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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS. VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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## Notre Dame.

RESPLENDENT shines the "House of Gold," our  
mother, Notre Dame,

Imposing stands the lofty dome above thy turrets tall;  
The purple eve advances o'er the meadows, Notre  
Dame,

And Mary stands a sentinel of Heaven over all.

See, westward fly the arrows of the morning, Notre  
Dame,

And the atmosphere is radiant with a dazzling, golden  
light;

See, the mists of twilight vanish, and above thee, Notre  
Dame,—

Around thee hangs an aureole that overpowers the  
sight.

By day and night she guards thee well, our mother,  
Notre Dame,

By day and night she watches o'er thy turrets and  
thy halls;

She a beacon-light of faith is; and may she, Notre  
Dame,

Be the "Morning Star" of hope to those within thy  
fostering walls!

NINETY-SEVEN.

## Know the Law.

F. J. F. CONF. '97.



AN Indiana judge remarked a short time ago that it was amusing to note the diversified complications of law and fact that are constantly recurring by reason of the accumulated decisions of judges and legislators, as well as of the ignorance or disregard of the law, by the parties interested. In examining the reports of cases that have been tried throughout the United States, we fre-

quently discover instances in which judges in different states, and even in the same state, have rendered irreconcilable decisions upon almost identical statements of fact. This, in itself, is an inevitable consequence of our system of government. The legislative power of the state enacts the laws, the judicial power construes them. Our legislatures can enact laws for all alike; but they have not the power to interpret these laws in a given instance, neither can they control the decisions of the courts to whom that power is delegated. It follows, then, that, as the judgments of men differ, our courts will continue to construe the laws in diverse ways, and to hand down decisions that are not altogether consistent with one another; and although the rules of keeping to precedents is a well-established principle in our courts; it will still be impossible to determine beforehand what the decision of the court will be on an untried statement of facts.

The confusion arising out of the inconsistency and conflict of the statutes and decisions of courts, produces, however, only a small moiety of the entanglements that are daily arising in human affairs. The great majority of such cases are furnished by parties who either do not know the law, or, knowing it, wilfully disregard its mandates. Of the latter class nothing need be said here. It would seem, however, that there is almost as little excuse for the man who suffers by reason of his ignorance or misconception of the law. It is a settled maxim that every man is presumed to know the law, and yet how few men have any definite, not to say adequate, idea of what the law really is. Is it not a fact that a good many of us regard the law as a sort of green-eyed monster, to be handled only at arms-length, and the courts as the rendezvous of a set of avaricious sharks that we have misnamed lawyers? For that matter, it is only too true

that the country is overrun with a multitude of irresponsible pettifoggers, who are the scorn of every legitimate lawyer, and who have all but brought the legal profession into contempt. Why the American public will permit itself to be hoodwinked by such men as these, is difficult indeed to comprehend. And yet it would seem that the only safe escape from these shyllocks lies in a knowledge of the law by all men, each for himself.

After all, why should not every man know the law, at least the laws of his own country or state? Under the present condition of things in this country, with law schools and courts in every town of any size, it is comparatively easy for every man to acquire such a knowledge of the law as is referred to here—namely, a general conception of its elementary principles, coupled with a more specific knowledge of its local conformations. As to the practical value of such a knowledge, there can be no question. The law follows a man into every walk of life. Even before an infant sees the light of day, he may be of importance in the eye of the law; and the rights and liabilities that are then thrust upon him will follow him to the grave, unless altered or released by the overt act of himself or others, or the subsequent operation of the law. After his death the obligations that he has contracted during life, or the property that was once his, may still be the subject of a litigation that his own acts may have once influenced and occasioned. He can not do a single action without impliedly advancing a proof of the existence of his own rights and liberties, and acknowledging the corresponding rights and liberties of his fellowmen. The most simple purchase he may make is a contract in the eye of the law, and the array of rights and obligations, direct and collateral that may grow out of this seemingly unimportant transaction, is well calculated to astonish and confuse one who has never studied the law or examined its omnipresent ramifications.

It is scarcely possible that a sane man could be guilty of involuntary crime; yet it frequently happens that a man unknowingly violates the law by infringing upon the rights or privileges of another, the existence of which he was not aware. Take for instance, the case of a man in a hurry to meet a friend or to reach a railway station. If it will effect any saving of time or distance he does not hesitate to go straight through an intervening lot or field, especially if it be unfenced; and even fences are no barrier to some people. But how does the law

view this act? It is a trespass, a tort; for even though a man's land be not surrounded by any actual fence, the law encircles it with an imaginary inclosure, to pass which is to break and enter his close.

In this class of cases, a man's intentions are of no consequence. He had probably no thought of trespassing upon his neighbor's property, and his act of doing so was one more likely of mere inadvertance than of malice. To go a step farther, a man may even be animated by the best of intentions in voluntarily assisting his neighbor, and yet in doing so, he may become guilty of legal negligence, and liable in consequence to an action for damages at the hands of the one whom he tried to befriend.

The law protects all men in the enjoyment of their rights and liberties; but in order to obtain this protection it is necessary that a man should invoke the law; for, except in the case of public crime, the law will not take cognizance of the transactions of individuals, unless requested to do so by some interested party. If a man does not know what his rights and liberties are, how shall he know when they have been violated? If he knows not what are his duties and obligations to his neighbor, he may at any moment, and even without malice on his part, render himself liable for an unconscious transgression of them.

There is no man, then, be he statesman, banker, tradesman, laborer, who should not know the law. As has been stated, the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the law are already abundant; but abundant as they are, they should be increased, multiplied. It is not enough that we have law schools on every hand; instruction in the laws of the land should be brought within reach of the sons and daughters of the mechanic and the laborer,—it should be free. To this end we should have a course of instruction in law in our public schools. For the aim of our public schools is to make us better citizens; and no man can be a good citizen unless he knows the law and observes it. If all men knew the law we should have no misunderstandings, less fraud, less crime. We should elect better men to fill our public offices; they would make better laws for us. Each man would comprehend his rights and liberties, and enjoy them to the utmost, realizing at the same time that his fellowmen have corresponding rights and liberties, upon which he can not trample with impunity. We should be freer, happier, better men; our nation would be stronger, greater.

## Montalembert.

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

## (CONCLUSION.)

In 1844, in the French Chamber of Peers, he renewed the fight for free education, which, with Lamennais and Lacordaire, he began under such unpromising auspices fourteen years before. In discussing the question with an opponent, he turned to this country for illustration in these happy words:

"Is he not aware that in the immense country which is called to such great destinies—in North America—there is not the slightest trace of the preventive interference of government in teaching? But, notwithstanding, education is as universal there as it is free; and if, as is natural, adapted to the genius of a people which has no past and chiefly occupied with professional and technical science, it is free from all the dangers of which a fictitious tableau has been presented to us. It is even profoundly moral and religious. Let him consult one of his most illustrious colleagues of the Academy, and M. de Tocqueville will inform him that religious sentiment is that which preserves republican society in America from anarchy, and that this religious sentiment proceeds from education."

He fought valiantly for the cause of free education. He spoke from one end of France to the other during election periods, exhorting the people to send candidates to Parliament, pledged to this great purpose; and as the leader of the Catholic party in France it was grateful to him in 1850 to find his labors crowned with success, in the passage of a law which provided for freedom of education.

In 1848, Switzerland expelled the monks of Saint Bernard from their charitable houses of succor in the mountains, and drove from her borders the equally inoffensive Sisters of Charity. These acts stirred his soul, and in a speech upon these wrongs, he thus alludes to liberty:

"No one can have more right than I have to proclaim this distinction, for I defy any man to love liberty more than I have done. And here it must be said, I do not accept, either as a reproach or as praise, the opinion expressed of me by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that I was exclusively devoted to religious liberty. No, no, gentlemen: that to which I am devoted is liberty in itself—the liberty of all and in

everything. This I have always defended, always proclaimed. I who have written so much, spoken so much—too much, I acknowledge—I defy any man to find a single word fallen from my pen or from my lips which has not been devoted to the cause of freedom. Freedom—ah! I can speak without seeking fine expressions. She has been the idol of my soul. If I have anything to reproach myself with, it is that I have loved her as one loves when one is young—without measure, without limit. But I neither reproach myself for this, nor do I regret it. I will continue to serve Freedom, to love her always, to believe in her always; and I can never love her more nor serve her better than when I force myself to pluck off the mask worn by her enemies, who wear her colours, and who seize her flag in order to soil and dishonour it."

The Revolution of 1848 abolished the Chamber of Peers, and Montalembert, who stood for election to the National Assembly, was elected, took his seat with Lacordarie, who had also been elected, and, habited in the gown and mantle of a Dominican, entered the Assembly. Louis Napoleon, having indicated his allegiance to the cause of free education, Montalembert supported him from his entrance to France a private soldier, until he donned the imperial robes, to treat with ingratitude the staunchest adherent and friend he had. In 1850, Montalembert was returned to the Assembly by two constituencies, such was the popularity and the esteem in which he was held by the masses. His prophetic vision soon descried the gathering of the socialistic elements in France, which, under the Commune, were with maniacal rage threatening to overturn order and government within a few years; and while his ardor for liberty remained unabated, his discerning eye fixed the line of demarcation between order and disorder, between liberty and anarchy; and from his place in the Assembly his eloquent voice warned the representatives of the people to stem the revolutionary tide which he saw ominously gathering, and which he prophetically cried out would in a few years deluge the streets of fair Paris with blood.

I have vaguely referred to the ingratitude of Louis Napoleon. In 1858, Montalembert, who always appreciated democratic methods under a constitutional government, wrote a long letter to a French paper descriptive of the methods of English affairs, in which he contrasted French and English ways, pointedly preferring the latter. The letter was so exquisitely

written that it was reproduced, translated, in the *London Times*. Napoleon took umbrage at the letter, and on the 24th of November, 1858, the editor of the French paper and Montalembert were brought before the bar charged with attacking the rights and authority of the emperor, and exciting the people to despise the government, the penalty for which offences were heavy fines, long imprisonment, and possibly eventual banishment. The prominence of Montalembert attracted a large crowd, and the gist of the accusation lay in his statement that he visited England "to breathe an air more pure and take a bath of life in free England." After a protracted trial he was found guilty, fined three thousands francs, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. On appeal the term of imprisonment was reduced to three months, but Napoleon then remitted the penalties. Thus was the great advocate of liberty of the press, of emancipation, of freedom of education and the cause of the oppressed, the most noted orator in the French Parliament, treated by the malicious ingratitude of the man whose future he divined, and to whom he had been loyal and true. Thus his political life ended, and he took up his literary labors. In 1852, as was fitting, he received the highest honor conferred upon any Frenchman, and was admitted to the Academy.

Montalembert visited Scotland, the Hebrides, and the Isle of Iona, the abode of St. Columba, to view monastic remains for the great literary work of his life, "The Monks of the West." To Spain, too, he went, to visit monastic ruins. He started out to write a history of St. Bernard, but upon an inspection of the first two volumes by the distinguished Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, it was insisted that the scope of the work should be broadened and three volumes were added, and the entire work entitled "The Monks of the West from St. Benedict to St. Bernard." In 1867, the last volume was published; but the work was not fully completed, owing to his ill-health, which he fully realized when he pathetically wrote that he must make up his mind to leave his cherished undertaking to "younger and happier minds." Such a work required an enormous amount of research, and it was in the lucid style which characterizes his other works, his letters and his speeches. An eminent authority has thus beautifully described it: "This great monument of history, this great work interrupted by death, is as gigantic as an uncompleted cathedral, in which he has raised up, with many cares, with art

as able as it was patient, and with infinite research, the monumental statues of those three giants, Augustine, Columbanus, and Boniface, who introduced with their powerful and blessed hands the three great countries, England, the Gauls and Germany, within the sphere of Christian civilization."

Montalembert was a man of strong family ties, and his domestic environments were the most happy. His home in Paris and his chateau in the country were the resorts of the learned and distinguished of his day. His wife, of noble lineage like himself, accomplished and finely educated, was fitted to be the partner of the noted orator, the versatile writer, historian and *littérateur* of France. It may be imagined with what joy, in examining the genealogical records of his wife's family, he discovered that she was of the blood and lineage of his dear St. Elizabeth.

A distinguished non-Catholic authoress of England who died but this year, Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, so admired Montalembert for his ability and character that she not only translated "The Monks of the West" into English, but after his death wrote a charming memoir of his life in two volumes. The fact that he should have engaged the attention of an Englishwoman of high talents, who was not of his language or religion, is an enduring tribute to his mental and moral attractiveness.

One of Montalembert's daughters, the inheriress of much of her father's talent, and many of his characteristics, who had made a brilliant *début* in society, suddenly announced her intention of becoming a nun; of this announcement and what followed, M. Cochin charmingly says:

"One day his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him, 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him.' And when he said to her, 'My child, is there something that grieves you?' she went to the book-shelves, and sought out one of the volumes in which he had narrated the history of the Monks of the West. 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.' Some months after," continues the same friendly and sympathetic narrator, "I had the happiness of accompanying the family to the humble sanctuary where

the marriage ceremony was to take place; the priest was at the altar to celebrate the bridal, and the bride, adorned for her marriage, in her orange flowers and bridal veil, knelt radiant and tender at the altar. But there was no bridegroom there. The bridegroom was that invisible Husband who for two thousand years has attached so many young souls to Him by bonds which can not be broken, and drawn them by a charm which nothing can equal."

Mrs. Oliphant feelingly describes a scene a short time after the occurrence detailed by M. Cochin as follows:

"Some time after this joyous but heart-rending ceremony, the writer recalls to her mind, how one evening in his house in Paris, M. de Montalembert showed her the portrait of this bride of Heaven. He held up the lamp, shading it tenderly with his hand, that the light might fall soft and tenderly upon the beloved face—a face young and bright and serenely gay, with flowers crowning the beautiful hair—a young princess of society, surrounded by all the pretty finery of youth. To think of that graceful and delicate being in the bare rooms and ceaseless occupations of conventual life—her pretty surroundings all gone from her, her fair face encircled by the close cap of her order, her nights broken, her days full of toil, was still painful beyond expression to her father's heart. He set down his lamp with a pathetic smile which ended in a sigh. Thus smiling in her bridal dress, she had gone away from him, *à ma grande desolation!* Nothing could be more touching than this natural outburst of feeling. He must have felt that it was almost, so to speak, his own fault, who had thrown so much enchantment over the story of monastic institutions; and it might indeed seem as if Providence had exacted a hard price from him for his eloquence and devotion. More deeply than he had any expectation of he could now enter into the struggle in which flesh and blood, and all the delights of the earth, have to yield to spiritual life and its stern duties."

After the departure of his daughter, speaking of the devotion of young lives to monastic life, Montalembert concludes "The Monks of the West" in these tender words:

"Is this a dream, or a page from a romance? Or is it only history, the history of a past forever ended? No: once more it is what we behold, and what happens among us every day. This daily spectacle, we who speak have seen and undergone it. What we had perceived only across past centuries and old

books suddenly rose before our eyes full of the tears of paternal anguish. Who will not pardon us for having under the spell of that recollection lengthened, perhaps unreasonably, this page of a long, uncompleted work? How many others have also like ourselves gone through this anguish, and beheld, with feelings unspeakable, the last worldly apparition of a beloved sister or child?

"One morning she rises; she comes to her father and mother—'Farewell, all is over,' she says; 'I am going to die—to die to you and to all. I shall never be either a wife or a mother; I am no more even your child. I am God's alone.' Nothing can withhold her. 'Immediately they left the ship and their father, and followed Him.' And lo! she appears arrayed for the sacrifice, brilliant and lovely, with an angelic smile, blooming and beaming, fervent and serene—the crowning work of creation. Proud of her last beautiful attire, bright and brave she ascends to the altar, or rather, she flies; she rushes like a soldier to the breach, and hardly able to restrain the impassioned fervour which consumes her, she bows her head to receive the veil which is to be a yoke upon her for the rest of her life, but which will also be her eternal crown."

After a long and lingering illness, soothed by the visits of admiring friends, which included all the prominent literary men of France, Montalembert awoke to the sure approach of death, heard his last Mass, and received his last Communion in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, where he had first partaken of the sacramental privilege, and died on the 13th of March, 1870. In the hallowed earth of the Picpus Convent, where lie the victims of the Revolution, and those descended from them, was interred his body, most worthy and fitting tomb for the historian of the cloister.

Montalembert was a character full of inspiration for, and worthy of admiration by, all Catholics. We should all be proud of his life and memory, proud of him as a statesman, proud of him as an orator, proud of him as an historian, proud of him for his versatile, literary accomplishments; but, above all, proud of him because in his acts and thoughts he ever consulted "the dignity of that venerable fabric, the Catholic Church, which has stood for ages splendid and immutable; which time can not crumble, nor persecutions shake, nor revolutions change; which has stood amongst us like some stupendous and majestic Apennine, the earth rocking at its feet, the heavens roaring round its head, firmly balanced upon the base of its eternity—the relic of what was, the solemn and sublime memento of what must be!"

## Varsity Verse.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE 'MEDEA' OF EURIPIDES.

*(Spoken by Medea's Nurse.)*

O! would that Argo ne'er had plied her wings  
 Athwart the clash of wet Cyanean rocks  
 To Colchian shores;—nay, would the Pelion pine  
 Had never fallen to give the bending oar  
 To hands of stout-souled men, the Argonauts,  
 By Pelias sent in quest of the Golden Fleece:  
 For ne'er would Medea, then mistress mine,  
 Have sailed for refuge to Colchian towers,  
 Nor would her love for Jason craze her heart.  
 And had she ne'er devised the foolish plan  
 For Pelias' daughters to destroy their sire,  
 She would not live undone in Corinth now,  
 A wife with children,—pleasing, though she may,  
 The people to whose country she has fled  
 And doing all to gladden Jason's heart.  
 When wife and husband do not disagree  
 The greatest concord harbors in their breasts.  
 But now reversed is all. The sweetest charms  
 Of love are gone; for Jason has disgraced  
 And left his children, and my mistress too.  
 He lives in royal wedlock ever since  
 He took as wife the daughter of Corinth's king,  
 And sad Medea—sorrow-stricken soul—shouts forth  
 The nuptial oaths, recalls that greatest pledge  
 Which hand in hand in marriage they had sworn.  
 The gods she calls to witness what return  
 She gets from Jason now.—She tastes no food:  
 Her body shrinks before the pangs of grief,  
 And all her days she wastes in ceaseless tears.  
 She raises not her eyes from off the ground  
 E'er since her husband proved untrue to her.  
 When friends admonish her to calm her rage  
 She listens like a rock or ocean-wave;  
 And when she lifts her head toward heaven high,  
 Alone she loudly wails of father and  
 Of home and country that she left to flee  
 With Jason who now has wrongly cast her off.  
 By trials taught, she keenly feels the loss  
 To be bereft of home for such a man;  
 So that I fear she tries another scheme:—  
 Resentful is her mind, nor will she cease  
 From wailing o'er her fate. She breathes revenge;  
 I know her state, and I am afraid of her.  
 And not a man that tries to soothe her heart  
 Escapes the shafts of hate that come from her.—  
 But here her children now return from school,—  
 Unmindful of their mother's grievous woes;  
 For youthful minds dislike to be annoyed.

M. M. O.

A MEETING AND A PARTING.

There's only a breath of roses in the air  
 To tell me she has come and gone. Ah me!  
 To think that dreams are all I have; and she  
 Will go her way forgetful—she, so fair,  
 My thoughts will follow after everywhere.

There by the curtains I can see her yet,  
 Gracefully halting confused with mild surprise,  
 Looking askance with large and still dark eyes.  
 Oddest chance in the world we ever met;  
 Yet all the world can't help me to forget.

A. L. M.

## The Last Letter.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

"Yes, Chester, go; I will manage things at home," said Mary Johnson to her brother, as they sat down to supper with their mother and younger sister, Catherine. "Father did not let you go with him," continued Mary, "because he thought it best that you should stay to watch over us at home."

Tears stole into the eyes of all present, for they knew what this meant,—Chester wanted to join the army.

"Yes, my son, you may go." Chester arose from his seat at the table, and going to his mother he, threw his arms around her neck,—and all were silent.

Chester Johnson was at the University of Tennessee at the breaking out of the civil war. He was nineteen years of age, of little more than the average height, and his brave, honest countenance and natural grace in riding would have made him a handsome soldier. His father had joined the Confederate Army under Zollicoffer; and Chester went home to care for his mother and sisters. It almost broke the young man's heart to see the boys of his neighborhood getting ready to join the army. He had been asked to act as their captain; for he had held that office in the university cadets, and he knew perfectly well how to drill cavalry as well as as infantry. He consented to act as their captain after he had obtained permission from his mother. In a week's time the boys were very well drilled. They numbered seventy-five; and a braver and a better mounted company of cavalry never started for the battlefield.

The day arrived. A dinner was prepared in a large wood by the mothers and sisters of the young soldiers. The melancholy Indian summer sun streamed through the leafless oaks and ash trees on the table linens spread below. The wood itself seemed sad and lonely. Nature had robbed it of its foliage. A gentle wind rustled now and then among the yellow leaves on the ground, and loosed the pendant nuts from the hickory boughs, which, when caught in a forsaken bird's nest, were gathered by the busy squirrel and carried to his winter store. The gentle murmur of a little stream sounded like the echo of a death-knell tolled in a distant battlefield.

Dinner was over. Everyone was cheerful.

Mothers walked around leaning on the arms of their sons; and they looked on their boys with as much pride as if it were graduation day at college. In the afternoon the boys drilled and sang a few old familiar songs; and then came the last farewell. Every eye was filled with tears; but not a sob was heard, for they considered it a just cause, and the women took pride in the chivalrous spirit of their sons and brothers.

The sun was fast sinking towards the western horizon. Chester, his mother and two sisters were standing on the bank of the little stream. Catherine was gently patting her brother's horse on the nose, and Mary stood listlessly pricking the dried oak leaves with the point of his sabre. Chester and his mother stood silently gazing into the water.

"Look, Chester," said his mother, and she pointed to a sun-fish basking in a single deflected sunbeam which stole through the willows to the water. "Yes, look; such is—" and she paused; then she quietly lifted her hand from his shoulder and stretched it between the sunbeam and the water—a flicker, and the little fish darted under the waterweeds; then looking into his eyes she continued, "the life of a soldier: this moment it shines brilliantly; the next, the shadow of death passes and it is no more. Today it is honored by all; tomorrow it is enrolled among the names of the dead, and the next day—forgotten."

Chester's farewell to his mother and sisters was pathetic; yet it was devoid of useless tears. They each had a deep spirit of patriotism. They were proud of Chester, and he loved them for it. He promised his mother to write to her often. He said that he would always keep them owing him a letter; and, said he, "I know my last letter will be cherished more than the first, because it will announce my coming home, and you will be overjoyed with expectation." Now Chester had gone, and they never saw him again until the sacrifice had been accomplished.

Chester Johnson and his comrades reached the army just in time to join in Bragg's great raid through Kentucky. Gen. Bragg reached the Ohio river by forced marches, and occupied Louisville; but Gen. Buell was marching upon him with superior numbers, and he was forced to retreat. Chester Johnson's company did a great deal of scout-work, and had several skirmishes with similiar companies of the Federal army. During the retreat his company guarded the wagon-train. On October 8, 1862,

at Perryville, Ky., Bragg fiercely turned on Buell, and a desperate battle was fought. At sunset, during the thickest of the fight, a bold cavalry dash was made by the Confederates under Gen. Morgan, "the raider," and Chester's company was placed in the van of the attacking column. A shell burst in front of Chester; his right leg was almost severed, and his horse was killed. A rifle ball broke his left thigh bone as he fell unconscious to the ground.

When Chester regained consciousness, he was lying on his back, sheltered by the trunk and branches of a large felled beech tree, his shattered leg bound with his belt. Evidently a comrade had placed him there, and then returned to meet a like fate in the battle. Now all was silent. Bragg had retreated; and the wounded man had been overlooked by the ambulances. He uttered a cry of despair, and his wounds pained him doubly. How long would it last? Would he never see his mother and sisters again? He would soon know what it is to die "alone, unattended, unbewept and unbefriended, on a bloody battlefield."

He had written one letter home and had received an answer. He remembered that he had promised he would always keep them owing him a letter; but now there was no one to take his letter home. He looked about him, and saw a man's name cut in the bark of the beech tree. The name—oh! it was so dear to him. He looked closely; he spelled it. It was Joseph Johnson, his father. He strained his eyes; there was writing. He read, "Joseph Johnson on picket duty, Oct. 7, 1862." "Ah!" sighed Chester, looking at his wounds and scarcely able to sit up, "if I only had strength to carve a letter to mother; some one would find it and send it to her. It may not be for years; but then I would keep my word." With a last effort he roused all energy and began to carve letters into the green beech bark with the point of his sabre. In an hour he had finished and fell back exhausted and dying; and his sabre clanked heavily as it struck the ground.

On the day after the battle, Gen. Bragg sent a squadron under a flag of truce to bury any dead that were left on the field. A soldier of this squadron heard the clank of Chester's sabre as it struck the stones, and he hastened to the spot. "What!" exclaimed the man as he bent down over the dying boy, "my son!" And Chester spoke not; but he opened his eyes, and feebly pointed to the letter carved on the beech tree; and a smile lit up his countenance as he fell back dead.

## "Oliver Optic."

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 JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.
 

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Back from the main road, on a narrow lane that leads from the town of Medway in Massachusetts, is an ancient cottage. The large, sloping roof, that descends almost to the top of the front door, is covered with moss; thorny bushes interwoven with poisonous ivy surround the house and obstruct the passage to the door; trees nearly a century old with outstretched limbs decayed by age, their trunks charred by lightning, border the neighboring wood. Everywhere you look is desolation and a deserted wilderness; no sound is heard save the shriek of a cat-bird or the occasional rumble of a vehicle on the road beyond. This was once the home of the famous New England Adams,—and the birthplace of William Taylor Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic."

Oliver was born in that old house, July 13, 1822, and spent his boyhood amid its environments. His early education was received in the district school nearby his home, but the greater part of his learning was acquired in the schools of Boston. He was gifted with a keen observation and a happy disposition, that is shown more clearly in his stories than book learning.

After he had finished his education, he was prompted by his great love for the young to establish a magazine devoted entirely to boys and girls, which he called "The Student and Schoolmate." On account of his inexperience and youth this venture in journalism proved a failure, and he soon abandoned it. Soon afterward he obtained a position as teacher in the public schools of Boston, which position he held for twenty years. After he had been teaching for a few years, his great ability became known to everyone in the district of Dorchester, and his friends elected him member of the school committee. He held that office uninterruptedly for fourteen years, and was a member of the state legislature for one year.

While filling the position of teacher and school committee-man he found time to write many stories for young readers in magazines and newspapers. His career as an author, however, began in 1853, when he published his first book under the thrilling title "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave, or the Heir of Bellevue." This book became a favorite with all the young people throughout New England; and the

success that the author attained encouraged him to bring out another similar story soon after, which he called the "Starry Flag." This book had a very large sale as did all the other works of the writer. Soon after publishing "Starry Flag," Mr. Adams came forth with his "Riverdale Series for Boys and Girls." So interesting were these stories that much of the author's after success was assured by them. Among his other stories are "The Boat Club," "Woodville," "Army and Navy," "Onward and Upward," "In Doors and Out," and many others which fill one hundred published volumes, besides his writings in various magazines and newspapers.

His friends induced him to undertake two novels for older readers which he did unwillingly. These he published, but soon regretted it, for they proved unpopular and had a small sale. They are "The Ways of the World" and "Living too Fast." In 1881 he was able to undertake the publication of another magazine for children, this time with great success. The journal appeared for a few years under the title of "Our Little Ones," but was then changed to "Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls."

Throughout his life Mr. Adams was devoted to the young; it was his warm sympathy toward them that made him so successful as a teacher and an author of stories for young readers. Irving once said in conversation with a friend, "I owe much of whatever is pleasing in my nature to the surroundings in which I was born." Perhaps, it was the lonely environments of "Oliver Optic's" youth—the yearning of a lonesome child for companions—that developed in him the faculty of an unceasing imagination. Often, no doubt, when he looked through the tiny frosted window-panes out on the snow-carpeted winter wood, he peopled his solitary surroundings with many a fellow of his fancy. In summer, as he rambled through the chestnut and hemlock forest, the creatures of his imagination were his comrades. He saw not the shadows and lights of nature, but communed with himself and the little creatures of his mind. These never deserted him; for they are the real characters that appear in his stories.

When the notice of his death appeared in the papers last spring, many men who had learned to love "Oliver Optic," when they were boys from his tales, raised their heads and said: *Requiescat in pace*, which was ended by their wives' "Amen!"

## Books and Periodicals.

—*Harper's* for February has all the interest that a magazine of our progressive day could be expected to have. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, whose work is more on the order of the study than of the short story, is a strong and exceedingly clever writer, and the detailed work is careful and true. Some of her stories, however, lack the necessary lightness of touch; her work in the field of the novel would doubtless be more successful.

The much-mourned George Du Maurier leaves an article well within his own sphere on Social Pictorial Satire, which refers more particularly to John Leech. Of him he says: "Like many true humorists he was of melancholy temperament, and no doubt felt attracted by all that was mirthful and bright, and in happy contrast to his habitual mood. Seldom, if ever, does a drop of his inner sadness ooze out through his pencil point—and never a drop of gaul; and I do not remember one cynical touch in his whole series." What more could we expect a true humorist to be?

Martin Farroner is a very good story with a single incident as its foundation. "Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriman, will be of much interest as a novel; for it is thorough, careful, though rather drawn out. Stuttgart—with the pen-pictures by Joseph Pennell—is a charming bit of description of a charming old place, almost as good as seeing the town itself. For articles of varied interest we have The Duc D'Aumale and The Coudé Museum, Some Americans from Oversea, Projects for an Isthmian Canal, and the humor of the Editor's Drawer.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for February contains the conclusion of the two serials—Mrs. Clyde, and Our Late War with Spain. Neither of these two articles are of very great literary value. The first, Mrs. Clyde, portrays the rise the successes, the disappointments, of a strong woman whose ambition is to become the leader and the greatest of society women. In the end, of course, comes age and failure and death, with obliteration. The story is uselessly drawn out over a great number of pages, with long, tedious conversations.

Gloria Mundi, a new novel by Harold Frederic, whose Damnation of Theron Ware met with great success, promises to become good. For variety, the *Cosmopolitan* has articles on nearly every kind of subject.

OUR LADY OF AMERICA, LITURGICALLY KNOWN AS HOLY MARY OF GUADALUPE: Rev. C. Lee, C. S. Sp. John Murphy & Co.: Baltimore and New York.

While there is scarcely a Catholic who is not familiar with the story of the apparitions at Lourdes, and the wonderful cures effected there, few in the States, we venture to say, have heard or known aught of the Mexican shrine dedicated to Mary Immaculate at Guadalupe (Guadalupe), and yet a well-known Catholic writer, Christian Reid, through one of her characters, tells us that the Guadalupan story is more beautiful even than that of Lourdes. The persons, the locality, the requests of the Virgin in both instances are very much the same; but the memorial of her visit to the hill of Tepeyæ, in the Republic of Mexico, is a picture of exquisite beauty which has been exempt from the ravages of time.

Father Lee deserves praise for the care and trouble spent in procuring for this volume decrees, document and other valuable data, which will force the unbiassed reader to conclude with himself: "I believe that the Mother of God appeared in this continent, and spoke to the people and has left a wondrous memorial of her visit."

The history of this marvellous shrine should be of particular interest to all American Catholics, for it is a recital of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin whom we honor as our Patroness under the title of Mary Immaculate, and on account of the miracles attending the veneration paid to her marvellous picture, wrought, without human agency, "on cloth so thin that through it, as through a lattice," one may gaze; "and which after two centuries the nitre of the neighboring lake, which erodes silver, gold and brass, has not in the least injured its supreme beauty nor its most vivid colors." (Brief of Benedict XIV.)

The slow, tedious process of acquiring Rome's approval of this veneration is an object lesson to those who imagine that popes and bishops are easily inclined to sanction or tolerate whatever is reported to them by the simple-minded faithful as being miraculous or supernatural. We doubt whether the canonization process of any saint in the Church's calendar was more searching in its details than was the work done by the various committees appointed by the Holy See. It is little wonder, then, that Leo XIII. cordially sanctioned and approved the solemn crowning of this miraculous picture on October 12, 1895,—an event which forms one of the brightest pages in the annals of the Catholic Church.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The appearance of a letter in the *Chicago New World*, reflecting upon Mr. Hering's direction of the fall athletics, was the one deplorable event connected with the season. The writer had sufficient sense of honor to sign his name to the letter; we regret that he had not equal sense of truth and justice. The SCHOLASTIC is authorized to say that this disgruntled critic represents the feelings of neither the Professors nor the students of Notre Dame. Any instructor in athletics who demands earnest work and rebukes insubordination with gentlemanly firmness, must count on the ill-will of such players and their partisans as do not value discipline; but even disgruntled critics have commonly too much taste to take the public into their confidence, and to seek abroad the sympathy denied them at home. No loyal college man will countenance such methods.

—In publishing the Corby Memorial Number, the SCHOLASTIC sought merely to pay its little tribute to one who has deserved well of Church and State. Since its publication we have received so many congratulatory letters, that we are assured that our efforts were successful in more ways than we had ventured to hope. We take pleasure in publishing this extract from a letter written by a cultured Protestant gentleman to a friend of his who had sent him the Corby Memorial Number:

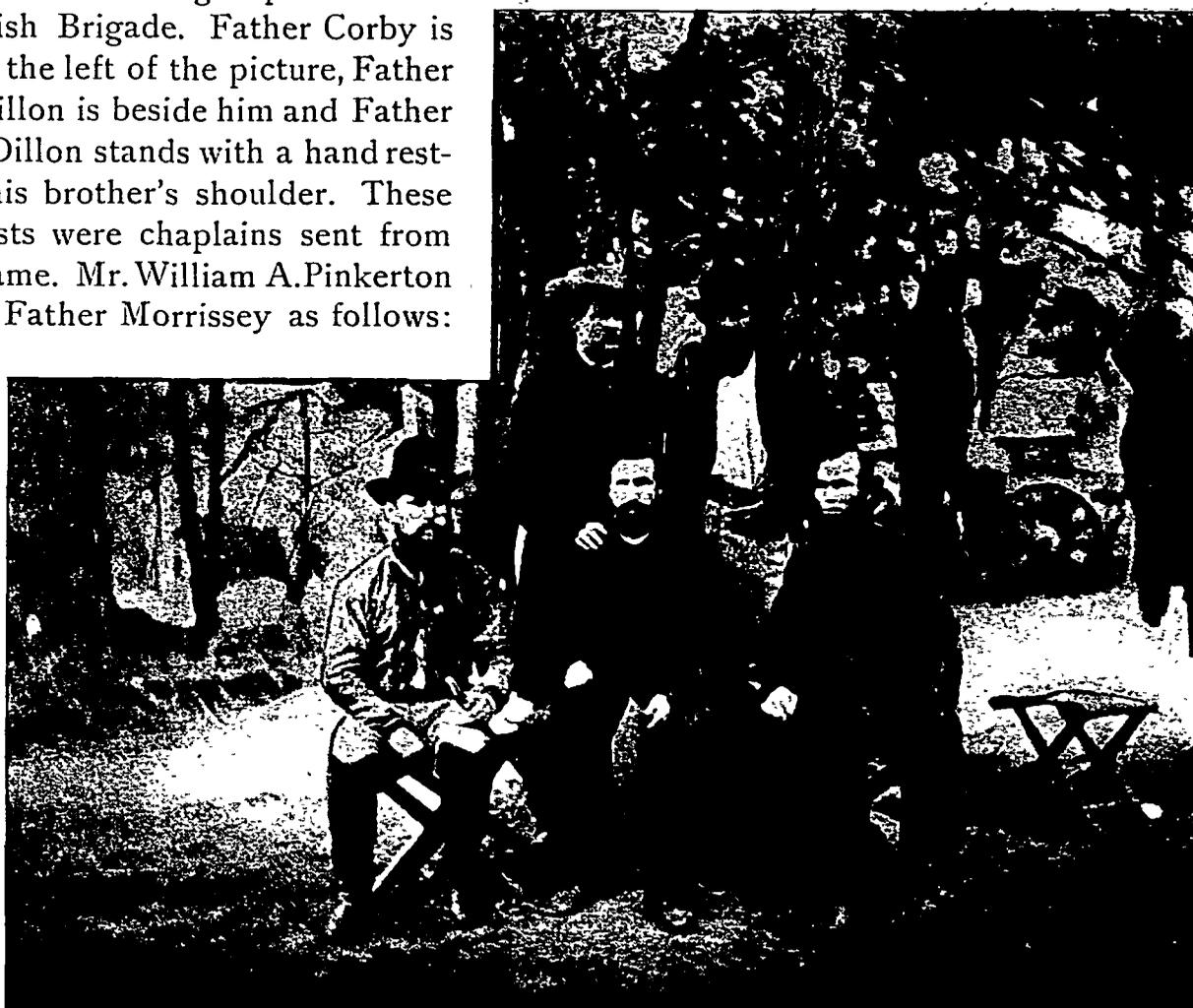
I have, from my recollection and personal experience of the gallant service done by its members, and the loving care bestowed upon the sick and wounded soldier by the gentle Sisters thereof during the war, entertained the kindest feeling for the Catholic Church. But my later experience has often shaken the opinion formed in the perilous days of '61 to '65. I have seen—what seems to me—evidences of hostility to our Grand Army Posts, and the spirit they represent, when they on their missions of charity and love for their comrades and when bent only on paying the last sad honors to the dead, were confronted with objection and evident prejudice, which could have been born only of an ignorance of the status of our patriotic organization and its relation to religious bodies. I have felt that the rulers and educators of that Church must be responsible for the existence of this feeling, else it could not survive. I have wanted to feel in harmony with all sects, as working, each in its own way, but with a common end, to make the best citizen for the best country under the sun. The hesitation of many old comrades to affiliate with the Grand Army has forced me to believe that they were hindered from so doing by the teachings of their church; in fact, the objection has been offered, that, while no actual ban had been placed upon their joining us, they felt under constraint in the matter, and could not do so as conscientious adherents of their religion. Honorable, high-minded, gentlemen they were, and I admired them for their consistency. I have met "gentlemen of the cloth" who ridiculed my ideas, but I have taken their refusals "*cum grano salis*," and have thought they represented only their individual inclinations. After reading the little brochure, which you so kindly sent me, your loving tribute to Father Corby, and the beautiful tributes to the man's worth and patriotic service, and through him, the noble response to a stricken country's call by the religious of Notre Dame, both priest and Sister, I take off my hat and apologize, and am glad to believe in the broadness and liberality of the teaching at that University, and that it represents the true Catholic Church of the United States—a nation formed truly "one of many," I thank you for that enlightenment. Your friend and comrade has not lived in vain. He has done a service to his country and a benefit to his Church that has been permitted to but few men. You should be proud of having known him, and I join you in your closing paragraph, with respect and reverence, "May he rest in peace!" and I add for myself the hope that the good he has done may not die with him.

It is matter for regret that the writer should have had such an unfortunate experience with Catholic friends. Narrow minds there certainly are among Catholics as among all other classes of men, but it is hardly just to hold the Church responsible for narrowness. The G. A. R. is under no ban. The Church teaches her children to practise and to honor patriotism. The number of Catholics who won laurels in the war is sufficient evidence of the former proposition; the establishment of the G. A. R. Post at our University would be convincing proof—if proof were needed—of the second.

Another War-time Memorial of Father Corby.

In the number of the SCHOLASTIC published after the death of Father Corby was a letter of condolence from Mr. Robert A. Pinkerton, who was a student at Notre Dame in 1860. Mr. William A. Pinkerton, his brother, was also a student here in 1860, and both these gentlemen have since that time been devoted friends of the University. In Mr. Robert Pinkerton's letter he mentioned a "Memorial War Book" which contained the interesting picture of Fathers Corby, James Dillon and Patrick Dillon that is reproduced on this page. The two other men in the group are officers of the Irish Brigade. Father Corby is seated at the left of the picture, Father James Dillon is beside him and Father Patrick Dillon stands with a hand resting on his brother's shoulder. These two priests were chaplains sent from Notre Dame. Mr. William A. Pinkerton writes to Father Morrissey as follows:

father, the late Allen Pinkerton, who was Chief of the United States Secret Service for the Government. In connection with his command I was detailed in the Army of the Potomac, in which I remained during the greater part of the war. I was also present at Notre Dame when Father Corby was ordained. Father Patrick Dillon was then the President and Father James Dillon was Vice-President. They were all dearly beloved by my brother and myself, and we received many kindnesses at their hands. After the Seven Days' Battle, during the summer of 1862, one day while I was riding through the woods at the time the army was in camp with headquarters at Harrison's Landing, Va., I met Father Patrick Dillon, and invited him over to our camp. He came over accompanied by Father Corby and Father James Dillon, together with a couple of officers of Corcoran's Irish Brigade, whose names at present I do not recall. While they were at our camp the official photographer of the army



FATHER PATRICK DILLON. FATHER WILLIAM CORBY.  
FATHER JAMES DILLON.

I have just returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, and heard with deep regret of the death of Father Corby. My brother Robert has written you under date of January 3d concerning a book which I had ordered two months ago with the intention of presenting it to the Grand Army Post at Notre Dame, of which I understand Father Corby was the commanding officer. This book arrived here during my absence in the West and was held here awaiting my return.

I write to ask if you will kindly give me the name of the Post at Notre Dame so that I may have the book properly inscribed and sent forward. My brother Robert and I were students at Notre Dame in the years 1860 and 1861; in April, 1861, I left the college and joined my

Mr. Alex. Gardner, who was connected with the Secret Service Corps, took a picture of them.

Recently I came across a book published by Frank Leslie entitled "Memorial War book," edited by Mr. Williams. In looking over this book I was much surprised to find several pictures which were very familiar to myself, and among others the group consisting of Father Patrick Dillon, Father James Dillon, Father Corby and the two officers of the Irish Brigade above mentioned.

When I saw a Grand Army Post had been organized at Notre Dame I thought it would be a nice thing to present a copy of this book to the Post, and although I have not seen Father Corby in many years I know that

he would have appreciated the same. You can imagine with what pain I heard of Father Corby's death.

If you will write me the name of the Post recently organized at Notre Dame, I will have the book, which is handsomely bound, properly inscribed, and send it to you to be delivered to the Grand Army Post at Notre Dame with the compliments of my brother and myself.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. A. PINKERTON (Student '60).

In a second letter, sent with the volume, Mr. William Pinkerton said:

I hope some time to have the pleasure of going to Notre Dame with my brother and meeting some of our old-time acquaintances there; as while forty years have elapsed since we left Notre Dame I have none but the kindest remembrances for the dear old place and everybody connected with it.

We trust that these two old students and friends of the University will soon make good their promise to visit us, and they may be sure of a very cordial reception when we have the pleasure of seeing them.

\* \* \*

The formal presentation of the Pinkerton boys' book to the Notre Dame Post was made last evening by President Morrissey, who paid a glowing tribute to the loyalty of the old boys for their *Alma Mater*. He felt assured that the members of the Post would preserve this book as a special treasure, and would ever bear in mind the memory of the man whose devoted service to his country brought forth the grand tributes to his worth and character that appeared in a late number of the SCHOLASTIC.

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#### Track Athletics.

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Every afternoon in the dusty Gym the men that are to win glory for themselves and their college in the spring-meets, are hard at work. When the short time of training is taken into consideration, the showing is creditable in the extreme. Good men are working earnestly for all the events, and a team that will bring laurels to Notre Dame is almost an assured fact. Instructor Beyer has charge of the jumpers, and is devoting every energy to the production of competent athletes.

In the high jump, Hoover, Powell, Rowan, Wheeler, Sullivan, Hunter and Jennings are doing excellent work. From their ranks will come the men upon whom the enthusiastic rely. Some of these men are entered in the pole vault, and with them is Kearney who is doing well. The same crowd is working at the broad jumps, running and standing.

In addition to the old guard in the running events are Daly, Posselius, White and Gordon. The correct form in starting is now being impressed upon the candidates, all of whom are taking kindly to the work, and are doing well. Schillo, Eggeman and Swonk will be depended upon for the shot-put. Hurdling has not begun, and the long-distance runners are training with the sprinters. A stationary trainer for the bicycle men will soon be placed in position, and will furnish the required practice for Waters, Pim and Grady. Foley is a fast man and may enter. So far, the number of men trying for places on the track team is comparatively small. It is expected that many more will avail themselves of the opportunities offered and come out.

Jewett of Detroit, who won fame as a sprinter while wearing the Gold and Blue, and who broke all records in the 100-yard dash, will arrive soon to take charge of the short-distance men. His experience will be valuable in coaching.

Manager Niezer has secured admission to the Indiana Intercollegiate Association, and a team representing Notre Dame will enter in the spring-meet. This is a great step in the right direction, but it is not all. The University of Illinois has written to arrange for a dual meet to be held at Notre Dame, in which our men will be pitted against some of the best track performers in the West. Such a meeting will attract spectators from every part of the state, and in the Illinois men we shall find foemen worthy of our steel. The sons of old Notre Dame may be expected to hold the laurels so gallantly won on diamond and gridiron, and to add to them fresh wreathes captured on the track.

L. T. W.

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#### Exchanges.

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When the ex-man on the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian* read our remarks concerning the *Niagara Index* he straightway ran to a dictionary, and the result is that we are guilty of "vindictive animadversion," that we are "effeminately sensitive," and that our "petty recriminations arise from an egotistic source." Also we learn that to have "such an attenuated cuticle that it must writhe under a pungent pen, and hurl a virulent personal response," is a "prerogative which is only conceded to a woman." Whew! We shall investigate all this, and if that ex-man means what we think he

does he will become very unpopular with us. We should have mentioned these things many weeks ago; but when the *Collegian*—in not overly choice English, either—compared us to a gentle, gushing girl, and the *Index*—in *Index* English—called us a “soft boy” with one breath and a “pitiful invertebrate” with the next, naturally we were too much overcome to answer at once. We are of the opinion that the *Collegian* takes the *Index*, and our remarks concerning it, seriously. We do not. We should not “hurl a virulent personal response” at the *Index* nor *Brann's Iconoclast*, nor at any other amusing publication, so long as it is harmless, for worlds. No, indeed. What would become of us, if, because of a too severe criticism, we should be deprived of the *Index*? No more should we laugh with the “Rerum” man, nor tear our hair with the ex-man, nor softly sigh with the author of “Ginger-Ale Liz” and the *Index's* other poet “J. E. F. J.,” who is responsible for those touching verses,

“However his old pants be rent  
May he be full of merriment.”

We assure the *Collegian's* exchange editor that the *Index* is the most welcome, because the most amusing, of our exchanges; and although occasionally it is not amusing, and even disgusting,—the bigoted, narrow, so-called witticisms upon the religious societies of Howard-Payne, for instance,—still we should not lose it for a great deal.

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The editors of *The Polytechnic* have decided to use the cover of their Christmas issue permanently. As the new cover is not only attractive, but has some meaning as well, the decision is a good one. *The Polytechnic* may be interesting to the students and alumni of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, but to others it will be found extremely dull. This dullness might be overlooked, because students of mathematics have not much time for literary work; nevertheless, we should be pleased to see an occasional contribution from that board of editors, even if it is on a subject of mathematics.

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#### Our Friends.

—Mr. James C. Rudd, of Owensborough, Ky., student '84-'87, spent Sunday with friends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Albert E. Dacey (B. L. '93), of Woodstock, Ill, visited friends at Notre Dame early in the week.

—Mr. Frank Kramer, student, '86-'87, of Ell-

wood, Ind., entered his brother, Mr. Leo J. Kramer, last week.

—Mr. J. H. Mulligan, prominent in railroad affairs at Kewanee, Ill., visited old friends at the University recently.

—Reverend Father Van Antwerp, pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Detroit, and editor of the *Angelus* made a short visit to Notre Dame during the week. We regret that his duties called him back to Detroit much too soon.

—Reverend Father Thomas Kennedy of Brooklyn, N. Y., came all the way to Notre Dame during the past week to join Notre Dame Post 569, G. A. R. Father Kennedy was warmly welcomed by his friends among the Faculty, who hope to see him with us again very soon.

—Mr. Daniel V. Casey, '95, of the *Chicago Record* staff, spent Sunday and Monday at the University. Although he is but a short distance from us this is the first time in over a year that his newspaper duties would permit of a visit. Mr. Casey, who was editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC for two years, has many friends and admirers at Notre Dame, who hope to see him make longer and more frequent visits in the future.

—Mr. John B. Murphy, '96, who is at present a student at West Point, has succeeded so well in his studies that he now stands third in his class—the largest class that ever entered West Point. We hope to see Mr. Murphy in first place before the end of the year. It will interest his Notre Dame friends to know that in a picture of the West Point sword drill in the February *Metropolitan Magazine*, Mr. Murphy is prominent.

—Rev. James M. Cleary of Minneapolis, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, will lecture before the students next Monday afternoon in Washington Hall at four o'clock. Father Cleary's reputation as an orator and Total Abstinence advocate are so well known that we need not dwell upon his work here. The lecture will, no doubt, be a source of much pleasure and profit to the many that will hear it.

—His Excellency, Miguel A. Otero, '75, Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, writes to Prof. William Hoynes in a letter of recent date: “It seems like old times to look over the catalogue which you sent me, although many changes have occurred since I attended school. Ask Prof. James Edwards if he remembers me, and tell him that I would be pleased to welcome him, my old instructor, to New Mexico. Any time I can say a good word for Notre Dame I will be more than pleased to do so.” The Governor was quite a favorite and a prize sprinter in the Carroll Department of the seventies. Like many another old “ex-Junior” of those days, Notre Dame is the cherished spot of his happiest recollections.

## Local Items.

—The hand-ball alleys in Carroll Hall are crowded every "rec."

—FOUND—A pearl handle pocket-knife call on L. C. M. Reed, Sorin Hall.

—Some of the Carroll Hall boys are looking for the Carroll Hall "gym."

—Alexis threatens to sue the SCHOLASTIC for libel. (If he does he will be turned to suet.)

—"Baths!" called one of the prefects. "Does it cost anything?" Billie innocently asked of his neighbor.

—Judge Hubbard gave the law students some practical work last week in connection with his lecture on Pleadings.

—The number of baseball candidates has been reduced to about twenty, so as to give the available men more time for practice.

—The candidates for the Carroll Hall special baseball team are working hard. They are fortunate in having Mr. MacDonald as coach.

—Tom Murray was unanimously elected captain of the Carroll Hall special baseball team, Saturday afternoon. William Shea was made manager and C. Nolan treasurer.

—The Varsity Basket-Ball team elected Martin O'Shaughnessy Captain. The team will play the Clybornes tonight. The members of this team are nearer the size of our players, and the contest will be even more exciting than was the one last week.

—THE POET: What do you think of my winter poem?

THE CRITIC: I have just scanned it, and I find that your "feet" are cold.

THE POET: You didn't discover the condition of my appetite, did you?

—Charlie Ensign has written a ballad that will agitate the air about Brownson Hall with musical reverberations. The title is "Who Will Do My—Duty." The metre is elastic, and the blank space can be filled with anything—Algebra, Geometry, or the like, without affecting the harmony.

—Coach McDonald, the man that made the scrub team famous, has taken the Carroll baseball team in hand. He has only been at it a week, and has already developed some phenomenal players. As soon as the snow leaves the ground he will use the Varsity team to give his men practice.

—The Carroll Gym has been arranged for hand-ball; a roof light has been put in, and a removable partition, so that the alley can be enclosed within three walls. In the rear raised benches will be placed for spectators. Some contests will probably be arranged soon with outside players.

—February the first fell on Tuesday. The birthday of Paul Ragan and Frank O'Shaugh-

nessy fell on February the first. The fellows fell on them and they fell on the floor. That afternoon a slippery snow fell on the earth, and every one on earth fell on their backs. "Oh! what a fall, my countrymen."

—General J. S. Dodge, of Laporte, lectured before the law students Wednesday night. His subject was the "Practice Work of Lawyers." He developed some very interesting points that are of particular importance in the trial cases. He will continue the lectures for a protracted period on Wednesday evenings.

—In Moot-Court Wednesday the case of Carrington vs. Bradley, an action on a promissory-note, was tried. Messrs. P. J. Ragan and Murphy represented the plaintiff, and Messrs. Walsh and Krauss acted for the defence. After strong arguments on both sides, the case went to the jury. A verdict will be reached at the next term of court. Next Wednesday Benjamin Black will be tried for murder.

—Doc Falvey has introduced a new curve that will puzzle the opponents of the S. Ms. He stands with his back to the home plate, and when the ball is thrown the batsman does not know whether it is going toward first base or coming his way. Doc calls it the "Missouri mystery." In the delivery he holds the forearm rigid, and makes the curve by a peculiar twist of the shoulder and a thumb movement.

—Sunday is a quiet Day in Sorin Hall, save for the noise of Mullen's fiddle and Steiner's flute. These instruments of revenge get in full time on that day. But all things considered, one doesn't find the noise and hubbub in Sorin Hall on Sundays that he does on week days. Poolskamp doesn't go clattering down Rue-te-Toot like a well-oiled threshing machine, and there is less cussedness in Grady's expression. Then again, Steiner on Sunday always wears "dat leetle coat mit the tail split alretty," and that is a sure sign that he wants no "monkey peesness." The good old Scotch ditties and Irish operas, that Jamie is wont to fire off during the week, are laid aside on Sunday, and it is even said that Holy Cross Murph puts on a high collar and shakes his Persian rugs in honor of the day. Moreover, some go so far as to say that Landers lets somebody else play billiards on the Lord's Day, but we think that such reports do an injustice to the young man in question.

—Illinois is the capital of Chicago; it is located near the suburbs. Lake Michigan empties into it on the north, and it empties into the Ohio on the south; on the west it bulges out into the Mississippi river. The political complexion of the state is dark brown; there is no evidence of fairness in it whatever. Crops are uncertain. On account of the frequency of elections, the farmers have no time for planting. They don't make any attempt to grow wheat, but they buy a great deal, and with what

they have on hand now expect to raise a big batch of light bread. Bread is an unnecessary article to the people of the state because the river water can be eaten. Hartung has several slices of it in his trunk. The atmosphere is completely filled with very thick air, both in the day and in the night. It has a peculiar effect on the outside of linen, for that reason most of the people wear their linen wrong side out, as Crowley does. Chicago is a good thing for Notre Dame to play baseball in. Since the civil war the state has not produced a president. The nearest approach to it is Fred Schillo as Football Manager; for next year another great man that happened to be from there is Norwood Gibson. He is a baseball pitcher now, although he began life on a dairy farm as a milk pitcher. The seal of the state is a fac-simile of a sugar-cured ham. There is space for a factory brand on the seal, and it will be sold to raise money to sink a canoe.

—The Varsity basket-ball team met its first defeat last Saturday night at the hands of the First Regiment team of Chicago. Although Notre Dame played earnestly, they were no match in size or team-work for their soldier-opponents. Aside from some sensational basket-throwing by the visitors and some excellent individual work by O'Shaughnessy, Stiener and Donovan, the game was not exciting. William McNichols, a Carroll Hall product, played daringly, and secured a beautifully thrown basket. The game was well attended, the Carroll Hall Gymnasium being crowded. At a meeting held after the game, Martin O'Shaughnessy was chosen Captain by the team. This is the way it was done.

FIRST REGIMENT.

	Goals from field, 29	Goals from fouls, 6
Bestrow, f.	6	0
Buss, f.	2	0
Kellog, c.	1	3
Krafter, g;	5	1
Reynolds, g.	4	0
Recard (sub.)	3	1
Haser (sub.)	4	0
Carr (sub.)	4	1
Wilson (sub.)	0	0

Total number of points scored, 35.

NOTRE DAME.

	Goals from field	Goals from fouls
Donovan, f.	1	0
Cornell, f.	1	0
O'Shaughnessy, c.	0	2
Steiner, g.	0	0
Fennessey, g.	0	0
Burns (sub.)	0	0
Geoghegan (sub.)	0	0
McNichols (sub.)	1	0
Donahue (sub.)	0	0

Total of points scored, 8. Officials:—Lorenzer (1st reg.), Riggaman (1st reg.); Hering, Notre Dame. Timer, Green.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The St. Cecilians held their third regular meeting Wednesday evening. The program appointed for the occasion was well carried

out, and all those who were assigned parts are deserving of praise for the manner in which they contributed toward the evening's entertainment. The arguments on both sides of the debate, "Resolved, That a bad book is more pernicious than a bad companion," were so well chosen and rendered that the judges decided that the result was a tie. The speeches of T. J. Murray and William Shea were deserving of special commendation. Their efforts should act as an incentive to the other members.

Owing to the religious duties incumbent on most of the students Thursday evening, the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held no meeting. In view of the fact that next Thursday is the day set apart for the Income Tax debate, and the students are working so diligently on it, President Carmody deemed it advisable to defer this debate indefinitely, and allowed them as much time as possible on their preparation for the Income Tax debate. The subject is one of more than ordinary importance, and opens fields of the very widest research. For those who are fortunate enough to be chosen, there is not alone honor and credit to be gained, but a broad and thorough knowledge of one of the most difficult national questions that ever agitated a nation. There is a "superabundance" of enthusiasm manifested by the students who are to participate, and they appreciate the fact that they must work earnestly to make any impression, so diversified is the talent of that body. The present society if maintained as it should be, will, no doubt, develop into a school of oratory that may rival the old Greek school of the same nature, and may soon turn out orators and statesmen who might exchange laurels with Cicero and Demosthenes.

The Law School Debating Society reorganized for this term last Saturday evening. The following officers were elected: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes, Deán; 1st Vice-President, Edward J. Walsh; 2d Vice-President, Frank P. Dreher; Recording Secretary, Samuel Spalding; Treasurer, Peter Kearney; Critic, Paul J. Ragan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Wynne. For Corresponding Secretary, Mr. S. Brucker and Mr. Weadock tied on two ballots. The balloting will be resumed at the meeting this evening. The question for debate tonight is: "Resolved, That all commercial nations should adopt one monetary standard, and that standard be gold. Ragan and O'Shaughnessy will uphold the affirmative, and will be opposed by Walsh and Weadock.

—That miserable little captain, whom we took such gracious care to laud in our local verse, has deserted us; he told us that seek for drinking water to go to the regions where we could not get anything more than steam or boiling pitch for our thirst. It is true, we did not present to him a larger pitcher; but after such good will, he should have purchased one

himself and trotted dutifully down to that frozen pump for our liquid collation. Indeed, if he persists in refusing to give drink to the thirsty, the thirsty must persecute him, even if he will suffer martyrdom in his obstinacy.

—J. Douglas Landers, *littérateur*, tobacco chewer, billiard player and hot spot, has given us his biography for publication in our "Great Men of Today" column, and we print the same herewith:

"I was born when quite young and have lived ever since. When about the size of a rye loaf, I threw off the cloak of parental protection, and went forth into the big, broad, struggling world with nothing but a pair of broad shoulders and a stout heart. (I don't mean that I consisted of nothing more than a pair of shoulders and a heart. See?) I was determined to live or die, and with the encouraging motto, "Conquer or Fail," ever before my mind, I launched my raft on the sea of life, bound for the brilliant harbor of success; but somehow or other she missed connections. For awhile I worked at odd jobs, the oddest part of them being that I didn't draw my salary half the time. Finally, I secured employment with Messrs. Cheap, John & Co., a firm handling everything they could get their hands on. The firm told me I had to be light fingered in my position; but when the proprietor saw me looking at my elongated digits, he fired me. I don't know why. Since that time I have been on the Board of Trade (and off again); have handled wheat (in front of a feed store), and, in short, have been in many situations, mostly unpleasant, however. Occasionally I wrote for the Merrill Bazoo. I have a wonderful imagination and keen insight (when there is anything in sight), and my stories are good, because I know what authors I am getting them from. In closing, I will say good-bye, dear readers."

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Cornill, Confer, Duffy, Dükette, Delaney, Dreher, Eggeman, Fitzpatrick, Franey, Follen, Flynn, Foley, Fox, Geoghegan, Gilbert, Hanhauser, Haley, Hartung, Kearney, Landers, Medley, Mott, Miller, Mingey, J. Murphy, Monahan, Morris, McConn, McGinnis, M. McCormack, McKinzie, O'Sullivan, Pulskamp, Rowan, T. Steiner, S. Spaulding, Stuhlfauth, Wurzer, Welker, Weadock, Ward.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

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Hanley, Holahan, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, A. Hayes, Howell, Hoban, Hering, Henneberry, J. E. Hayes, Hermann, J. Hesse, Jennings, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Jerrell, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kasper, Kangley, Kessler, Kiley, Keith, Kaul, Kennedy, Kramer, Lins, Lampert, Merz, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Murray, Morrison, McKenzie, Francis McCallen, Francis McNichols, A. McDonald, Morales, Mulligan, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Sullivan, Otero, Odena, Pickett, Posselius, Pim, Powell, J. F. Ryan, Reising, H. Revels, San Roman, S. Sullivan, Schubert, Sauer, Shiels, J. Sanford, St. Louis, Schwartz, Singler, Scott, C. Schermerhorn, A. Simpson, Spalding, Swonk, Sossoman, Smogor, Tomlinson, F. W. Thacker, J. Taylor, Thams, Van Hee, Vogt, Wynne, L. Wiczorek, Robert Wilson, J. Woolverton, F. Waters, R. Wilson, W. Ward, G. Wilson, White, E. Wagenman, Wells.

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