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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

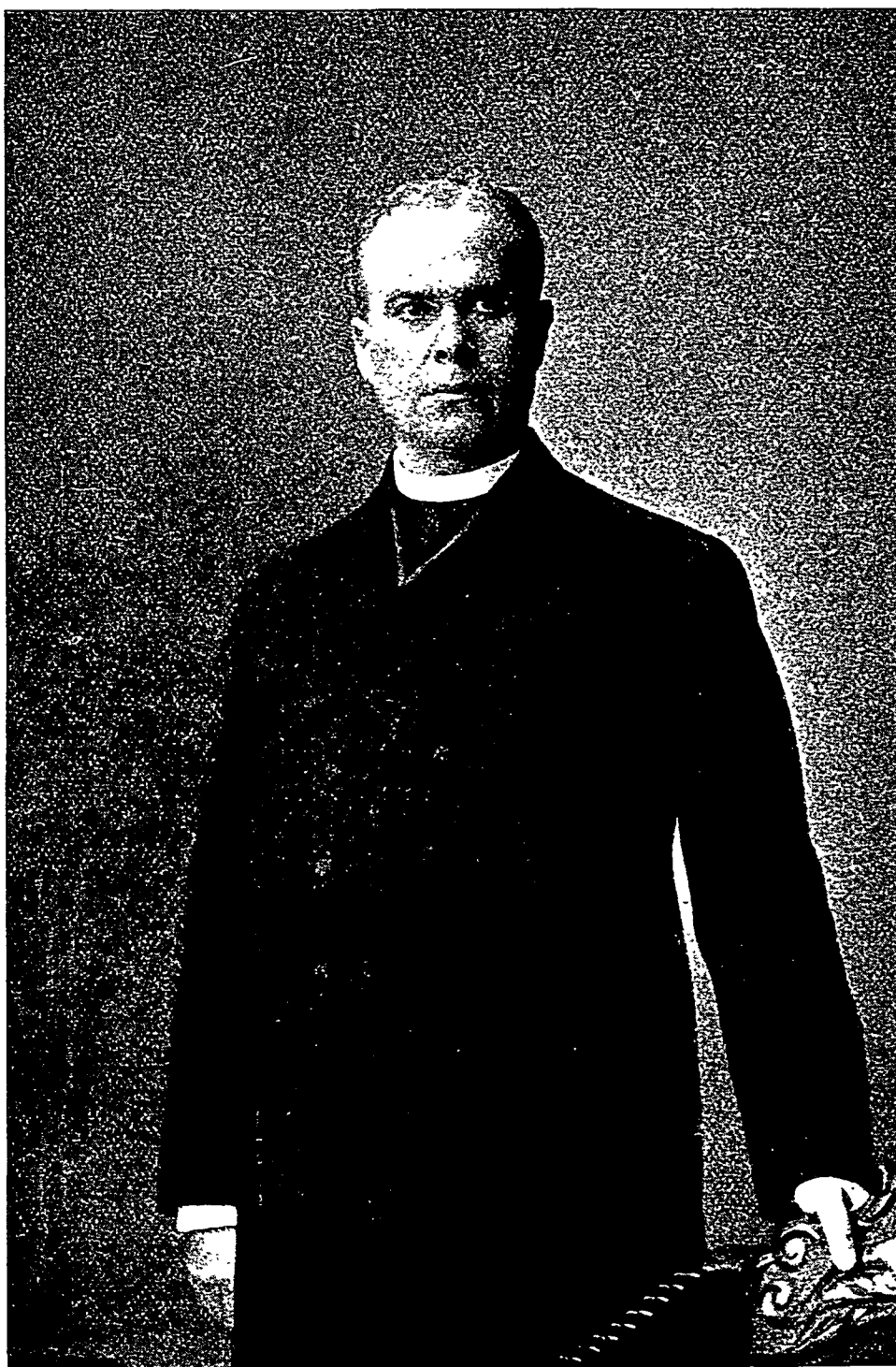
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THE REV. NATHAN J. MOONEY, B. S., '77, A. M., '95,
Rector of St. Columbkille's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

Summer Winds.

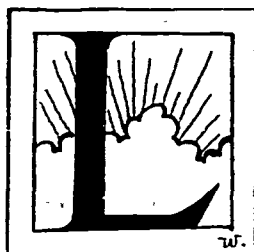
G LAD winds that loiter over stream and lea,
Through city ways and quiet valleys fair;
Gentle your voice as kneeling virgin's prayer
Before the altar of a sanctuary.
Thrice happy comrades of the laden bee,
I often think those accents that you bear
Were whispered by an absent friend somewhere,
And travelled on your pinions here to me.

To what blithe land you go I may not tell,
Yet would I share your welcome with the flowers
Whose chalice heads bow vibrant 'neath your
strain;
And should you wander where the blessed dwell,
Breathe to one soul within the azure towers,
"A little while and we shall meet again."

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

JOSEPH W. KENNY.



LITTLE more than a century ago slavery was firmly established in the world. It was advocated by statesmen, defended in the pulpit, embodied in every constitution. A resolution in the House of Commons "that slavery was contrary to the laws of God and the rights of man" was overwhelmingly defeated. The civilized world decided that the negro was not a man but a chattel; that the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence were not for him, but only for the white man. To-day the clanking of the bondman's chains is heard no more, and throughout the earth society is educating and uplifting the negro, is recognizing his rights, his dignity, his political equality with other races.

Whence this change, this mighty revolution? It began in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Slavery was at the zenith of its power when an old man stepped forth and dared to strike the first blow for the liberation of a fettered race; a man whose genius and self-sacrifice were to shape the course of civilization.

This man, known in history as Toussaint L'Ouverture, was born in the year 1743 on the

* Winning oration in the Oratorical Contest, held in Washington Hall, Wednesday evening, May 29.

island of Santo Domingo. He derived his being from a line of kings. His father had been stolen from the coast of Africa and sold into slavery. Inheriting all the ambition and energy of his royal lineage, he rose above his natural condition, and secured an education that fitted him for the great work of his later life. As he ripened into manhood he realized more and more the unhappy degradation of his people. Once he saw his old father whipped, and all the compassion and resentment of his nature was aroused. For fifty long years he endured his bondage and dreamed on, while the conviction grew in him that slavery was a monstrous wrong; and as the instinct of leadership waxed stronger, he resolved that slavery should die, justice and freedom should triumph, and it should triumph by his voice, by his act, by his blood.

The opportunity came in the summer of 1795. The mixed population of Santo Domingo was agitated by the revolution in France. An extraordinary decree had just reached the island. "Liberty and Equality" was the message from the French republic. The mulattoes and negroes received it with demonstrations of the wildest joy and asked that their cause be heard. Instead of acceding, the whites took measures to repress them. Fifteen thousand blacks rose in arms and demanded the first rights of liberty—"one day of rest out of seven." The French governor refused and ordered them to disband. At the head of that army of slaves Toussaint faced the governor and said: "In the past I have aided you; my arm has saved you and restored to you your power. Henceforth it shall be raised in defence of the rights of my people." The whites and mulattoes stood aghast. The first blow known to history for the rights of the negro race was then struck, and the Clock of Destiny tolled the knell of slavery and the dawning of the era of emancipation.

With the grim determination of a man hardened by fifty years of oppression, Toussaint stood fast for the object of his devotion—the manhood of his race. From every quarter of Santo Domingo came negroes ready to die for their hero. From these lawless forces of insurgent slaves, ill-clad and ill-armed, Toussaint organized an army. That band of blacks, collected under his command, fired with his impetuous spirit, swept from one end of the island to the other, everywhere bearing the banner of victory. His intimate knowledge of the country gave him the key to the situation.

He seized the mountain passes and roads, intercepted the enemy and balked their plans. The most vindictive spirit that ever roused hostile armies burned in the hearts of the combatants. Black was pitted against white, slave against master. On the north the Spanish drew up their forces to attack him, while the English invaded the French territory from the east. The iron will of that intrepid leader nerved this band of slaves into a host of warriors. Before their invincible onslaught the proud blood of Spain was crushed to earth; the impetuous chivalry of France went down; the indomitable English soldier fled from the field defeated and disheartened. His people made him governor of Santo Domingo, and under his iron rule order took the place of chaos. Revolution ceased.

The world marvels at the military skill of Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon. But where is the genius that has written a brighter page in the annals of military history than was written by the hand of this simple black of Santo Domingo? Out of a herd of ignorant slaves, debased by generations of servitude, armed with clubs and corn knives, he organized an army, successively defeated the disciplined troops of the three most powerful nations of Europe, broke the shackles of his race, and out of the turmoil of revolution restored peace and prosperity.

The genius of Toussaint on the field of battle was even surpassed by his rule of state. Before him was a task that demanded the ablest diplomacy and the coolest judgment. To lay the foundation of a state for men who had just thrown off the yoke; to adopt laws so just, so liberal, so modified that the intense prejudice of caste be abolished, popular prosperity be secured, and unity of government be maintained, was an undertaking to tax the ingenuity of the wisest of statesmen.

When order had been restored in the island, he called a committee of eight men to draw up a constitution. At this time in England the Established Church animated by bitter prejudice, made the worship of God—if contrary to her formula—a crime of state. Across the channel, France in a reign of blood had done her utmost to blot out Christianity. In America, the home of liberty, a spirit of intense intolerance prevailed; but Toussaint had within his broad mind no trace of religious bigotry. Rising above the ignorant bias of the day, before the constitutional committee he gave this admonition: "Place in the first

article of this constitution a provision that Santo Domingo grants liberty and equality in religion." Refusing an offer to the crown of Hayti, he turned to the committee and said: "This constitution shall provide for Santo Domingo a republican government, and tell the world that all races are free and equal under its laws. The negro only asks for that liberty which God gave him."

The passion for civil equality that had been kindled in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon, fanned by a tyrant king, that had glowed in the tattered tents of Valley Forge, had here in Santo Domingo burst into a flame which was to illumine the world and proclaim anew the brotherhood of man. Nursed in vicissitude, beaten upon by the rough winds of adversity, this slave had become in his old age a man of mailed fortitude, ready to confront the world, prepared for torment and armed for death. Hoping against hope he had moulded custom to his will, and made a nation of freemen out of a herd of lawless slaves. Trusting in the divine power of forgiveness he had reconciled the factions of society, and secured for Santo Domingo the blessings of friendship and of peace.

Ambitious Napoleon from across the seas watched the rise of the new government. The black chieftain seemed to dim his glory. Warned of Napoleon's designs, Toussaint appealed to America for help; but America, herself sunken in slavery, refused. England, flouting the negro's freedom, promised Napoleon neutrality; and Holland, the historic lover of liberty, assisted him with forty ships. Sixty thousand of Europe's choicest troops landed in Santo Domingo. General Le Clerc had come to restore slavery in the island. For a moment Toussaint despaired. The world pitted against him! Then in his desperation he ordered the cities to be burned, the harvests destroyed, the wells poisoned; and fortifying his retreat in the mountains, he anxiously awaited the approach of the enemy. The whole French army was pouring into the road which passed the place where he was stationed. Crouching for a moment as the wild animal crouches, he sprang with a fierce impetus upon his foe, and the army before whose mighty march all Europe had trembled was shattered into ruins.

The French sued for peace. Toussaint was asked to attend a council for arranging negotiations. But a plot had been laid. The unconquerable negro chieftain was to be

captured at any price—even the honour of France. Alone in the council chamber, surrounded by French soldiers, he was seized and gagged and hurried on board a man-of-war. He had never quailed before his foe, and now before his captors, with stern determination, with simple and prophetic eloquence he spoke:

"You men of France, who have begrudged the negro his poor rights, think that by overthrowing me you have overthrown negro liberty. I tell you, that you have only cut down the trunk of the tree of liberty of the blacks, but it will grow again and its roots will spread and strike deep."

By the order of Bonaparte, without a trial, Toussaint was thrown into a dungeon on the snow-crowned Alps in the castle of Saint Joux. The proud form that had so often led his race to victory, the heart that never quailed before the bravest troops of Europe, the arm that had for years sustained the prestige of France, must freeze and die in a living tomb. Eighteen months passed away. In this narrow cell, dark and cold, far from friends, emaciated by starvation and suffering, the martyr of liberty expired.

But triumphant and glorious above his death arose his message of freedom. Napoleon had slain the man, but the principle for which Toussaint stood could never die. It swept from continent to continent. It rang on the ears of the slave-holding world. It burned anew in the hearts of men. It raised up armies. It blazed from the hot throats of Federal cannon. Its reverberating voice sped round the world, penetrating the hut of the peasant, the palace of the king, the assembly of statesmen; and from England, from Denmark, from Russia, from America, and from the jungles of Africa, burst forth the triumphant cry of emancipation.

Ere the century rolled away liberty's form was seen towering on high, and at her feet lay the broken fetters of the slave. The work of Toussaint L'Ouverture was done. No rich sarcophagus enshrined his body; no solemn dirge was chanted at his grave; but from the throbbing heart of the liberated negro welled forth a grateful prayer that told the depth of his devotion.

Time that measures the deeds of men with an impartial hand, O L'Ouverture! has woven about thy brow a wreath of everlasting fame. Thou liberator of a race in bondage, live on! The bright sun gleams to-day upon the

republic of Santo Domingo, the scene of thy struggles, of thy triumph. It sheds its rays upon an unfettered race. It shines upon a prosperous, a happy people.

Eloquence may sing of men of wider fame; Liberty may exalt her champions in every land; but the little island of Santo Domingo will never acknowledge a nobler, a dearer name than that of her heroic warrior, her mighty statesman, her martyr patriot—Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Marse Dean.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

After the Civil War when I moved into the ancient mansion near Arlington, Virginia, I found there many of the negroes that had been slaves. An old negro, called Jeff Johnson, almost invariably addressed me as "Marse Dean." One day I asked him who this "Marse Dean" was.

"It's a long story, mostah; but ef yo' doan' min' lis'nin', I'll tell yo'."

So he seated himself on a stump near the cabin door, took a fresh dip of snuff, and began:

"Down de road dyah a bit, in de house wid de fo' w'ite pillahs, ole Majah James use' tuh lib; an' ole mostah libbed right hyah in dis bery house. Majah James an' ole mostah wuz de bigges' slabe ownahs in dis paht o' de country. In de eb'nin's arfter wuk, ole mostah's fambly use' tuh go obah tuh de Majah's, an' us niggahs use' tuh g'long tuh see de niggahs obah dyah. Dem wuz good ole times, mostah. Us niggahs use' tuh all sing an' dance jigs fo' de w'ite folks, an' den dere wuz a great big spread o' grub arfterwuds on de back gall'ry.

"Bime by, w'en I got big 'nuff tuh tote a gun, ole mostah gimme tuh Marse Dean (dat wuz ole mostah's son) tuh tek huntin' wid 'im tuh tote de game an' tek care o' de dorgs. But w'en Marse Dean fell in de ribbah, an' I pulled 'im out, 'e gimme mah liberty; but I tole 'im I's gwine tuh stay wid 'im; so 'e made me 'is body-guahd. Marse Dean wuz de hansomes' boy I ebah seed, an' e' had a mos' 'culiah fas'nation dat yo' jes' couldn' he'p but like 'im.

"Ez long ez I kin rec'lec', Marse Dean an' Miss Mollie use' tuh play tuhgeddah, go tuh school tuhgeddah, an' use' tuh lub one 'nuddah like bruddah an' sistah. Miss Mollie wuz de

Majah's daughtah, an' wuz so pretty dat all de boys 'ud ride a mile outen deir way jes' tuh see 'er. She suttinly wuz a fine gal; but arfter she growed up she use' tuh like tuh make Marse Dean jealous. One time a fellah name' Malloy came down from Mass'chusetts. He hed lots o' money an' fine hosses, an' arfter 'e got 'quainted, Miss Mollie an' 'im use' tuh go dribin', 'kase she wuz powahfully fond o' fas' hosses. I nebbah did like dat fellah from de fust; 'kase I seed 'im free or fo' times talkin' wid dat Dan Myahs, who warn' wuth more'n a lame dorg in a possum fight. He kep axin' Miss Mollie tuh go dribin' 'til Marse Dean got kindah jealous; an' one time w'en Miss Mollie an' 'im wuz comin' home from chu'ch, 'e axed 'er ef she liked dat Mistah Malloy.

"O yes," she sez, "'e is int'restin' an' has de fastes' hosses ob anyone 'roun'!"

"But, Mollie, yo' oughten' tuh go wid 'im, 'kase dey say 'e's a liah an' a cheat!"

"An' Miss Mollie wuz so 'tuhmined dat Marse Dean wuz afeahd tuh say any mo'. All 'long dough 'e kep' tryin' tuh convince 'er, but 'twarn' no use. Marse Dean knowed dat Malloy wuz a wuthless an' good fuh nuffin' fellah, an' 'e wuz mad mo' 'kase Miss Mollie hed ben fooled dan 'kase she went dribin' wid Malloy.

"W'en de big cam'-meetin' came tuh Arlin'-ton, Marse Dean wrote Miss Mollie a note an' axed 'er tuh go wid 'im. He wuz busy an' couldn' come obah hisse'f, so 'e hed tuh sen' one o' de niggahs wid de note. All dat day passed an' no ansawah from Miss Mollie. Ez we wuz out huntin' dat eb'nin', Marse Dean sez we'd stop by Miss Mollie's house an' see w'y she didn' write.

"Mebbe she warn' home, Marse Dean, I sez.

"Well, Sam said dat 'e lef' de note dyah an' tole 'em tuh gib it tuh Miss Mollie."

"Jes' ez we wuz comin' down de road tuh de Majah's, who'd we meet but Miss Mollie 'erse'f. She came 'long wid 'er head neahly techin' de skies.

"Good eb'nin', Miss Mollie," we sez, raisin' our hats. But she nebbah said a wud. Marse Dean tuhrned ez w'ite ez a ghos'; an' I nebbah seed 'im look like 'e did dat eb'nin'. I nebbah would 'a' knowed 'im. Fin'ly, Miss Mollie looked straight at Marse Dean kindah like she wanted to forgib' 'im, an' den she sez:

"Dean, did yo' write dat note tuh-day 'bout goin' tuh de cam'-meetin'?"

"Yes, Mollie, I—"

"Den, Mistah Owsley," sez she, an' 'er eyes flashed like diamon's, an' de blood all rushed tuh 'er cheeks, 'den, Mistah Owsley, doan' yo' nebbah speak tuh me agin; eben ef yo' looks at me ez we meets, I'll tell de Majah, an' you'll hab' tuh stan' de consequences."

"She tuhrned 'way 'fo' she stopped speakin', an' fuh a minit Marse Dean looked like a ghos'; den all ob a sudden 'e reeled back an' drapped de gun w'ich exploded an' neahly hit Miss Mollie. Had'n' ben fuh dat, Marse Dean mout nebbah rekivahd.

"Marse Dean, I sez ez we wuz gwine home, 'whut wuz in dat note?"

"He didn' 'peah tuh heah me, fuh 'e wuz mum'lin' tuh hisse'f, 'Nebah speak tuh 'er agin, nebah look at 'er agin! She'll tell de Majah, an' I'll hab' tuh stan' de consequences! Whut does I care fuh de consequences, only dat de Majah is 'er fadah!"

"Marse Dean, whut does yo' fink is de mattah?"

"I doan' know, Jeff."

"Mebbe she nebbah did lub yo' since dat Mistah Malloy done come tuh Arlin'ton."

"Jeff, you's de only man libin' dat could stan' on de same groun' wid me an' say dat Mollie is 'ceitful."

"Dat bery same day Malloy went 'way; 'an Marse Dean began tuh git palah an' palah'n a ghos'. Nuffin' 'ud 'peah tuh amuse 'im. W'en we'd be out huntin' an' 'ud sit down by a tree tuh res', he'd tek 'is knife an' cut six lettahs in de tree,—MOLLIE. An' de only cross wud 'e ebah say tuh me wuz w'en I sez:

"Marse Dean, doan' worry; she ain' no bettah'n lots o' de gals 'roun' hyah."

"Whut! yo' black raskill; ef yo' sez dat agin, I'll break yoah neck', an' 'e wuz jes' ez wild ez a young hoss.

"We seed Miss Mollie no mo' arfter dat day w'en we met 'er gwine down de road tuh de Majah's. 'Bout a monf arfterwuds, Marse Dean sez dat mebbe she wuz mad 'kase 'e wrote de note 'stead o' comin' hisse'f; an' 'e sez we wuz gwine obah tuh 'splain. It wuz in de eb'nin', an' de moon wuz a shinin' down 'jes' ez bright ez on de night dat we goes possum huntin'. We 'warn' mor'n half way, w'en dere wuz a noise 'way up de road, an' pretty soon sumfin' all in w'ite came a 'lopin' down de road at full speed.

"Fo', Gawd! Marse Dean, dat's a ghos' sho'," I sez, an' I thought mah time hed come.

"Well, whut ob it?" an' Marse Dean wuzn' a bit afeahd.

"All on a sudden de hoss wuz pulled back so quick dat 'e mos' set down on 'is hanches; an' I wuz neahly pah'lized wid feah. But it wuz Miss Mollie's voice dat sez:

"'Dean, fuhgib me,—eb'ryfin' is cleah now!'

"'Oh, Mollie!' sez Marse Dean, 'whut does dis mean?'

'W'y, Dean, dat Mistah Malloy is tuh blame fuh it all, an' ef 'e hadn' made a big mistake, we'd 'a' nebah met hyah tuh-night. He's comin' tuh Arlin'ton agin in a few days, an' 'e wrote tuh me tuh ax ef 'e couldn' call. Den 'e wrote tuh 'is chum, Dan Myahs, an' sed 'e got yoah note 'bout de cam'-meetin' from de niggah whut brought it obah. 'Stead o' givin' me yoah note 'e wrote one hisse'f an' signed yoah name tuh it. It sed dat yo' wuz gwine tuh tek' some uddah gal wid yo' tuh de 'meetin', an' dat yo' nebah lubbed me 't all anyhow. Now all dis wuz in 'is lettah tuh Myahs. But de bes' ob it is dat 'e done put mah lettah in Myahs' env'lope an' Myahs' lettah in mine, so I knows all 'bout it now. Dean, won' yo' fuhgib' me?' An' you'd 'a' thought she wuz a angel, 'er voice wuz so sof' an' silbah-like.

"'So dat is de lettah yo' mean' w'en yo' axed me ef I wrote dat note 'bout de cam'-meetin'! Oh, Mollie, I's annudah man!'

"An', Mostah, all de time I jes' stood dyah kindah pet'ified-like."

Dreaming.

How sweet it were to sit and dream
Beside some shaded mountain stream
And catch the light of each sunbeam
That peers through trellised trees!
Or hear the violet that woos
With trippant tongue the evening dew;
Or mark the crocus change its hues;
Or watch the noonday seas.

To hear the song the harebell sings
As with the April moon it brings
Its sweet perfumes, and softly clings,
Or 'round the grasses weaves.
Or gaze upon the evening breeze
That scares the bees from blossomed trees,
Or from half-opened lattices
To note the changing leaves.

To sit beside the shore of life
And see the waves made white with strife,
And see each man with honour rife

Now resting on his oar.
To hear the mariners old and grim,
With faces brown and eyes grown dim,
That answer all who question them—
"We toil no more."

A. B. C.

The Roman Theatre.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.

The first scenic play was presented at Rome in the year 364 B. C. A terrible pestilence was raging in Italy, and the performance was given to pacify the gods. The actors were Etruscans, hired for the occasion. This presentation was not a drama as we know it, or even as the later Romans knew it. The performance was of a religious character, and consisted of a series of pantomimes and dances, accompanied by a flute. Heretofore, there had been a plenty of representations mostly of country life, some of them dramatic to a certain extent. After the performance mentioned above, the young Romans mimicked the actions of the Etruscans, and, later on, added dialogues. These, however, had no connection whatever. Finally, in the year 272 B. C. Libius Andronicus, a Tarentine Greek, came to Rome. This man first formed the dialogues into a connected drama. After this development, the Roman youths turned over the performances to the professional actors or *histriones*.

These dramas were given at first only at the *Ludi Romani* or Great Games. In later years they were presented also on all fixed festivals, and on special occasions, such as the dedication of temples, triumphs and funeral ceremonies. As early as the sixth century after the foundation of Rome, plays claimed an ascendancy over the games of the circus. We must not infer from this, however, that the Romans loved the plays for themselves. The only reason for their popularity is that they were easier and less expensive to produce. The exciting sports of the circus still had a much stronger attraction for the common people. Often, indeed, in the midst of the presentation of a drama, the populace imperiously demanded a fight between wild animals or a combat of gladiators. Hence the sums expended on the plays to hold the attention of the people became very lavish. Speaking of this fact, Cicero said of Pompey: "He cared more for display than for the skill of the actor and the merits of the piece to be performed."

In the early days, Rome had no permanent theatres. Whenever a performance was to be given, a temporary stage was erected by the side of a slope. The whole was then fenced in. As there were no seats, the audience could

sit, lie or stand, as they wished. The spectators were mingled regardless of rank. Here we might see a senator sitting beside a soldier, or a patrician lying near a despised plebeian. In the year 194 B. C. Scipio Africanus first separated those of senatorial rank from the common people. He enclosed a portion of the ground nearest the stage, and reserved it for senators and their families. The censors, Valerius Messala and Cassius Longinus, then started to build a permanent theatre. At the instigation of Scipio Nasica, however, the structure was destroyed as "useless and detrimental to the established customs of Rome." Finally, in the year 55 B. C. Pompey completed a permanent theatre made of stone. To protect the building from destruction he joined it to a temple of Venus in such a manner that the seats served as a stairway leading to the temple. Augustus built a second in honour of his nephew, Marcellus, and Balba followed with a third. In addition to these three permanent structures many temporary stages were still set up on great festivals.

The Roman theatre differed only slightly from the Greek. The easiest way to construct a ground plan is to inscribe in a circle an equilateral triangle. Prolong one side in both directions and let this line represent the back of the stage. Then draw a diameter parallel to the prolonged side. This will form the front of the stage. The remaining half circle will be the orchestra, around which the seats are arranged in semicircular tiers. The Roman orchestra was smaller than the Greek, for it was used not as a dancing place for the chorus, but as a seating space for distinguished personages.

The stage which was raised about five feet above the orchestra, was considerably larger than that of the Greek theatres. It had a curtain, but this was lowered instead of raised at the beginning of a play. The rear wall, which formed the side of a building, had three doors, and was richly decorated with paintings and statues. This was the usual scenery, but if any other was required it consisted of curtains or sliding panels. At either side of the stage were two triangular prisms, with different decorations on each lateral face. These prisms revolved so that any side could be presented to view. The building, of which the rear wall formed a part, served as a dwelling-place for the actors, as well as a store-room for stage-properties. In some cases it was used as a shelter for the spectators, should a heavy

storm come up. In addition to this, the building usually formed the starting-point for all religious processions.

The tiers of seats were cut by passageways which divided them into wedge-shaped sections. Under these were corridors and stairways by which the spectators entered the theatre. Only the top row of seats had any permanent covering. The remainder were protected from light rains and the rays of the sun by an awning of purple linen. As the other appointments became more elaborate this curtain was made of more costly material. Julius Cæsar used one of purple silk and gold. Nero had another embroidered with his own image represented as driving the golden chariot of the sun. Pompey originated the device of running water along the passageways to cool the theatre.

The costumes at first were very simple. As the parts for female characters were always taken by men, some disguise was necessary. In the early days the actors besmeared their faces with lees of wine, and used wigs of different colors to designate sex and age. Terence was the first to introduce masks. In the case of characters that had anything to say, these masks had openings similar to small megaphones at the mouth. Some actors, as Roscius, preferred to go without them altogether. The costume of the tragedian consisted of a boot or buskin, called the *cathurnus* reaching half way up the calves. In addition he had long, flowing robes of the richest purple and gold. The comedian wore a low slipper, the *soccus*, and the shirt, the everyday dress of the common people.

The magistrate who gave the play was obliged to provide for everything: for the piece itself as well as for the costumes. The actors travelled about in troupes or *greges* under a manager who was called the *dominus gregis*. This man fixed the sum of money that was to be paid to the author should the latter be alive. If the play was unsuccessful, the playwright was obliged to return the money. One of the conditions on which this sum was paid to the writer seems to have been that the manager should retain the play for his own future use.

The actors were mostly slaves or freedmen from Greece, Asia and Egypt. The slaves belonged to wealthy men who sometimes kept whole troupes, either for their own amusement or to hire them out to the managers. Unlike the actors of Greece, they had no social stand-

ing whatever. The remotest descendant of a senator could not contract a legal marriage with an actor, and the soldier that left the army for the stage was punished by death just as if he had sold himself into slavery. However, this ban was removed in time, and many sought the society of the more cultured actors. Roscius, for example, enjoyed the friendship of Cicero and other great men of that day.

Actors were carefully trained for the stage under such masters as Roscius and Æsopus. The course of study was long and difficult, as the demand for performers skilled in gesture, bearing and expression was very great. Consequently a slave that had passed through such a school was very valuable. For instance, when Panurgos, the slave of one Fannius and a pupil of Roscius, was murdered by Flavius, of Tarquinii, the judge fixed the indemnity at one hundred thousand *sestertii*. The salary of an actor ranged from one to fifty dollars. Often, however, an additional sum was given as a present. Moreover, there was a competition among performers, as there was one between gladiators in the circus. The judge rendered his decision according to the applause that each competitor elicited. The rewards consisted of money, clothes and sometimes crowns of golden leaves. Hence many actors were enabled to acquire large estates. Slaves were often rewarded with freedom, and when the judge seemed unwilling to grant this, the populace tumultuously demanded it.

If a good performer received a handsome reward, his punishment, should he prove a failure, was equally great. The people showed their displeasure by hooting and whistling, and often went so far as to drive the man from the stage. In such a case, the presiding magistrate usually ordered him to be publicly whipped after the play. Since then so much depended on the applause of the spectators, much trickery was resorted to to obtain it. As early as the times of the republic men were organized into bands or *clagues* which were hired to applaud by the performers. When Nero gave his play he organized a band of over five thousand who were specially trained in the various ways of showing approbation. Not unfrequently, the *clagues* of rival actors came to blows in which the partisans of the respective competitors joined. Toward the end of the empire, these fights became so numerous that a detachment of soldiers was placed in every theatre to preserve order.

Varsity Verse.

AN ACROSTIC S.

EBBING and flowing, our life comes and goes;
Dying or living, our hearts seek repose.
Worry may
Injure us.
No one can say
Justly thus:
"Fighting or resting, our glory is sure;
Running or thinking, our fame will endure."
Ever bad,
Drear and sad
End such like dreams:
Living or dying, our hearts seek repose;
Like it or hate it, our life comes and goes.
R. J. S.

TO SOPHOMORES.

If ever you feel a distemper like that
Which tends to make larger the size of your hat,
Then I beg you to see
What the cause of it be;
For once this disease
Is out on the breeze,
The people will notice, and then they will say:
"Don't you see that man changes his hat every day!"
I say, dear young sirs, if you've ventured in print,
Beware, above all, that you carefully stint
All the thoughts that impel
Your slight cranium to swell.
If well you have writ
Say Heaven gave it;
And always remember you're ever the same
As you were ere the printer established your fame.
E. F. G.

INCONSTANCY.

Our boats across the placid waters glide,
And leave a train of ripples in their wake,
With bubbles dotted, gleaming on the lake
Like snows at night upon a mountain-side.
The ripples soon are lost upon the tide,
And gliding to oblivion they take
A joy away. The bubbles, too, forsake
Their path, and wander into ways more wide.
And their existence, how like that of men!
We live to-day, to-morrow are no more;
The loudest blasts of glory die, and then
They are forgot. Few ripples touch Fame's shore,
As few mid-ocean mighty billows reach
The sands, and spread their foam along the beach
C. L. O'D.

HORACE, CAR. I., 23.

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like the timid lamb
That o'er the trackless mountain seeks her dam,
And breathless roams amid the forest trees,
Her heart, like foliage, trembling in the breeze.
Whene'er the South breathes soft amid the leaves,
Or gray owl hoots, or lizard green she sees
That gently rustles underneath the bushes,
Startled, away in panic fear she rushes.
No tiger fierce am I nor lion fell
That thirsting ambushed lies; Chloe, 'tis well
For thee, full grown, to leave thy mother's arm,
And seek a lover's fond embrace,—life's charm.
E. P. D.

A Review.

LIBERTY DOCUMENTS: A WORKING BOOK IN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Selected and prepared by Mabel Hill. Edited, with an Introduction, by Albert Buchnell Hart. Longmans, Green and Co. New York. 1901.

This work, handsomely gotten up in arrangement and typographical detail, is a compilation, with contemporary opinions and later comments, of some of the most important documents in the political history of the English and the American peoples. The first ten selections, starting with the Coronation Oath and Charter of Henry I. and ending with the Act of Settlement in 1701, deal with English problems. The remaining fourteen chapters, treating of American political questions, begin with extracts from Dummer's "A Defence of the New England Charters," and come down to our own days in a treatment of the current question of the status of the territories and dependencies of the United States.

A choice of documents to be embraced in such a work and the proper critical treatment and exposition thereof, are matters that must depend largely on the point of view and the judgment of the compiler. Yet it may be said in praise of Miss Hill, that few of the great papers illustrative of the progress of individual liberty in English or American history are wanting, and the selection of critical comment and opinion is, on the whole, well done. If we would criticise in the matter of omission, it would be to note the failure to dwell upon and illustrate by fitting documents and comments the assertion against the State's claim of control in things spiritual, of the right to liberty of conscience and freedom of worship.

In the treatment of two of the famous documents set forth in this work, we would also comment on the liability of the reader to faulty ideas of the legal and political effect of certain accomplished facts. The charter signed by King John at Runnymede, is presented as the Magna Charta of English law and liberty. The fact, historical, legal and political, is that John's Charter was held of no force or validity. The Magna Charta of England is the Great Charter first issued, in the name of Henry III. in 1216 by Cardinal Gualo, the papal legate in England, and William the Marshal, Earl of Pembroke and rector of the king and kingdom. It was this,

and not John's charter, that was reissued by Henry III. when he came of age in 1225; and again it is not John's charter, but the charter of Henry III., as confirmed in 1300 by Edward I., that stands at the head of the English statutes as the Magna Charta. It is curious, this persistent insistence on John's Charter as the Magna Charta. Anyone in the least conversant with the political history of England during the thirteenth century, who, in the light of that history, will read the twelfth and fourteenth clauses of the charter of John, can not fail to conclude it never was of legal force in England. In view of these facts, it is unfortunate that Miss Hill did not select Magna Charta for her text, or, at least by proper note, indicate the portions of John's charter that failed of inclusion therein, and did not set out the further fact that John's charter never was of legal or political force.

The second comment we would make, is in connection with the formation of the Constitution of the United States. From Miss Hill's statements upon it and the Articles of Confederation, it is impossible for the student to draw the true conclusion as to what did really take place in 1787-'9. There then occurred a revolution in this land. The fathers of the Constitutional Convention overthrew the existing Confederation and, without authority, set up a new republic, and made it paramount and supreme over the States, whose peoples should accept it. Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Convention, was correct in his contention that the action of the framers of the Constitution was extra-legal and revolutionary, and established a new republic in our land sovereign over the states. On no other apprehension and statement of the facts, can the course of the government of the United States in the 60's be held legal and justifiable, and the attitude of those who organized and supported the secession be regarded as rebellious and traitorous. Macaulay's words on the revolution of 1689 are far more apt in dwelling on that of 1789: "This revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been of all revolutions the most beneficent." A proper and concise statement of what did occur in 1787-'9 would have been and would be wise.

J. G. E.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—*Phillips Brooks.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

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Reporters.

—From Bishop's House, Indianapolis, comes a letter conveying to our victorious debaters the congratulations of Mgr. Chatard and his popular secretary, Father Chartrand. "I hope," writes Father Chartrand, "that Notre Dame will continue to send forth, as it has done in the past, genuine Catholics, enlightened citizens and cultured gentlemen." We thank our kind friends of Indianapolis for these hearty good wishes.

—In a few weeks more a multitude of college graduates will be loose in the land. The young men will be conscious of personal merit. They know that special advantages and opportunities out of the ordinary have been given them, and they reason that on this account their services are of unusual benefit to men. Such notions may be just enough, but certainly some graduates exaggerate their value to the world. A young man who has been in the glare of the calcium light of class honours for a few years, hates to fall into the oblivion that for a time must envelop the earnest worker. But he is merely finding his place in the world. He will not remain in the shadow all the time, unless, like the moth, he flies too near the light at first and burns his wings.

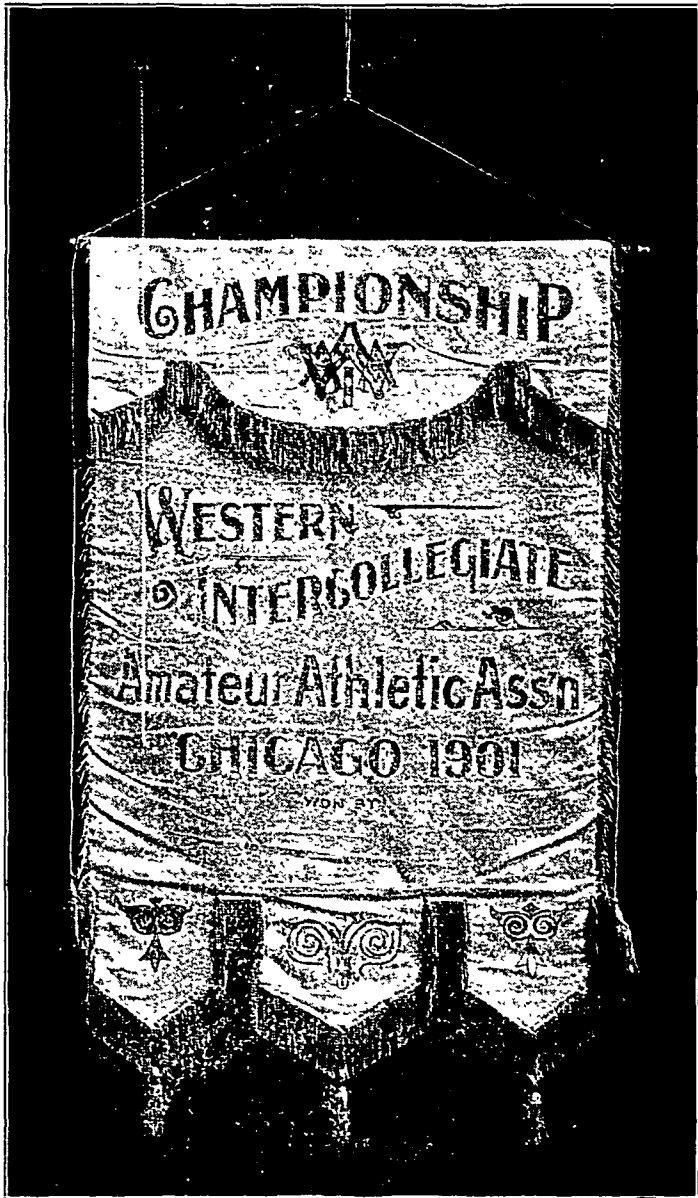
—It was gratifying to notice a goodly number of Notre Dame supporters and alumni at the meet held at Ravenswood on last Saturday. More than half of the entire attendance cheered for the gold and blue. Among those present could be seen some of the men who while here were the most loyal and enthusiastic ones both in athletic and intellectual branches. We assure those true and warm-hearted friends who came and spurred our men on to victory, that the athletes and those whom they represent fervently thank them for their support.

—In this the closing issue of the SCHOLASTIC it is only just that a few words of appreciation should be said in behalf of the board of editors, the members of which have been exact and punctual in filling their assignments. Credit is due to all of them for their voluntary efforts to make our college publication expressive of the intellectual life here. We are particularly grateful to the young men who had special columns to fill. Week after week they conscientiously performed the task allotted them, never late, never grumbling. What shall we say to the gifted few who have supplied the verse? We might tell them that their names are now well known in the college world. Our exchanges never tire of quoting their work. We are glad to say that a few of them will be with the SCHOLASTIC a year or two yet. We shall watch their career with interest. And the reporters? They are the blood and tissue of a college paper. They do their work silently, and often unknown for obvious reasons. A reporter who for a year can turn aside the wrath of the men he writes about would make a most successful diplomat. This is a quality necessary to his existence, but he must have others and higher ones, such as observation, humor and imagination.

The SCHOLASTIC reporters this year have fulfilled all necessary conditions and still live. The Hon. Joe O'Reilly we must pick out for special mention. His droll and shrewd way of hitting off the weaknesses of his fellows is inimitable. His good nature often forces him also to notice their better parts; but in joke or earnest he can supply a "local" faster than our Indiana weather changes.

To all of these the SCHOLASTIC is truly grateful. We can wish our successor no better fortune than that he may have a board of editors and reporters as bright and punctual as has been our luck to work with his year. *Vale!*

Trophies Won by the Track Team of 1901.



The laurels that have come to Notre Dame through the victories of her field and track team during the season that has just closed have been numerous. To the excellence of the work of our men and as evidence of their prowess, three championship banners and a silver-plated shield will attest. After defeating the teams representing Chicago and Illinois Universities in a triangular meet held at Notre Dame in March, and Purdue and Indiana in May, our fellows directed their attention to the state meet held at Lafayette in the latter part of the month. The result of their efforts in this series of events is well known at Notre Dame. Last week "Dad" Moulton's squad of athletes went to Chicago and came home with the Western Intercollegiate championship banner in their possession. There is not as much glory attached to this feat now as there has been in the past, but the possession of the shield that has been in the keeping of

only the largest of the Western colleges is gratifying to our pride.

The splendid performances of our men showed beyond doubt that we are still the equal of any Western team, and the vast difference in the totals for the respective teams proves conclusively that the smaller colleges can not cope successfully with our sturdy athletes. Ever since the first track team that went out from Notre Dame to represent the Gold and Blue in intercollegiate contests, the reputation of our men for endurance and ability has never been questioned. Five times in as many years we have wrested the State Championship from our Indiana sister college teams, and without a great deal of exertion. Twice we have defeated Chicago and Illinois in the annual meets held in the new gymnasium. Once we appropriated second place in the big Western Meet, and this year our fellows went farther and handily captured the banner.

There was a time when some one said that Notre Dame had a one-man team. This season there was not a more evenly balanced team in the country than ours. We are proud of our track men of '01, and we can say much for the teams that will represent Notre Dame in the future by comparing them favorably with the squad "Dad" Moulton formed this year, and for the most part out of raw material.



Notre Dame's Fine Showing.

EGGEMAN ESTABLISHES A NEW RECORD IN THE SHOTPUT.

The showing made by our track men at the Western Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association Meet held at Ravenswood on Saturday, June 1st, was marvellous. Out of a total of 147 points they won 72; getting nine firsts, eight seconds and three thirds out of sixteen events. There was no real opposition. Of the other colleges that competed Drake was second, lagging far behind with 32 points.

The field at Ravenswood, Ill., is an ideal one so far as the spectators are concerned; an enormous stand on the west side of it affords ample room for the onlookers, and gives them a chance to see the finish. This stand was not overcrowded on Saturday, although the weather was splendid. Scarcely a thousand persons in all attended the meet, and half of these were Notre Dame supporters. The track is not an excellent one, being rough, uneven, and heavy. This accounts for the apparent mediocre time made in many of the events. In the short dashes and the hurdles it was difficult for our men to equal their ordinary records.

As only five of the eleven colleges that are in the Association entered the contest, the trial heats in most of the events were dispensed with. One heat served as trial, semi-final and final. Jim Herbert had the high hurdles won before the spectators knew the meet had begun. He was led by Bair of Grinnell, but passed him at the second last hurdle, making first place by a few feet. The hundred yard dash was a very pretty race, though slow. Owing to the softness of the track Corcoran got a miserable start; his foot slipped as the pistol went off, and he staggered after Conger of Grinnell and Staples who were five yards ahead of him. The Grinnell sprinter held the lead until he was within four yards of the tape. He could feel Staples' hot breath on his shoulder. "Corc" was still last, but with a magnificent burst of speed he closed on Conger, passed him and came in two feet ahead of Staples, who, following the good example of his captain, flew by Conger. It was a thrilling race. The Notre Dame supporters cheered wildly. We had no man in the mile. It was exceedingly flat, until the last half lap, when Turner of Knox sprinted and Jaggard

pushed him hard, winning for Drake in the last few yards.

The defeat of Lyman of Grinnell in the quarter by Gearin and Murphy was a surprise, for the Hawk-eye captain was supposed to have a sure thing. Only five men entered. Gearin cantered in about twelve yards ahead of Murphy, who was a like distance from Lyman. The time was pretty fair, but there is no telling what Gearin could have done were he pushed. He appeared to play with the others, smiling over his shoulder at them.

In the low hurdles, Kirby easily won for Notre Dame; Jim Herbert was close behind him. Uffendall had everything his own way in the half-mile run. The real contest was between Gearin and Evans of Grinnell; our graceful runner beat the latter by three yards. Dad Moulton forced Uffendall into the two-mile race where he got second place, but he was disqualified for fouling. He was supposed to have stumbled against another runner. How he was guilty is not very clear, for it was next to impossible to keep from staggering on some parts of the track.

Notre Dame was not represented in the bicycle races. Grinnell, Drake, and Knox divided the points between them. Welker of Grinnell was allowed to ride under protest, and won first place both in the quarter and the mile. At the finish of the mile he made a swift sprint and was pushed close by Amberg of Drake. In the quarter he easily defeated Amberg, Lass of Knox was second. Welker's medals were held because of the protest, but Grinnell was given the ten points he had won.

By this time our runners had taken enough firsts and seconds to put Notre Dame's title to the meet beyond all cavil. Our field men, however, had not been loafing. Jim Kearney had won second in the pole vault at 10 feet 5 inches; Pell of Drake winning first by clearing 10 feet 7 inches. Richon did not have much to do for the high-jump medal. After clearing 5 feet 3½ inches he sat down on the grass, chewed a straw, and watched his opponents fail. Corcoran went into the broad-jump for exercise and the individual medal; he dropped out at 19 feet. Murphy won the event with inches to spare. His and Kirby's performances at the meet were versatile and good.

Notre Dame's showing in Saturday's meet goes to prove what has often been asserted; namely, that we ought to compete in the "Big Nine" meets; undoubtedly we shall next year. This season we had an invitation

to do so, but we felt in honor bound to attend the Western Intercollegiate Amateur Association Meet, for Notre Dame had pledged her word to do so.

Pell of Drake won the hammer throw, flinging it twenty feet farther than any of his competitors. This gave him two firsts, the pole-vault being the other. Smith of Drake got the discus throw after a hard battle with Glynn and Eggeman. The condition of Big John's ankle made it impossible for him to swing his mighty body with either the hammer or discus. In the shotput, however, he did splendid work; breaking the record of forty feet three inches made by our marvellous athlete, Fred Powers. John beat this by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, putting the iron ball 40 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The magnitude of Eggeman's feat may be appreciated best if compared with the shotput in the "Big Nine" meet, which was 37 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, or 2 feet 6 inches less than John's. This means that our giant manager could give 24 inches to any athlete in the West and still win first by a good margin. He covered himself with glory in his last meet, coming within two points of winning the individual medal which fell to Pell of Drake.

Captain Corcoran was still closer, just lacking one point to equal Pell. The latter gave us hard tussles in the field events and richly deserves the honour of bearing away the individual medal. Outside of him Notre Dame had scarcely any opposition, which, in a measure, accounts for the slow time in some of the events. As was said before, the track was heavy and uneven and helped most to stretch the time. It was trying on the endurance of the runners, many of whom fell down exhausted at the tape or near it. Nothing can speak better for "Dad Moulton's training than the fact that all his boys were fresh and smiling at the finish, while the other athletes had to be helped from the track.

SUMMARY.

One hundred-yard dash—Won by Corcoran, Notre Dame; Conger, Grinnell, second; Staples, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 2-5.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash—Won by Corcoran, Notre Dame; Staples, Notre Dame, second; Conger, Grinnell, third. Time, :23 2-5.

Four hundred and forty-yard dash—Won by Gearin, Notre Dame; Murphy, Notre Dame, second; Lyman, Grinnell, third. Time, :52 1-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Uffendall, Notre Dame; Gearin, Notre Dame, second; Evans, Grinnell, third. Time, 2:03 2-5.

Mile run—Won by Jaggard, Drake; Turner, Knox, second; Emerson, Drake, third. Time, 5:26 3-5.

Two-mile run—Won by Arnold, Knox; Thompson, Drake, second; Emerson, Drake, third. Time, 11:08 1-5.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdles—Won by Herbert, Notre Dame; Bair, Grinnell, second; Chapman, Drake, third. Time, :16 4-5.

Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdles—Won by Kirby, Notre Dame, Herbert, Notre Dame, second; Adams, Illinois, third. Time, :26 2-5.

One mile bicycle race—Won by Welker, Grinnell; Amberg, Drake, second; Lass, Knox, third. Time, :2:41 1-5.

Quarter-mile bicycle race—Won by Welker, Grinnell; Lass, Knox, second; Amberg, Drake, third. Time, :33 1-5.

Putting sixteen-pound shot—Won by Eggeman, Notre Dame; Glynn, Notre Dame, second; Pell, Drake, third. Distance, 40 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Throwing sixteen-pound hammer—Won by Pell, Drake; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Ackerson, Knox, third. Distance, 131 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

High jump—Won by Richon, Notre Dame; Smith, Illinois, second; Glynn, Notre Dame, third. Height 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Broad jump—Won by Murphy, Notre Dame; Bair, Grinnell, second; Ackerson, Knox, third. Distance, 21 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Discus throw—Won by Smith, Drake; Glynn, Notre Dame, second; Eggeman, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 108 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Pole vault—Won by Pell, Drake; Kearney, Notre Dame, second; Chapman, Drake, third. Height, 10 feet 7 inches.

Personals.

—Mrs. John H. Eames of Chicago, Ill., was a recent guest of the University.

—Mr. Fred Dierssen of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days here as the guest of his son of Carroll Hall.

—Miss E. Smithwick of Chicago, Ill., paid a visit to her brother of St. Edward's Hall within the past few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gately of Chicago, Ill., visited their son who has been ill in the Infirmary for some time.

—Miss W. N. Altaraugue of Detroit, Mich., made a short stay at the University on a visit to friends. Miss Altaraugue was a former student at St. Mary's Academy.

—The sad news comes to us of the death of Mr. Nicholas P. Beckwith of El Paso, Texas. Mr. Beckwith was for some years a student of the University, and by his manly and unselfish qualities won the respect of his fellows. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the student body in extending to the bereaved family their heartfelt sympathy and regret over his untimely death.

—We learn from a recent letter to Father Ready that James T. Downey, an old student here, is to be ordained a priest in the near future. The orders of Subdeacon and Deacon will be conferred on him June 19 and 20 and the Sacrament of Holy Orders will be administered on July 7. Father Downey expects to celebrate his first Mass in his country home parish near Dowagiac.

Exchanges.

For the last time this term we welcome old friends that now have become dear. With a feeling akin to sorrow we tear open the wrappers and prepare for a parting *tete-à-tete*. To welcome you has been a most pleasant duty. While others are eagerly counting the remaining minutes, the exchange editors think with regret of the separation from their chosen friends, the college magazines. We shall often think of you, and may our forced separation be only a bond to unite us more firmly in the future!

* * *

"The Commencement Annual" of the *Wrinkle* is the crown of a brilliant enterprise. To edit a college comic paper is no easy undertaking, and we congratulate the editors of the *Wrinkle* on their success during the year. But it seems that the Mark Twains and Bill Nyes of Michigan have joined hands to make the "Commencement Annual" a triumph that brings with it

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

But while enjoying the bubbling wit and humour, we can not lose sight of the numerous drawings and sketches. They are among the very best that we have seen.

* * *

The Princeton Tiger is as wild as ever. He mercilessly tears his prey to pieces, and with joyful air he licks his chops and looks about for other victims. But he is a considerate tiger, molest him not, and he will spare you,—his victims deserve their fate. When in a playful mood, his boon companions are

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

The Tiger is an excellent specimen of what a college comic paper can be. The series of pen-pictures entitled "College Days" can not be too highly praised. "His Majesty the Tiger" is as fine a looking chap as one could find, and the picture would lend grace to any magazine.

* * *

The Pennsylvanian, *The Student*, *The Daily Cardinal*, *The U. of M. Daily*, and others, have kept us well posted on local happenings in the college world. Our criticism of them must be far from censorial.

G. W. B.

The Last Game.

Probably no team that has represented Notre Dame on the diamond ever received such a shaking up as our fellows experienced before they met Wisconsin last Monday. The absence of Walsh and Bergen compelled Captain Donahoe to form nearly a new team. Jimmie Morgan was sent to third base, Campbell was put in to cover Morgan's bag, the captain went to second base and Harry Hogan took the outfield position. Billy Fleet was forced to look on at the game from the bench on account of a bad throwing arm. As Hogan was to play the outfield, Captain Donahoe put Higgins on the slab, and Higgins pitched one of the best games of baseball we have seen around here for some days.

The Wisconsin men are credited with eleven hits, but two, and probably three, of this number should not have counted. If our fellows had known before the game began how well they were going to play together with their patched-up team, Wisconsin might not have taken away the victory. Campbell covered first base like a veteran; Morgan was thoroughly at home on third, and Captain Donahoe, although he failed in three chances Monday, showed good form and speed at second. Wisconsin had the game well in hand after the first few innings and gave us small opportunity to overtake their lead. Matthews pitched excellent ball for awhile, giving our men but three singles until the eighth inning. In the meantime the Badgers continued piling up runs until they had eleven. Here Higgins let out some reserve force and blanked them for the last two times.

The eighth inning sent our stock up some notches. John Farley covered himself all over with glory when he laced the ball out over the running track, making a circuit of the bases and scoring two men before him. This inning's work raised our total to four. We were not allowed to register in the ninth, and the game ended with the score 11 to 4 against Notre Dame.

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wisconsin—	2	0	4	0	0	2	3	0	0—11
Notre Dame—	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0—4

Home run—Farley. Stolen bases—Hawkins, 2; Ware. Double plays—Hogan, Morgan, Campbell. Struck out—By Matthews, 6; by Higgins, 3. Bases on balls—By Matthews, 4; by Higgins, 3. Wild pitch—Higgins. Time of game, one hour and fifty-five minutes. Umpire, Tindall.

Local Items.

—Last evening, after giving Confirmation at St. Mary's Academy, Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne, witnessed a drill by the eight racing crews on St. Joseph's Lake. The manœuvres were simple, but they showed to advantage the work done by the crews during the past six weeks. The music of the University Band lent an added charm to the occasion. This morning the Rt. Rev. Bishop celebrated Mass and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the young men who lately received their First Holy Communion.

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes a pleasant vacation to one and all.

—After the Western Intercollegiate meet James Herbert was elected captain of the track team for the coming year.

—We wish to rectify a mistake that was in the "Personals" of a recent date concerning the death of James Ward of Chicago. "Our old friend" is still alive and as jovial as ever.

—Owing to the unfavourable weather of last Thursday, the Corpus Christi procession around the lake had to be omitted. The exercises in the church were of an impressive character. Father L'Etourneau officiated at the Solemn High Mass.

—Dad Moulton wishes to express publicly his gratitude toward his boys of the track team. In his opinion they are the most gentlemanly and honorable body of young men he has ever trained, and Dad has been with many a "bunch." His only regret is that he will not be with them any longer. His young men reciprocate the feeling.

—We had a letter from Dan Murphy of Chicago yesterday, that stated that the Notre Dame alumni of that city were making arrangements for an excursion to the University during Commencement. They are heartily welcome. At last Saturday's meet held at Ravenswood they loyally supported the track team, and showed by their presence that they still have a warm spot in their hearts for the old college.

—The Law Class was represented by Daniel P. Murphy and William A. Guilfoyle in the recent examination for admission to the Bar in Illinois. That State is now hardly surpassed anywhere in strictness in this respect. Nevertheless, the young gentlemen named declare that they found the test comparatively easy. They passed with gratifying credit. And yet fully one hundred of those that were examined at the time, some of them having diplomas of the most famous law schools in the country, failed to meet the requirements of the test.

—Programme of the fifty-seventh annual Commencement, June 9-13, 1901.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9.

8:00 a. m. Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Very Rev. President Morrissey.

Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, B. S. '77, A. M., '95, Rector of St. Columbkille's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10-12.

Examinations.

Tuesday Evening, Band Concert.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

8:00 a. m. Closing Examinations
10:00 a. m. Regatta
12:00 m. Dinner
2:00 p. m. Closing Exercises in St. Edward's Hall
3:00 p. m. Baseball Game on Cartier Field
6:00 p. m. Supper
6:30 p. m. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 7:30 P. M.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES IN WASHINGTON HALL.

Overture—"Morning, Noon and Night".....*Suppè*
University Orchestra.

BACHELORS' DISCOURSES: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY STATESMAN.

I.—Oration....."Peace and International Arbitration"
Mr. John P. Hayes (New York).

Double Quartet—"The Sabbath Day".....*C. Kreutzer*
Mr. Thomas F. Dwyer, Mr. John J. O'Connell,
Mr. Miecislau Szalewski, Mr. Vincent B. Welker,
Mr. William M. Wimberg, Mr. Matthew J. Donahoe,
Mr. Leo J. Heizer, Mr. James C. Mannion.

II.—Oration....."Liberty and Genuine Democracy"
Mr. Joseph J. Sullivan (Illinois).

Violin Solo—Andante and Finale from Concerto,
Op. 47.....*Mendelssohn*
Mr. Louis Carey.

III.—Oration....."Happiness and Christian Socialism"
Mr. William H. Tierney (Wisconsin).

Double Quartet—"Evening Song".....*C. Kreutzer*
Oration of the Day by the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, D. D.,
Bishop of Fargo, North Dakota.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 8:30 A. M.

WASHINGTON HALL.

March—"Le Père de Victoire".....*Auban*
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.

Double Quartet....."Home, Sweet Home"
Mr. Thomas F. Dwyer, Mr. John J. O'Connell,
Mr. Miecislau Szalewski, Mr. Vincent B. Welker,
Mr. Frederick J. Kasper, Mr. Matthew Donahoe,
Mr. Leo J. Heizer, Mr. James C. Mannion,

Class Poem.....Mr. Anthony J. Brogan (Ireland).
Valedictory.....Mr. William J. O'Connor (Kentucky).
Conferring of Degrees. Awarding of Honors.

—THE PASSING OF OUR GREAT ATHLETES.—

Four years ago, when our trainer gave Corcoran a two-yard start on the hundred yard men, the same trainer never realized that he was developing a sprinter and a middle distance runner that was destined to show his heels to many a competitor in the West; for Corcoran possessed within him that indomitable spirit which has led him on to victory after victory. Were he among the ancient Greeks, the bards would have sung his races fought and won; to us it is but left to point to many banners he has helped to place upon our walls, and to call on these dumb things to speak. And could they tell their tales, we would hear of a Marshall field, where this strong runner in a single day won three great races against the fleetest sprinters in the West; of a Milwaukee where he equalled a world's record, and rescued his team from certain defeat; of a Notre Dame, and a two hundred and twenty yard world's record broken beyond repair. We like to speak of these things, for the athletic glory of Corcoran shall long retain its lustre.

Another man that we lose from our athletic field is "Big" John Eggeman. If it were only for his size we could not forget him—but John has something better than size to recommend him. We have seen him as a centre rush hurl his Titanic frame against our opposing wedge; and then a crash or a thud, and the wedge was broken or down. But it is not as a football player, but as a track man, that we wish to view him. And especially so when, during the last three weeks, he entered as many track meets, and despite a twisted painful ankle won a first place in everyone of them. "Big" John has proven his mettle in many a hard-fought contest, and with his loss comes a hole in Notre Dame's track team which will not be easily filled.

Another man we should like to speak of is "Dad" Moulton. When he came among us we had heard of his ability and expected many things of him; nor were we disappointed. He knew the art of training from *alpha* to *omega*. In four months he turned four raw recruits Gearin, Staples, Richon and Kirby, into first-prize winners. He brought the entire team into magnificent condition, and kept Corcoran from breaking down. Under his tutelage the older men improved in their several events. Moulton may be with Leland Stanford next year; and if he is, should he train that team as he trained our men, his year will be successful.

A Card of Thanks.

The SCHOLASTIC would be extremely ungrateful if it did not thank its friends of the "Locals" in this its final issue. Those are the merry fellows who usually do things that break the monotony of college life. Their deeds have been windfalls to the SCHOLASTIC reporters who could not be expected to draw on their imaginations all the time. Among the fun-makers Chauncey Yockey stood pre-eminent, with Judge John Lavelle a close second. These young gentlemen always took good-naturedly the fictions or elaborated truths printed about them. They never met the editor or reporter with a baseball bat or a shot gun, but with a plug of battle-axe, a smile and glad hand, or a "recent josh." Such prolific and good-humored jokers should not go unthanked, and the SCHOLASTIC assures them of its gratitude. We are also indebted to Mr. E. Gilbert, whose patience has been marvellous. What shall we say of the genial J. J. Cooney of Woodstock? Than he no man has been more vilified and calumniated and still kept an undisturbed liver. He not only gave the reporters material for interesting items, but was guilty of writing some himself. Below we give one written by him in his affable, happy way. We dare say it will arouse many a dormant memory.

AN ASSOCIATION—THE HOTEL DE HANEY.

There is something peculiarly attractive about the road north of the Novitiate, whether in winter or summer. It is a pleasant place to walk, though there be two feet of snow on the ground, because when there one can feel secure. There you can think unmolested by prefects—think of the shortest and safest way to town, and back again, without getting "a hundred." But that road, like an education, is only a means to an end—the way to Haney's.

It is said of St. Jerome, or some other holy man, that he knew only two roads—the road to church and the road to school. One can not help regretting that so great a man had not travelled more extensively, that he never knew the road to Haney's.

If you do not find the woods along that road well "gowned" you are not lost for inspiration. The humming telegraphic poles transport your thoughts to the realm of poetic fancy. The music of a rumbling farmer's wagon harmonizes with the rural symphonic poem. The whistling of a passing locomotive reminds you of home, sweet home; but best of all, you are not liable to fall into temptation's path—the brewery is so near and yet so far. You have nature all around you. You can hold communion with her visible farm-yards. If you happen to have your pencil and notebook you can jot down your observations—the difference between a sunset and a streak of lightning—which you could not distinguish were you within the "sacred precincts."

"Hotel de Haney" is located on the top of a hill opposite the little district schoolhouse. After partaking of a hospitable, "temperance" luncheon at Haney's, you can step into the children's college across the way and entertain, or rather, amuse the children or the school-ma'am, if she is pretty and indulgent, and she always is. There at least you can "bluff" the young rustics, and shine for a while only to grow dim when you get back to the college where they know you.

It is interesting to observe how nine in every ten college fellows, as soon as they mount the steps in front of that remote schoolhouse, begin to feel Ciceronian impulses stirring within them. The robins and the crickets are modest enough to bow their heads when a rational creature almost as bashful as themselves begins to speak. Too timid to sway his apologetic arms before a crowd of his fellow-citizens, he experiences a little thrill of pleasure there at being able to swing them naturally without the consciousness of his own awkwardness.

Many charms hath Haney's. You can exercise your lungs and limbs and soothe your soul, and put your name on the register with or without any poetry. You can get a plenty of fresh air and fresh eggs—in short, you can get fresh yourself without getting into trouble.