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Washington's Birthday, 1900.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

THINE all the fame that war bestows;
All that peace can give, be thine;
To thee be all a nation owes;
Olives with thy laurels twine!
Now the work of war is o'er,
Pale-eyed danger leaves our shore.
Sheathe the sword, unbrace the drum,
And with all patriots let us come,
And with a cheer, a choral lay,
Salute the Hero of to-day;
And hail, as Freedom's ardors burn,
In glory and in peace, this day's return.

Thus from yonder wintry cloud,
Streaked with many a brightening ray,
Lifts her grateful voice aloud,—
The Genius of America.
Smiles adorn her native bloom,
Though Winter nods his snow-white plume.
See, waving gently o'er her head,
The starry banner broadly spread.
She holds a volume opened wide;
A golden sickle decks her side;
Anear her feet her useless quiver flung,
Her arrows all untipped, her bow unstrung.

"Exalt," she cries, "the plausive strain
To all that would be free;
And chief of that illustrious train,
Immortal Washington! to thee.
You heard the trumpet's hostile sound;
You saw the meditated wound;
And as becomes the wise and brave,
Arose, your country's rights to save;
Your bosom throbbed with new alarms;
You did not grasp revengeful arms;
By danger undismayed, unawed by death,
On Freedom's sacred fane you hung the laurel wreath."

Brave warriors, our Nation's latest boast,
Who in the strife of yesterday were lost,
We pause a moment, in our mad career,
To drop o'er you a comrade's tear.
Dear is the love that prompts the grateful youth
A parent's care and drooping age to soothe;
Dear is the sister, brother, husband, wife;
Dear, all the charities of social life.
But not the enduring springs that fondly move
To filial duty, or paternal love;
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all the friendship holy wreaths entwined,
Are half so dear, so potent to control
The generous workings of the patriot soul.

Oh! would that Washington were here
To chide us at this very hour;
For selfish grown, we have no fear,
But glory in abusing power.
Oh, raise us up! Return again,
And make us see that sword and pen
Have said and done what should not be—
We conquer slaves that would be free!
How can the God of Peace and Love,
Such foul injustice here approve!
Oh! hear pale Justice cry to Thee, to Thee,
Just God, the guardian of humanity!

Plant Freedom there among the good;
Let laurel wreaths adorn each fane;
For centuries have they withstood
The strangers' rule—the kings of Spain
Let sages meet, and patriots bold,
The sacred right of ruling hold.
As not alone the ensanguined field,
Rich harvests of renown may yield,
So there, within that wild retreat,
Will civic virtues fix their seat;
And o'er their groves and through their crystal spring
Contentment shall arise and Honor wave her wings.

Let Freedom guide each sage and priest;
Let glorious prospects meet their eyes
In those far reigons of the East,
While we behold a nation rise.
Let industry extend her reign,
And clothe with harvests every plain;
Let commerce spread her swelling sail
On every tide, to every gale;
Let science light her morning ray,
And lead on intellectual day;
Let Justice rear her adamantine throne—
Let us protect what Washington has won!

George Washington: A Character Sketch.*

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

THE observance of George Washington's birthday is an event that, notwithstanding our advance in years and our rapid and wonderful gains in material things, has lost none of its patriotic sentiment and significance. And it is safe to presume that so long as America shall stand firm for the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, so long shall the life, character and achievements of George Washington be kept alive in our memory by the proper observance of this day.

Moreover, the day is not lost that is spent in the public commemoration of the services of so great a man as George Washington. Such an observance, indeed, serves a noble, not to say a sacred, purpose. Man needs to have constantly placed before him the highest ideals of patriotism and religion, that he may appreciate the highest possibilities of human life, and his sluggish nature be impelled thereby to struggle for their realization.

Nothing, indeed, will contribute more to the raising of the standard of citizenship among us and to a solution of the great and complex problems that threaten and characterize our age than a frequent recurrence to the study of the life and character, the precepts and practices of the "Father of our Country." No American can read the history of his country, with its great and glorious achievements, nor contemplate the mighty future that now stretches out before her, without feeling his heart thrill with patriotic pride. But he must at the same time despair of her future greatness and permanency when he beholds the selfishness, the incapacity and the corruption of our state and national governments, the commercialism of trusts and the greed of power that make money greater than men,—all of which tend to drag our country along lines of the greatest peril.

To avert these dangers is the supreme duty of the hour. This can be accomplished only by raising the standard of citizenship; and one of the ways by which this can be done, and perhaps the most effective way, is by a frequent study and consequent exemplification of the precepts and practices of our great men, the first of whom is, by the common consent of Americans, George Washington. Such study, indeed, will afford us the most striking illustration of what a genuine Americanism is; it will set before us, not only the first American, but our highest ideal of patriotism and statesmanship; and it can not fail to call forth in others that spirit of consecration to the highest ideals in consequence of which our land shall yet attain to higher things and be the greater glory in future years.

THE PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

In the story of the onward march of the human race, no one fact stands out more prominently than that the founders of all new civilizations were men, strong and ambitious men; men that had visions of a higher and nobler civilization, and who, not hesitating to leave behind them the narrow and degrading laws and traditions of their age, followed the sun in his journey westward until they reached the land of the setting sun.

The history of every new civilization begins with a hero. In every advance made by the human race, some great soul has led the way. Man himself has been the great dynamic in human history, and the progress of civilization has been inspirational rather than mechanical. Emerson said truly "that every civilization was at first a thought in one man's mind; and only when it becomes so again can it be appreciated and estimated." So just as we trace each Nile or Amazon, or Mississippi back to some rivulet or spring, each invention back to some inventor, each law to some legislator, and each victory to some general, so we must also trace each struggle for freedom and a higher life back to some reformer-patriot and statesman. At the beginning, therefore, of every new civilization stands some great man, into whose personality God has infused all those qualities for which He would have the civilization stand, and who is loved not only in his own time, but also in the years beyond. For while the love of mankind for the good and great is at first personalized in individuals, it is soon universalized in the qualities that were admired in the hero; and while individuals die, principles are immortal.

The history of the beginning of our civilization sets before us a group of great men, each of whom played some part in its beginning; but as these move across the stage of human action, all attention remains riveted upon

* Delivered in Washington Hall, February 22, 1900.

one majestic figure. He stands as the noblest leader ever entrusted with the life of his country. Men everywhere venerate his name as a champion of human freedom, and all Americans hail him not only as the defender of our liberties, but as the one indispensable man, without whom, so far as we can judge, the efforts to found our civilization would have proven a failure. He has a right indeed to be called "The Father of our Country," because no other name of his time is so vitally associated with the laws and institutions of our country, and no one whose influence was so much felt in the beginnings of our national history. His memory is one of the moral and intellectual treasures of our race. To keep it alive by such observances is not only to perpetuate his name as such, but it is to hold up before present and future generations such a character that shall inspire the beholders to noble ideals of patriotism. May we never cease to honor him! Everett spoke not with too much respect for the character of Washington when he said that, "were it not for the sacrifice of human life, one would rather that half the continent should sink than that we should ever lose his memory and character,—a character to be held up to the imitation of our children, to be pointed out to the admiration of strangers, to be recommended to the applause of mankind, and to be handed down to the latest posterity."

WASHINGTON AND HIS AGE.

To know George Washington, and to appreciate his character and achievements, we must, first of all, know something about the age in which he lived and acted. He lived in an age in which each day was a great one; and indeed, it may be said that "his age not only lifted him to a higher level, but compelled him to remain there until he was taken down for burial." The year 1789, in which he was inaugurated as the first president of the United States, is, beyond all doubt, the *Annus Mirabilis* of our history. Though Democracy was the characteristic tendency of the civilization of the eighteenth century, yet, never before the time of Washington had the world seen such a clear grasp of the worth of human liberty. It was in July of that same year that the Bastile—the citadel of despotism for centuries—fell; and the world was thrilled with joy, that constitutional liberty was dawning for France and Europe. In that same year Pitt sent for Wilberforce and encouraged him to introduce into Parliament a bill looking toward the abolishing of the slave traffic throughout the British Empire; and the economic reforms of Pitt and Burke, that had been delayed in Parliament for seven years, became effective, in consequence of which the rights and power of the Commons were increased. In every way indeed the age of Washington was marked by great advances in Politics and Government. His age was also one of great advancements in material things. In it, to a very great degree, were provided the tools that have made our civilization what it is. Then for the first time were heard the strokes of Watt's engine and the whir of Awkright's spindle which were destined to turn the whole world into a bee-hive of industry, and bring about the complexity of modern civilization with its attendant problems that are now crying for solution.

It was also an age of great literary activity. Gibbons had just completed his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Burns did his best work during this period; Wordsworth was just beginning to exert his influence upon letters; Burke wrote his "Reflections," and Adam Smith his "Wealth of Nations."

But from out all these as we pass them in review, Washington stands forth the greatest of them all. His greatness of mind and sincerity of purpose, the purity of his integrity and the inflexibility of his justice, make him one of the most majestic figures in all history; and his faith in his country, his self-forgetfulness, his sound judgment, his eminent qualities as a statesman and leader make him our first and highest ideal of statesmanship and patriotism.

WASHINGTON'S FAME ENDURING.

Washington does not differ from all other men in that he became the most famous man of his age; but he does differ in that from his own age until the present time, his fame has continued to broaden and deepen both at home and abroad. Length of years has often served to dim reputations and eclipse human greatness. But it has not been so with George Washington. In America there is no dispute whatever as to his right to hold the first place among us. In England, where much censoriousness has always been displayed toward everything American, Washington has been honored by every statesman from Fox to Gladstone, and by every poet from Byron to Tennyson. In France his name is honored

wherever spoken; and in the mighty monument erected to him in the capital of our country, there are stones that have come from the Parthenon, from Switzerland, Brazil, Turkey, Japan, Siam, India and China. Thus the name and place of Washington shows no signs of diminution. For as the thinker lives in the love of truth; as the artist lives in the love of beauty, so the patriot and statesman lives in the love of country.

SECRET OF THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON.

It must be seen, therefore, that Washington stands for a type, and, as such, has stamped himself upon the imaginations of mankind; and whether that type be true or false, Henry Cabbott Lodge says, "the fact itself remains." Critics, both envious and jealous, have asserted that Washington, represents a myth, an idealized person, too good to have been great. There can be no doubt but that many of the biographers of Washington have been apotheoses—attempts to capitalize his influence by stripping him of all defects. But in thus dehumanizing him they take away that in his character which fascinates. A man may be so good as to be bad, and nothing is gained by making a man's goodness obscure his greatness.

But we know that he was a real man, and that he did perform at least many of the achievements accredited to him; and knowing these, let us ask what is it in him that has given him so high and lasting a place in the affections, the respect, and the imaginations of mankind? And we do not propose to ourselves an easy question; for, as McMaster says: "General Washington and President Washington are known to us; but George Washington is an unknown man." It is only by reading again the story of the beginnings of our government, and learning who it was that brought order out of chaos, that welded into one the many jarring and mutually jealous colonies; only by going back of all myth and popular tradition, shall we be enabled to get a glimpse of George Washington—the noblest character that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. And in so doing we shall find that the secret of the universal and lasting fame of Washington has been, as a celebrated Frenchman said: "His perfect whole of manhood."

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

It is certainly true that George Washington was not a genius of the highest order; but this defect, if indeed it is such, was more than compensated by the hard-working application of a talent of the highest order. But genius is a term that needs to be defined. If it means what another has said it means, "an infinite capacity for taking pains," then, indeed, Washington was a genius of a high order. But if it implies a quickening and an enlargement of intuition and a condensation of thought processes, so that one can reach conclusions at once and without apparent effort, then we must deny Washington to have been a genius. Nevertheless, some of his military movements have never been equalled. If instant movement was necessary, Washington proved himself equal to the occasion. Witness, for instance, his midnight crossing of the ice-gorged Delaware under a blinding sleet, capturing Trenton and the Hessians before daybreak and victorious at Princeton the next day, thus saving the Revolution. Frederick the Great said that this was the most brilliant campaign of the century, and that one too in which Marlborough, Clive, and even Frederick the Great himself, distinguished themselves as military leaders. One night Cornwallis said to his staff: "At last we have run down that old fox, and we will bag him in the morning." But the next day before noon, Cornwallis and his army were retreating across New Jersey, with Washington close upon them saying to his staff: "An old-time fox-hunt, gentlemen." A few years afterward when Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Washington he said: "Your Excellency's achievement in New Jersey was such that nothing could surpass it."

That Washington was a statesman of no mean ability is everywhere admitted, although the quality of his statesmanship was not so constructive as that of Hamilton and Jefferson. These men had real political genius and could act quickly, while Washington thought long. But, as Patrick Henry said, in making an estimate of the members of the Continental Congress, if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, then George Washington is undoubtedly the greatest man on the floor.

To appreciate the statesmanship of Washington we must turn from the present, when Democracy represents a tendency, to the time when it was looked upon as an altogether impracticable scheme of human government, and the attempt to set it up as a most daring and extraordinary experiment, that must inevitably prove a failure. France had tried it, and the experiment ended in a

revolution. England gave the new experiment five years before it would end in a like revolution. Moreover we need to consider the conditions at home with which Washington had to do. It was an age of political ignorance, and the strife between classes bitter and unyielding. The Southern and Northern colonies were engaged in constant strife, and New York fought bitterly with Pennsylvania for supremacy. Between 1780 and 1797 eight attempts were made to destroy the allegiance between the states. The fury of party strife was strong. Hamilton was stoned in the streets; Jay was hanged in effigy, and Adams scorned for his opposition to the Constitution.

But in the midst of all this, Washington stood as a tower of strength, unmoved and unmovable. In the darkest hour he always saw some rift in the clouds that foretokened the dawning of a new day that would bring greater favor and security to the new government. Slowly he curbed the rage of political strife, developed a patriotism for the new government, and brought honesty into politics and government. No wonder, that in the light of all these he has been called the architect of a new civilization.

The observance of his birthday calls upon all that love their country to freshen and strengthen their patriotism. To keep alive his memory who saw the mighty future of America, and planned for her development, and who likewise saw the enemies and dangers that would beset her path of progress, and warned his generation to meet them bravely and intelligently, imposes a sacred task upon us. For though a century has gone, the old-time enemies are here, changed only as to their form, but with increased virulence. No warships threaten our harbors; our enemies do not come blowing the trumpets and keeping step to martial strains; but wherever the cold commercialism of trusts assaults the weak; wherever the class spirit lays hands upon our institutions and appropriates to itself special privileges; wherever corruption poisons the springs of government, there the battle is on. Our forefathers were patriots and heroes; we must be neither politicians nor cowards. For that same God to whom Washington prayed at Valley Forge ever guides and directs His people, and through a fidelity to His laws and love to Christ, His Son, will we be able to protect, develop and enrich the institutions received as a heritage for future generations.

Brigadier-General Robert Wallace Healy.

While looking over old files of the SCHOLASTIC recently, we came upon a biographical sketch of General Healy written in 1874. The article began with these words: "Among the graduates of Notre Dame there is not perhaps one who has so warm a corner in the hearts of those who know him as General Healy, now of Alabama." That is a pleasant record to have and to hold.

Healy was born in Chicago in 1836. When he was a child, his father removed to a farm outside Chicago, where Healy lived until he came to Notre Dame in 1854. He entered as a Freshman in 1855, and he was graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1859. In 1865 he received the Master's degree, *honoris causa*. While he was at the University he was captain of the military company, then in existence here, and he was succeeded in this office by William Francis Lynch, who also became a Brigadier-General during the Civil War. The military careers of these two men ran parallel up to May, 1864, the time that Lynch received the wound which forced him to retire from active service.

When Healy had been graduated he went to Chicago and took a course in mercantile accounting at Sloan's school. Thereafter he was engaged in clerical work until the war began. Lynch had obtained permission from Governor Yates of Illinois to recruit a regiment, the 58th Illinois Infantry. In Sept. 1861, Healy enlisted in Company A. of this regiment as a private. In December, 1861, the regiment was nearly recruited. Then the Governor added to it a partly organized regiment that had been formed by another man. The regiment was mustered in on Christmas, 1861, under Lynch as Colonel, and Healy was at that time made Captain. He was twenty-five years of age then.

The regiment went from Camp Douglas in Chicago to Cairo, Illinois, and in February, 1862, it took part in the capture of Fort Donelson. Captain Healy's men were in a brigade of Gen. Lew Wallace's division. The brigade was commanded by Colonel Thayer. Grant was in command of the army.

Halleck had sent Grant and Commodore Foote against Fort Henry on the Tennessee River near the Kentucky border of Tennessee; and this Fort with Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River were advanced posts for the defense of Nashville. Foote appeared before

Fort Henry, and captured it before Grant came up, then Grant went over eleven miles to attack Fort Donelson. The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers penetrated country held by the Confederates, and the forts were important. The new soldiers abandoned their overcoats and blankets on the march, and the suffering from cold, especially on the night of the 14th of February, was very severe.

On the 15th, the 58th Illinois was inactive. On the 16th the Confederate Gen. Buckner was escaping when he was met by Wallace's division. The 58th was on the right of the Federal line, and General Wallace tells us, "Col. Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry." The Confederates were driven back to their trenches.

McClernand's division, owing to lack of ammunition had been forced out ahead of the Confederates, but the defeated men reformed behind Col. Thayer's brigade. Grant then ordered Wallace and McClernand to recover the ground lost by McClernand. Wallace offered to do so, and he succeeded with the help of General C. F. Smith. The 58th Illinois was taken out of Thayer's division for the work and set on the left of Wallace's line. Thayer's brigade was left in reserve. The ground was recovered by nightfall, and the next morning, February 16, the Federals were about to attack the breastworks when the Confederates surrendered. This was the first great Federal victory of the war, and it broke the Confederate line in the West: it was the beginning of that series of operations which finally resulted in the opening of the Mississippi.

The 58th Illinois remained at Fort Donelson until March the 6th. The Confederates had abandoned Columbus and Nashville, and had gone south to Corinth, Miss. Halleck's army in three columns followed; Grant had charge of one of these columns. The 58th Illinois was with him. It was in Gen. W. H. L. Wallace's division, and the brigade commander was Col. Thomas W. Sweeney, a one-armed veteran of the Mexican War.

On Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, 1862, was fought the great battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, as it is sometimes called. Capt. Healy was sick at this time, and he was not present at the battle. Everything went against the Federals on the first day, but the part played by the brigade in which was the 58th Illinois was very important. In the first volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," p. 511, Gen. Sherman says: "In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about 4 o'clock

p. m., . . . there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. . . . The left was in a ravine near where Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfil my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeney, a one-armed officer, who had lost an arm in the Mexican War and did not belong to my command, stood near by and quickly spoke up: 'I understand perfectly what you want; let me do it.' 'Certainly,' said I. 'Sweeney, go at once and occupy the ravine, converting it into a regular bastion.' He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred achievements which I have since heard 'saved the day,' for we held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory."

The 58th Illinois as an organization was captured on the 6th, and its Colonel was wounded before his capture. The remnant of the regiment was consolidated into three companies, and with seven companies that remained of the 8th, 12th, and 14th Iowa regiments, a battalion was formed and called the Union Brigade. Captain Healy was assigned to this battalion by order of Gen. Thomas A. Davies, who commanded the 2d Division of the Army of the Tennessee.

After the Battle of Shiloh, Beauregard retreated to Corinth, Mississippi, and the Confederacy made a strong effort to reinforce him. All the troops that could be gathered were sent to him. Halleck went down from Saint Louis and assumed command of the Federal forces. Toward the end of April, Halleck had over 100,000 men, and with him were nearly all the officers that afterward became famous as Union generals. He advanced with excessive caution, and Beauregard escaped to Tupelo, fifty-two miles southwest of Corinth.

Captain Healy was on duty at Corinth until December, 1862. On September 19 of that year he took part in the Battle of Iuka. Iuka is a village on the Memphis and Charleston railway, about thirty miles east of Corinth, in northern Mississippi. The battle was not important in results, but it was very bloody. The Confederates retreated during the night of September 19.

Colonel Lynch of the 58th Illinois had been captured by the Confederates at the Battle of Shiloh, and he was paroled October 15, 1862. He went to Washington and received orders to reorganize his regiment. Captain Healy and the old members of the 58th were at Corinth, and they were ordered to Springfield, Illinois, to join the regiment in process of reorganization there. They remained at Camp Butler, about six miles east of Springfield, until June, 1863, guarding prisoners. Captain Healy was Provost-Marshal of the camp during that time.

In June 1863 the regiment was sent to Cairo, Illinois, and its companies were distributed for duty in various places. Healy was ordered to go to Mound City, Illinois, and to Paducah and Maysville, Ky. He was at these stations until January 1864, except for a while in the summer of 1863 when he was Provost-Marshal of the post at Cairo. In January, 1864, the regiment was sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and there assigned to the first brigade in the third division of the sixteenth army corps under General A. J. Smith.

The capture of Vicksburg had opened the Mississippi to the Federals, and in Feb. 1864, Sherman started on an expedition to Meridian, Mississippi, with the intention of more effectually securing the advantages already gained. Sherman intended to break up the Mobile and Ohio and the Jackson and Selma railways, so that the Confederates might be prevented from communication with Meridian. After destroying the railways, Sherman abandoned the enterprise. Captain Healy was with the 58th Illinois on this campaign, and he took part in the action at Big Black, Feb. 5, and in the other actions and skirmishes. On the return from that expedition the Colonel of the 58th was made Brigadier-General.

In July, 1863, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks was sent on the Red River Expedition to re-establish Federal authority in Texas. A detachment of 10,000 men from the Army of the Tennessee was with Banks, and the 58th Illinois was among these — in the first brigade of Gen. Mower's first division. Smith went down from Vicksburg in boats and landed at Simsport, Louisiana, on the Atchafalaya River, on March 13, 1864. The next day, Mower, using Gen. Lynch's Brigade, in which Captain Healy was, and one other brigade, carried Fort DeRussey

by assault. He captured 260 prisoners, eight heavy guns, and two field-pieces. The Fort was the only means the Confederates had to prevent the progress of gunboats up the river.

The Confederates evacuated Alexandria, and retired about 36 miles up the Red River. On March 21, Mower was sent to Henderson's Hill near Cotile, 23 miles above Alexandria, to clear the way across Bayou Rapides. There he surprised at night in a heavy rain storm and captured Taylor's cavalry with four guns of Edgar's Battery. Captain Healy was also present in actions at Grand Ecore, April 3, and at Compti, April 4.

After that time Bank's army was drawn out into a very long line on a single narrow road in a pine forest. On April 8, Taylor attacked the Federals near Mansfield and drove them back in confusion. A panic spread among the teamsters of the long Federal wagon-train, but by nightfall General Emory had checked their flight.

On April 8, Taylor pursued the Federals, and in the afternoon of the 9th he was met by Emory and Mower. Captain Healy was in Lynch's Brigade on the extreme left of the Federal line. The Confederate General Walker turned the right wing of the Federal line, but the Union men rallied on Lynch's Brigade; Lynch then charged and broke the Confederate right wing. Thereafter Gen. A. J. Smith advanced the whole northern line in a charge led by Mower, and the Confederates were routed. This was the Battle of Pleasant Hill. Banks saw that his expedition was a failure and he began to retreat. The 58th Illinois was a part of the rear guard.

After the Battle of Pleasant Hill there were numerous minor engagements in which Capt. Healy took part—Natchitoches, April 22, Cane River Crossing, April 23, and Cloutierville, April 23 and 24. The Red River was falling, and Admiral Porter's fleet was in great danger of utter loss, but Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey of the 4th Wisconsin constructed the famous dam which enabled the gunboats to escape. The 58th Illinois worked on the dam from April 30 to May 10.

On May 6 and 7, there were skirmishes at Bayou Lamourie in which Captain Healy was engaged. On the 13th the last gunboat escaped, and the Federal retreat to the Atchafalaya River began. A minor engagement and skirmishes took place at Mansura on May 13 and 17 with the rear guard; and on the 18th of May at Yellow Bayou the Confederates under Polignac and Wharton met Mower's men, and the Confederates lost 452 killed and wounded, to about 267 on the Federal side. Captain Healy was also in the affair at Lake Chico, La., on June 6. The 58th Illinois camped at Vicksburg during the remainder of June, 1864, and it was sent to Memphis about July 1.

Captain Healy was in General A. J. Smith's command on the expedition to Oxford, Miss., from August 5 to 30, 1864. On that campaign he was engaged in the affairs at Tallahatchie River, August 7 to 9; Abbeville and Oxford, August 12; Hurricane Creek, Aug. 13 and 14; College Hill, August 21 and 22; and Abbeville, August 23. At the end of this campaign, the 58th Illinois was assigned to the second brigade, second division, 16th army corps—still under General Smith. In September, 1864, the 58th Illinois was sent to join Sherman in Georgia, but it was stopped at Cairo, and ordered to report to General Rosecrans at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

The Confederates under General Price, had invaded Missouri with 15,000 men, mostly veterans, and 20 pieces of artillery. Price directed his march toward Saint Louis. Major General Thomas Ewing, an uncle of our Professor Ewing, was then in command of the District of Southeastern Missouri. Ewing drew in his men at Pilot Knob, near Iron Mountain, to oppose Price. The Confederates came before the Federal position on September 26. Ewing had only 1051 men at the post to oppose Price's 15,000 with their artillery.

The Confederates attacked the works on the morning of September 27, and fought all day, but Ewing beat off every attack. When night fell General Ewing was convinced that he could not hold out another day against the Confederates who outnumbered him 15 to 1, and he evacuated the works after blowing up his magazine. His command reached St. Louis in safety, and there Price was met by General A. J. Smith's veterans, among whom was Captain Healy, and the Confederates were repulsed. Rosecrans followed Price until November, but Captain Healy was not in any of the encounters; on the 20th of October, however, he was promoted to the rank of Major. After the pursuit of Price, the 58th Illinois was ordered to report to General Thomas at Nashville. They arrived at Nashville on November 30.

The Confederate General Hood had invaded Tennessee while Sherman was on his march

through Georgia. Thomas had few men at first, and he anxiously awaited the coming of Gen. Smith's veterans. Thomas was urged to attack, but he could not. At length on the 15th and 16th of December he routed Hood's army, and drove him back to the Tennessee River. The Northwest was thus saved from invasion which would have neutralized the effects of Sherman's march to the sea. Major Healy commanded the 58th Illinois in the Battle of Nashville.

After the pursuit of Hood the regiment remained in camp until Feb. 6, 1865, at Eastport, Miss., because the condition of the roads would not permit further advance. Then it was sent with Gen. Smith to New Orleans where it arrived on Feb. 26. Gen. Grant had ordered Gen. Canby to attack Mobile, and A. J. Smith's corps was to help him. The movement was made in two columns, and Major Healy was in the one that started from Dauphine Island under Canby himself.

The 16th army corps started from Fort Gaines on Dauphine Island on March 17. This corps joined the 13th corps on March 27, and laid siege to Spanish Fort near the mouth of the Fish River on April 8. The Fort was captured with about fifty guns. On April 9, Blakely was captured by a general assault of 16,000 Federals: Garrard's division took a principal part in this assault. The regiment then went to Montgomery, Alabama. The war was ended.

On March 26, 1865, Major Healy was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel "for faithful and meritorious services during the campaign against Mobile and its defences;" and on March 27, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 58th Illinois. The regiment remained on garrison duty at Montgomery, Alabama, until April 1, 1866. On Sept. 5, 1865, Lieutenant-Colonel Healy was made Colonel of the regiment. Later he was brevetted Brigadier-General of volunteers, the rank to date from March 13, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

During the occupation of Montgomery, General Healy acted as commandant of the post for the last half of 1865, and in January 1866 he succeeded to the command of the district of Montgomery, which comprised one third of the department (or state) of Alabama, with all the troops in that district. He was mustered out of the service at Springfield, Ill., on April 15, 1866. While still in the military service, General Healy engaged in cotton-planting in Montgomery County, Alabama, in partnership with Colonel Sample, and while at this work, in 1867, he was appointed by President Johnson U. S. Marshal for the middle and southern districts of Alabama.

On the expiration of his term of four years, he was reappointed by President Grant. When the second term was ended a successor was put in the office, but after a month this successor got into trouble: President Grant removed him and reappointed General Healy without any application from Healy and without even consulting the recipient of the favor This was in 1875. That last appointment was made during a recess of the Senate, but when the nomination was sent in it was opposed by a senator from Alabama, and General Healy's name was withdrawn. In 1873, General Healy, with Senator Warner, United States Justice Woods, Colonel Buck, formerly minister to Japan, General Burke, and others, purchased 10,000 acres of mineral and timber land in Alabama, and organized the Tecumseh Iron Co. General Healy was a director of this company.

After he retired from the office of U. S. Marshal, he was appointed by the Federal Circuit Court one of the special commissioners to sell the Alabama and Chattanooga railway under a foreclosure of mortgage. The road was purchased by Baron Erlanger and others, and they immediately organized the Alabama Great Southern railway Co. with headquarters at Chattanooga, Tenn. Gen. Healy was appointed general purchasing agent for this road. The company afterward built the New Orleans and Northeastern railway, and boughtt he Vicksburg and Meridian railway and the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific railway; it also leased the Cincinnati Southern railway. These roads made up "The Queen and Crescent System," and General Healy was purchasing agent for the whole system: while engaged in that position of trust he expended from a million to a million and a half dollars yearly. The roads bought up in Mississippi and Louisiana were completed by the syndicate, and Gen. Healy thus went over again the pathways of the old Meridian and Red River expeditions of the war.

In 1889, with Mr. James Meehan of Cincinnati and others, he organized the Ross-Meehan Foundry Co. at Chattanooga, Tenn. The General, in 1892, retired from railway work and became president of this iron company—a position he still holds. He lives at Chattanooga, Tenn. In 1862, he married Miss Sarah J. Nolan of Chicago: she died in 1892.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, Ind.

—Very Rev. President Morrissey left yesterday for Lafayette to attend the funeral of the late James Smart, LL. D., President of Purdue University.

—Yesterday morning's papers contained reports of fierce rushes and class rows held at some of our leading colleges on Washington's Birthday. Evidently many of our patriotic students wish to commemorate the "Father of our Country" principally as "First in War."

—After the production of "Julius Cæsar," rendered by the Stock Company last Wednesday, there can be no doubt that the taking of these dramatic productions out of the hands of the various societies was a wise move. In other years when the Cecilians had one day for their play, the Thespians one for their play, the Columbians one and the Philopatrians one, etc. etc., the productions were never so effective as they are under the present system. The cast of characters under those conditions was necessarily limited to the members of the society giving the play, and whether or not there were men capable of taking the parts assigned to them they had to go ahead with them. Under the present system the whole student body is open to selection. The best man for the character can be chosen irrespective of what society or what hall claims him as a member. The Stock Company unites all the dramatic talent, and then makes up the cast of characters most suitable for the play to be presented. So far it has proved a great success. Let it be continued.

—The preliminaries for the debate with the University of Indianapolis will begin next week. It is time now that all contestants had their arguments carefully prepared and be ready to defend either side of the question. These preliminary debates will be very spirited, and any one that enters them without having closely studied the question and given a due amount of time to preparing his speech may find himself among the missing ones when the second set of preliminaries begins.

—And now in order to have the track meets run along more smoothly the faculties of our colleges have decided to take the Western Intercollegiate under their control after this season. Most potent, grave and reverend seigneurs, we wish you all success in handling this business, but permit us to offer the suggestion that you step down from your high position as professors, place yourselves on a level with our athletes, and look at the matter from a purely athletic stand-point before you make any rules and regulations.

—Coach McWeeny is having his troubles these days. The new wrestling mat arrived last week, and as Mr. McWeeny happens to know a few things about this branch of athletics he has a large and enthusiastic crowd of students that are joining his class and trying to learn some of the fine points that he is prepared to give them. We are especially fortunate in having Mr. McWeeny for an instructor as he is among the top notch wrestlers of the country, and is fully competent to explain any of the tricks that go with the wrestling game. Moreover, wrestling seems to be growing in favor every year among the different colleges, and it may not be long before it will have a place in the regular programs for dual and inter-collegiate meets. It is a great physical training and will do much toward developing the strength of our athletes.

How We Kept the Day.

As usual at Notre Dame Washington's Birthday was fittingly observed. First of all, and quite proper on the occasion, were the religious services in the College Church. Very Rev. Father Morrissey was the celebrant. At ten o'clock in the forenoon the students and Faculty of the University assembled in Washington Hall for the customary presentation of the class flag. Hung about the interior of the hall were the flags presented by graduation classes in former years, while just above the stage front were spread out the folds of the flag presented by the Class of 1900. The presentation speech made by Mr. J. McGinnis was filled with noble sentiment gracefully and forcefully expressed, and gave the Very Rev. President of the University an excellent opportunity to encourage the students in their loyalty to country and to Notre Dame. The following is the text of Mr. McGinnis' speech:

Another year is gone,—a thread added to the web of time that binds the present to the past. The Class of '99 is no longer with us. Yonder is their flag—a last token of love and of fidelity to their nourishing mother before they went forth to combat in the arena of the world. To-day their thoughts are turned to Notre Dame; and I believe that they are pleased when they recollect that now their memories are evoked, and will continue to be so on every succeeding birthday of Washington, by that faded and storm-worn memento.

I have not been chosen, however, to recall the memories of those that have preceded us. The privileges of the present occasion belong to us, the class of 1900. In a few short months, Reverend Fathers and gentlemen of the Faculty, we too shall leave these sacred walls never to return,—except as visitors. Though we fain would be remembered by you after we are gone, a higher motive has induced us to assemble here this morning—a motive of gratitude and loyalty to old Notre Dame.

For four years your best efforts have been devoted to our instruction. With you as teachers we have found pleasure in our striving after knowledge. You have imparted to us, besides learning, principles of moral manliness and practices of virtue—lights with which we can dispel the shadows of ignorance and evil. The greatest reward for the toiler is the product of his labor. Mindful of this fact the members of this year's class are one in their earnest desire to bring honor to Notre Dame by adhering to the principles you have taught us. Desires are the seed from which all our actions sprout. The hardy chestnut tree, that towers above its neighbors in the forest, finds birth in the tiny kernel enclosed within a bur; so also noble deeds are often but the aftergrowth of humble desires hidden within the human heart. It is not for me to prophesy what deeds will spring from our present aspiration.

It is, however, to express our good will that we have gathered here this morning. It is to consecrate our lives to those sacred principles of manhood, of patriotism and of religion that we have, in accordance with custom, chosen the flag of our nation as a gift to Notre Dame. Suitable is our offering; for it symbolizes by its colors hope, love and purity. The three virtues so conspicuous in the lives of all that are privileged to live within the shadow of Our Lady on yonder golden dome. Fitting, in truth, is this occasion for presenting such a token, the anniversary of Washington's birth, whose picture has the place of honor in this hall dedicated to his name. I know of no memento that could be dearer to the hearts of Notre Dame's Faculty; for many among you have risked your lives and fought in the "heat of battle" to preserve the principles for which the Stars and Stripes have ever been the symbol.

Standing beneath the folds of this our flag, and beholding the stained and antiquated flags of former classes, so many pledges of love and honor between Notre Dame and the sons that she has sent out into the world bearing her blessing, I deem words useless to express our feelings. Therefore, without further remarks, I present to you, Father Morrissey, the representative of the Faculty, in the name of the Class of 1900, this flag of our Republic.

Father Morrissey, as might naturally be expected, spoke enthusiastically in his brief reply; he said much and said it well.

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 1900, 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.

It is a cause of great satisfaction to the Faculty of this institution to hear the representative of the Class of 1900 give expression to the feelings of respect and loyalty that the students of the present year have for their *Alma Mater*. Your predecessors in the years that are past have shown themselves true friends. Notre Dame prizes nothing higher than the good-will and affection of her students, and if at times she was inclined to think that the bonds that unite her to her children are not as close as she would wish to have them, occasions like the present would dispel any such misgivings, and would be the most convincing proof of that reciprocity of kindly feelings that has always existed between her and those whom she is proud to call her sons. Loyalty to the principles upon which your education is being constructed will make you true citizens and Christians.

Most willingly do I accept this flag from the Class of 1900. 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 peoples 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.

Mr. P. Dwan was the poet of the occasion; his beautiful and thoughtful ode appears elsewhere in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

As may be observed, the programme was largely made up of musical numbers, prominent among which were the two choruses sung by the audience. Due credit must be given to Mr. J. McLaughlin for the excellence of the instrumental music and for the proficiency of the Glee Club. His own composition, "Old Glory," was an appropriate and pleasing selection. Mr. Sebern and Mr. Palmer, also, might have sung to better advantage if the stage setting were not necessarily so deep. Both have excellent voices. The following is the

PROGRAMME.

March—"Fortune Teller".....*Herbert*
University Band.
Chorus—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"—Audience
Presentation of Flag.....James H. McGinnis
Patriotic Song—"Old Glory".....*McLaughlin*
W. P. Sebern and Glee Club.
Acceptance of Flag.....Very Rev. President Morrissey
"Oft in the Stilly Night".....*Moore*
"The Three Chafers".....*Trühn*
Glee Club.
Poem.....Patrick J. Dwan
Songs—"Allah".....*Chadwick*
"I'll Sing the Songs of Araby".....*Clay*
Santiago Palmer.
Chorus—"America".....The Audience
March—"Love is King".....*Innes*
University Band.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Washington Hall was again the place of assembly, this time for the presentation of one of Shakspere's plays. The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. W. Furry. It will be found elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC. The speaker's clear enunciation and careful treatment of the subject helped him to produce a favorable impression on the audience.

THE PLAY—"JULIUS CÆSAR"

was presented in a manner that reflects credit not only on the individuals who took the leading parts, but also on all concerned, particularly on Messrs. Carmody and McLaughlin, the former for his success in training the actors, the latter for the excellence of the musical numbers. Owing to the fact that each of the individuals who took part in the entertainment did his part faithfully, it would be out of place to give particular praise to more than a very few of the actors. Moreover, it is to be noted that some of the best actors took only minor parts in this play, owing to the fact that the University Stock Company is a dual organization. The leading parts of the plays are taken successively by different persons. In the rendition of "Julius Cæsar" Messrs. O'Malley, Walsh, Ragan, Duperier and Murphy had most to say. They profited by the opportunity afforded them, and played their parts with a commendable degree of excellence. It may also be said that these in particular succeeded very well in portraying the natural characteristics of the men whom they represented. In the estimation of local critics Mr. Walsh should receive any special praise that is to be given. Among those whose parts were less important, Messrs. Schoonover and Crumley easily distinguished themselves. The female characters were ably represented by Messrs. White and Best.

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Those men that worked behind the scenes in operating the electric lights and assisting in arranging the stage settings are deserving of very much credit. In this regard we would mention in particular, Bro. Cyprian, Professor Maurus, Professor Green, Messrs M. J. Cooney, Smith, Glasheen, Harrington and Riley. In the second and fifth acts, the lights were operated very skilfully thus adding much to the effectiveness of the play.

Exchanges.

Should there be a compilation of college verse this year put into the form of a book such as "With Pipe and Book," or, "With Cap and Gown," I fear the publication would fall far short of its predecessors, in merit. Very few of our exchanges seem to have good verse writers on their staffs this year. Whether it be because there is a general apathy and indifference in other colleges, such as we have among our writers here, is only a matter for conjecture. But the fact remains that just at present the standard of college verse is exceedingly low.

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"The Reforming of Withers," in the latest number of the Yale *Courant*, is the best piece of fiction to be found in any of the college journals for the month of February.

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The *Lampoon* men have forgotten us, it seems, for their excellent paper has been noticeable simply on account of its absence since the holiday vacation.

***

The Holy Ghost College *Bulletin* is very different from others of our exchanges in the method it has for conducting its editorial columns. The subjects on which the editor usually bestows the greater portion of his ink are seldom ones that concern the college or any of its organizations. He wanders away into talks about "Benevolence" and "Catholic Literature in Public Libraries," etc. It may justly be said to the *Bulletin's* credit, however, that these subjects are usually well treated in her columns.

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—The *Mount* for February is a very pleasing number. The young ladies that edit this journal are deserving of much credit for their clever work with the pen. The verse is particularly good, in fact it is the best of anything to be found in the paper.

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There is something substantial about the McMaster University *Monthly*, something that seems to raise it above the ordinary college publication and place it nearer the ranks occupied by leading monthly magazines. Its columns are never filled with trifling notes and crude attempts at jokes, but come with carefully written matter in story and essay.

Personals.

—Mr. Wade of Chicago visited his son, George, of Brownson Hall during the week.

—The Rev. Gregory A. Zern of Monterey, Ind., attended the Washington Birthday exercises here last Thursday.

—Father Charles Guendling of Lafayette spent a few days of this week at Notre Dame visiting with his many friends.

—Mr. Hugh L. Mason, a prominent Chicago Lawyer, was at the University to attend the Washington Birthday exercises.

—Mr. Michael Naughton came from Chicago to visit his son Thomas of Corby Hall and attend the Stock Company's presentation of "Julius Cæsar" last Thursday.

—Edward J. Yockey, LL. B., '99, is practising law in Milwaukee, Wis. He is in the office of Trottman and Friend, two of the leading lawyers of the Milwaukee bar association.

—Among our friends from South Bend that came out to honor the play and players last Thursday were Reverend Fathers DeGroot from St. Patrick's Church and Johannes from St. Mary's Church.

—Michael J. McCormack, Attorney at Law, Suite 29–30 Equitable Building, Memphis, Tenn,—so reads the latest card. All success to this new advocate! "Mac" was one of last year's law class, one very highly respected by all his fellows and very popular in musical circles because of his ability as a violinist.

—In the list of Notre Dame's military men now shines another name—that of Lieutenant Col. William L. Luhn 36th Infantry U. S. V. Mr. Luhn was graduated from Notre Dame in '87 and left here a very popular fellow. He was prominent in all the military societies and in athletic teams. The *Dilettante* of Spokane writes him up as follows:

"Colonel Luhn is a fearless and dashing soldier, a magnificent leader and a very popular officer with the men under his command. He has been able to inspire the fullest confidence of his superior officers, and has been frequently recommended by them for conspicuous gallantry on action. He has taken part in numerous daring and successful raids, notably one at Angeles, in August, where half a dozen men took a town, routing half as many hundreds of the enemy.

"While Adjutant of the Washington regiment, Col. Luhn wrote an able and concise history of the organization and operations of that regiment which was published by the Hicks-Judd Publishing Company of San Francisco, in a work entitled "Campaigning in the Philippines." This is the only complete account of that organization yet published; it is an accurate and interesting narrative, a work far above the average of war histories."

Local Items.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion is announced to begin to-morrow and continue until Tuesday.

—At last the gallant Captain wavered, returned a last volley and fled in disorder and dish-a-billé

—The greatest puzzle about the whole show, for some of our visitors, was how Cæsar's ghost went across the stage.

—Next Wednesday evening another musical will be given by the Corby Hall Mandolin and Glee Clubs in the Corby reception room

—The Preps. 2d Basket-Ball Team defeated the Held Association Basket-Ball Team last Sunday by a score of 11 to 6. Hubbell threw some skilful baskets.

—As soon as you can recover your equilibrium after the shock of the examinations has passed, commence to think about a Lenten resolution. You will need one next Wednesday.

—All you Corbyites on the second flat take notice: Ellwanger and Newman broke their water pitchers and wish to announce that drinking water can be obtained in M. B. Herbert's room.

—If the voice of conscience could only use one of our friend's megaphones how peaceful would our slumber be(?) And perhaps some would then have mercy on humanity and die (their mustaches).

—To-day the Preps. will play the De Lasalle Institute indoor baseball. Keeler, who pitches for the visitors, is considered the best in his class. McCambridge will pitch for the "Preps." Everyone should attend the game.

—Through the kindness of Mr. Milton C. Smith of the Union League Club of Chicago, Notre Dame and St. Mary's have been furnished with several hundred copies of patriotic songs for use on Washington's Birthday.

—L. Wanger will please change his code of signals and do us a favor. He gave us the "Chiggars" the other night, and when we looked out we got ice water. It is rather provoking to have him mix up the signals in such a manner. He ought to use the steam pipe code of taps and raps.

—A young man from Chamberlain recently visited Notre Dame. While paying his visit, this bright, smooth-talking young man forgot to pay his debts, when one of his friends approached him on the subject by saying "Great Scott! when are you going—" Here the fellow's nerve and voice failed him. Scott, not catching the drift of the fellow's thought, innocently replied: "Well, seeing you are in such a blamed hurry about me going, I guess I had better leave now." The nerve of the creditors has returned, and if ever Great Scott shows himself may Cæsar's Ghost have pity on him, for he is now two rounds in debt.

—We have heard from those that attended the entertainment at St. Mary's Academy that it was a very enjoyable affair. Without going too far and requesting too much of our cousins by inviting all that took part in the entertainment to come over here and reproduce it, may we not rely upon our relationship enough to suggest that they reproduce for us their stereopticon views of "Great Men" and have their lecturers along to explain them? We should appreciate it very much, ladies.

—Now, how about it? Six weeks or so ago in one of his off-hand chats the SCHOLASTIC said something about having a good glee club this year. What think ye, brethren, was he correct in his views? We address this only to those that were in Washington Hall last Wednesday morning and heard our songsters. The first appearance was a great success; it was simply a case of opening on an ace high flush; now then, everybody behind and let's whoop 'er up!

—The Columbian Society held its regular meeting on Thursday evening, February 15, the following programme being rendered: Impromptu, Griffin; Declamation, Gormley; "Five short stories well told," Leach. Debate: "Resolved, That Congress should take some steps toward the prohibition of lynching in the South." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs Crimmins and McFadden, the negative by Messrs. Kelly and Mahoney. The negative won. Minute speeches were made by Fetherston, Cooney and Hennebry.

—At the last meeting of the St. Joseph Debating Society a new practice was voted upon and introduced into the regular order of roll-call. Each member will respond with a short quotation from some writer instead of answering with his own name. The programme was opened with a declamation by Mr. P. J. McNamara. Minute speeches were given by Messrs. J. Flynn, Hart, O'Riley and O'Neal; impromptu by Mr. O'Connor. The debate, "Resolved, That England is justified in forcing the Boers into war," was supported on the affirmative by Messrs. Johnson, Lavelle and Long; McCanley, McElligott and McMahon succeeding in reversing the issue for the negative.

—One day last week, while the weather man sprinkled the parched earth with little young lakes, Count McNamara found himself standing partly on his dignity and partly on one of the summer-day seats on St. Joe campus that had the best of the surrounding lake by about two inches. It was plain to see the Count was on the defensive, for he waved a club high over his head and his hair stood up a close second. Rigney and Hughes had followed the Count to the water's edge: "Come on, Tommy Atkinson," shouted the Count.

"Come out you sulky Hughes," came the answer. Rigney and Hughes called a meeting of themselves and decided to storm the Kopje, but the Count had an Oom Paul advantage, and the Tugela was recrossed and the Kopje remained untaken.

—A woman in the case.—Schott received a very suspicious looking letter the other day from Danville. It was such a small, neat little blue envelope, and the handwriting was so peculiarly effeminate and familiar that Bandy began to think a great deal when he saw it lying on the mail table. Schott felt extremely happy over the nice things that were written in the letter, and thoughtlessly approached Bandy asking him all about her. Everyone knows that Schott visited Bandy in Danville last vacation, but how he ever came to know that girl above all others is a mystery to Bandy. She is Bandy's ideal, so when the happy Schott in his joy brought the missive to him, Bandy tore it into a thousand pieces and pulled his hair madly. Coats and hats came off immediately and there was a lively exchange of pugilistic manœuvres that boded no harm to either. Now both of them go around eliciting sympathy as wounded lovers.

—A very pleasant surprise was given to Fat the other evening in the nature of a reception by Baldy and Reub. The affair took place in Baldy's apartments, which were decorated properly for the occasion. Everything was capacious about the place to be in keeping with Fat's liberal ideas on expansion. Many interesting little speeches were given by the guests to grace the occasion. Baldy spoke on "The hairless man's condition clearly stated." Reub gave "The exaggerated sizes of youths." He was refuted very cleverly by Warder. As the honorable guest of the evening, Fat was called upon for a few remarks. He bowed gracefully in appreciation of the honor, and a happy smile stole across the broad expanse of his countenance. He chose for his subject "The result of hops under pressure, or my sensational visit to a Chicago brewery." He handled the subject very dexterously and showed clearly his thorough knowledge and experience of the matter. The other guests cheered him heartily, and to appreciate it he then volunteered to sing. The reception abruptly came to an end.

—My Dear Mr. Editor:—Eureka, sir, Eureka! I have found it at last. I knew there was a screw loose with the world somewhere, but I couldn't locate it. But now, sir, thanks to myself and St. Jacob's oil, I have made the discovery. Now, listen: Did it ever occur to you that your right name is Adam? Well, sir, even if you do not think so it is a fact. Here is the whole theory. Adam was the name of the first man. His children of course took his name, therefore their names must have been Adam. Now, as there were no men in the world except the Adams, whenever a Miss Adam would marry her name would be Mrs. Adam. Then, sir, with the next generation and the next and the next the same thing would happen. We are all descendants of Adam and his name belongs to us. We should not be ashamed of it and adopt these horrid nicknames that we have now. I wish to inform you and the rest of the world that your name is Adam. My name is too; and hereafter I mean to insist that everyone shall call me by that name.

Yours truly.

W. Dalton Adam.

—The following is last Thursday's

Programme.

PART I.

March—"The Father of Victory".....*Ganne*
Oration.....Mr. William D. Furry

PART II.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.

Persons of the Play.

Brutus.....Mr. Raymond G. O'Malley
Cassius.....Mr. Edward J. Walsh
Marc Antony.....Mr. Paul J. Ragan
Julius Cæsar.....Mr. Alfred J. Duperier
Decius.....Mr. William Wimberg
Casca.....Mr. James F. Murphy
Octavius Cæsar.....Mr. Harry P. Barry
Metellus Cimber.....Mr. Joseph J. Maroney
Popilius Lenas.....Mr. Gallitzen Farabaugh
Titinius.....Mr. George H. Kelly
Trebonius.....Mr. Peter B. Lennon
Cinna.....Mr. Leo J. Heiser
Soothsayer, Pindarus }.....Mr. Frederick G. Schoonover
Servius.....Mr. John P. Hayes
Flavius.....Mr. Edward J. Gilbert
Lucius.....Mr. Alfred D. Kelly
First Citizen.....Mr. Harry V. Crumley
Second Citizen.....Mr. George F. Stitch
Third Citizen.....Mr. George H. Kelly
Fourth Citizen.....Mr. Marc W. Scott
Portia.....Mr. Orrin A. White
Calphurnia.....Mr. Louis E. Best

Soldiers, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

Before Act II.—Waltz "Je t'aime".....*Waldteufel*
Before Act III.—"La Cinquantaine".....*Marie*
Before Act IV.—Waltz—"Espana".....*Waldteufel*
Before Act V.—March—"Garde du Corps".....*Hall*
(Between Acts V. and VI. there will be no intermission.)

Director of the Stage—Francis X. Carmody.
Director of the Music—James J. McLaughlin, Jr.

—Like the flowers that blush unseen, there are many brave deeds performed that never come to light. Probably no more than two persons ever heard of the gallant conduct of one of our militia men. Last year toward the end of the season when the geraniums were beginning to sprout in Tom's old shoes and the student spirit was effervescing with thoughts of furlough and summer conquests on the beach a notable military exploit was attempted. The oft attacked but never successfully bombarded Fort Ney was the scene of operations. Plans were carefully laid during the day for a com-

bined assault after dark. Everything was ready when the time came. Exactly on the stroke the storm of dumb-dumbs began. The atmosphere was literally full of projectiles for some minutes. The crash, as they came in contact with the pile before and after, was awful. For a time all was quiet. Hurried steps were audible within the fort. All the garrison fled save one courageous chap. This brave lad was taken unawares; but armed with the six-shooter he had obtained in the morning he stayed at his post and poured volley after volley. The attack was resumed. The dumb-dumbs came faster; the reports were dreadful.

—How they celebrated Washington's Birthday:—Meyers was very patriotic. He gave his sweater a day's rest, and, with Wrenn's assistance, decked himself gloriously for the occasion. An immaculate white shirt, with four handsome new (*i. e.* new to him) buttons, a blue necktie, that made the sky so envious it remained behind a cloud all day, a lovely red blush of Gentile proportions, and a tall, lean, lanky, overgrown and overworked collar. These articles and Mr. Meyers shone with great brilliancy all day and were the recipients of a good many comments, handshakes, congratulations, bricks, snowballs, set-ups, insinuations, etc, etc. "Doesn't pay to be patriotic," is what Meyers said the same night, and so the partnership between himself and the above-mentioned articles has been dissolved, and the sweater is working once more.

Crimmins won a game of billiards and lost his head. Not on account of winning a game, as he had confidently expected that such would be the case some day and had steeled himself for the emergency, but because of his anxiety to spread the news of the game. It appears that as soon as he had won he started out to apprize his friends of the fact. One account was sufficient for most of them, but Timothy in his anxiety, started to tell his tale to the same group a second time. This led to trouble, Crimmins coming out second best. Now he shudders whenever he passes a billiard table.

Wade stopped talking. Drachbar talked all day about the many good traits of our Country's Founder, and slept all night. Murphy read the "Life of Washington" with wide open mouth and eyes shut, and determined to emulate his example. And Svensden, instead of reading Shakspere, drawing funny pictures, or writing poetry, gave himself up to deep thoughts. John has the peculiarity of adapting himself to the occasion. For instance, if it had been St. Patrick's day, John would have reflected on the great worth of the Patron of Ireland, and then determined to become as great as St. Patrick. But as it was Washington's day, John's thoughts were all about him, and, as a result, his resolution was to become as great as Washington. He recognizes, however, that at the present time his chances are very slim, but says he can afford to wait.

—They were comfortably seated in Shag's room after adjourning from Tom's for some reason known to Tom alone, and it was up to Martie. The crowd had just recovered from one of Shag's hair-raising experiences with a sewing machine and from the one that was told on Tom and his dingy partner at the play some nights hence. At this point Jack could not contain himself, and begged to be allowed to relate one old reminiscence. Martie waived his claim, and Jack proceeded:

"You know it was through my friend in music, Teddardo Gilberetto, that I was prevalied upon to come West to seek knowledge and fame among you. In those days I was regarded as a musician of some note in our town. I had played on several occasions for large audiences of musical people, and they never failed to reward my efforts with vociferous applause. So you see I felt"—there was a pause, for some one mistook Jack's foot for the cuspidor, but it was all right—"I say," he continued, "I felt that I could take a few pulls out of some of these fancy sonatas, and naturally expected to achieve fame in my own surroundings. But what was my surprise when we got here and I got next to the game. My oft cherished friend had deceived me. He told me that this was a home of musicians and that there were many talented artists here. But whom did I find. Old Kentucky and his thrilly donor, Get your Money's Worth, and Gilberetto himself. I was, to say the least, indignant; but I guess I learnt a few things. The Lord and I had disagreed about my destiny; for, may you know that when I got here and had arranged my shack in Sorin Hall I began to communicate through my precious instrument with the old masters. Before long, as was always the case when I was inspired, a loud applause greeted me. The stamping of feet and a concourse of enthusiastic voices could be heard. Presently as I was soaring to majestic heights a harsh, grating sound reached my ears. The door was rudely opened and immediately a vast volume of tokens entered rapidly from an unknown source. Fortunately there were no eggs in the tributes, and I dodged the missiles in old-time form. But alas! my dear box was demolished. A horrid brogan came in contact with the solar-plexus of the dear piece, and now it is no more." It was now Martie's turn, but a scraping at the door aroused Shag's suspicions, and he hied himself hither to investigate. Poor Shag! he'll never get over it. They were coming his way. And the new Virgil of Sorin strutted proudly down the corridor. Some days have passed since it happened. Runt discovered it on his rounds. The other fellows did so later. Gilbert stubbed his toe on it. Some one had better take it away.