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## Rondeau.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

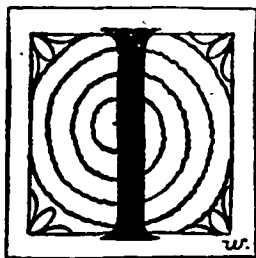
**G** LAD New Year—and many more  
Be yours to see; may Fate in store  
Have health and peace and happiness  
With just enough of gold to bless;  
A few friends loyal to the core.

And when you've travelled past four-score  
And grim Death knocks upon your door,  
To you may angel lips address:  
A glad New Year!

Perchance because the time is hoar,  
These lines to read may somewhat bore,  
For late they are I do confess,  
Yet deem them worthy none the less—  
The wish has long since sped before—  
A glad New Year!

## Patrick Henry, Orator and Man.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 02.



It is commonly held in the world to-day that a man is the resultant of his time and environment and not an initiative force. This on its face is false. There are some men who, stronger than their fellows, have not only stood for the political rights of men, holding for the abstract liberty and justice, but have fought and died for them. These men have marshaled hosts of weaker men; kept them united by the mere force of their own strength of character, and led them successfully through revolution. They have been suspected, called cowards and traitors, ill-treated by the country they served; but despite all this, their honor has remained untarnished to the last.

There are other men that hold not the first place in their country's history, who have not guided her course through a successful revolution, yet they, by the strength of their genius, have brought her safely through a dangerous crisis of her history. To me it seems that these are providential men; they have come when the country needed them; they have stood strong and firm when other men faltered and fell. To do them justice, we must know what they opposed rather than what they did. Of such men was Patrick Henry.

I shall pass quickly over his early history. As a tall, ungainly; and, as some say, illiterate youth, he had roamed the woods of Virginia. At eighteen he was married; as a shop-keeper, a farmer, and a grocer he failed; at twenty-four he was declared a bankrupt; and as a last resource, took up the study of law. In six weeks he finished Coke, Littleton, and the Virginia law; and then with self-reliance presented himself at the bar. Nor could John Randolph, as examiner, understand the confidence of this raw recruit; nor could he see in him those germs of greatness that would not only stir a country to revolution, but lead her through a crisis of her history. The genius of Patrick Henry was sleeping; but it had at last found its proper setting. Now for the first time would men of America, thrill to bursts of eloquence such as she had never heard before. Virginia had found her great leader—a leader in one who had failed as a grocer, a shop-keeper, and a farmer, but whom Providence had destined to be a man among men.

Patrick Henry was always democratic; in his heart pulsed desires of liberty that ever sought utterance through his lips. As leader of the yeomanry—the middle class of Virginia—he had opposed Washington and the aristocracy. His were ideals that could never be satisfied by the mere abstractions of liberty.

and equality. A tyrant's yoke would never sit lightly on his shoulders; if he could not cast it off, he would die.

We find the first great display of his power of eloquence in the famous "Parson's Case." Both law and equity were against Patrick Henry. Not only had the King's Bench in England declared against the defendant in the suit, but the court of Virginia had sustained its finding. Deserted by his attorney when the case was virtually lost, the defendant called on Patrick Henry. But what cared Patrick Henry though the case was wrong both in law and equity; what cared he though the courts had declared against it, and an eminent counsellor had deserted it; from a point of legal ethics he must accept a retainer, and having accepted it could offer no half-hearted service. Now for the first time shone that power of eloquence that was to dazzle men for many years afterwards. In the courtyard the case was conducted. On the one side sat the clergy who had come to glory in their victory, on the other the commons prepared for defeat. Patrick Henry arose; some say that he stammered through his exordium; and then warming in his discourse his very nature seemed to burn. Those eyes that afterwards fascinated the nation now flashed fire; those lips that were to sway mighty multitudes, held spellbound both court and jury; that heart that had ever beaten for liberty and love of country now pulsated with the enthusiasm of an apostle. Patrick Henry's genius was awakened; long had it slept, but now only death could silence it. The court forgot its dignity; the jury to a man were lost in the spell of the speaker. From every window, from every door-step, from every bench, men stood, their eyes riveted to the face of this wonderful man; the state clergy turned and fled; the day was won. Such was the eloquence of Patrick Henry.

But it is not as a speaker that we should entirely view him; it is not as a mere rhetorician or declaimer; it is not as a politician, but as a man of action. The character of Patrick Henry can be best seen by the hold that he had on the affections of the people of Virginia, and never during his long career did he lose it. They looked upon him as some bold spirit; one that would ever struggle for what was noble and best; one that would ever utter words of liberty and equality as long as the breath of life was in his body. They loved him because they feared for him, and in their

fear they felt that his great heart would be struck dumb by a tyrant's hand, and thus a mysterious idolization of him took possession of them. But no; Patrick Henry was not to struggle and die but to live and conquer.

The people of Virginia judged a man's ability as a legislator by his power as an orator. In their enthusiasm they returned Patrick Henry to the House of Burgesses. This was 1765. Two years before, at the Treaty of Paris, the colonies had declared their great love for the mother country. Then came the Stamp Act. It denied the rights of the Americans to tax themselves. Parliament had become a tyrant. And these great liberties that were won at Runnymede and in the Congress halls were now denied them. The people of Virginia were alarmed; they trembled for their liberties. In their dilemma, they turned to Randolph and Pendleton, the old leaders of the House, but these would do nothing for them. Well might they not. Who but the bravest of spirits would start this smoldering fire! On the one hand lay England, terrible and threatening; on the other the thirteen colonies disunited and devoured by petty jealousies: in the one direction lay honors, riches and emoluments; in the other disgrace, ruin and perhaps death. Who among us would be so rash that he would act without thinking, or in thinking would act! But Patrick Henry both thought and acted; he knew that the hour had come when he must strike for liberty—and he would strike; he had felt it in the marrow of his bones.

These were no timid thoughts that coursed through his mind, no coward words that fell from his lips, no conciliating fire lit up his eye, no selfish acts pulsated in his heart. Randolph and Pendleton might bow to the tyranny of England, but he never.

That was a memorable day when he arose in the House of Burgesses. He thought not of the ambitious politicians who would use the sentiment of a speech to surpass him; nor of the older ones who would use it to dethrone him. His thoughts were on liberty. Liberty—it comes like a breath from heaven. It is as dear to us as home; that home where we were reared and which we loved. That same liberty was as dear to Patrick Henry as it is to you or me. He cared not if Randolph and Pendleton should oppose him; he cared not if the entire world rose up against him. He had a message to convey to Virginia and to humanity, and he would convey it. He rose

from one climax to another in his fierce invectives against the injustice of the Stamp Act, and then with his head thrown back, his arm extended, his eyes darting lightning, he shouted "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third (Treason! treason! treason! arose from all sides of the room) may profit by their example. If this be treason make the best of it."

The boldness of this speech fired men with a desire to be free. From town to town it was borne and repeated. It put in motion the love of liberty that pulsated from colony to colony. It taught men that at least one man in America would fight for liberty, and if necessary die for it. But Patrick Henry did not stop there. His genius, which was known to his countrymen, was to become world wide. We have seen him electrify a colonial assembly; he was now to electrify a nation. With this clear vision he saw that war must come, where Washington and Lee failed to see. He believed in no half-hearted, conciliating measures. "Why talk now of things being done that can avert the war," he said, "the war is coming—it has already come."

The first Continental Congress had assembled at Philadelphia. It was a time when men's minds were subdued by the greatness of their undertaking; when men's acts would make them either traitors or patriots. "Fresh ships of war and fresh troops were sent to Boston. General Gage fortified the neck of land which connected it with the continent." The arsenals in New England were taken. The king had declared that the colonies "must submit or conquer." Tryon, the royal governor of New York, was organizing forces; Carleton those of Canada. Small wonder that the members of the Continental Congress feared to break the silence. Patrick Henry knew all this; but he, that man of courage, conviction and action, rising in the midst of a death-like silence, launched out into a recital of the colonies' wrongs. He passed from one to another, growing more impressive and eloquent as he went along. As a chronicler of the time puts it, "When he had finished he was proclaimed to be not only the greatest orator in Virginia but the first orator in America."

But Patrick Henry's triumphs were not to end here. He had been the brain and the fire of Virginia's revolutionary convention; he was now to utter words which would last as long

as there burns within us a love of country. We have heard them as boys, we can not forget them as men.

Perhaps there are some among you that have felt the thrill from some great speaker; some whose souls have been fired by the grandness of his theme and the greatness of his voice. But those men who huddled around Patrick Henry that day did not come for oratory or eloquence. They stood between a very treasonable past and a future most uncertain. They opposed him, for they thought his actions premature. We can picture him as he arose—what a grand figure his must have been! "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided," he said, "and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past; and judging from the past I wish to know what has been the conduct of the British Ministry during the last ten years?" He did not soar, he spoke slowly and deliberately; he knew that he had come to a crisis in Virginia's history, and to-day he must win. He reiterated wrong after wrong, but Patrick Henry could not restrain himself much longer; the pent-up emotion in his heart must burst forth.

The audience was held riveted to his every word. Who could resist his spell! "It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps down from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

I shall not deal with Patrick Henry as governor of Virginia, of his brilliant debates on the adoption of the Constitution, of his life on the field as a soldier; I shall leave him to you as an orator and as a man. There may have been others in the convention who had a keener power of analysis, a wider breadth of vision, a greater amount of knowledge than Patrick Henry, but there were none in whose heart burned a purer flame of liberty; none that acted more quickly than he; none contributed more to the Revolution. If he had only uttered these few words "Give me liberty or give me death," his name would

be engraven in our hearts and his memory ever fresh and green. But he did more. His were the sentiments that inspired the Declaration of Independence.

Time, which searches the memory of some men and tends to make them more mortal, deepens its breadth of romance around his name. We can not think of him without admiring him; we can not know him without loving him. In far distant ages, when men look back at the heroes of the American Revolution as we now look back at Plato and Aristotle, when time alone has set up on their pedestals those who should be immortal, the lamp of Patrick Henry will shine out of the gloom, bright and clear. His name will be conjured up by people fighting against tyranny; his spirit will wander where breathes liberty and equality; his memory will grow dearer with age. God grant that in these distant ages Americans will not be slaves; God grant that there will be found one strong enough to cry: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

#### The Nomadism of Brown.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '03.

He wasn't the ordinary professional gambler and right-hand man for the house. Even Cranston's knew that and respected him for it. But what made him not ordinary, Cranston's couldn't tell you that, for in the first place they never inquired from him personally since he showed a decided reticence of his past, and he being a man of parts, as parts went in that land of saloons and hills, tortuous dusty roads and Sioux, his reticence was respected; and secondly, at Cranston's, any man with a past either definitely known, or inferred to be out of the ordinary, was looked to necessarily as a leading citizen; to state it briefly, the ethics of the place demanded a past, and a vigorous, strenuous past at that.

They looked to it as a necessity, particularly from an unheralded stranger,—I say *unheralded* to distinguish this class from those whose record had preceded them—and they were all strangers at one time to the place; nomads who flocked here just the same as they would have flocked to New York or Vienna, perhaps, if New York or Vienna could furnish the same oblivion as this place did for their lost loves, lost fortunes, lost honours—lost somewhere, everywhere, except here where they may learn

to love again, to love the whirl of roulette, or to regain fortunes in the big hills off to the south, if lucky, and as for honour—well, "every man stands in his own boots," as they say at Cranston's. It's the same in every town like it, and such towns are becoming tradition fast with the approach of the steam-whistle and school-master.

Cranston himself had drifted into town years and years ago, the place had it, and was substantiated by the wonders of "Defty" Man who left this earth primarily because of a few words over a minor detail in the perplexities of stud poker, and "Defty" came about the time Cranston did, that with Cranston it was a case of shouldering a friend's guilt in the matter of a shortage in some bank or other. And Man affirmed that Cranston was prominent in a very respectable way before the bank affair. And it is recorded that "Defty" was sober at the time of the telling of the above.

"Big Tom," he was called—Brown was his last name—by those habitues of Cranston's, who by right of occupancy for years of the big easy-back chairs felt themselves justly entitled to call him "Big Tom," and Brown was professional gambler and right-hand man at Cranston's. And furthermore, judged even by the cool, calm judgment of that place Brown was a gentleman, and had come from some place where gentlemen were prevalent. As I said before, at Cranston's they never asked your past, and a man who made it his business to go into the chronological happenings of a man's heretofore, such a man's existence would be short and full of trouble.

All in all, I guess these are the reasons why, when widow Grant's little debt was raised off her place by popular contribution started at Cranston's and headed by that worthy and Brown (Grant had lived most of his life behind the big stove in the bar-room, when he wasn't putting in a day or two out at the "Big X" outfit; but he had made a glorious end to an uproarious existence by incidentally getting his right lung plugged full of lead while he was returning one night from the "Big X" on a fleet pony to give the alarm that the Sioux had paint on because of an alleged misdealing with them by the government agent. And he had died dramatically about midnight on a card table in the back room, and had asked the "boys" to see to "the woman"),—well, these were the reasons, I guess, why Brown was naturally selected as the proper man to present the money.

When the Governor came through on the spur of railroad that entered a corner of the town, and stopped a few hours, Brown was selected by the leading citizens gathered in solemn council at Cranston's bar, to do the honors and welcome the Governor; for the leading lights were agreed it was a momentous occasion and the circumstances demanded a speech.

It was a great day. The mines shut down, the big ranching outfits turned loose, and here and there along the dusty, narrow street from a rough-hewn pole, hung a tattered banner which some aged leading citizen had packed with him years ago and carried across the mountains and plains and alkali wastes that lay between here and the States, to remind him of the unpleasantness with Mexico, or perhaps the bridge at Antietam, or maybe just to remind him once in a while that back beyond the hills and unbridged rivers, there were churches and school-houses and *homes*. All this before he, or any of the others for that matter, had come; before the nomads stayed late of nights at Cranston's leaning against the bar or sitting in the big chairs telling strange tales of other times and other places, tales that would have surprised many respectable citizens in divers places back in the States, surprised them with their remarkable familiarity with things and customs in the land of the effete.

The Governor stood on the rear platform of the last car. The committee fell back a respectful distance and wondered if Brown would pull through, except Cranston himself. Somehow, he looked as though the whole thing was safe, but, as I said before, he knew Brown, and well, before the thing began. "Faro" Jake grimly shook his grizzled head and looked across to the hills.... When the affair was over and the Governor was seated in his car, after some one had told him that Brown was right-hand man at Cranston's, he mused awhile to his secretary:

"The places where they come from must miss 'em. 'Tis a pity such fellows are lost to what should have them. I wish there were more like him down at the Capitol. But instead of what they might be and might have—lost and for good, probably, in these infernal hills—'tis a pity,"—and the Governor swung slowly round in his chair and looked out the window.

The committee adjourned without even a preliminary motion to Cranston's. It is recorded

that on that night Cranston was unusually moody when the old-timers told for the hundredth time something or other that happened back somewhere around the Alleghanies, that the last drink of the night was "on the house," and of the "house's best," and it is further recorded that Cranston bid them each a good-night—which was mighty sentimental for Cranston—even to "Rock" Sandys who was perpetually half drunk and who careened out the front door and half across the street.

And then Cranston closed the place and sat a long while by the open door of the stove. And evidently he was thinking of something pretty hard, something which had no connection with alkali or tortuous, dusty roads, or the green cloth. All of which may be said to be due to Brown....

... Brown had gone to 'Frisco, which was remarkable since Brown, I suppose, hadn't been thirty miles from Cranston's since first he came. Of course, since he came wasn't so long ago, for all the occupants of the big chairs remember the summer night that Brown walked into Cranston's. They record it that Cranston took to him from the first, and "Gunny" Meagher relates yet that the proprietor "set up" the house four times, and that Brown drank heavily. He doesn't drink now—drink and right-hand man don't go together. "Gunny" says you could tell at first sight that Brown, as he leaned against the bar, came from somewhere a good long ways from the surroundings of Cranston's. And that from the first they unanimously hailed him as a valuable acquisition to the roll of leading citizens.

It seems that some land or other that Cranston and Brown had bought on shares, had developed gold, and Brown was up in San Francisco to see about machinery and other things.... Saturday night in 'Frisco and only a few days till Christmas. The big stores were brightly, intensely lighted, so it almost hurt one's eyes to look in the windows. Holiday crowds were hurrying by, eagerly looking into windows. The peanut and roasted chestnut man vied with each other here and there, and every few doors, the little stove and charcoal of the frankfurter man was prominent.

And Brown stood on the corner—the busiest corner he could find—for it all was so fresh and striking to him, and seemed to bring back something forgotten: the crowds and stores and clanging cars, and—Christmas. He stood

for a long time on the corner, and once or twice a hurrying passer-by looked at the big, tall figure, and perhaps wondered at the intense interest, strangeness and new delight written plainly on his face.... Evidently Brown was thinking of other things than the stores and crowds and cars. A feeling of lonesomeness took hold of him, and he wondered about things he had tried to forget since first he came to Cranston's and stuck. And Brown was sorry to have come to 'Frisco.

Brown stamped his feet, smiled a queer sort of a smile, and fell in with the passing throng. He laughed a little to find himself looking about as eagerly as any of his neighbors into the display windows, and then laughed more heartily when he tried to think of any reason whatever why he should. He fell to thinking of Cranston's and the regulars, of the big chairs, the tables and the night he first entered the swinging doors and stayed. Then he thought of other things he tried to drive away. Finally he stepped on the curb and looked around him at the gay throng; then became more lonesome and walked on.

Brown came to the big cathedral. Suddenly the idea struck him that he hadn't paid particular attention to church nor church ways in some time. And perhaps he might forget if he went inside. He sat in a back seat. The church was dark save for a flickering light suspended far up in front, and a few lights in the gallery around the music racks. He wondered at first what church it was, but soon ceased to think about it. Then he thought of—well, what he had wished to think of ever since the scenes of the street and the gay crowds, what he had nigh forgotten since he came to Cranston's, about that which only Cranston and he knew,—it is the same old story—"Big Tom" Brown sent to 'Frisco to buy mining tools, Brown that was gambler and right-hand man at Cranston's, the pride of the habitues of the easy chairs,—this Brown, I say, sat in the rear pew of the big church in 'Frisco, and while the dim light burned away up in front and the organist gathered his choir around him to begin practice for the Christmas Day hymns, he, Brown, thought of another city and another church, of other scenes and other things, and—of a girl.

Brown sat there a long while and looked at the dim light and thought. He leaned forward and his head dropped in his hands. The organ slowly, solemnly began on a few

low notes. The prelude was ended. Rich and strong and sweet came the hymn from above, filling the church with solemn cadences that sounded almost mournful in the shadows and silence. Brown's head dropped further until it rested on the rail of the pew in front of him. Cranston's and the green cloth, the hills and the tortuous, dusty roads, the alkali and the machinery were forgotten. Instead—

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on!

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

The organist lingered on the last note; and while the deep tones were echoing in the big unlighted church, Brown softly arose, straightened his broad shoulders, and disappeared again in the crowd. And he was glad he had come to 'Frisco.

On new year's day the leading citizens gathered in Cranston's. For it was a custom from time—well, since first the lode had been discovered in the big hill—that the leading citizens should gather at Cranston's on Christmas and New Year's Day, and on those days the big back-room, where the wheels and green cloth were, should be locked. And that on those days they should in some measure atone for the lack of sentiment prevalent during the other three hundred and sixty-three.

Not a leading citizen was absent. Evidently something of moment was at hand, for each man held his glass and looked expectantly at Cranston. Even "Bill" McMaster looked the height of attention, which was remarkable in view of the fact that he had taken the most active part in the Christmas bout, in fact, had kept it up until that present moment; and it is recorded that never before was the quality better or the quantity greater than on that particular Christmas Day. Cranston's liberality had bordered on recklessness, and the crowd had then remarked that something had touched him.

Cranston climbed the bar and stood before the leading citizens. Evidently the moment was at hand. He held to view a crumpled newspaper clipping and instantly there was profound silence:

"End of a romantic affair! The course of true love runs smooth again!

"N. Y., Dec. 25.—This morning culminated one of the most interesting love affairs in the history of ultra fashionable society in this



city, when Thomas G. Brown, Jr., the only son of Thomas Brown, head of the brokerage firm of Brown and Company, returned to this city most unexpectedly after an absence of years.

"Big Tom" Brown will be remembered among the lovers of athletics as the famous full-back of '91 who played such a phenomenal game against Princeton on Thanksgiving Day of that year. His sudden reappearance was a great and agreeable surprise, for probably there is no more popular man in this city than genial "Big Tom" Brown.

"Brown, it will be remembered, was engaged to Miss Marjorie Stanhope, who was the favourite debutante of the year he graduated from college. The engagement was broken off, as is since proved, through a mutual mistake. Brown, after this unfortunate affair, drank heavily, in fact, led a riotous life for a time, and then suddenly disappeared. He has never been heard from until this morning when unannounced and unexpected he walked into his father's house.

"A *Telegram* reporter called at the family residence in Milburn Avenue, but Mr. Brown or any of the family refused to say anything. However, it has been ascertained that Brown is interested in some mines out West, and to complete the story in the good old-fashioned way, he and Miss Stanhope have met, and a very close friend of the family has said that the wedding will take place on New Year's Day.

"Brown, with the generosity that made him so popular and dearly loved by the people of this city years ago when he was yet a boy, has given orders for a big dinner to be served the inmates of St. Luke's Home, in which Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Sr., have always taken a great interest.

"It is said that the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Jr., will be spent in the West."

Cranston finished and the clipping dropped on the bar. The leading citizens were solemn and silent. Cranston broke the silence. He said:

"Gentlemen, it's no occasion for words. We'll all have four fingers."

And when the best was poured out and each leading citizen looked to Cranston, that gentleman with a look of positive regard slowly raised his glass and softly said:

"To Brown!"

And the leading citizens almost in accord added more softly still:

"And to the girl!"

### Varsity Verse.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

(Horace, Odes I., 21.)

YOU, tender girls must praise Diana;  
Apollo's fame the boys will sing,  
And gladly muse of dear Latona,  
The chosen one of Jove, our king.

Fair maids, relate with voices soft  
Diana's charms; the friend of streams,  
Of woods and groves that tower aloft  
Where Algidus or Cragus gleams.

So you, young boys with equal prayer  
Proclaim Apollo's land of birth;  
Extol his shoulder and Tempe fair,  
The lyre and quiver, his special mirth.

Your child-like prayer may move his heart  
To drive from us and our great king  
All fearful wars and pestilence  
And to our foes these curses fling.

W. C. O'B.

### RESTITUTION.

I stole a kiss; my heart did quake—  
My lady might be cross—  
Sweet Clara no complaint did make,  
But coyly said: "For conscience' sake  
You must repay the loss."

R. J. S.

### AN IDYL.

'Twas one of those glad Autumn days,—  
The fairest far that I remember—  
When gowans lingered on the braes  
And glens of Scotia in September.

The morning rose o'er coast and crag  
And lighted up the Grampians hoary  
Where treaded soft the doe and stag,  
Secure from dog and hunter gory.

The hills were tinged with liquid gold,  
And burnished lay the purple heather,  
While near a ruined castle old,  
Worked man and maid in song together.

Attune they bent to scythe and sheaf  
And paced their hearts in rapture glowing  
While gently whispered Love, the thief,  
"I'll linger here to watch the mowing."

And braw was Rob that Autumn day,  
Yet not more braw than fair was Jennie  
In kirtle brown and tartan gay,  
She won the hearts of lovers many.

They worked in glee from morn to eve—  
I trow their day was filched from Eden—  
And many a richly laden sheaf  
Bespoke their toil at close of even.

As home they went, I may not tell  
The tale the burnie's waters carried,  
Perchance you'll guess it just as well  
If I but add they now are married. MacD.

## A Forgotten Poet.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

Perhaps not one of the brilliant litterateurs of twenty years ago has so completely vanished from memory as the subject of this sketch. His name is unfamiliar to students of literature, even to those at Notre Dame where the forgotten one lived for a time. His little niche in the hall of fame is veiled with spider-webs, and the note of praise that one day sounded for him has long since died into silence. I speak of Eliot P. Ryder, poet and journalist. This brilliant but ill-fated man has been called by eminent men of letters a literary genius; he has been compared to Poe, and even while living he won the attention, praise and friendship of such men as John Boyle O'Reilly and Charles A. Dana, the two greatest journalists of his time.

In addition to his literary attainments, Mr. Ryder was possessed of many noble qualities of character and soul, virtues that won friends for him wherever he went, and, even in the judgment of the most critical, amply atoned for his shortcomings. In spite of his faults, however, Eliot Ryder was a man of noble soul, one whose character and work we can spend a pleasant half hour examining.

Of his early life we know little. He was born at Hubbardstown, Mass., in 1856. His father, the Rev. Almanza Ryder, a Unitarian clergyman, died when Eliot was very young; so in 1870, at the age of fourteen, young Ryder struck out for Boston to do for himself. As far as we can learn he was not at all forced to take this step. Six years later we find him one of the leading reporters of Boston, a versifier of promise, above all, a man of experience, a keen observer of human nature. At the age of twenty, when most men are just beginning to live their life, Eliot Ryder was actually growing old.

We are not certain when Mr. Ryder left Boston. Of course, his duties as a newspaper correspondent led him all through the eastern states, and it is just possible that a great part of these six years was spent in New York, though Ryder was at that time connected with the *Pilot*. It was while in New York, working on the staff of the *Sun*, that Mr. Ryder was converted to Catholicity; his conversion was brought about through his coming under the influence of the Dominicans. His position on

the staff of the *Sun* was first that of reporter, and later European correspondent. After a few years of newspaper work in New York he was engaged by the publishers Osgood & Co. to write a book descriptive of Mexico. It was while on his way back from a trip through that country that Mr. Ryder first came to Notre Dame.

At that time Mr. Ryder was about twenty-four years old, but, as Mr. Miller, writing of him in the *South Bend Tribune*, said: "His extensive travels, his long association with travelling men, his work on such leading papers as the *New York Herald* and *Sun* and Boston journals had given him an experience that placed a head of fifty years on the shoulders of a man under thirty." A grave, quiet man, he was slow to win the affection of professors and students, but he never lost it. He worked on the *Ave Maria* as a proof-reader, and many of his prettiest poems were contributed to that magazine and to the *SCHOLASTIC*. Mr. Miller, who was editor of the *Tribune* in those years, said: "Sonnet, lecture, paragraph, poem, essay,—whatever came from his pen was, of its kind, the best, and was written with the dash of genius, the brilliancy of wit, the culture of scholarship." Mr. Ryder's career has been compared to that of Poe. Mr. Miller wrote: "In personal appearance, too, he greatly resembled Poe. His features were finely chiselled, his complexion pale with a hectic flush nearly always on his cheeks, his eyes, hair and moustache were black as a Spaniard's and gave to his face an almost unearthly beauty."

We regret exceedingly that certain circumstances prevent us from giving anything like a full account of Eliot P. Ryder's career. He was forced into the battle prematurely; he became a man too soon; he saw too much of the underside of life. He whose soul craved for the beautiful, the best of life, had to be contented with its lees. He who should have lived on the hills near the sky and the stars, dwelt rather with down-cast eyes in the shadow of the mountains. It was this yearning, too seldom accompanied by earnest striving after the good, that made his life miserable. Restless and empty-hearted he wandered idly from place to place, writing a little but careless of what he wrote or of how it was done. Take, for instance, the following poem modeled on James Clarence Mangan's, "The Nameless One." We have the pleasure of presenting it in print for the first time. The original



manuscript is common ledger paper, ragged edged, spotted and written in *purple ink*.

A NAMELESS ONE.

Sit down, good fellow, and drink my liquor;  
'Twill quicken your pulse and warm your soul,  
And my tongue will wag till it's made thicker  
By my good bowl.

I'm ripe to-night for a mad carousal!  
I'll drain my bowl to the very lees:  
I've not known hope since my dread espousal  
Of fate's decrees.

I'll drink to the days long since departed,—  
To a spirit cheered by the farthest hope;  
But the fair hope lied, and, broken-hearted,  
I vainly grope.

I'll drink to the days when fond ambition  
Pictured the victories I might win,  
And pity my heart where no contrition  
Can enter in.

God pity me, friend! no power can alter  
My desolate life, or change my path;  
And when all is done, I shall not falter  
At the final wrath.

This pictures a mood bordering almost on despair; the following, a quiet, gentle sonnet, depicts a mood directly antithetic to that of the first poem:

THE PENITENT AT PRAYER.

Beneath the grand cathedral's lofty dome  
The penitent kneels on the marble floor,  
With eyes uplifted to the heavenly home,  
Which never seemed so far away before.  
Slowly and reverently he tells his beads,  
And meditates upon the love of Christ;  
For him once more his dying Saviour bleeds!  
Once more the Lamb of God is sacrificed!

Peace comes to cheer his heart, and while he prays,  
Thro' the high windows of the dome there steals  
A flood of golden sunlight, and the rays  
Fall like a benediction where he kneels,  
And through his tears he fancies he can trace  
A smile upon the Virgin's pictured face.

Here is a pensive bit copied also from the original manuscript; it is called

ON NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Adown the crowded street I stray,  
Nor heed the jostling throng,  
For through my dreaming brain to-day,  
There flits the ghost of song.  
When comes a rude, stentorian voice,  
Half bellow and half screech:  
"Here's Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, your choice,  
For half a dollar each!"

So such is fame for which we strive  
Through long and weary years,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive  
With mingled prayers and tears.  
Yet happy he whose work is crowned,—  
Who this blest goal may reach,—  
To take his place with those renowned  
"At half a dollar each."

While these stanzas may not suggest passages in the works of the poets referred to, still the simple lines are full of poetry—of a sort: feeling well expressed. He didn't write a great deal of verse; he simply went through life seeing and feeling the beauty of things. He was a good Catholic, but his life was full of almost hopeless sorrow, the nature of which we are not allowed to explain. And so at the age of thirty, broken in health, aged beyond his years, he died; this was in St. Louis in 1886. His last moments were spent in peace, and those who were at his side said they had seldom seen a happier passing.

Two more sonnets from Mr. Ryder's work and we shall have finished. Mr. Ryder's best poems were contributed to the *New York Sun*, and, to our extreme regret, we have been unable to secure these. Here are two from his "Souvenirs de Mejico" which were published in the SCHOLASTIC:

I.

THE PRAIRIE SUNSET.

Some say that Vulcan is not really dead,  
And that he labors still within his caves;  
That all his olden glory has not fled,  
But proudly still o'er all the wide earth waves.  
And these have oft beheld the glittering sky  
Reflect the flames which leap from his huge forge  
Behold the prairie sunset. Let the eye  
See what a golden glory lights this gorge,  
And how the vast horizon glows with flame,  
How streams of liquid gold dance o'er the earth;  
And this has brought the thought of Vulcan's name,  
And proved the storied god's exalted worth.  
Let him who doubts that glorious Vulcan lives,  
Think on the light his forge at sunset gives.

II.

NUEVA MEJICO.

The glamour of the old, romantic years  
Hangs over thee, Nueva Mejico,  
And o'er thy landscapes and thy towns appears  
The rare, quaint coloring of the long ago.  
The air we breathe is pregnant with the wine  
Of memories of the grand, historic past;  
The musty odor of old times is thine,  
And in thee Nature has herself surpassed.  
If on this earth there be a Lotus land,  
That land, Nueva Mejico, is thine;  
For floating o'er thee, seen on every hand,  
The glories of the past and present shine.  
Thou offerest misers glittering gold,  
And for the dreamer dearest fancies hold.

Placed beside the magazine poetry of to-day, these lines might suffer in the comparison; but we must remember that we are walking now in an old-fashioned garden of poesy, and though we can not but regret that Eliot Ryder died just when he was capable of his best work, yet, on the whole, we are charmed with the lines his peculiar genius has left us.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Board of Editors.

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—The Very Reverend President is in receipt of seventy-five dollars to be distributed among the students that represent the University in the Inter-Collegiate debating contest. This news comes at an opportune moment and will, we hope, be an incentive to candidates. The gift has been made by the Studebaker family of South Bend, who have always shown a lively interest in the welfare of Notre Dame. We appreciate the motives that prompted the timely and generous donation, and we thank the givers for this latest manifestation of their goodwill.

—With the transition from the old year to the new comes the resolution to amend. A new year's resolution, however, has come to be regarded as a byword, and is usually classed in the category of patients' promises. We break it so soon and so often that we lose faith in ourselves and perhaps let the new year age without any firm purpose of amendment. This is a grave mistake. It requires long and persistent efforts to extirpate a bad habit, and every good resolution—no matter for how short we keep it—is a blow struck at the root. It is another serious mistake to believe that the beginning of the new year is the only or most suitable time to make a good resolution. What is the new year but a mere conventional nick on the measuring-stick of events? For that matter every moment begins a new year. The time for making and keeping a good resolution is the present.

—Readers of newspapers and magazines can not fail to have noticed the recent great output of books. These productions are of very unequal merit, varying from the ephemeral novel to the rare work that may eventually be ranked among the classics. The authors in general, however, seem to be doing well. They wear good clothes, live comfortably and find time and money to visit Europe occasionally. Furthermore, they see themselves written up from time to time, and no opinion of theirs is too trifling to find its way into print. They have their little day, if indeed they care for the popularity. What a change from a few centuries ago when great books were more numerous and some great authors went hungry.

—The Greeks seem to have lagged behind Time. Their Christmas celebration takes place on January 7 and their New Year begins a week later. Five days afterward they keep Epiphany. The date in every case is due to the difference between the Julian and the Gregorian calendars, and the reason for this difference is given as follows in the *New York Evening Sun*: "Previous to what is known as the Julian reform there were many irregularities in the Roman year, the result of which was that when Cæsar became dictator the year was about two months in advance of the seasons. The spring festivals took place in what were nominally the summer months, and those of summer in autumn. In order to remedy these defects it was found necessary to add sixty-seven days to the year 46 B. C. These days were divided into two intercalary months inserted between November and December. As there was a regular intercalation of twenty-three days in February, the whole year was as follows:

Ordinary length of year.....	355 days
Intercalary month.....	23 days
Two additional months.....	67 days

Total 445 days

This year is often spoken of as the *annus confusionis*. The Julian calendar was founded on the theory that the length of the solar or tropical year was exactly 365 days 6 hours. However, the true solar year is in length 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 51½ seconds. It follows that the Julian year is too long by 11 minutes 8½ seconds, or an excess which will in a thousand years amount to something over 7 days, and is at present about 13 days.

To correct this accumulating error Pope Gregory XIII. published a bull in 1582, which resulted in the adoption of the Gregorian calendar—our present one. According to this, three leap years are omitted in each 400 years, making the Gregorian year too long by  $20\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. This excess, however, will not amount to one day in 4,500 years. Although the Gregorian calendar was adopted at once in all Roman Catholic countries, England would not admit it until 1752. Then 11 days were dropped between the 2d and 14th of September. From this arose the distinction between Old Style and New Style which existed in dates of that period. Greeks, Russians, Syrians, Servians, Bulgarians, Slavonians, Bosnians, Montenegrins and other nationalities—perhaps in all 200,000,000 persons—still follow the Greek Church and in consequence use the Julian calendar, which sets them about thirteen days behind the rest of the world." But the Greeks are not so slow after all. If we are ahead of them in point of time, they are amply compensated in another respect. The Greek young man is not exasperated by seeing in shop windows duplicates of the articles he bought for a friend or sweetheart at half the price he had to pay. Look at the advantage to be gained by buying a Christmas or New Year's present a week late. Perhaps some wily old Greek foresaw this, stuck to the Julian calendar, and the crowd followed.

—A recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* contains a good editorial on "The Forces that Keep Us Well." It was suggested by the last Huxley lecture, which was delivered by Dr. William H. Welch, president of the board of directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The lecture had to do with the problem of immunity which occupies the first place in experimental medicine to-day. According to the *Post*, the wonderful facts emphasized were that protective forces exist in the human being, and that they are fighting all the time for his health. The problem of medicine to-day is to find out more about them, and though it is all too intricate and fine for the layman to understand, any intelligence can grasp the statement that the health of the individual depends upon how well he has preserved these good forces by right living. This does away with the notion that a young man should sow his wild oats and then settle down. By indulging in

riotous living he entirely destroys some of the protective forces within him, and is made more subject to infection, contagion and diseases of all kinds. A parallel is observed between the moral and mental life and the physical existence. "The mind that lasts and which is able in later years to show wonderful resources is the mind that has not wasted the finer forces that battle against the hostile invaders, be they in the form of low thoughts or unworthy employments. In the spiritual life the contest is ever in progress, and the strength of the resistance in the mature years is measured by the powers that have been saved." This information is useful, but not new. It is another way of saying that the mill can not grind with the water that is past. Sweet as life is, its prolongation for a few years as a reward for judicious living will never of itself be sufficient to moderate our desires. There must be some higher motive, and happily there is one. Do we not owe it to our Creator to make right use of the mind and body He has given us?

—We have received a copy of the Golden Jubilee Souvenir of Saint Paul's Monastery, Pittsburg, which is an institution conducted by the Passionist Fathers. At the jubilee exercises, which took place in December, a large number of the most prominent dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, including Cardinal Gibbons, were present. In 1852 a devoted band of religious—Father Anthony, Father Albinus, Father Stanislaus and Bro. Lawrence—arrived in Philadelphia, and from this nucleus, the order has grown with astonishing rapidity, until to-day it has eight monasteries in the United States, and has spread to Mexico and South America. Here at Notre Dame we have especial interest in the Passionist Fathers for two reasons: Both they and the Congregation of the Holy Cross have for their emblems the Cross, and again many of the older students will remember that our annual retreat was, on more than one occasion, conducted by Father Robert who is a Passionist. The Souvenir contains a sketch of the beginning and growth of the Passionist Community in America, and is interspersed with many attractive pictures of the interior of St. Paul's Monastery and Church. A very meritorious ode to St. Paul of the Cross by Edmund of the Heart of Mary, occupies a foremost place in the booklet.

—The annual preliminary debating trials begin next week, and we trust that the candidates who have entered for them are making good use of their time in preparation. Not more than half a dozen students can win the distinction of representing the University in the inter-collegiate debates, but this consideration should deter no one from making an effort. The greater the competition for places, the higher the standard of excellence reached by those who are successful and the more likely we shall be to vanquish opposing college teams. It is the duty then of every student that can reason well and speak correctly not only to enter for the competition but to do all in his power to make the survival of the fittest a strenuous process. The debaters of past years—and some of them are with us yet—have won an enviable reputation for Notre Dame in polemics. Not once did they allow her to suffer defeat. We must at least sustain that reputation this year. For the benefit of all concerned we reprint the following instructions which were written by a member of the Faculty and which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC of January 12, 1901:

#### ADVICE TO DEBATERS.

I have been asked to give a few words of advice to our debating-teams, and such counsel may be divided into two parts: one concerning the material of the discourse, and the other concerning its delivery and the manner of the speaker. An entire treatise, of course, might be written upon these divisions, but the following rules may be of use for beginners.

##### As to material:

1. Be certain you understand the meaning of every word in the question under discussion and that you foresee all possible interpretations of the question's meaning.

2. Group your arguments so that useless repetition may be avoided. Commonly, the order to follow is: begin with good arguments; set the weakest arguments in the middle of the speech; and end with the strongest arguments. In team-work each man selects a separate group of arguments, and arranges these in the "Homeric Order" mentioned in this paragraph.

3. Do not try to use *every* argument you

find: a multitude of arguments is often confusing. Insist upon a few strong proofs which will vividly affect your audience. Remember a hearer must carry your arguments in his memory, and a multitude of arguments will be forgotten.

4. Express yourself very clearly and accurately. Do not trust to your power of extemporaneous speech; but do not, on the other hand, leave the audience with the opinion that you have recited a memorized "pièce."

5. In a debate, when the time is limited, avoid a long exordium.

6. Use short, snappy sentences in a speech. Be concrete (See Spencer on Style).

7. Before writing an important debate read a book like Baker's on Argumentation.

As to manner and delivery:

1. Be modest but confident.

2. Do not walk about the stage like a bear in pain. A man that has command of his nerves, and consequently of his audience, does not prance. At the most, you may change your position by a single step when you enter upon a new line of thought.

3. Stand firmly; do not sway at the hips. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your handkerchief within your pocket.

4. A gesture is a motion of the hand or arm which is used by serious speakers only to emphasize a word or phrase. A debater should remember that he is not expected to give an exhibition in calisthenics: never make a gesture merely for physical exercise, and always finish a gesture by an end-stroke with the hand from the wrist. Do not gesticulate across your face, and avoid theatrical, linked and pumping gestures.

5. Avoid any article of clothing that will distract the attention of the audience. Gentlemen do not wear diamonds.

6. Never drink water (or anything else) while you are speaking.

7. Eat only a light meal if you must speak soon after dinner.

8. Speak distinctly, not harshly. Avoid provincial pronunciations. Use English, not the street vulgarities of your own city. Remember that *a* is not *o*, nor *o*, *a*; *u* is not *oo*, *e* is not *i*. Place your accents properly. Forgetfulness of this rule irritates a cultured judge.

9. Do not verbally slug your opponents.

10. Do not hurry.

11. Do not end with formulas like, "I thank you for your attention."

Notre Dame Post G. A. R.

Athletic Notes.

That a life may have varied settings is a fact well illustrated at Notre Dame. Many of us little think that among the religious of Holy Cross, whom we see every day, are several veterans of the Civil War. Not a few of them won promotion and one even became a general. Hearts that once thrilled to the roll of drum now burn in adoration at the altar, and fingers that often clutched a rifle or held a linstock, now count a rosary in the army of peace. Our ignorance of these facts is largely due to the reticence of those men, for, like humble soldiers, they seldom care to speak about themselves.

Though I had known for years of the existence of the Notre Dame Post, it was by the merest happening that I learned of its inspection toward the end of last December. The Post was officially visited by the Department Commander, General Starr, who was accompanied by Assistant Adjutant-General Smock and Department Chaplain Watts. General Starr was received by Post Commander, General (now Reverend Father) Olmstead, and by Colonel Hoynes, the dean of the Law department at the University. After inspection the visiting General complimented the officers of the Post, and expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the minutes and roster were kept. Before their departure the distinguished visitors were taken through the University buildings where they met with a most cordial reception from Father Fitte. The comrades of the Post were deeply grateful for the courtesy shown them by General Starr, and they hope he will renew his visit next year.

The G. A. R. Post at Notre Dame includes only those veterans that have entered the community of Holy Cross, and priests of that Congregation who were army chaplains. Col. Hoynes, though a member of the Faculty of Notre Dame and a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, is attached to the Grand Army Post at South Bend. I hope to obtain for some future issue of the SCHOLASTIC some interesting particulars regarding the Post, from its genial commander, Father Olmstead. An officer who served with distinction throughout the great conflict and a cultured gentleman, his mind is stored with military impressions, and he can talk as few can of

Old forgotten, far-off things  
And battles long ago.

MACD.

Candidates for the track team are hard at work, building up speed and muscle for the coming meets. There are but very few new faces among the candidates. All the old men that have returned are out, but we looked for a large squad of new men to show themselves in suits. This state of affairs must not and, we hope, will not continue. There are plenty of good men among the newcomers,—fellows who have had considerable experience on High School and other teams, and they should come out and encourage those in charge. They owe it to the University now that they are students of the place.

Come out and swell the list. The larger the squad, the better it will be for coach, trainer, and the athletes themselves.

\*\*\*

Manager Daly announces that a new trainer will be on hand within a few days. He has received several applications for the position, but up to the present has not decided on any of them.

\*\*\*

W. Daly, who did such remarkable work in the half mile last season, has reported for practice, and seems to be even stronger than last year.

\*\*\*

This year's track team will practically be a new one, as several of last year's stars will be missing. Uffendell, Sullivan, Staples, and Herbert will not return, leaving but Kirby, Hoover, McCullough and Daly as the nucleus of the new team.

\*\*\*

A great deal may be expected of Hoover, McCullough and Draper this year. Hoover is a good hurdler and pole vaulter, while McCullough will have but few equals in the weights. Draper is one of the most promising athletes Notre Dame has had in years. He should develop into a good all-around man.

\*\*\*

The Management has received several challenges for Dual Meets with members of the "Big Nine," but no definite action has been taken as yet. It is safe, however, to say that we will have a meet with one of the big western colleges. Several other meets are also pending.

At present writing it is almost impossible

to form a just estimate of the worth of the baseball candidates. The men did some light work for a few weeks before the Christmas holidays, but since that time nothing has been done. Before another week passes, however, they will be down to good, earnest work.

\* \* \*

This season we start off with better prospects than ever before. But three of last season's team will be missing, Captain Lynch, "Peaches" O'Neill and Farley. The hardest job for coach and captain will be to find men to fill in their places. They were the backbone of the team; but the other men of last year's team learned several valuable pointers from them which will be of considerable worth this year.

Captain Stephan, first base; Gage, second base; Fisher, Shaughnessy, and O'Connor, outfielders; Hogan and Higgins, pitchers, have all reported and will be down to hard work next week. Short stop and third base are vacant; but all the men will have to fight hard to retain their positions as some of the new candidates have reputations as fast players.

Every candidate should remember that no position on the team is a sinecure; that good men are always wanted. Every man at the University with baseball talent is expected to come out. Don't say to yourself that it is useless to try. You are not always the best judge of your playing abilities. The captain and coach may discover in you the "makings" of a good ball player. Even if you should fail to make the team the experience and exercise will prove beneficial to you. At all events, remember that it is all for your *Alma Mater*.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

#### Obituary Notices.

##### DEAN OECHTERING'S DEATH.

We take the following extracts from the *South Bend Daily Times* of Dec. 29, 1902:

The Very Reverend Bernard August Oechtering, rector of St. Joseph's parish, died Sunday, December 28, in Fort Wayne. His loss is a positive calamity to Mishawaka; directly and particularly to the Catholic Church. Not by Catholics alone is he mourned: members of every denomination and men of no religious creed whatever, recognize in Father Oechtering's work as a rector, in his devotion to principle and efforts towards the advancement of the city's interests, a man who can perhaps never be replaced.

Father Oechtering was born in the Province of

Westphalia, Germany, Sept. 8, 1837. His collegiate studies were completed in the College of the Rheim, in 1858, and a few years later the young man came to America. He immediately sought out the late Bishop Luers and applied to him for admission to his diocese. The Bishop sent the young seminarian to the institution of St. Mary's of the West, near Cincinnati, to complete his theological course. On the 17th of May, 1861, he was ordained to the holy priesthood by Bishop Luers, in the cathedral at Fort Wayne. On May 26, 1861, he was sent to Delphi, Ind., to take charge of St. Joseph's congregation and several outlying missions which were much in need of spiritual attention. In 1864, Father Oechtering went to Europe with Bishop Luers, and after spending six months abroad he was assigned to the parish at Avilla, Ind. At that time Father Oechtering virtually had charge of eleven congregations, all small ones and located in four counties. In addition, he found time to deliver several important lectures at different missions.

In May, 1867, Father Oechtering came to Mishawaka. Under his direction the debt of \$3000 on the old church was paid off, and the property at the corner of Fourth and Mill Streets was purchased. In November, 1878, Dean Oechtering was instrumental in securing for Mishawaka a small colony of Sisters of the Poor Handmaids whose services since have been as much in demand by non-Catholics as by members of the faith. The Sisters took charge of the parochial school in 1880.

He celebrated his silver jubilee May 19, 1886. Through his efforts the present magnificent house of worship was dedicated, Oct. 22, 1893. In addition to these improvements, Father Oechtering proposed a new school and hall building which is now in process of construction. He was dean of the fifth district of Indiana, was one of the diocesan consultors, and for a long time president of the school examining board of the diocese of Ft. Wayne.

Public men, ministers of every denomination, and influential business men pay the highest tributes to the good qualities of the dead priest. His life may be summed up in one of these tributes:

Father Oechtering was a great factor in the development of Mishawaka. He was fearless in his course, and eventually always right. The main traits of the departed priest were his firmness, his good judgment, his high character. He exercised a remarkable influence over men. Personal experience among factory employees has demonstrated his almost magical power over men given to drink and other bad habits. His business capacity was gigantic; he held the confidence of all; and his work in erecting for the local Catholics the magnificent structures owned by the parish was wonderful. He met high and low, saint and sinner, on an equal plane.

Father Oechtering had many friends at Notre Dame, who mourn his death.

\* \* \*

##### THE PASSING OF A GOOD MAN.

We quote the following from the *Toledo Evening News* of December 15, 1902.

Father Hannin's death comes as a personal loss to every man, woman and child in this city. No man connected with Toledo's history has done more for her upbuilding in all that is enduring than did this good priest, whose labors here of more than forty years have just come peacefully to a close. No one better than he could with fervor say: "Lord, now lettest Thou



Thy servant depart in peace;" for Father Hannin had been blest not only in the ability and opportunity to do a great work well, but to see the full fruition of his early hopes and lifelong toil.

He was a sturdy pioneer, clean of heart, clear of eye and strong of limb, and withal tender and sympathetic as a woman. His battles with primitive conditions in this city were of the heroic kind. He never faltered or compromised. His hardy manhood, temperate life and broad interest in human affairs made him a forceful influence for good far beyond the confines of his parish. He was a man beloved of children, and the qualities which endeared him to them raised him above the limits of creed and sect. He was known, loved and respected by Protestants and Jews as well as by those of his own faith. The cause of temperance never had a better or more faithful advocate than he.

His was a practical, useful life. He not only knew what ought to be done, but how to do it, and he was not afraid to put his hand to duty. His early careful training as a civil engineer is reflected in the beauties of Calvary Cemetery and the noble edifice at St. Patrick's, every detail of which he planned with his own hand.

It is eminently fitting that the city whose people he has served so long, so patiently, so unobtrusively and so well, should unite to do honor to his mortal remains. Loyal to the core, zealous to a fault in the service of his Master and in his ministrations to the needs of his people, his death, even though full of years, is a most grievous blow.

Like his cousin, the late Father Tighe of Chicago, Father Hannin was a native of Ballymote, Sligo, Ireland. In his early days he was a civil engineer in the service of the British Government. After his ordination he was for years stationed in Cleveland where members of his congregation still cherish the memory of his priestly zeal and example. He had many friends at Notre Dame, who will be grieved to hear of his death. The SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy to the congregation, the relatives, and the many friends of the deceased.

\* \* \*

Rev. William F. M. O'Rourke, a priest of the Cincinnati diocese, died a holy death on Friday, Dec. 6, in the rectory of Holy Angels' Church. He had been an invalid for seven years and, during the past two months was confined to his bed.

Father O'Rourke was born in Pennsylvania, March 24, 1836. He was of Irish parentage on his father's side; his mother was of old Delaware stock whose ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. His early childhood was spent at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

While still a young man he taught for several sessions in the district school. He entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in September, 1859, and was ordained from that institution March 17, 1866, by Bishop Rosecrans. After his ordination he was located at Sidney, Ohio, and afterwards at Dayton. Another change was made to Milford, Ohio, where he was pastor for three years; later at Middletown, where he remained for nine months.

Two years after his priesthood were spent at Notre Dame, Ind., as professor, and finally his last charge

was the Church of the Holy Angels. Father O'Rourke was pastor of the Hon. Bellamy Storer, now Ambassador to Austria, and had the happy privilege of converting to the true faith and baptizing this distinguished statesman.

The SCHOLASTIC and friends at Notre Dame sympathize with the friends and relatives of Father O'Rourke.

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From Winters, California, comes the sorrowful announcement that Charles Leonard DeVilbiss died at his home near that place at 8 o'clock this morning. His health had not been good for more than a year, but the critical period of his illness was only of a few days' duration.

Several months ago he had an attack of something like a congestive chill. There were several recurrences of this attack. The culmination was heart failure, which carried him to a premature grave.

He was educated in the public schools, at a business college and St. Mary's College, and attended Notre Dame University near South Bend, Indiana. He was a young man of fine educational attainments and business qualifications.

The deceased was son of J. A. and Mrs. Esther DeVilbiss. He was born on the McMahan ranch, in Solano County, November 23, 1869, but after leaving school, nearly all his life was spent in Winters.

About five years ago he was married to Miss Lillian Deeds. To them have been born two children. The oldest is a daughter, about 4 years of age, and the youngest is an infant son. Mother and children survive the husband and father, and to them the deepest sympathy of the entire community goes out in the hour of their sad bereavement.

The friends and relatives of the deceased have the heartfelt sympathy of the SCHOLASTIC and friends at Notre Dame.

#### Personals.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Christina Kennedy of Rib Lake, Wis., to Matt M. Waverly, Iowa. Matt, while a student here ('98-1900) was a distinguished bicycle rider, and gained many points for the Gold and Blue. The SCHOLASTIC extends heartiest congratulations.

—Mr. John J. Carl of Wexford, Wexford County, Michigan, visited his *Alma Mater* recently. Mr. Carl, who was a student here from '48 to '50, had many pleasing recollections of those days to narrate. He remarked the only objects that looked natural to him were the lakes. Mr. Carl entered the navy after leaving Notre Dame, and fought under Farragut at New Orleans. After his part in the stirring scenes of the war had been played, he settled at Wexford, Mich., and has remained there since. Those in charge of the University at the present time were delighted by the visit of a student of the early days.

### Stamps for Wall Paper.

Few of us take the trouble to collect the cancelled stamps attached to the mail we receive, and yet they may be made to serve in a philanthropic work, as may be seen from the following, taken from the *Providence Visitor*.—

Roman Catholic missionaries in China have a unique plan for securing rice and other commodities for use in the orphan asylums and other charitable institutions conducted by them in the Orient. It has never occurred to anyone in the United States, perhaps, that old postage stamps are available for use as wall paper, but the Chinaman discovered it years ago. The postage stamp has always appealed to the Chinaman as an artistic creation. The colouring and engraving have attracted his eye, and long ago the Celestials began applying to the missionaries for the stamps which they noticed on the mail sent them from the United States and other countries.

Many years ago when the missionaries were badly in need of funds to carry on their work, the priests evolved a plan to secure rice and other products of the Chinese farmer without an exchange of money. The Chinaman, previous to this, had been a collector of postage stamps, and several enterprising Celestials had collected a sufficient number of stamps for the papering of the walls of their small houses. The stamps were soaked so that all the paper usually attached to them from the contact with the envelopes was removed, and by a chemical process the ink made by the postmark was also obliterated. The missionaries knew that there were vast quantities of these cancelled stamps in the United States which were thrown away. A plan to exchange them for food was originated, and pastors in this country were notified. Immediately the priests in various cities began saving the stamps and the scheme was a success. It has been in operation ever since.

The stamps are collected in every parish, and once every year they are forwarded to the headquarters of the Catholic missionary societies at Notre Dame, Ind. The stamps are packed in cloth sacks, and when a large quantity has been secured it is sent by freight to China. Last year the pastors in the many cities in the United States were so industrious that stamps sufficient to fill an ordinary freight car were collected and sent to Notre Dame. There were millions of cancelled stamps in this car, and their arrival in the Orient gladdened the hearts of the missionaries, for the Chinamen will take all they can get. It is not an uncommon sight in China these days to see a Chinese residence decorated throughout with American postage stamps. Every stamp counts, for it means practically a receipt for rice, tea and other commodities used by the orphans and other unfortunates in the foreign asylums in the heathen kingdom.

### Local Items.

—The students who stayed at the University during the holidays assembled in the parlor New Year's Day to tender their respects and well wishes to Father Morrissey. Mr. F. H. McKeever of the '03 class, spoke for the students, and in a few well-chosen words expressed the pleasure they felt in greeting

the Rev. President at the beginning of the New Year. His address was cordial and sincere.

Father Morrissey responded in his usual assuring language, wishing his listeners all the blessings of the season, and pledging himself to Notre Dame and to her students. His words were received with hearty applause, and when he had finished every boy felt that though there was no place like home, the next best place to spend the holidays was at Notre Dame.

—The SCHOLASTIC acknowledges the receipt of two handsome calendars from St. Mary's *Chimes*, and the Holy Cross *Purple*. The calendar which was sent by the *Purple* contains cuts of the various buildings of Holy Cross College, which make it especially interesting. The St. Mary's Calendar is very artistically gotten up. Upon it appears a picture of the new collegiate hall which is now building and which we hope to see finished before the class of 1903 is graduated.

—For the benefit of new comers who are unacquainted with the hours and method of training pursued at the University, the SCHOLASTIC publishes the following:

The regular hours of training for all branches of athletics are from 3 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.

The track and baseball men use the Gymnasium during this period entirely. The track men from 3 to 3:45, and the baseball men from 3:45 to 4:30. This is generally known as "recreation" period, and is so arranged that the athletes may train without interfering with their class or study hours.

The track men are supposed to report every day at 3 p. m., and go through whatever form of exercise the coach may select. All the events—shot put, jumps, and runs—are gone through each afternoon, the coach, trainer, and captain keeping careful watch over each candidate. At 3:45 the men take a shower bath, and after a brisk rub down, are dismissed.

The baseball men hold the fort during the rest of the period. Their indoor exercise consists chiefly of work on the bases and batting. The finer points of the game are also imparted. The work these men are put through during the winter months is of great benefit, and by the time the college season opens they are in excellent trim.

Perhaps no university in the country affords its young men greater opportunities to develop themselves physically than does Notre Dame. A splendid gymnasium, the best indoor track in the West, with shower baths, gymnasium, and a coach, and a score of handlers, she provides everything that is necessary for the comfort and success of her athletes. And still, there is a large number of young fellows, who are capable, that refuse to take advantage of such splendid opportunities. Let us hope that this year will see a larger squad of candidates out than ever before.