.

One of the most enjoyable incidents of the Washington's Birthday celebration at Notre Dame was the visit of Mr. Adrian Anson, Capt. of the Chicago baseball team, and Mrs. Anson. Many years have passed since the distinguished captain visited our halls and campus, but he has never been forgotten; and when he entered Washington Hall on Tuesday afternoon the applause and college cheer that greeted him showed that the present student body have as warm a place in their hearts for him as the students of the old days had when he was the "star" in-fielder of our Varsity. Varsity was unknown then. Instead the more poetic name of "Juanita" was given to our college baseball team. This is not the only evidence that baseball men were more poetic in those days than at present; for in the SCHOLASTIC issued June 12, 1868, we find the team written up in a "poem," one stanza of which runs,

"When short-stop Anson caught that foul,  
Buncum! the captain cried;  
And well he might, for nary *fowl*  
Can safely near him glide."

When Mr. Anson was here last Tuesday he was asked to explain the reference to the *fowl*, but he shyly declined to do so. Those were the good old days when the losing team usually scored about forty runs, never less than twenty-five.

Between the first and second acts of "A Night Off" on Tuesday our Varsity catcher, Mr. Michael R. Powers, came before the curtain, and in a few very appropriate remarks presented Mr. Anson, in the name of the students of Notre Dame, a baseball trophy—a silver bat, upon which was engraved a suitable inscription. The bat case was of gold and blue silk. In a few well-chosen remarks Mr. Anson thanked the students for their remembrance, and both Faculty and students for their efforts to make his visit enjoyable. In conclusion, he assured us that his visits would be more frequent in the future. We hope he will find time during the present session to make good his promise. Mr. Anson showed his manly straightforwardness and honesty years ago when he refused to leave the Philadelphia team; and to his efforts and example all through his career, more than to any other man, is due the present wholesomeness of the national game and its professional followers. Notre Dame is proud of him, and the Faculty and students will always welcome Mr. and Mrs. Anson to our University.



## Exchanges.

The so-called exchange column of *The Blair Hall Breeze* consists wholly of a page of clippings from college papers;—a list of exchanges, a stout pair of scissors, a paste-pot, and there you are! In a recent number the editor (?) of the column publishes, among other clippings, John Boyle O'Reilly's lines,

"For a dreamer lives on forever,  
But a toiler dies in a day;"

and from the manner in which they are accredited he is evidently under the impression that the poet is a member of the SCHOLASTIC Staff. We hasten to assure the *Breeze* ex.-man that John Boyle O'Reilly is dead, and that he did not write for the SCHOLASTIC at any time.

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When we glance over the college papers coming from some of the largest educational institutions in the Middle West, and then consider the number of students in these institutions, it is difficult for us to account for the dearth of literary work in their journals. *The Illini*, published at the University of Illinois, *The Northwestern*, of Northwestern University, and *The Oberlin Review*, are local papers in which there is no attempt at literary merit whatever. *The Purdue Exponent* contains occasional attempts at short stories and essays which are pitiable, and *The Round Table* is little better.

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Evidently the ex.-man on *The Tamarack* did not read very attentively Mr. Mingey's essay, "The Short Story," in the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC. The writer does not say that "a writer of short stories is seldom a good novelist," but he simply brings to our notice a few instances in which this is the case. *The Tamarack* contains a very well written sketch of Edgar Allan Poe, in which the writer, Mr. W. M. Van Dyke, defends the poet in an admirable manner from the attacks of Griswold and other defamers.

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Evidently our Professor of Literature has a sincere admirer on the staff of the *St. Xavier's Monthly*. Judging from the number of extracts from his writings that are published in the *Monthly*. We have no objection to the publication of these extracts, so long as credit is given; but when they are printed, as they were last month, under the title of "Gleanings," without Doctor O'Malley's name, or the name of the magazine from which they were clipped, we must object.

## Our Friends.

—Mr. Jenaro Davilla, student '94-'96, of Mexico, visited his many friends among the Faculty and students last week.

—Daniel P. Murphy, whom we all know as a student, an orator, and a real, live promoter of athletics at Notre Dame, is practising law with Judge Prendergast in Chicago.

—A member of the Faculty recently received a letter from A. S. J. Magruder, in which he said that his health is improving, and that he still hopes to finish his post-graduate course this year.

—It is always pleasant to hear that old Notre Dame boys are doing well. Mr. E. A. Howard, who made a name for himself at the Notre Dame bar, is practising law in Covington, Ky. It is rumored that Ed. is astonishing the natives down there. We are not at all surprised.

—It was a pleasure to many members of the Faculty to have as their guest in the early part of the week one of the old timers, Brother Marcellinus. The meeting was doubly pleasant as the good Brother is convalescing from a protracted illness, and it is hoped that his leave of absence from duty will ensure for him a long life and plenty of it.

—Mr. M. F. Hennebry, Law '96, who has been practising successfully in Wilmington, Ill., has become a member of the law firm of Whitmore, Barnes and Boulware, of Peoria, Ill. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Mr. Hennebry upon his advancement. He leaves Wilmington, where he had built up a lucrative practice, for Peoria, as the latter city offers much greater advantages both for study and advancement.

—Among former students of Notre Dame, the following have risen to the bench. Judges John Gibbons, Frank Scales, and Geo. F. Sugg of Chicago; Judges T. E. Howard and Lucius Hubbard of South Bend, Ind.; and Judge John J. Ney of Iowa City, Iowa. These men studied here at different periods from the close of the civil war down to a time within the memory of students still here. Judge Gibbons, although retired from the bench, is still an active member of the bar. He is considered by many as an authority on law and the foremost lawyer at the Chicago bar. Judges Scales and Sugg have been gathered to their fathers; but their sterling qualities will always be highly regarded at Notre Dame. Mr. Hubbard is Judge of the circuit court in South Bend, and Judge Howard is chief justice of the supreme court of Indiana. Both these men are of the faculty of our Law School. Judge Ney served on an Iowa circuit bench for ten years after which he was appointed to the chair of Civil Law in the Iowa State University. Besides his duties as a professor, he has a large and lucrative legal practice.



## Local Items.

—The men are kept busy these days shoveling snow off that leaky house-top.

—It is rumored that the Rhetoric class will shortly get out an issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Lost or stolen:—The plans of the new addition to the stage in Washington Hall.

—LOST:—In or in front of Sorin Hall, a gold locket and bar. Return to Room 24, Sorin Hall.

—On Wednesday evening next the Reverend President will open the regular Lenten discourses.

—Tom Dooley went to Chicago last week for medical treatment. He is suffering with throat trouble.

—Our old friend "Red" Miller of Brownson Hall will soon start for Klondike. We wish him abundant success.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh recently gave a lecture on Books at Watertown, before the students of Sacred Heart College.

—Suits have been ordered for the track team, and they will shortly appear on the field gaily caparisoned in Gold and Blue.

—Some of these days the snow will melt and then the track and baseball men will get outside for practice. Let us hope that the day is not far distant.

—"Why are the men standing up there with umbrellas?" queried an innocent Carrollite of a sage Brownsonite. "To keep the rain from coming through the roof, you idiot."

—Mr. Heller was at his post during the play last Tuesday, as the splendid "make-up" of the actors testified. The students wish to thank Mr. Heller for his kindness in the matter.

—Joe Kehoe received word from his home in Georgia that strawberries were ripe. The letter was accompanied by a photograph of a live strawberry to authenticate the information.

—It is some time since we have seen the "Varsity Verse" column filled with those catchy little Tombstone Verses, and we expect to hear more of "Little Willie" who ate the green apples."

—Our correspondent at the Klondike telegraphs that he has mislaid his lead pencil, and consequently will not be able to furnish us with a letter this week. (Let's hope he doesn't find the pencil.)

—Mail is distributed twice a day in Brownson Hall. Some one aptly remarked that they don't have to wait half so long for a letter now. We are inclined to believe that Mike Flannigan made that remark.

—Bill Sheehan said that if the United States declares war against Spain he will willingly

join the land army, but he'll be blamed if he will fight on water. Does William refer to the navy or the canteen?

—The new fourteen foot vaulting pole was broken while being brought from town. The loss is not serious, but the athletes will not be able to make any twelve and thirteen feet vaults in practice for a few days.

—Phil Do—— was in the store looking over the spring style card of hats the other day. Probably he intends to buy a hat for Easter. If he does we want that one he now wears to exhibit among our funny things.

—When people in a play overdo their part, or play in order to catch the house, they fail. Strange that some who have been on the stage before want to let the audience know it. Moral: "Act *well* your part therein all the honor lies."

—The Forty Hours devotion was opened on Sunday last with all the solemnity of the Church services. On Monday and Tuesday students from the various halls availed themselves of the privilege of approaching the Communion and of visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament.

—The Athletic Association has elected an Alumni advisory board, consisting of Daniel P. Murphy of Chicago; E. F. DuBrul of Cincinnati, O.; Thos. T. Cavanagh of the Harvard team. This was done in accordance with the amendment to the constitution passed at a meeting two weeks ago.

—We will have a sure nuff representation in the Klondike before the pansies grow. Henry W. Mueller, a student of last year, will start today for the land of the alluring gold. "Red," as he is known among the boys, has the pluck to make the venture a success. He spent a few days this week visiting the boys, and their best wishes for his success go with him.

—Mysterious Jim has again evaded the pursuit of the reporters. He is certainly an artful dodger. Although he does not cover up his footprints. From these it can plainly be seen that he is a wonderful sprinter because his feet do not track. If he can be overtaken a pedometer will be strapped on him, so that the public may know his actual capability.

—A certain graduate of the Law school, who bears the title LL. B., and who refused to join the reading-room association of Sorin Hall, on a certain night tried to bring out congratulatory shouts and laughter from the students by breaking some three or four flower-pots of the reading-room, and scattering the debris over the floor. In some way his attempt ended in failure, and from the right-minded students, at least, the shouts failed to come forth. It seems strange that such actions should come from such a one; and it is time that the fates, through earthly agency, should sit down hard upon the offender.

—The St. Cecilians, at their last regular meeting, had a very interesting programme, the principal feature of which was the debate, "Resolved, That card playing is a safe and justifiable pastime." Mr. C. N. Girsch opened the debate with a very interesting paper, and was ably assisted by J. L. S. Slevin. The negative side was championed by Mr. A. Krug, who spoke without notes, and whose delivery was most telling with the judges. The second speaker on the negative side was Mr. Cecil Pulford. The decision of the judges was given in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Frederick Kasper gave a very interesting reading, while Mr. Roy A. Murray's original story, "The Face at the Window," was well received by his auditors who hope to hear from him soon again. Mr. Eugene McCarthy's conundrum number was a novel feature of the evening.

—The season of sack-cloth and ashes has brought an influx of virtue into Sorin Hall. The resolutions—those that were made, mind you, not those that are kept—are some thousands in number. There are twenty that have resolved to lay cigarettes, tobacco pipe and pipe on the shelf for the dull days. (Nineteen have begun smoking some other fellow's pipes and cigarettes.) Forty-one have relinquished the pipe. The remainder—most of whom don't smoke—keep on smoking.

Tom O'Brien and Peter Duffy have put aside the kodaks, and turned the pictures of the entrance and green gas-pipe gate's face inward.

J. Arce will read only L'Illustration and Quartier Latin, and leave the stamps go to the—stamp-dealers.

Geoghegan will not sleep in the lecture-room—unless Atherton sits in the chair in front.

The Jack de Hancock is going to give over reading the sporting columns and will enter no baseball arguments. But we *tire, the list is too long.*

—Competitions are always a matter of great concern to students, and the expression of opinion by some of them should be of interest to many of our readers. Here are a few:

Tom J. Dillon.—I like competitions very much; they stimulate me, and I like to be stimulated.

Booz Davies.—I have always looked upon competitions as being obnoxiously inquisitorial. What a student knows he should keep to himself. I think that reticence is the primary mark of greatness. It is only the superficial man that parades his knowledge before the world.

F. X. McCollum.—I should be very unhappy if competitions were abolished.

Austin J. Crunican.—I have looked upon competitions as occasions to move deeply in the follicles of the brain the precious seeds of intellectuality. It is the review, wherein the greatest good arises. It is analogous to subsoil plowing.

Joseph Shields.—To me it is a fitting phantasmagoria of a dream; or, to be specific, a nightmare.

Russell Reed.—My brother Louie told me not to allow myself to be interviewed by any reporter except himself; but I would like to say that I do not have as good a time at these competitions as we used to have at spelling matches.

Edward Lettig.—I have always been a man of serious thought, and for me, these competitions have called forth the best efforts of my brain.

Joseph Van Hee.—!!!—!!!—particularly algebra !!!

Thomas D. Burns, Jr.—Were I to express the honest sentiments of my soul, I should say that I find them a source of exquisite pleasure.

Frank McNichols.—They are good, but they interfere with baseball practice.

Angus McDonald.—They give latitude to thought; hence they are to me moments of rare bliss.

Enrique Guerra.—Yo pienso que ellos son malos mucho. (A good thing, Nit.)

—Programme of the entertainment given by the students of the Elocution class of the University, February 22:

Overture—National Melodies.....*Arr. by Moses Toban*  
The Oration of the Day.....*Edward Joseph Mingey*

#### BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.

Palinurus March.....*Hall*  
The Latest Negro Oddity—Darktown Parade....*Fischer*  
Acts II. and III.—Bunch of Peaches...*Arr. by Meyrelles*  
Acts III. and IV.—Bells of the Season.....*Bratton*  
Finale—Medley—Hot Time, Coal Black Lady, etc.,  
.....*Arr. by Clark*

Notre Dame University Orchestra.

#### "A NIGHT OFF."

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

(*Cast of Characters.*)

Justinian Babbitt, Prof. of Ancient History in the  
Camptown University.....*Elmer J. Murphy*  
Henry Damask, his son-in-law, a doctor...*Louis M. Reed*  
Jeremiah Mulberry, father of Jack....*Edward J. Walsh*  
Jack Mulberry, in pursuit of fortune under various  
aliases.....*Francis B. Cornell*  
Prowl, usher at the university.....*Francis P. Dreher*  
Sambo, colored servant of the Prof.—*Edward W. Hubbard*  
Louis, servant at Damask's.....*Lucian C. Wheeler*  
Mrs. Zantippa Babbitt, Prof. of Conjugal manage-  
ment in the Prof's household....*William P. Grady*  
Angelica Damask, the doctor's wife and eldest  
daughter of the Prof.....*William W. Fitzpatrick*  
Nisbe, the youngest "imp" of the household  
.....*Joseph W. Touhy*

#### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Professor's Study  
Act II.—Reception room at Damask's, the following  
afternoon  
Act III.—The Professor's Study, the evening of the play  
Act IV.—Same, the following morning

Time—Recently.

Place—Nearby.