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My Grandsire's Pipe.

OH me! it is yellow and stained and brown
With years of use and years of time;
It watched my grandsire totter down
The sunny street of a little town,
In his elder days,
And travelled with him in his prime,
O'er many ways.

Tobacco rich from the Orient
Bartered from heathens hath filled its bowl;
Which in its later years indolent
Still doth boast of the faintest scent
Of the fragrant weed;
And hangs on the wall there sound and whole
Without a need.

Just for the sake of long ago,
Its hallowed rest I'll desecrate;—
'Tis sacrilege to use it so
With modern smoking stuff, I know,
Of doubtful kind;
But better I can't afford of late,
So it won't mind.

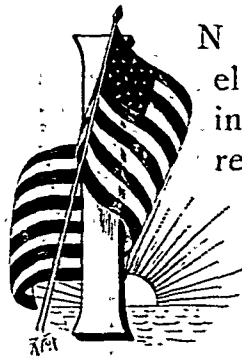
Ah, how mellow the first long draw!
A little strong, perhaps, but good.
If my fine grandsire only saw
How little I hold his pipe in awe,
He'd frown perhaps,—
Great guns, how strong! Was all this stood
By those old chaps?

I think I'll put it back again
Above the mantel, on the wall.
It might have changed a bit since then,
Though it was mild and mellow when
Its days were young.
But now its days of use are all;
Its song is sung.

L. P. D.

Montalembert.

WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. M., '80.



N American politics the better elements of man do not fructify; in French politics more hopeful results are not found today; but I have found a character in the French politics of this century moulded of finest clay. We are unaccustomed in public life in this marvelous country of ours to the spectacle of a politician alive with high purpose, striving and struggling unceasingly for moral principle,—at times the leader of a host, at times alone and without followers. Montalembert, leading a pretentious party in the Chamber of Peers of France, or the sole representative of a cause in the National Assembly, was ever faithful to conscience and loyal to right. With us "politician" has become a disparaging term; but the man of public affairs who is the spokesman of the many, either in the Chamber of a constitutional monarchy or the Assembly of a republic, should of right be a man above men, a superior among his fellows, a leader of those for whom he stands, in intelligence, character, ability, and all the worthier parts of man. Commercial dishonesty and political corruption have been so often accentuated by the lack of that honor, purpose and manliness which should be found in bold relief in the representative of a people, that the term "politician" has fallen from its first and highest meaning to a plane of mediocrity and shallowness in moral as well as mental vigor, that renders its application seldom creditable. In

* Lecture delivered before the University students, December 6, 1897. Notre Dame, Ind.

this our splendid republic, where nature has been prodigal and the people God-enriched, we are anxious to find the elements that should compose the politician in the worthier and higher sense. As worthy of emulation in public life from every point of view, I present the life and labors of Montalembert.

The unsteadiness of affairs in France at the opening of the present century drove the grandfather of our subject, Count Jean de Montalembert, to London, where his son took service under the British army in India; this son, Marc Rene de Montalembert, married in London the daughter of James Forbes, a lettered Englishman, who had been arrested in France in 1803, but released by Napoleon through the intercession of his French literary associates. James Forbes was an author of reputation, and when his daughter married Marc Rene de Montalembert, the newly wed couple resided in his house in Stanmore near Harrow, where his first grandchild, Charles Forbes Montalembert, was born on May 15, 1810. At a tender age the baby Charles was put in the keeping and under the tutelage of his grandfather, owing to the fact that the military career of his father necessitated removal from place to place. In 1814, Marc Rene de Montalembert returned to France with the restored Bourbons, and in 1816, forsaking the fortunes of war for diplomacy, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary by Louis XVIII. to Stuttgart.

James Forbes had written a work, "Oriental Memoirs," which made him a figure in the literary world, and the remaining object of his life was to instill in the mind of his youthful grandson the love of letters which permeated his own, and with this end in view he thus dedicated his work:

"TO CHARLES FORBES MONTALEMBERT.

"The manuscript letters intended for these volumes ('Oriental Memoirs,' in the form of letters to the writer's family) being now prepared for the press, and one hundred drawings printed for the engravers, I wish to render one set of the book more complete by adding as many copies as possible from my original sketches in the voluminous folios from which the others were taken; and if my life and faculties are preserved, I purpose to add near a thousand more from the subjects which formed the amusement of my juvenile hours in foreign climes and distant shores. This would appear to many a singular undertaking in their sixty-second year; but I have been accustomed to application, and when I have a beloved object in view, the employment becomes delightful. Without such an object I never should have begun these additional drawings; and where, my dear child, could I have found one so endeared to me by every tender tie as yourself? The sweetness of your disposition

at a very early age presents a happy prospect to your parents; and I trust by the divine blessing the opening blossom will gradually expand into a beautiful flower, and in due time produce abundant fruit. Impressed with these ideas, on the commencement of this new year, to you, my beloved child, I dedicate these enlarged volumes, leaving their continuance and completion to Him 'in whose hands my time is.' That you, my dear boy, may be brought up in the faith and favour and love of that greatest and best of Beings, is the ardent prayer of your affectionate parent,

JAMES FORBES.

"BRIGHTHELMSTONE, 1st January, 1811."

Charles was then in his first year; on his third birthday the fond grandfather painted the child's portrait, inscribing upon it the motto—"Ut ameris, amabilis esto," adding below the following beautiful verses:

"Accept, sweet child, this pledge of love—

Accept the heartfelt strain, the fervent prayer—

The prayer that He who guides the steps of youth
Through all the puzzled and perplexing round
Of life's meandering path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can give;
That noble fame by arduous contest gained
O'er passion's sway,—oh! may thy little heart
Beat high with young ambition's honest praise.
Ne'er mayst thou hear a tender tale of woe
And feel thy heart at rest; ne'er mayst thou check
In thy swollen eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness, nor reject
The humble voice of honest poverty."

James Forbes looked constantly to the mental and moral development of his grandson, and the work of his education was his especial care. The old man, in the boy's tenth year, started to visit the child's parents in Paris, but before the end of the journey the angel of death touched James Forbes; and his grandson, with the servant who accompanied them, watched the ebbing pulse of that first and best of friends through the dreadful night that ushered the noble, manly, bright, pure spirit of James Forbes into the presence of his Maker. James Forbes laid broad and deep in the heart of Montalembert the basic principles of frankness, courage, independence and honor, and stimulated his youthful mind to a love for literature which afterwards made Montalembert the most cultured and distinguished Catholic in France.

Charles de Montalembert then passed into a different life under different skies. Though missing the gentle, lettered, ceaseless, doting care of his grandfather, he paid some heed to his studies, and entered college in his seventeenth year. With a very worthy collegemate, the same year a compact was made "to serve their country to the utmost extent of their power,

and to give their lives and talents to the cause of God and freedom." In his commonplace book, the same year, appears this entry: "God and liberty, these are the two principal motive-powers of my existence. To reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life." Thus in irreligious France, among fellow-citizens of infidel proclivities, did he frame the resolve of Christianizing government and elevating it to his lofty, theocratic ideal. His love of freedom was exemplified when a friend, who had in 1827 declined the appointment of Censor of the Press, received from Montalembert this letter:

"Madame de Davidoff has just told me, my dear Rio, of the generosity you have shown in this last business. Allow me as a friend to congratulate you, and as a Frenchman to express my gratitude.

"In place of certain pecuniary advantages which so degrading a situation might have brought you, you have acquired the esteem of the nation, which, unfortunately, is of the opposite party from the government. I never could have believed that you had accepted it, notwithstanding the formidable authority of the *Moniteur*. Such an acceptance would have been a real perversion.

"CH. DE MONTALEMBERT."

In 1828, he won the prize for a speech in French, contested for by the students at the eight colleges of Paris. His father having been appointed ambassador to Sweden, he journeyed thither in 1828, and reluctantly tasted the distractions of diplomatic life in Stockholm. The thoughtful, studious habit of his grandfather abided with him, and he fain turned from the diversions of social life to the study of Swedish manners, customs and institutions to ascertain where liberty had there her abode.

The innate fire of the rhetorician turned him towards that store-house of oratory—the deathless speeches of Burke and Grattan—and it is not strange that his love of liberty and his love for elegance of expression should have turned his eyes towards Daniel O'Connell, then in the zenith of his career, battling for human right, armed only with a wealth of diction, a profundity of argument, and a majesty of eloquence all his own, which have garlanded the fame and name of the great Irish Liberator with immortality. Daniel O'Connell was Montalembert's ideal. "God and Liberty," Montalembert's motto, were the twin principles of adamant upon which O'Connell would build the superstructure of Ireland's polity, and thereby elevate the land of Erin above the waves of tyranny. He determined to go to Ireland to see O'Connell, and put into execution a pet purpose prompted by his perusal of the speeches of Grattan, to wit: writing a

history of Ireland. O'Connell was then the central figure in Ireland, and Montalembert, fired with admiration for the great leader of the Irish people, hastened to Ireland's then most favored shrine, Derrynane in Kerry, where dwelt O'Connell.

Montalembert found a crowd surrounding the Liberator's home waiting to submit their disputes to the great lawyer for arbitration. When O'Connell appeared he received Montalembert kindly, and did what he thought would please the courtly young Frenchman, by ushering his youthful visitor into his drawing-room to meet a merry band of lively Irish girls. Montalembert had expected to have a private audience with O'Connell for the discussion of his favorite theories, and having come in a travelling suit, with no change of dress, was chagrined to take his place in the drawing-room, then at table where twenty-five sat down to dinner, and then to join in the dance which followed; and although he slept in the hospitable home, he was debarred, by the engagements of the leader of the Irish bar, the opportunity of the chat which he had promised himself with O'Connell. All the conditions abashed him, disappointed him, and he scarcely esteemed his pilgrimage a success. Disenchanted, he started on his return journey, and it was not surprising that he who was destined to become a great French orator should have chosen a route which brought him by Blarney Castle. In Blarney Chapel, a hedge chapel, he heard Mass, observing the hill crowded with worshipers unable to gain admittance, but all enthusiastic in their devotions. Their fervor made an impression on the young man, himself a strong, earnest churchman, which he delightfully amplified in a publication. A distinguished prelate, in some way, recently drew the inference that Montalembert, previous to his visit to Blarney Chapel, like the young men of his day in France, was an infidel, and by this scene was brought back to the active practice of his faith; but I need not dwell on this, as the archiepiscopal gentleman has been disabused of this false impression by an article in the *Times-Herald* of Chicago, from the gifted pen of Hon. William J. Onahan, who could not read any aspersion upon the memory of Montalembert's unchanging and invariable adherence to the Roman Catholic Church in practice as well as in tenet. Maturer years, however, brought back to Montalembert his whole-hearted admiration for O'Connell; and when the great champion of Ireland, broken in health and broken in spirit, started on his

fateful journey to Rome in the year 1847, Montalembert, as the representative of the French Chamber, thus addressed him:

"Your glory is not only Irish, it is Catholic. Whenever Catholics begin anew to produce civic virtues and devote themselves to the conquest of their civic rights, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which several generations of sophists and logicians have placed it, to you, after God, is religion indebted. May that thought fortify you, revive you in your infirmities, and console you in the applications with which your patriotic heart is now overwhelmed. The wishes of Catholic France will accompany you in your pilgrimage to Rome. The day of your meeting with Pius IX.—when the greatest and most illustrious Christian of our age shall kneel at the feet of a Pontiff who recalls to our recollection the most brilliant period of Church history—a truly momentous event in the history of our time will take place. If, in that instant of extreme emotion, your heart should entertain a thought not absorbed by Ireland or Rome, remember us; the homage of the affection, respect and devotion of the Catholics of France for the Chief of the Church would not be better placed than on the life of the Catholic Liberator of Ireland."

While in Ireland, Montalembert could not resist the temptation to stop at Maynooth, the famous seat of learning whence have come, not alone to Ireland but to the broad world, the splendid mentality, the theological profundity, and the ornate eloquence that gem many of the Irish clergy the world over. It was opportune that, after leaving O'Connell a trifle disappointed, he should meet a bishop peerless in the Irish hierarchy, who had, like O'Connell, adopted "God and Liberty" for his motto, but who, with keener perception, divined the powers and was affected by the enthusiasm of the brilliant young Frenchman. At the college table at Maynooth the tears rolled down the cheeks of Montalembert as his health was proposed to be drunk by the distinguished "J. K. L.," the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the illustrious Dr. Doyle. After two months spent in Ireland, which he declared were the happiest two months of his life, Montalembert returned to Paris more than half determined to be the champion of Catholic faith in France.

At this time Lamennais, "the most illustrious ecclesiastic of his time," had the headship of the Catholic movement, and Lacordaire, an

advocate, who had abandoned the law and entered the priesthood, an ardent believer in liberty, was beginning to be attracted by the learning and logic of Lamennais; to both, O'Connell, striving in Ireland for religious enfranchisement, was inspiration. They desired all restrictions affecting the members or clergy of the Church, whether in educational or ecclesiastical lines, to be removed; any governmental policy short of such removal was to be combated. *L'Avenir* appeared in October, 1830, under the editorial charge of Lamennais and Lacordaire; and the Society for the Defence of Religious Liberty was instituted, with Lamennais as its President and Montalembert as one of its directors. The society's purposes were thus enumerated:

1st: To obtain redress for every act against the liberty of ecclesiastical ministrations by actions before the Chambers.

2d: To sustain every educational establishment, primary, secondary and superior, against all arbitrary attempts to infringe freedom of instruction.

3d: To maintain the right of all Frenchmen meeting for prayer, for study, or for any other legitimate aim equally advantageous to religion, to the poor, and to civilization.

The motto of *L'Avenir* was "God and Freedom." Montalembert soon became associated in this paper with the brilliant Lacordaire and the profound Lamennais, the greatest religious writer of his generation in France. Montalembert's first article in *L'Avenir* was on Poland; the wrongs of that unhappy land smote his tender heart consecrated to the genius of liberty. Lacordaire, in two trenchant articles in 1831, resented the interference of Louis Philippe in the appointment of French bishops, and Lamennais and Lacordaire were indicted; the latter defended himself in a masterly speech, and both were acquitted. The result emboldened the editors of *L'Avenir*; they had attacked the policy which constrained a parish priest to inter an infidel in consecrated ground. Education in France was exclusively dominated by the University of Paris—one of the means of centralization devised and inaugurated by Napoleon; private schools, not licensed by that institution, were absolutely forbidden. The examination for the baccalaureate degree was the key to all public occupations in France, without which admission to the bar, the army, the ministry and state places was denied, and this examination could be had only at one of the schools licensed by the University. The

University of Paris, monopolizing all educational facilities, was infidel, distinctively infidel, in method, manner and policy, wherefore, Montalembert exclaimed:

"Is there," he says, "a single establishment of the University where a Christian child can live in the exercise of faith? Does not a contagious doubt, a cold and tenacious impiety, reign over all these young souls whom she pretends to instruct? Are they not too often either polluted, or petrified, or frozen? Is not the most flagrant, the most monstrous, the most unnatural immorality inscribed in the records of every college, and in the recollections of every child who has passed as much as eight days there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Surprising Discovery.

E. PHREM.

Leon Dore was usually among the first to put in an appearance at club meetings, but this evening he was late. The members wondered. An election was to be held, and it was hinted that Leon might be the next-president; not that he expected such an honor, for he was unpretentious and cared little for distinctions of any kind. His one strong passion was hunting, and none could ride better than he. People said that it was his long tramps through the woods in quest of game that made him so lithe and strong. Leon was a great favorite, and his tardiness tonight had an exceptionally depressing effect on the club. There was very little said, and every time the door opened each one cast a look of inquiry in that direction. At length he arrived, and laying aside his hat and overcoat said: "Pardon me, gentlemen, I am late; but there was a reason for it. As I passed the widow Geary's, I heard a scuffling noise inside, and it at once struck me that something was wrong. On entering, I saw the old lady struggling with a cowardly tramp." Amid exclamations of surprise he continued: "They say she has a large sum of money concealed somewhere in the house. That, no doubt, was the cause of the assault. Well, to be brief, I sent for help, and now he is behind the bars."

There was a burst of applause. A dozen fellows rose and shook his hand, saying:

"Well done, old man!" Leon interrupted them

"We have serious business before us tonight,

why not prepare for it by a little diversion. I have not played billiards for an age," he went on, selecting a cue and applying chalk to the tip. "Who will play?" There was a moment of hesitancy, and all eyes were then turned on a tall, dark-visaged man sitting in the farthest corner. This was Paul Gillan, the president, who, had it not been for the halo of popularity that lately encircled Leon, would have felt confident of occupying "the chair" in the Hammerville Club for many years to come. It is not easy to stand idly by and see the sunshine of your life shut out by a rival. Paul was an expert billiard player, and here was his chance to humble Leon.

"Mr. Dore," he said, rising and snatching up a cue, "since your appeal has provoked no other response, I will answer it. I presume you are no more remarkable at billiards than you are at other things."

"There is a little unnecessary frankness in that remark," said Leon, looking straight at Gillan. "'The other things' I don't comprehend. You would be better understood if your statements were more specific."

"Oh! I guess you know what I mean," sneered the other.

There was defiance in their eyes, but the game commenced; and during its progress, the members, who watched the playing closely, noticed that Paul showed indications of nervousness. His eyes were restless and his face wore a scowl not pleasant to look upon. Leon was calm, and luck seemed to smile upon him. His "runs" were numerous and averaged eighteen. He frequently played for "general results" and came out with flying colors. He won the game, and the applause that followed betokened the approval of the onlookers. Paul was enraged. He ascended the rostrum and called the meeting to order, and his opening speech was anything but favorable to his reelection. Candidates were nominated, votes cast and counted. Leon succeeded to the presidency. A few short speeches were delivered, and then the meeting adjourned.

Paul walked into the dimly-lighted street, his mind full of dark thoughts. He hurriedly reviewed the events of the evening, but found nothing of a pleasant nature on which to dwell. But this was not all: his memory tore open old sores and laid all their bitterness before him. The companion of his childhood, Laura Holmes, who clung to him in joy and in sorrow, and who seemed a part of his very life, was now the promised bride of Leon Dore. It

was too much to bear. Muttering a curse, he hastened along the street in the direction of his home; but had not proceeded far when he stopped abruptly and stood as if in thought; then he turned, looked furtively around, and walked quickly down a narrow street.

Dore was happy that night. He felt that he loved all mankind, and would gladly fold them all in one embrace, if such a thing were only possible. He was certainly a favorite among the young people of Hammerville; there could not be any doubt of that now. "Poor Paul," he mused, "I did not mean to be unkind, but, somehow, fate was against him."

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had promised to pass the night at a friend's house. It was only a mile outside the village, and although the night was dark there would be no difficulty in reaching it. He had often been there, and so was quite familiar with the road. He started off at a brisk pace, and had left the twinkling lights in the distance, when he was startled by a noise in a clump of trees a little ahead. He slackened his speed and walked more cautiously. The moon had not yet risen, and one could hardly see an arm's length through the darkness. He stopped, and as he did so he felt himself caught by the shoulder and hurled to the ground. The fall stunned him for a moment, but his great strength asserted itself, and the next instant he was on his feet. His life hung in the balance, and so every muscle was called into instant action. He had a vague recollection of using a knife which he had always carried; and then the deadly grasp was relaxed. He fled from the spot, and shuddered as he felt the fresh, warm blood on his hand.

Leon was so panic-stricken that he forgot that he had merely acted on the defensive, and that before the law he would be accounted an innocent man. Tossing the knife into the bushes close by, he quit the road and cut through the fields to a neighboring wood where he washed his face and hands; but the stains on his clothes, he knew, must remain. All thought of going to his friend's house was abandoned. He would avail himself of the darkness until morning, and then nothing could be easier than to crawl to some secluded spot—say a cave, or something of that sort; he had often read of such places. There he could remain until—until—night, he supposed; but there was nothing pleasant in the thought. The police would, no doubt, make great efforts to capture him, and there was not much hope of long

evading their grasp. He lay down in the tall grass under a sheltering elm and tried to snatch some sleep, but his brain whirled; he was a murderer. But who was his victim? Perhaps it was not too late to go back and see. It was the dead of night, and hence, very unlikely that anybody would be abroad.

He stood erect and breathed in the cold night air. A gentle breeze was stirring the lazy leaves around him; and, as it eddied past, it brought to his fevered brow a hint of rain. Soon the wind quickened, and its rushing noise awoke the whole wood from its quiet sleep. Suddenly the flood-gates of heaven opened, and the unrelenting rain drenched him through and through. A single thought possessed him: he must see the victim whose blood was on his hands. He moved stealthily along, gliding from shadow to shadow; and at length he came to the edge of the wood, and hastening forward Leon neared the high-way and approached the scene of the unfortunate conflict. Then the moon appeared for a moment and lighted Leon's surroundings. A dark object lay in the grass a few yards away. A moment later he was bending over it, and in that instant all the anguish of his soul took flight; for there, stretched at full length upon the ground before him, was a huge brown bear!

The next morning the mail-carrier handed him a letter which ran as follows:

MR. LEON DORE:

"This town is not large enough for both of us. One must leave, and it is better you should stay. I wished to see you before going, but could not find you.

"PAUL GILLAN."

Leon paused a moment as he read these words. Then he said: "Poor Gillan! I'd soon become very fond of a fellow like him. Fate's a funny thing, isn't it?"

THE motive from which education springs is belief in the goodness of life and the consequent desire for richer, freer and higher life. It is the point of union of all man's various and manifold activity; for whether he seeks to nourish and preserve his life, or to prolong and perpetuate it in his descendents, or to enrich and widen it in domestic and civil society, or to grow more conscious of it through science and art, or to strike its roots into the eternal world through faith and love, or in whatever other way he may exert himself, the end and the aim of his aspiring and striving is educational,—is the unfolding and uplifting of his being.—*Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

NELLIE GRAY.

RAISED her dimpled face to mine—
Half in earnest, half in play—
In her simple, childlike way,
Asked in gravest tones of seven,
'Would I be her love alway?'
And I answered "Yes."

Years had flown
Since the day we two were seven,
Girl and boy had taller grown;
Nell and I were all alone
In the wood as long ago;
When I asked her for my own,
Nellie answered "Yes."

F. J. E. C.

TRANSFORMATION.

BEFORE.

He writes, May 17.

DEAR DOLLY, the days are dreary here,
I would not, if I could, be gay;
Poor Nellie tries to make time fly,
But the hours are slow in passing by,
And always will be slow, I fear,
While you're away.

She. May 18.

DEAR HAL, I wish I were with you;
I can't stay here another day.
Poor Auntie tries to please me so,
I feel it's wrong for me to go;
But go I must; I'm always blue
When I'm away.

AFTER.

He. April 10, 12 p. m.

DEAR WIFE, all's well;
Quite busy here
This afternoon:
Will write you soon.
My best to Nell,
Goodbye, my dear.

She. May 14.

DEAR HAL, I'll stay,
A week more here.
Please send some money;
I'll write you, honey,
Some other day.
Goodnight, my dear.

A. L. M.

SURPRISED.

I passed a girl upon the street,
She smiled on me;
A prettier girl you could not meet,
She smiled on me.

With golden hair and dear blue eyes,
That smiled on me;
As if I took them by surprise,—
They smiled on me.

J. F. F.

A Sketch of Aaron Burr.

W. C. MCDONOUGH, '99.

This talented, but misguided man was born in Newark, New Jersey, February 6, 1757. His father, Aaron Burr, a man of culture and deep learning, was second President of the College of New Jersey. His mother, Esther Edwards, was celebrated for her beauty, superior intellect and piety. Made an orphan in infancy, Burr was placed under the charge of his uncle, the Reverend Timothy Edwards, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey. A handsome fortune was left to him by his father, and his education was conducted with great care. His tutor was Tapping Reeve, who afterwards married Burr's sister.

Burr was a mischievous boy and was hard to control. When very young he had pleasing manners, which in manhood became fascinating. Possessed of a brilliant intellect, with little effort he was prepared to enter Princeton at the age of eleven. On account of his extreme youth, however, he was not admitted until two years later. In September, 1772, he graduated from Princeton with honors. Many stories are related of wild dissipation during his college life. At the time of his graduation the college was stirred by religious excitement, and in the controversies Burr took a deep interest. After some independent investigation, he rejected the Gospel and became an infidel. "He resolved to be a perfect man of the world, according to the code of Chesterfield."

In 1774 he began the study of law in Litchfield, Connecticut, with Tapping Reeve. At the outbreak of the Revolution he joined the Continental army in Boston. He had a passion for military life, and was well qualified to win distinction as a soldier. Against the entreaties of his friends he accompanied Benedict Arnold on his expedition to Quebec. In this disastrous enterprise he served with great credit, and returned with the rank of major. The next two years he was with Washington and Putnam, and later on was given command of a division in Orange County, New York.

In the spring of 1770, he resigned his commission on account of ill-health, as he alleged. It is probable, however, that this action was prompted by despair of promotion. Shortly after retiring from the army he resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. He opened an office in Albany, and soon acquired a large practice.

In 1782 he married Mrs. Prevost, the accomplished widow of a British officer who died in the West Indies. To them was born Theodosia, Burr's only legitimate child. Soon after he moved to New York City, where he stood among the leaders of the bar. In this field Alexander Hamilton was his principal rival, and here Burr formed a dislike for Hamilton that ripened into malice. For two terms Burr served in the New York legislature, and while thus engaged his abilities as an artful politician began to assert themselves. He defeated Philip Schuyler for United States Senate, where he labored six years with great ability.

His fascinating manners contributed greatly to his success in Congress. One of his early friends when asked in what his personal attraction consisted, replied: "In his manner of listening to you. He seemed to give your thought much more value by the air with which he received it, and to find much more meaning in your words than you intended. No flattery was equal to it."

He was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1800, and near the close of his term he was candidate for Governor of New York, but was defeated by Morgan Lewis. His defeat was due principally to the efforts of Hamilton. This greatly aggravated the enmity existing between them, and led to the duel in which Hamilton was killed. In this case the coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder. Burr escaped to South Carolina, where he remained in seclusion. After the excitement had died away his enemies were not disposed to prosecute him. He returned to Washington and completed his term as Vice-President.

Though his political prospects were now blighted, though he was regarded with suspicion, and his movements were watched, his resolute spirit did not forsake him. Soon after he turned his course toward the West. From Pittsburg he floated in a boat to New Orleans. The project he had in view was a mysterious one. It seems to have been his purpose to collect a body of troops, conquer Texas, and establish a government, of which he was to be emperor. With this end in view, he purchased four hundred thousand acres of land on Red River, to be used as a rendezvous for his forces. Before he had made much progress, President Jefferson denounced the project, and it immediately collapsed.

Burr was arrested in Mississippi and brought to Richmond, Virginia, where occurred the memorable trial for treason. Though cleared

of this charge, his good name was forever blasted. Soon after he sailed for Europe, where he wandered about for several years. Much of this time was spent in extreme poverty.

In 1812 he returned to New York in disguise, and resumed the practice of law. At the age seventy-eight he married Madame Jumel, the widow of a French merchant. Owing to Burr's reckless use of his wife's money the union proved unhappy, and they soon separated. Shunned by society, Burr died at Port Richmond, Staten Island, September 14, 1836.

Small in stature, he was often called "little Burr." His features were clear-cut and he was strikingly handsome. His fascinating manners carried him through many difficulties. Blessed with a brilliant intellect and with every advantage that education could give, his misguided talents led him to his final ruin. A perusal of his life presents little to admire and much to excite scorn. Associated in youth with the traitor Benedict Arnold, the memory of one suggests the name of the other.

A Yellow Dog.

ANTHONY BROGAN.

He was sitting on the edge of a side-walk describing semicircles with his tail, and gazing at a row of well-strung sausages which hung in a butcher's window. From his wistful look one might infer he was thinking how well they would taste, or that he was searching among them for the remains of a friend. Although he belonged to the category of yellow dogs, his color suggested to my mind a few of the peculiarities of that hue.

In many things the color yellow is pleasing to the eye of man, and in accordance with what may properly be considered good taste; while in other things it appears only in a repulsive light. That many objects are beautiful because they are yellow remains undisputed; but others depend on circumstances or surroundings for the manner in which they must be classified. For example, an artist might rave about the yellow locks of some fair-haired maiden; but if her face chanced to be the color of potter's clay his admiration would be short lived—unless he were a Chinese artist. It is doubtful if even a Chinaman sees more beauty in a yellow face than he does in a white one. In fact, we can conclude from his

fondness for pale-faced, Sunday-school teachers that he prefers one of Caucasian mold.

Although we may not object to yellow as the color of our laundryman's face, we enter a spirited protest if he gets our shirt-bosoms that hue. We think it an admirable color in flowers, but an abominable one in dogs. What the unfortunate yellow dog has ever done to incur universal displeasure is a mystery, unless it be that he is devoid of a family tree. Whatever is the cause of his unpopularity, he is only found useful to serve as a means of amusement for small boys, and in making odious comparisons. Youngsters take an especial delight in tormenting him. Grown folk, who make no particular effort to be original, find the animal handy when they wish to form a simile discreditable to their neighbor. A man that prides himself on his physical courage can be insulted in no easier way than to tell him his bravery is of a yellow tint.

The manner in which an object affects us depends largely upon circumstances. In autumn a tree covered with yellow leaves is a beautiful sight; but if it presented that appearance in early spring it would be a gloomy object. Nearly all goslings are yellow, but who has ever seen a goose of the same color? No one has; but if one should, it would hardly awaken so much curiosity as I once saw displayed before a book store, over the door of which was painted a large yellow cross. In the doorway stood a little man who gesticulated wildly while giving the curious an explanation of this cross. He said it had an historical meaning. During the last terrible plague of London, all families that were so unfortunate as to be stricken with the dread disease were obliged to paint over their doors a cross similar to this one. His landlord had threatened to throw him out, so he took this means to warn others that the house was to be avoided. Almost all that passed wished an explanation. Since this gave the little man an opportunity of airing his knowledge—a thing news-dealers are extremely fond of doing—he willingly did so, but always in his own favor. His landlord preferring to sustain a pecuniary loss than to have a damaged character, acceded to the stationer's terms, and had the cross removed.

Some relics of the custom that prevailed in plague-stricken London of making disease known by means of yellow still remain with us. Quarantine stations and small-pox hospitals have flags of that color. We frequently see a yellow card hanging in the window of a house,

which is an invariable sign that some of the occupants suffer with a fever. Yellow may also be regarded as a fair indicator of mental as well as bodily disease. For instance, one who habitually reads yellow-covered books or periodicals is considered incapable of following the "narrow, crooked path." So far no one has advanced a hypothesis to prove that the perusal of this kind of literature is injurious to the moral character. It might, however, be set forth in the form of an axiom that the binding of all law books is of that color.

Yellow in cloth is not objectionable; yet an orange banner has the same effect on most natives of the North of Ireland that a red rag has on a turkey cock. The sight of the flag incenses them as much as if all their wrongs were inscribed in its folds. But, strange to say, their ancestors followed one until it was red with their blood. Their dress also for the most part was yellow, for the fighting-famed gallow-glasses of O'Neill and O'Donnell wore shirts of that hue which covered them from neck to knees. Since most things are matters of custom, we may infer from this that the yellow dog will some day come into fashion and the yellow aster go out.

Books and Periodicals.

SCHOOL ODYSSEY. Eight Books and Vocabulary. By Perrin and Seymour. Ginn & Co. Boston.

This edition by two practical teachers contains an introduction, the text, a commentary, and a vocabulary. The introduction covers seventy pages. The author tells us briefly of epic poetry, the life in the Homeric age, the story of the Trojan war, the story of the Iliad, the story of the Odyssey. The Homeric language and verse occupy the greater part of the introduction—pages 23-66. Here the student will find valuable information. The arrangement and the disposition of the material, together with the "Index to the Introduction," make the work of reference easy. The text is the latest of Dindorf-Hentze, and presents the first four books—the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, with 189 verses of the thirteenth. Every teacher will like this selection; for no portion is better calculated to create a love for Homer in the heart of the student than books 9-12. The commentary, which is based on the work of Ameis-Hentze, is concise and to the point. The illustrations are really fine and give a desire for more. The book, in short, is valuable for teacher and student.

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—In this week the SCHOLASTIC publishes the lecture of Hon. William P. Breen to the students of the University on Montalembert. The history of this prominent French leader is intensely interesting; and certainly Mr. Breen has presented it as fully and concisely as possible.

—For the past week the English students have been given three delightful lectures by Dr. Spaulding, on the three great American *littérateurs*—Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. Next Monday the last of the series will be delivered. Dr. Spaulding's ability is much above that of most lecturers. Besides the charm of good writing, he also has oratorical skill; and the study of the American writers was deep and exhaustive. Next week the SCHOLASTIC hopes to give fuller account of the series when it is finished.

—Track athletics at Notre Dame are born, or rather re-born; for in days seemingly far back to younger students, they once flourished, and sprinting and jumping and vaulting and other forms of expenditure of energy in which records are sought for, were rife on every field-day. It seems strange that they were allowed to be dropped for the past three or four years, with the good they brought with them.

However, letting by-gones be by-gones, Notre

Dame has awakened to the present of things. Our record-makers are few—if there are any at all—but by training and hard work wonderful things can be done. In the spring, then,—ah, what happy things the spring promises!—the hurdles and shot and hammer will be brought into use again, and Notre Dame will struggle to the top in track athletics, which is her place, and should be held by her sons.

—On Thursday afternoon the athletes gave up a few moments to the election of officers for the spring term. Everything—thanks to the revision of the constitution—went on smoothly; the hubbub and quibbling of years gone, the ballot-box stuffing, the hall fights, were all happily absent, laid away to rest, it is hoped, forever. Of the successful candidates the SCHOLASTIC says nothing. The judgment of the voters has always been good in former elections; it surely did not fail at this time.

Of the future the SCHOLASTIC speaks but little. The baseball season opens, or will open, with a flourish and in sunshine. The Varsity of '97 was strong and skilful; won glorious victories, and closed the season with a matchless, errorless game.

Many of the old team are championing their bits in eagerness to rush out on the diamond; and with those new-comers, the old places should be well filled. Just a word, you older men. The time for practice will soon be here. Do not be assured of a position on the team because you were successful last year. There may be better men as yet unknown. Even if there are not, it is your duty to work hard and conscientiously. Now, then, we are ready for the baseball season.

—It seems that a severe blow is about to be given college journalism, unless a sufficient number of petitioners be gained to prove to our legislators what an objectionable law the "Loud Bill" would become if it were put into force. The bill restricts the pound rates of one cent to copies sent to legitimate subscribers who voluntarily order and pay for the same, and excludes all sample copies and exchanges and complimentary copies. This would also require a government inspector to compare the number of subscribers with the number of papers sent out. It also prevents the sending out of special or holiday numbers except to subscribers that have paid in advance. The extra

postage thus charged on all books or publications sent out will enrich the express companies at the expense of the people.

The Land Bill certainly attempts to correct a great evil in the postal system; but the means are not just. There are a number of publications under the title of newspapers which flood the country, especially at certain seasons of the year, which are nothing more than advertising mediums. By such fourth-class matter the post offices are congested, and the government loses a large sum of money. This evil, however, should be met in another way. The abuse of privilege by advertisers that pretend to publish newspapers should be met by government inspection; and legislation should be brought to bear upon that point.

It is to be hoped at least that the bill will meet with disapproval by the further-seeing legislators, and that college journalism will not be restricted by any such measures.

—The Varsity Verse has come to the bottom of his manuscript box of contributions, rummaged into the corners, and found not so much as a quatrain or triolet. In fact, there is no verse; and up to this time the editor has been disappointed in find soil so promising as Notre Dame quite barren and uncultivated. It may well be called a fallow field, as far as metrical contributions to the SCHOLASTIC go.

There are many, no doubt, that have their few little lines, read them over and over, and, despairing of ever reaching perfection, have consigned them to the waste-basket, and resolved to write no more. It is a tender spirit that succumbs so easily. All of us are very far from perfect. Indeed, it is given as a rule that the greatest men are always dissatisfied with their work.

The SCHOLASTIC begs to have a glimpse at these unfortunate lines. Sometimes it sees deeply, and finds worth where others see nothing. At least it will handle the verse tenderly; make suggestions in all kindness, and help you to write for publication.

Our good Varsity Verse column has lived too good and too short a life to expire now. It should be the care of the undergraduates. They should fuse red blood into its veins, and make it grow strong and sturdy. The SCHOLASTIC'S friends have breathed blessings upon so fair a child, and wished it long years. Shall it be said the students of Notre Dame have let it die?

Titus Maccius Plautus.

The most popular Latin comic writer is Titus Maccius Plautus; for such is his name, if the testimony of the Ambrosian manuscript discovered by Cardinal Mai is correct. His writings were hardly known during the Middle Ages; but the interest which the learned of this century and of the present time show in the writings of this favorite author is ample compensation for that temporary neglect. Plautus was born a free man of poor parents at Sarsina, a country town in Umbria. The exact year of his birth is not known, perhaps 254. Cicero vouches for the date of his death in 184.

When this Umbrian youth came from the Gallic frontier he found himself a stranger and friendless in proud and victorious Rome. There was no Mæcenas to protect literary talent. This foreign barbarian was destined to enrich the Roman literature. He came well equipped, with a wide and varied knowledge of the Greek literature. His specialty was the Greek comedy. No one can tell how manifold his needs may have been, and what indomitable courage was required to persevere in his attempts before he acquired that mastery in style for which we like him so much. The story that he lost a hard-earned fortune in rash speculation, and the anecdote that he worked in a mill, deserve little credence and are of still less importance.

From the fact that Plautus, whose talent can not be overrated, studied exclusively the Greek models, it may be inferred that the treasures of the Etruscan, the Oscan, and the Messapian literatures were already lost and forgotten at his time. There may have been talent; a talent strong, original, prolific, and corresponding with the wild surroundings of a luxuriant nature. But these creations of the Italic genius were not fostered by Rome—"politically the master, intellectually the slave of Greece"—and nothing but Grecian reproductions became palatable to the fastidious Roman. This was, perhaps, no misfortune for the Roman literature.

Plautus appears on the stage a few years later than Livius Andronicus, who, in the *ludi romani*, presented the first tragedy in the Roman language. He was also a contemporary of "Ennius, the real founder of the Roman literature, the reformer of the Roman lan-

guage." Plautus, with his keen wit and spicy humor, struck the responsive chord in the Roman's soul, and his success was assured.

We could not call Plautus an original writer; but he is a master in the art of translation. His comedies have many passages of his own invention, and their originality is a credit to the author; but in general his plays are translations and adaptations from the Greek. The comedies thus worked after the Attic New Comedy are called *fabulæ palliatæ*, from the Grecian mantle in which the players appeared on the stage, in contradistinction with the *fabulæ togatæ*, so called from the Roman toga. Sometimes two or more Greek plays are patched together in one. The delineation of the characters is sometimes borrowed, sometimes—and more frequently—the poet's own. This shows that he was a poet indeed; although he never reached the strong, individualizing characterization of Shakspeare. No one can make him a reproach for introducing Roman affairs and Roman names in an Attic scene; that added to the piquancy of the situation. The Attic scene was principally retained for political reasons. To look for unity in the plays of Plautus is a mistake of the critic.

Although the Roman language had scarcely taken a firm form and was more in a state of transition, Plautus uses it with the strong hand of a master. He adapts to Greek metrical forms the language of the people—the language used in everyday life. He rejects the old Saturnian verse, and strikes out boldly in measures untried. This is nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in the lyric cantica of his comedies. The main difference between the lyric art of Plautus and the Greek-Euripidean lyric is this: Plautus uses verses in stichic compositions which the Greek masters used singly, and he combines existing elements into verse forms. Forms are not created; they grow. The creative genius of the artist does not produce them, but he ennobles them by giving them an individuality of their own. These elements scattered in the Greek models gain a new form, a new dignity, by the process of combination, of reformation, and of association.

Whoever considers matters in this connection, and wishes to gain a general view, must see that Plautus in the development of his lyric measures has not blindly followed an existing metrical system or theory, and that his work must be regarded as an extension, an additional link in the long chain, an active

factor in the progressive movement of the Grecian art. Plautus is not groping in the dark; he is not only at times pouring forth the fulness of forms from the folds of his sleeve, but his art rests on fixed and determined principles that appear equally in all his compositions. He goes beyond the forms that are traditional; he does not slavishly adopt them without change; he moves onward with the bold freedom of a genius; his innovations are not fragmentary.

Plautus could obtain these results only after long, intelligent and careful study. He had no time for rash speculations, no time to work in the mill. He studied the Greek poets, made Latin verses, tried new combinations, worked himself completely into the spirit of his models, made them his property, and transplanted their genius into the Roman language. There is no possibility that a system treated with such freedom could have grown from the simple appropriation of foreign forms learned after the fashion of a school-boy; it is rather a system that has grown from an active and intelligent imitation and extension of forms—the system of a Plautinian genius that has stamped its own Plautinian character on the organic appearance of the whole new combination.

We might expect a great number of hellenisms in the writings of Plautus. But if we had a more extensive knowledge of the Italic languages, we could trace these expressions to their Italic origin. Varro says of the style of Plautus: "The Muses, if they spoke Latin, would use the language of Plautus." Cicero, too, praises the language of Plautus, whose natural superabundance of sparkling humor is especially evident in the lively dialogue. Horace criticizes it. We do not blame Horace for doing so, nor do we like Plautus the less for the criticism of the Roman lyric champion. Plautus is a master of his style and of his art, but no writer is always equal to himself. Horace himself is not excepted from this rule. We would scarcely blame history for ignoring, for so long a time, Plautus, of whom Horace says: "Gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere." It was reserved to our own times to put Plautus up in his place, and to admire the stranger who has created with Attic stuff and Greek forms a new musical drama where harmony swells in rich and vigorous sounds—the barbarous poet who has harmonized the conflicting Greek and Roman elements, and has subjected them to his own diversified, iridescent, but uniform style.

J. B. S.

Exchanges.

We hasten to assure the exchange editor of the *Georgetown College Journal* that in our recent remarks about his paper it was far from our intention to be "unjust to the *Journal* and to the Faculty of Georgetown." We have too much respect for the Faculty and too much regard for the Blue and Gray to do them any injustice. He asks us, "will he kindly point out which are those articles that he alleges were written by the Faculty?" He will, and other contributions from men not even members of the Faculty. "Why Should a College Student Study Biology?" by Doctor Stiles of the medical school, and "Incidents of a Physico-Hygienic Trip to Rome" by Doctor Irving C. Rosse, also of the medical school, are surely from the Faculty. Then in recent numbers of the *Journal* there have been poems by Doctor Egan of the Catholic University, Father Tabb of St. Charles' College, the Reverend Thos. M. Connell, S. J., a professor in another college, the Rev. C. J. Clifford, S. J., an old Georgetown professor, and Mr. George H. Howard, "a warm friend of the college." There could be no objection to occasional contributions from the "warm friends," members of the Faculty and from Doctor Egan, Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Michael Earles, Mr. Edgar Kidwell, "Alumnus," "Alumnus '72" and other alumni whose names we have noticed, provided these contributions were *occasional*; but when such work fills the pages of the *Journal* to the exclusion, in no small degree, of writing done by undergraduate and graduate students, it begins to take the appearance of padding. We know that in the past even the editorials were written by a professor, but this, we hope, is not the case now. The exchange editor frankly acknowledges that the editorial basket overflows with undergraduate essays; but these can not be published because they would be "seldom or never read." If the ex-man only knew it, *he* is the one that is "unjust to the *Journal* and to the Faculty of Georgetown," to put it mildly. Certainly there are students that are well able to write things of interest for a college journal; and they should write if the paper is to be so called. There are college papers on our exchange list that are real college papers—of the students, *by* the students and for the students—with never a word from a faculty member, and we must admit that we obtain much more profit and pleasure from those than we do from the *Journal*.

Our Friends.

—The Reverend Thomas Henry Corbett, late assistant Rector of Sorin Hall, is engaged in professorial work at Holy Cross College, New Orleans.

—Mr. C. B. Flynn, '88-'91, is located in Monterey, Mexico, where, with his brother, Mr. J. F. Flynn, is interested in mining. Another brother, who is also an old Notre Dame student, Mr. Nicholas Flynn, is connected with the Kansas City smelting Co. of Argentine, Kansas.

—Mr. Samuel C. Curtis is soliciting freight Agent for the C. B. and Q. R.R. with headquarters in Chicago. Many of the old students remember when Mr. Curtis was one of Notre Dame's "crack" sprinters, and even those that came to Notre Dame after he had left have heard of the famous race in which he beat Mr. Hal Jewett. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Mr. Curtis upon his rapid rise in the railroad world.

—The European correspondent of *The Catholic Columbian*, writing of the University of Louvain and its students, says: "The Stars and Stripes are represented by a single American who struggles bravely to uphold the honor of his country—and he does it, too, in characteristic American fashion. Entering the University in entire ignorance of the language, he has mastered French, attended his courses and passed the first year's examination—sa thing which two out of five native students fail to do." The "single American" is Mr. Richard Slevin, Valedictorian and winner of the Quan gold medal of the Class of '97.

—Frederick Emil Neef (B. S. '62, B. L. '93, M. L. '95) is still in Berlin, Germany, working in the lines of his chosen profession. He finished in June a course in Natural Therapeutics, ranking first in a class of eight. He has selected the physico-dietetic system of medicine, a new system which is said to be in possession of discoveries which threaten the overthrow of many "fundamental facts" of the present therapeutic methods. The following communication, recently sent by him to a Springfield paper, may be of interest to some of our readers:

The most remarkable rabbit of the world is in possession of the International Physiological Reform Committee, and was exhibited during the congress of *Naturaerzte* in Leipsic, and in the meeting of the Hygienic Society in Berlin. It is remarkable because it lives without difficulty, and even thrives, with principal veins bound in six places. One would imagine that such an extensive interruption of the circulation would immediately result in death, as under such relations, a circulation is really no longer possible. Several years ago an Austrian physiologist, Professor Jezek, proved that an animal can live without blood-circulation. He is said to have bound the arteries of several animals and the veins of others, and new collateral routes were never formed; and the abduction, examined months after, afforded no lasting compensative extension of passages. This living wonder will arouse great interest in scientific circles, especially among physicians and physiologists.

Local Items.

—The call was issued yesterday for baseball candidates and the men will begin practice tomorrow.

—For some reason or other, Capt. Bob won't get any more water. Come now, Bob, you're a good fellow!

—Fred Waters received a new racing wheel last week. He is impatient already, awaiting the glad spring weather.

—Joe Sullivan has been installed in the position of assistant librarian, made vacant by the departure of Albert Magruder.

—The billiard table has been recovered. It wasn't lost; but it needed a new cover badly.—

Ed.—John Landers is still playing.

—The basket-ball players are rejoicing that the *leaders* have reorganized the game. They have been given a training table in consequence.

—A neck scarf was found in the Brownson Hall dining-room some weeks ago. The owner may procure the same by applying to the refectorian.

—"I see my finish," said the billiard balls, as Lan Johnders stepped out of the cab, and put down his bulky telescope prepared for a six months' stay.

—The gold men who scoff at the idea of the currency becoming contracted should, make inquiry among the students—since Crowley called on them.

—It is to be regretted that we have a few large boys who can not keep quiet during a lecture or entertainment. When, oh when, will we get some sense!

—Now that we've all returned safe and sound, let us shake hands with ourselves, and join in the good old chorus, "There'll be a hot time." Mike will lead.

—On Washington's Birthday, the Elocution classes of the University will present the play "A Night Off," by Augustin Daly. The parts have already been assigned.

—The other morning some of the younger boys of Sorin Hall mistook a hall-tree for a Christmas tree, and had great fun laughing at the "barren branches of the blamed thing."

—Jerome J. Crowley was elected by the Executive Committee to the office of assistant treasurer, Brother Paul having been elected treasurer at the close of the football season.

—Brother Gregory and the students of Sorin Hall are indebted to Mr. Naughton of Chicago for the receipt of a number of pictures. The same now adorn the walls of the Sorin Hall reading-room.

—Our last edition (3000) of the SCHOLASTIC, the "Corby Memorial Number," was exhausted before Tuesday night. Demands are coming in

daily for extra copies, but there is not a single number to be had.

—Bro. Urban wishes herewith to thank those of his student friends who were mindful of him at Christmas time, since he is so fortunate in having so many as to be unable to thank them personally.

—FLANNIGAN.—A German doctor told me that playing a horn was the best remedy for weak lungs.

VAN HEE.—Wouldn't you call that a tot tonic (teutonic) remedy.

—C. M. Niezer left on Thursday for Indianapolis to be present at the meeting of the Indiana Athletic Association. He will present the application of Notre Dame for membership. He was also delegated to apply for admission into the State Oratorical Association.

—Mr. A. Livingston, manager of the Notre Dame Athletic Association's store, has gone East to select his spring stock of goods. He will bring back with him a complete line of fine athletic goods, and students who desire athletic articles will have a large stock to select from.

—John Eggeman's father writes that he considered his son too much of a man to engage in the "girl game" of basket-ball. John wrote back that he also plays "drop the handkerchief," and "tag," and will soon join "Chawlie's" Tennis Club for the development of the muscles.

—The Fire Department was out for practice Thursday, the ladder truck was pressed into service and with hook ladders the boys scaled the walls of Washington Hall with the ease of old fire fighters. The company are practising steadily and the excellence of their work has been remarked by many.

—The Minims and all at St. Edward's Hall return sincere thanks to Very Reverend Father Français for the large box of fine candy, all the way from Paris, which he sent to them last Sunday. He and the Reverend President were present at the distribution, and took great pleasure in seeing the little fellows dispose of the Parisian *bon-bons*.

—Hand-ball is not a lost art at Notre Dame. A tournament was arranged to decide the relative merits of the players. It was concluded last Wednesday. Donovan and Fleming were the final winners. It is to be hoped that the interest in the game will increase, for it is the most scientific indoor game in the athletic roster, and with a little effort it could be incorporated in the intercollegiate games.

—A sleek, suspicious individual came into the meat department the other day and pilfered one of the prize hams. The steward immediately called upon the local detective agency or police, but the alarm was given too late; the fellow had sneaked it away to a hiding place. A reward is offered for the ham or

the capture of the gentleman at leisure. For further particulars see the steward.

—The stationery department of the Students' Office will be open to the students of Brownson, Sorin, Holy Cross and St. Joseph Halls at 9.30 a. m. every day except Thursday, and Sundays. Students of Carroll Hall will be cared for on Saturdays, Mondays and Tuesdays at 4 p. m., and on Thursday morning after Mass. Please bear this in mind, and do not trouble the secretaries at other times.

—Frank McNichols tells a story on one of the Chicago boys. This boy was given two tickets to Bishop Spalding's lecture, and told to take a friend with him. He met McNichols, and asked him to go. When they reached the hall the youth with the tickets saw on the bottom the words, subject "Opportunity." Here said he, addressing Mac, these tickets are subject to opportunity, that means that we can't get in if the house is crowded. When Mac looked at the tickets and saw the words he had a good laugh on the innocent youth.

—The call for candidates to the track team was responded to by a large number of students, and regular work was begun on Monday. The outlook is very encouraging. Rowan and Hoover have the fun to themselves in the high jump, and, with apology for the joke, they will make some of the college medal winners jump to beat them. Three good men with strong arms have entered for the short and hammer throw—Eggeman, Swonk and Powers. The sprinters have shown up well, although they have not the chance indoors that other contestants have. Barry, Duane, Posselius and White are all experienced runners, and they will do good work. We will be particularly strong in cycle races with Grady, Waters and Pim.

—The regular semi-annual meeting of the Athletic Association was called to order by Prof. Hoynes in the Brownson reading-room Thursday, Jan. 20, 1898. At this meeting a promoter and an executive committee were chosen. F. O'Malley gave notice of a proposed amendment to the constitution relative to the establishment of an Advisory Board, to be composed of three non-resident graduates of the University. Mr. Mullen called attention to a proposed revision regarding the relations between field reporters and the Executive Committee. Then the following officers were chosen: Promoter, Brother Leander; Executive Committee, Messrs. M. J. Powers and E. J. Murphy of Sorin Hall, and Messrs. McDonald and Callahan of Brownson Hall. On motion the meeting adjourned.

—"I've got a good joke," said Tomlinson, approaching a young man on the local staff.

"What is your joke, Mr. Tomlinson?" asked the young man.

"Do you know why the sprinters do not go to the end of the Carroll gym in practice?" Tomlinson asked in his inimitable way.

"I do not know of any particular reason," replied the other.

"Why, you see they don't want to get off the dirt."

Tomlinson went away smiling. Pretty soon he came back. "Did I say get off the dirt?"

"That is what you said," replied the 'gent.'

"Well, if you want to publish it, you had better make it read, 'Get off the earth.'"

SOCIETY NOTES.

The election of officers of the Columbians for the coming session was held on Thursday, Jan. 13. The following officers were elected: Professor F. X. Carmody, President; 1st Vice-President, Jerome Crowley; 2d Vice-President, Frank Bouza; Recording Secretary, Robert Funke; Corresponding Secretary, F. X. McCollum; Treasurer, H. Crumley; Critic, Charles Ensign; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Conway.

The St. Cecilians held their first meeting for '98, Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Rev. A. Morrissey; Musical Director, Professor N. A. Preston; Dramatic Instructor, F. X. Carmody; Promoter, Bro. Alexander; President, Rev. J. French; 1st Vice-President, T. J. Murray; 2d Vice-President, Wm. Shea; Recording Secretary, R. A. Murray; Corresponding Secretary, C. Girsch; Treasurer, C. Pulford; Historian, A. Krug; 1st Censor, T. Noonan; 2d Censor, A. Becker; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Slevin. A very interesting program was made out for the next meeting.

The Philopatrians held their second meeting Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1898. The following officers were elected: Father Cavanaugh, Literary Director; Father Hudson, Literary Critic; Bro. Alexander, Promoter; Prof. Preston, Musical Director; Bro. Cyprian, President; T. Mulcare, 1st Vice-President; E. Sheekey, 2d Vice-President; W. McNichols, Treasurer; A. Gibbons, Recording Secretary; F. Morgan, Corresponding Secretary; W. Bellinger, Sergeant-at-Arms; L. Garrity, Librarian; D. Padden, Historian; Davidson and Leffingwell, Censors. Masters Higgins, Coquillard and A. Freidman were admitted into the society. Master G. Moxley entertained with Grapophone.

—The lamps of the study-hall shone down upon the quiet workers; the only sound that reverberated upon the ear was the ratchet click of the students' brains as they poured over the text-books. Here and there a drowsy fellow was stealing a quiet nap at his desk. The quiet that prevailed was much like that in which the stage villain creeps in upon the sleeping hero. Joe Murray sat with his chair tilted back, thinking of the dinner last Thanksgiving day; cajoling himself with such sweet memories, he lapsed into a slumber. Suddenly a sound was heard resembling the crack of a beam, followed by a crunching of timber, and then a heavy thud, as though some ponderous

hulk had descended from the heavens. The floor shook, the students sprang to their feet and whispered to one another: "The dome has fallen." It was a moment of wild dismay, but a tap from the prefect's bell restored quiet, and Murray emerged from the débris of his chair that had broken to splinters.

—The disappointment occasioned by the cancelling of the basket-ball game by the Clyborne team of Chicago, was mollified by a strong game between two teams selected from the Halls. The game was played Saturday evening in the Carroll gym. The seats were filled to their capacity, and the interest was keen during the play. Although Hall spirit was not shown to encourage the players, they were none the less earnest. McNichols of Carroll Hall played a good game. It was his first appearance in a contest, and he showed the form and endurance of the old Carrolls who were the winners of the trophy cup. Donahue was also a new man in the game, and he was not less active than the seasoned veterans who made up the personnel of the teams. Steiner captained the winning and O'Shaughnessy the losing side. During the intermission of the halves, Hubbard recited a humorous piece that was highly appreciated, and at the close of the game Crowley was called on to recite. He more than sustained the reputation he has earned by his excellent rendition. In passing, credit must be given to Bro. Hugh for the new tiers of seats that he had erected. They reach almost to the ceiling and will accommodate more than a hundred spectators. The score of the game is as follows:

Players	Goals	Score
Steiner (Capt.)		
Donovan,	2	4
Burns,		
Fennessey,	3	6
McNichols,		
Total	5	10
Geohegan,	1	2
Donahoe,		
O'Shaughnessy (Capt.)		
Cornell,	2	4
Watterson,		
Total	3	6

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Cornell, Daly, Drejer, Dukette, Delaney, Eyanson, Fennessey, Foley, Franey, Follen, Gilbert, Hanhauser, Hay, Johnson, Kearney, Landers, Medley, Mott, Miller, Mullen, Mingey, Monahan, Morris, McConn, McGinnis, McCormack, McDonough, O'Sullivan, Sheehan, Spaulding, Steiner, Wurzer, Welker, Weadock, Wise, Ward, Walsh.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, H. Barry, Bohner, F. Bouza, J. Bouza, Baab, W. Berry, J. Berry, Bouwens, Baloun, Bommersbach, Boyle, Brechinar, Callahan, C. Corby, Crowley, Cavanaugh, Crunican, Conway, Cypher, Collins, Crumley, Campbell, Dalton, Donahoe, Dooley, Donovan,

V. Dwyer, Devine, T. Dillon, Darst, Davies, J. Dillon, Desmond, T. Dwyer, Doherty, Diskin, Ensign, Fitzwilliam, Fetherston, Farragher, Farley, Foster, Fleming, C. Flannigan, M. Flannigan, Furry, Fogarty, Glynn, Glasheen, Graham, Guilfoyle, Gainer, K. Garza, C. Garza, Gordon, Hoover, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Healy, Hagerty, Hanley, Houlihan, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, A. Hayes, J. Hayes, Howell, Hoban, Hesse, Hermann, Heffelfinger, Hennebry, Jennings, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Jerrell, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kasper, Kangley, Kessler, Keith, Kiley, Kaul, Kennedy, Lins, Littig, Lampert, Merz, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Morrison, McKenzie, McCallen, A. McDonald, Morales, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, F. O'Shaughnessy, O'Reilly, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Connor, Otero, Pickett, Posselius, Pim, Powell, J. F. Ryan, Rupel, Reuss, Reed, Revels, San Roman, Sullivan, Schubert, Sauer, Shiels, Sherman, Sanford, St. Louis, Schwartz, Schermerhorn, Scott, Spalding, Swonk, Sossoman, Smogor, Tomlinson, Tong, Thacker, Tuohy, Thams, Van Hee, Vogt, Wynne, Wicyorek, Robert Wilson, Waters, W. Ward, Ralph Wilson, G. Wilson, Wagenman, White, Yockey.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Bloch, Britt, Brice, F. Brown, Brann, Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, Bligh, Bellinger, H. J. Brown, Becker, Berger, Buck, Clement, Clyne, Caruthers, Crowley, Carney, Condon, Curtis, Coquillard, Coquillard, Cowie, Davidson, Dinnen, Donsett, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Ernst, Elitch, Flynn, Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Frank, Flinn, Friedman, Girsch, Gibbons, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Graham, Hinze, Higgins, Holmes, Hanner, W. Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Jurelich, J. Joyce, Jaworski, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, G. Kasper, Kelly, Luken, Land, Leffingwell, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, Moon, Morris, Moxley, Morgan, Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, Maher, Meagher, J. McSorley, T. Murray, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McMahon, McDonnell, McNichols, McConnel, McSheehy, McLernon, McDermoth, Nast, Nolan, Noonan, Naughton, Ordex, O'Malley, O'Brien, Petritz, Padden, Phillips, J. Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Sibley, Smith, Swan, Seaman, Stengel, Slevin, E. Sheekey, Schmitt, Shea, Schoonover, J. Sheekey, Scheftels, Von Albade, Weidmann, White, Ward, Wheelock, Werk, Welch.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Arnold, Abercrombie, T. Butler, W. Butler, Bernero, Blanchfield, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, Cressy, Casparis, Cunnea, Caruthers, Dougherty, Dyer, Downer, Dessauer, Donahoe, Davis, Ervin F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frain, Frost, Fleischer, Fleming, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, J. Fogarty, F. Fogarty, Milton Flynn, Miles Flynn, Griffith, Guilbault, Huleatt, Houser, J. Hart, L. Hart, Hinsey, Hall, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Jonquet, Kelly, Leclerque, J. Lawton, Lockwood, Leisander, E. Manion, P. Manion, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, McCarthy, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, A. McFarland, Minneman, B. Nye, C. Nye, Nix, Paul, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Robbins, Strong, Sinnott, Schonlau, Shields, Seymour, Shipley, St. Clare, Topper, Veneziani, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Von Albade, H. Van Dyke, Wilde, Weidman, Weber, Williams.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

Messrs. Barthel, Buse, Coyne, Crowley, DeLorimier, Dwan, DeWulf, Darron, Davis, DuGuay, Gallagher, M. Gorski, Hiss, Heiser, J. J. Hennessey, J. I. Hennessey, Long, Lavin, Murphy, Marr, Moynihan, McKinney, F. McKeon, Nieuwland, M. J. Oswald, M. Oswald, O'Brien, O'Connell, Ritter, Rees, Sutton, Sullivan, A. Sammon, Schumacher, Szalewski, Trahey, Walsh, Wlmborg.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Benson, Brogan, Baldwin, Brand, Carlton, Cullinan, J. Corley, E. Corley, Dwyer, Dorian, Donahue, Doran, Fenton, Guiff, Hartzer, R. Jones, J. Kelly, Kachur, Lynch, Malone, F. Malloy, B. Malloy, McElligott, J. McIntyre, McKeever, Norris, Neville, Pieper, Power, Rockey, Sullivan, Shields, Sherry, Van der Vennet, Wolf.