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No. II.

A Rondeau.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

WHEN Summer's gone and Winter's nigh
My farewell tribute is a sigh;
For Autumn snows are on the ground,
And underneath dead leaves are found
Entombed and shrouded where they lie.

Through swirling snow I can't descry
The sun that holds his course on high.
With desolation all is gown'd,
When Summer's gone.

E'en though there's brightness in the sky
The signs of death offend mine eye;
And birds that once were all around
Have gone with grace and gladsome sound.
With them I too content would fly
When Summer's gone.

Food Adulteration.

JOHN W. FORBING, PH. C., '97.

THE concern man has in sustaining life is in some degree attendant on his love of self. His first care should be that his sustenance be the best, yet, Americans seem to have grown careless in this regard. We accept, with grace worthy of the genuine, innumerable imitations. Through ignorance apparent cleanliness and palatableness satisfy the greater number of food consumers; and this fact tempts the dealer and the manufacturer to debase pure commodities for pecuniary profit.

A man that has devoted the greater part of his life seeking methods for our diversion finally came to the conclusion that Americans, as a people, like to be fooled, and I may add, to put it mildly, like to fool. Certainly in each saying there is a decided tint of truth. A gen-

tleman smoking a ten-cent cigar perfumed with valeriana and cumarin, would possibly ridicule an acquaintance caught smoking an Havana stogy; though cigar and stogy may have been made of the same Kentucky tobacco.

The earliest notices of adulteration are those of the ancient sophistications practised by the Greek and Roman traders. The alloying of gold and silver with baser metals may be accepted as the first step toward the substitution of the fraudulent for the genuine. The well-known tale that some two and a half centuries before Christ, Archimedes discovered a base metal in the crown of Hiero is an early example. Vitruvius, in his work on architecture, claims minium was adulterated with lime. Discorides alludes to the addition of the milky juice of glaucium and lactuca to opium. Pliny describes several ingenious artifices practised by bakers to give false weights to their products. Greek history also claims Canthare was able to impart to new wines the flavors of age and maturity. He was such an adept in the making of ingenious mixtures as to be commemorated in the proverb "Artificial as Canthare."

In those early days this dishonesty was punished quite severely, though to England, in the reign of John, we are indebted for the first statute, "Assize of Bread," specially prohibiting adulteration. The original object of the assize was to compel the bakers to sell their loaves at a price proportionate to that of the wheat used. As we can readily deduce, its influence was the reverse of what was intended. On account of its restrictions the bakers, who often suffered unjustly, were compelled to make up their losses by nefarious practices. They increased the weight of their products by the addition of coarsely powdered alum, inert mineral substances and lumps of iron.

Besides the wholesale and retail dealers of England, those of France and Germany contaminated their wares during the Middle

Ages. The most conspicuous products suffering sophistication were those of wine and beer. In France wine was adulterated with such drugs as *raison de bois*, yellow oxide of lead, Indian wood, and other things. At that time these frauds were with difficulty detected. Even as late as 1830 an English expert chemist declared adulteration an "art and mystery." As science progressed the frauds occasioned by combined genius and avarice grew to be so artful, complex and abundant as to necessitate the appointment of public food analysts.

The extent of adulteration is amazing. Dr. Abbot of Massachusetts claims that 15 per centum of the food consumed in 1890 was adulterated and that such an estimate would give the startling figures of \$675,000,000 a year loss to the people of this country.

In looking over the reports of the investigations made in recent years by the United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Chemistry, I was struck by the enormous amount of work done by these worthy gentlemen in unearthing such frauds. Yet, I am led to believe that food adulteration, in spite of their commendable efforts, is steadily on the increase. Alex. J. Wedderburn, an expert Chemist, declares "that every article of food is to a greater or less extent the subject of adulteration."

There are few indeed who have an insight into the extent to which this damaging imposition is practised. Is not that manufacturer a degenerate rogue who, when selling you a package of pepper, forgets to add to the words "pure pepper" on the label, those of "compounded with burnt meal, buckwheat hulls, mustard, etc.?" As an illustration that adulteration may affect not only the morals of the people but also their health and finance, permit me to quote from Bulletin No. 25 published in 1892 by the authority of the United States Secretary of Agriculture, the following:

1. That adulterations exist to an extent that threatens every species of food supply.

2. That while these adulterations are mainly commercial frauds practised by unscrupulous manufacturers, manipulators and dealers, for the purpose of deceiving their customers and adding to their gains, yet, there are also to an alarming extent poisonous adulterations that have in many cases not only impaired the health of the consumers but frequently caused death.

(To be Continued.)

Varsity Verse.

ALFIUS ILLE FÆNERATOR.—HORACE, *Epode II.*

That man is blest who free from new pursuits
Without a care of what his recent loans
May bring, but like the man of yore doth drive
The ox, and till the land his father held.
Unlike a soldier 'larmed by savage fleets,
He does not shudder at the angry sea;
He shuns the forum and the men of wealth,
Those mighty ones that ever homage claim.

So when the tender vines are creeping forth
He binds them to the silver poplar tree,
And with his pruning-hook lops off a twig
That rots, or grafts it with a fertile shoot.
Or in the distant dell he vigil keeps
Upon the lowing herds of browsing kine,
Or takes the honey from the comb, and lays
It up in new-washed jars, or shears his sheep.

But when the harvest comes, and fields and trees
Make glad the eye that looks upon the fruit,
What joy is his to pluck the grafted pears
And purple grapes, of which with Priapus
He shares; Silvanus, too, he keeps in mind!
To lie beneath the old oak tree betimes,
Or rest upon the downy grass, is sweet,
While from the lofty bank the babbling brook

Is heard, and warbling songsters from the boughs
Send forth the welling song in cadence sweet,
Which makes a dream steal o'er the gladdened soul.
But when the winter comes with rain and snow
He hunts the fearless boar that many dogs
On every side, and blows to boot, withstands;
Or sets with slender props his wide-meshed snares
To lure the hungry thrush by wily baits,

Or noose the timid hare and foreign crane.
A quarry like to this delightful is.
Who then that lives this simple life does not
The little trials forget that care may bring?
But if it pleases him to wed a wife,
And pretty youngsters in the home to see,
A modest Sabine damsel tanned by sun
Such as Apulian maids that thrifty are,

Would make a pleasant fire of seasoned wood
When home he weary comes. Besides she'd pen
The sated flock, make full the pails with milk,
Lay up new wine in dainty casks, and thus
Without expense the table lay with food.
The Lucrine oysters give not greater zest,
Nor rhomb nor scar that hither come from chill
Of eastern seas, nor Guinea fowl, nor grouse,

Than olives from prolific trees, or dock
That loves the mead, or mallow that again
Restores the sick to health, or lamb, the roast
At yearly feasts, or kid snatched from the wolf.
Besides these feasts, what joy it gives to see
The pastured sheep go toward the fold, the ox
With weary neck draw but a shareless plough,
And home-born slaves around the household gods!
'Twas thus to me the broker Alfius spake
Then gathered in his scattered store of gold,
As if to buy a farm, yet lo! a trick—
He loaned it out again at higher rates. J. M. B.

Brigadier-General William Francis Lynch.*

When Notre Dame men talk of those of our students that were soldiers during the Civil War, the first names recalled are those of William Francis Lynch and Robert W. Healy, who left the campus almost together as boys, and were mustered out of the service at the end of the great struggle as generals, still little more than boys in years, but serious men in mind through the experience of a terrible responsibility faithfully borne.

Lynch was born at Rochester, New York, March 12, 1839: he was therefore only twenty two years of age when the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter. His parents were Irish. His father, Timothy Lynch, was a merchant, a man of strictest integrity, a good citizen, respected by his neighbors. His mother, an amiable gentle woman, died when he was only about fifteen years of age. She was beloved by all that knew her and the tradition we have of General Lynch leads us to surmise that, despite her early death, she had much to do with the formation of the elements of gentleness and refinement

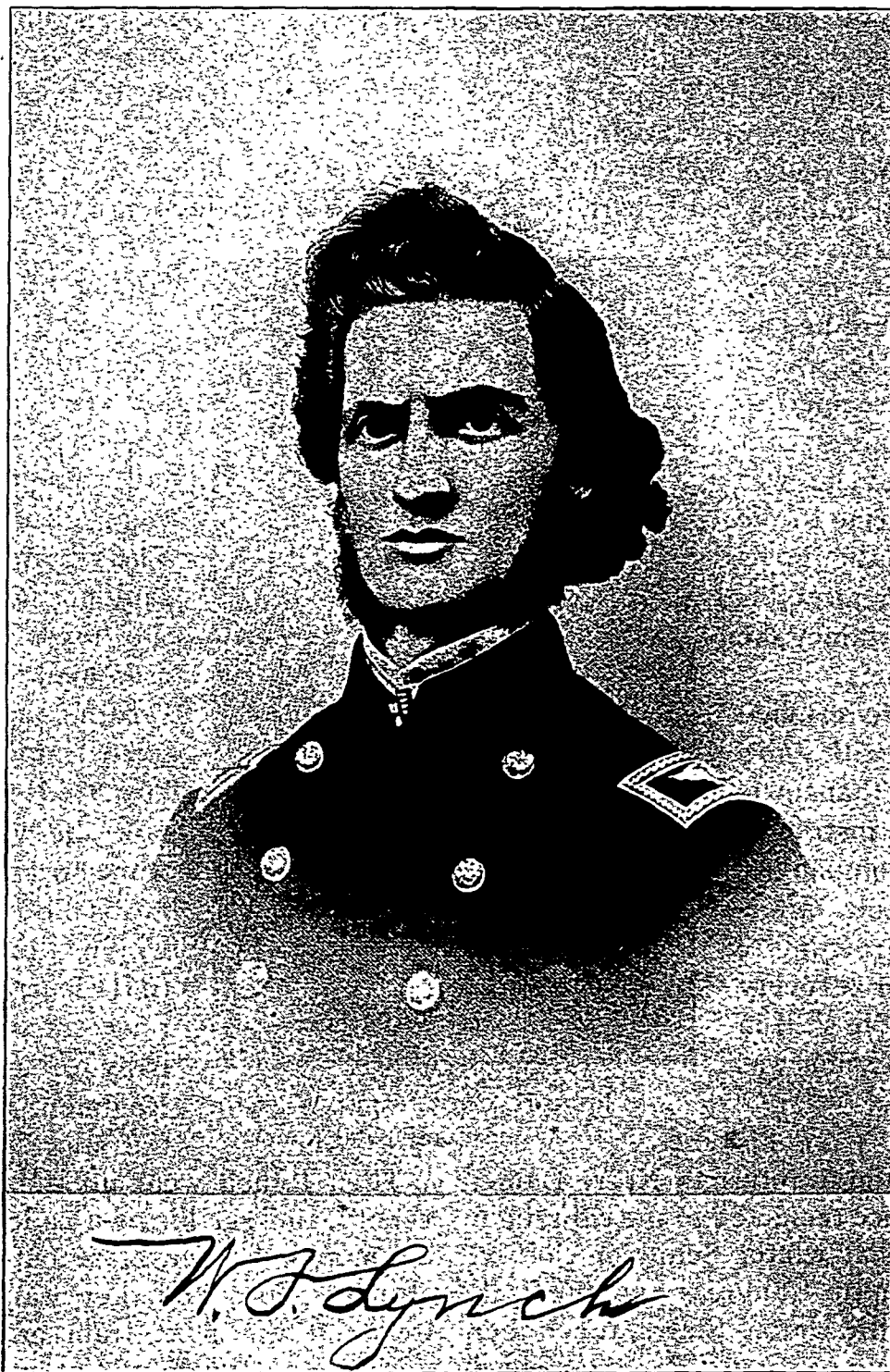
* For most of the information contained in the following sketch we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. A. Spillard of Chicago who is engaged upon a history of the 58th Regiment Illinois Vols. during the Civil War.

that showed in his character through all his strength.

Even as a boy he was an ardent leader of his fellows. He would get up between schools contests, which took the form of "spelling bees," because there was no football in those days, and he would take his followers to towns outside Elgin, Illinois, where he spent most of his early life, to struggle for scant fame.

His enthusiastic spirit urged him to read any book he could lay his hands upon. In the winter of 1858, a military company, called "The Elgin Continentals," was organized in his town, and he at once joined it. He was carried away with love for this amateur soldiering, so much so, that school work was neglected.

His father sent him to Notre Dame, and one of the motives for this action appears to have been a wish to get him away from the glamour of the Elgin uniform. At Notre Dame he found among the students a



military company; Robert W. Healy, afterward Gen. Healy, was captain of this company, and Lynch very soon was its drill-master. The name of the company was changed to "The Notre Dame Continental Cadets." Evidently the Elgin organization, working through Lynch's affections, was the remote cause of this choice of name.

Healy was graduated in the Class of '59,

and Lynch succeeded him as Captain of the Cadets. Lynch himself left the University before graduation, but he received the degree A. B. in 1865. The new captain succeeded in having the uniform changed, and the result was striking and very pleasing. They adopted the uniform of the American Revolution: a blue swallow-tailed coat with the regulation brass buttons and buff facings, buckskin knee-breeches, riding-boots, and a cocked hat with a tricolored plume. The picture here of a student of that time gives a faint notion of this handsome uniform, and it is a pity a crack company of men from Sorin, Brownson, and Corby Halls do not revive the old dress.

Lynch's love for military work carried him away at Notre Dame more than it had at Elgin. He was the leader now where he had been a private. He was a hard student; he seemed to do nothing by halves; but his father thought he was giving too much time to the company, and, to the boy's chagrin the winter after his election to the captaincy, he was ordered home.

While at Elgin he resumed his connection with the "Continental" of that town. That winter a new instructor drilled the Elgin company so thoroughly that they afterward travelled through the country, and won prizes everywhere by remarkable skill in military tactics. Lynch was with the company.

In September, 1860, his father permitted him to return to Notre Dame, where he was at once reelected to the captaincy of the Cadets. That winter Schuyler Colfax, afterward Speaker of Congress and the 17th Vice-President of the United States, the father of the present Mayor of South Bend, reviewed the Cadets. Colfax's grandfather was the Commandant of Washington's bodyguard during the Revolution, and the continental uniform of the Notre Dame boys must have been especially interesting to him. Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's governor, also had reviewed the Cadets, and both these men remembered Lynch to his advantage when the war broke out.

When the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter

in April, 1861, there was, of course, much excitement at Notre Dame. Up to the present time we have not been able to ascertain how many of our students enlisted in the Federal armies. Seven of the clerical faculty became chaplains, and about sixty of the students left for the front at the beginning of hostility; but there is no record of those that had been students before the war and who enlisted between '61 and the surrender of Lee.

On April 17, 1861, Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, and the citizens of South Bend met in the Court House to take action upon the question before the country. Schuyler Colfax was present. There were many speakers and all counselled moderation. They spoke alike,

and the meeting was producing no result.

Lynch was in the hall. The lad grew tired of what he deemed platitudes; his heart was sore. He stood up, tall, soldierly; his Irish eyes were glittering, his face pale. The vibrant ring of the first sentence he rattled out above the heads of the good citizens made them catch their breath. In five minutes they were frantic; and when the boy told them at the end how he was going to the front to shed the last drop of his blood if needed for the Union, the audience leaped to its feet; cheer after cheer rang out wildly, and a company of the First Indiana Regiment was organized on the spot.



MR. JOHN H. CODY, '65, Ft. Wayne, a Notre Dame Continental Cadet.

Then Lynch went up the road to the University, and set his own cadets afire, or rather, he merely let the blaze out—they were afire already. To a boy they wanted to go to the front by the next train and put down the uprising of the South at once. The Captain of the Cadets went down to Indianapolis and told Governor Morton what the boys had determined to do, but the Governor was already bewildered by applications from companies clamoring to be sent to war, just as happened at the beginning of the late Spanish war, and he told Lynch to wait.

The President of the University in the meantime had heard of the decision of the

Cadets. He knew that he was responsible to the parents of the boys, and he called the Cadets together. He praised them for their good spirit, but he assured them he had no authority to let any boy under twenty-one years of age enlist without the permission of a parent or guardian. What he did was perfectly correct under the circumstances, especially as at that time the seriousness of the situation was not in any degree evident.

Lynch came back from Indianapolis utterly disappointed, and he found the President's command before him. Then Lynch and the older boys in the Company left the University to enlist. It is said that about sixty boys went out. South Bend was the nearest place offering a uniform and musket, and Lynch went there and at once enlisted as a private. His company was sent to Indianapolis where it remained in camp a month. Then it was sent home because the Indiana quota was complete without it.

Lynch went to Chicago. Colonel James A. Mulligan of that city had already received permission from the War Department to recruit an Irish Brigade. Lynch enlisted under Mulligan as a private in the 23d Regiment Illinois Volunteers, which was the nucleus of the projected brigade.

The young man soon became Sergeant-Major, and he left with the 23d Regiment for the campaign in Missouri. While they were at Jefferson City, Missouri, Colonel Mulligan took up again the work of filling out a brigade. He sent some officers to Saint Louis to recruit a regiment, and Lynch was detailed to go with these men. He left Saint Louis for Elgin, and enlisted some men there. In August he returned to St. Louis, and found that the men who were trying to organize the brigade had played false with him—they had offered the commission already promised to him to at least two other aspirants. Here the character of the young man showed itself. He wasted no words, but went at once to Springfield, Illinois, and laid his case before Gov. Yates. Then he asked the Governor for authority to recruit a regiment himself. Remember, he was only twenty-two years of age at the time.

It happened that only a few days before this time the War Department had given Illinois permission to organize ten more regiments. Governor Yates was impressed so favorably by Lynch's manner that he at once asked the boy if he knew any prominent man in public life from whom might be obtained an

assurance that he was capable of commanding a regiment. Lynch referred him to Schuyler Colfax and Governor Morton. Yates telegraphed to both these men. Colfax answered: "Good young man—give him a chance."

Morton answered the long telegram in two words: "None better."

Adjutant General Fuller of Illinois was acquainted with the young man and his father, and Fuller also was favorably disposed. The Governor told Lynch to go ahead, to recruit the 58th Illinois Infantry, and get his men together at Camp Douglas, Chicago.

In December, 1861, the regiment was nearly recruited. Then the Governor added to it a partly organized regiment that had been formed by Isaac Rutishauser. Lynch was made Colonel and Rutishauser, Lieutenant-Colonel. Lynch had left Notre Dame in April as a private, and in December he was a Colonel, and every obstacle had been overcome by himself alone. In February, 1862, Halleck sent Grant and Commodore Foote against Fort Henry on the Tennessee River near the Kentucky border. Lynch's Regiment was with Grant. Foote arrived before Grant and captured the fort, and when the army arrived, a half-hour late, Grant took command.

Fort Donelson was over on the Cumberland River, eleven miles from Fort Henry, and Grant determined to attack it at once. The direction of these rivers, their navigability, and the passage they offered behind the Confederate armies in Kentucky and Tennessee made the capture of this obstacle very important. General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs" claims that he himself initiated the attack on Fort Donelson, because he was aware of the importance of the place to the enemy. He supposed that the Confederates would reinforce it rapidly.

The three divisions of the Federal army that invested Fort Donelson were commanded by Generals J. A. McClernand, C. F. Smith, and Lew Wallace. Colonel Thayer commanded a brigade in General Wallace's division, and Lynch with his regiment was in this brigade. Gen. Wallace, in an article in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1884, on the Capture of Fort Donelson, says:

"The night of the 14th of February fell cold and dark, and under the pitiless sky the armies remained in position so near each other that neither dared light fires. Overpowered with watching, fatigue, and the lassitude of spirits which always follows a strain upon the faculties

of men like that which is the concomitant of battle, thousands on both sides lay down in the ditches and behind logs, and whatever else would in the least shelter them from the cutting wind, and tried to sleep. Very few closed their eyes."

Surely young Lynch did not sleep. His raw recruits were yet to receive their baptism of fire. All the next day the 58th waited inactive, listening to the roar from the South where the Confederates were trying to cut their way out through McClernand's division, and succeeding in the attempt.

On the 16th, the Confederate General Buckner advanced, and was met by Wallace's division. Lynch's regiment was on the right of the Federal line when the Confederates appeared. Gen. Wallace tells us, "The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope of the hill was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the contest was over. The assailants fell back in confusion and returned to their retrenchments."

The retreating regiments from McClernand's division reformed behind Thayer's brigade. Then Grant himself came up and ordered that the ground lost on the right be recovered. General Wallace made the attempt and he succeeded. There was a new disposition of the regiments, and Lynch's men were taken out of Thayer's brigade and put on the left of Wallace's line. At nightfall the Confederates had been driven back again into their works.

When night came the command bivouacked without fire or supper, and began to look after their wounded in the frozen woods. The next morning when they were preparing for an assault, they found white flags on the Confederate entrenchments. This was the first real Federal victory of the war, and Lynch was conscious, when the drums called the men out on the blood-stained snow that Sunday morning and they learned that Grant had captured over 15,000 effective men with all their munitions of war, that his regiment had been part of the division which retrieved the reverse of the first day's battle.

The capture of Fort Donelson broke the Confederate line in the West. It was the entering wedge that opened the Mississippi. The Confederates abandoned Columbus and Nashville, and went South to Corinth in Mis-

issippi, with Halleck's army in three parts following them. Grant still had command of one of these corps, and Lynch with the 58th Illinois was with him. The regiment was in Gen. Sweeny's brigade of W. H. L. Wallace's division. Near Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River at the point where Mississippi and Alabama join the State of Tennessee, was fought on Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, 1862, the great Battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, as it is sometimes called. "Shiloh was a log meeting-house some two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing," says General Grant in his article in the *Century Magazine*, and he adds: "It was the key to our position and was held by Sherman."

Grant's army was stationed along the Tennessee River, which runs northward at Pittsburg Landing. From the 3d of April until the regular battle of the 6th and 7th continual skirmishing was carried on. The Confederates were commanded by General Albert Sidney Johnson, a man from whom the South expected great results. He was shot in the leg during the first day's battle and he bled to death.

Johnson attacked Grant unexpectedly on the 6th before Buell, who was coming with reinforcements, could join the Federal army. General Lew Wallace had been ordered down with 5000 men from a camp a few miles above Pittsburg Landing, but through some misunderstanding he did not arrive until too late for the first day's fight.

On the 6th, the division of General W. H. L. Wallace and that of General Benjamin Prentiss were at the center of Grant's line, and they held the Confederates back so long despite the Federal defeat elsewhere that, according to the Confederate General, William Preston Johnson, "this delay was the salvation of Grant's army." (*Century Magazine*, vol. 29, p. 627)

Lynch with his regiment in W. H. Wallace's division was at the center supporting Prentiss. That center held fast from ten o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon. General W. P. Johnson said: "On the Federal left center W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlbut were massed, with Prentiss's fragments, in a position so impregnable and thronged with such fierce defenders that it won from the Confederates the memorable title of the 'Hornets' Nest.'"

Gen. Grant, in his account of the Battle of Shiloh says that "In one of the backward moves on the 6th, the division commanded by General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, which

enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2200 of his officers and men." Col. Lynch was one of the officers captured by the Confederates at the Hornets' Nest, and he was wounded before he was taken. Thus in his first two battles—and these were among the most important of the war—he was with the troops that saved the day.

Col. Lynch was sent to Madison, Georgia, by his captors, and finally to Libby Prison at Richmond, where he remained until he was paroled Oct. 15, 1862. He was exchanged at "Camp Parole," Annapolis, Md., and he went to Washington, where he received an order to recruit and reorganize his regiment.

Soon afterward, about Jan., 1863, he was at Camp Butler, some six miles east of Springfield, Illinois, of which camp he was made Post Commandant. The 58th Illinois Infantry and a detachment of the 16th Illinois Cavalry were stationed at the camp. In vol. v., series ii. of the official records of the War of the Rebellion published by the War Department, is given Lynch's correspondence with regard to Confederate prisoners held at Camp Butler. In that same volume of the records is a report, made March 21, 1863, by Capt. H. W. Freedley, 3d Infantry, to the Commissary-General of Prisoners in which Freedley censures the discipline of the Post. It may be safely presumed, however, that the new recruits were not yet habituated to military life. Col. Lynch remained in command at Camp Butler until the end of June, 1863; then the 58th went to Cairo, Ill., and its companies were scattered for duty in various places.

When Vicksburg fell the Mississippi was opened to the Gulf, and one of the expeditions made to keep it open was that to Meridian, Mississippi, by Sherman. This raid was planned in January, 1864, and on February 3, Sherman started after his own cavalry with 25,000 men. The 58th Illinois was with Sherman. Lynch and his men were in the First Brigade of the third division, under General A. J. Smith. The regiment took part in the action at Big Black, February 5, and in the other actions until Meridian was reached.

On March 5, 1864, at Canton, Mississippi, while on the return toward Vicksburg from the Meridian raid, Lynch was put in command of the First Brigade. He was thus an acting Brigadier-General a week before he had completed his 24th year of age. He held this command until he was wounded on May 18 of that year. The following letter explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS, DETACHMENT,
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 12, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. HENRY W. HALLECK, CHIEF OF STAFF.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to introduce to you hereby Col. Wm. F. Lynch, Fifty-Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, who has been serving for the past eighteen months in my command as regimental and brigade commander.

He entered the service in April, 1861, as a private, and afterward raised the 58th Illinois, and was mustered into the service with it Dec. 24, 1861. Since that time he has been in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh (where he was captured after a heavy loss in officers and men), Fort De Russy, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou, La., in which last battle he was severely wounded in the leg while cheering his men in the charge.

As a regimental and brigade commander, he has few equals in energy, decision, and tact in the service; as an officer he is cool and courageous, and as a gentleman courteous and refined.

His services and ability entitle him to a higher position than the one which he now holds, and I earnestly recommend that he be appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers as an act of justice and policy.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. J. SMITH, *Maj.-General.*

After the fall of Fort Hudson, July 8, 1863, the Federal government attempted to reestablish its authority in Texas, and the unsuccessful Red River Campaign was one of the efforts made with that intention. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks was sent in command of this expedition. A detachment of 10,000 men from the army of the Tennessee was in Banks' army, and this detachment made up two army corps which were commanded by Brigadier-Gen. Andrew J. Smith. Brigadier-Gen. Joseph A. Mower commanded two divisions of this column, and Lynch's brigade was the first of Mower's first division. In this brigade were the 58th Illinois, the 119th Illinois and the 89th Indiana Regts.

Gen. Smith's troops came down from Vicksburg in boats, and they landed at Simsport, Louisiana, on the west bank of the Atchafalaya River on March 13, 1864. On the morning of the 14th, Smith marched over against Fort De Russy, which was on the Red River about ten miles below Alexandria. The Confederate General Richard Taylor fell back to Alexandria; and on the afternoon of the 14th, Mower, using Lynch's brigade and one other, carried Fort De Russy by assault, with a loss of thirty-four killed and wounded. He captured two hundred and sixty prisoners, eight heavy guns, and two field-pieces.

Captain Thomas O. Selfridge of the Navy, in a paper in the *Century* series of articles on the Civil War ("Battles and Leaders of the

Civil War," vol. iv., p. 362) says: "The capture of Fort De Russy was a most gallant feat, General Mower actually riding into the fort at the head of his attacking column." In the same volume (p. 369) Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was Banks' successful opponent, wrote: "A column of ten thousand men...under General A. J. Smith...advanced with such celerity on Fort De Russy, taking it in reverse, that Gen. Taylor was not allowed time to concentrate and cover this important work, our only means of arresting the progress of the gun-boats."

Taylor evacuated Alexandria and retired about thirty-six miles up the Red River. On March 21, A. J. Smith sent Mower with his two divisions and some cavalry to Henderson's Hill, near Cottle, twenty-three miles above Alexandria, to clear the way across Bayou Rapides. It will be remembered that Lynch's brigade was in Mower's command. The night of the 21st, in a heavy rain-storm Mower skillfully surprised the only cavalry force Taylor had, the 2d Louisiana, and with trifling loss captured nearly the whole regiment. He took two hundred and fifty horses and four guns of Edgar's battery. This capture deprived Taylor of cavalry scouts.

The Federal army moved farther up the river. Gen. Smith marched with Mower on the 7th of April. General Albert L. Lee's cavalry went ahead; the infantry were delayed by a heavy rain-storm; and by April 8 Banks' army was stretched out to the length of a day's march along a single narrow road in a pine forest. It was weakened also by guarding twelve miles of wagons bearing ammunition and provisions. On the afternoon of April 8, Taylor attacked the Federals near Mansfield, and drove them back in utter confusion. A panic spread among the teamsters of the wagon-train, but by night-fall the Federal General Emory had checked the flight.

Taylor pursued the Federals, and on the afternoon of April 8, he was met by Emory and Mower in order of battle. About 5 o'clock, the Confederate General Churchill attacked the left of the Federal line. That part of the Northern line was the weakest in numbers, and on it was posted Benedict's brigade supported on the left by Lynch's brigade. When Churchill attacked, the Confederate General Walker advanced and turned the right wing of the Federal line. The Federals rallied upon Lynch, and then Lynch charged and broke the Confederate right wing. Immediately General A. J. Smith advanced his whole line in a charge

led by Mower, and the Confederates were routed.

Lynch chased the fugitives hotly for about three miles, and he suddenly discovered that he had only about 400 men with him. These pursuers were men from the various regiments of his command, but some were from other divisions. The outsiders had been attracted by the ardor of the young general.

The Confederates began to reform to cut Lynch off. About 3000 of them had stopped and were falling into battle line. The timber favored Lynch: his enemy could not estimate his numbers, and they thought he had a large force owing to the multitude of battle-flags and standards that were with him. He had no desire to repeat his experience as a prisoner of war, and after a volley, he charged with his 400 on the 3000 foes. The Confederates promptly vanished in rout, and Lynch got back to the army unmolested. His brigade, with the remainder of A. J. Smith's division, covered Bragg's retreat until the defeated army re-embarked. Gen. E. Kirby Smith (*loc. cit.*) acknowledged that the Confederates were so badly disorganized that Banks would have had no difficulty in advancing against them if he had tried to do so.

Lynch's brigade was engaged in continual minor actions until on the morning of the 18th of May, he led his men across Yellow Bayou to engage the enemy under Wharton and Polignac. Batteries were posted, but there was no engagement. He had been expecting a visit from his brother, and as it was most probable the enemy would not attack, Lynch obtained permission from Gen. Mower to go to Simsport where he met his brother. The two men were returning toward the brigade when they heard the boom of artillery in front. Lynch left his brother and rode forward at a gallop to join his command. When he reached the front his men were just starting to charge the enemy. He dashed to the head of his brigade, and on they went in a rush.

Suddenly Lynch's leg was shattered by a musket-ball which struck him just below the knee. He was lifted from his horse and carried back to the boats. A Dr. Lucas dressed the wound, and assured the General that the leg could be saved. Dr. Crawford, Lynch's regimental surgeon, came up and insisted that the leg should be amputated. It finally came to be a matter of authority between the surgeons, and as Lucas outranked Crawford, the leg was not taken off.

This is the account given in Mr. Spillard's narrative from which this sketch was compiled, but a member of the Faculty informs me that Gen. Lynch himself said here at Notre Dame after the war: "I had seen so many legs amputated without sufficient cause that I was determined not to lose mine. When they put me on the table, I gave my revolver to my orderly, and told him to shoot the surgeon if he tried to take off the leg." That remark probably had much weight with Dr. Lucas.

Judging from subsequent conditions and the surgery of the time, it would have been better to amputate the leg. Lynch was sorry afterward he had not permitted the amputation—he never recovered from this wound. He had been wounded six times before, but the bullet received at Yellow Bayou was a constant source of pain to him, and it finally was the cause of his death. The battle of Yellow Bayou was not important, but it was a Federal victory. The Confederates lost four hundred and fifty-two killed and wounded, and the Federals lost two hundred and sixty-seven. Lynch was sent home, and he was not able to leave his house until late in 1864. In January, 1863, he had been married to Miss Julia A. Clifford at Elgin, Ill., but he could not keep away from the front, and he went down to Nashville on crutches. He was there a few days before Thomas captured the city; but a man on crutches could do nothing.

This ends his war-record. In the spring of 1866, he was at Buffalo, New York, with Gen. T. V. Sweeny in command of Fenians who were preparing for an invasion of Canada; and in July of that year he received a commission as First Lieutenant in the 42d Regular Infantry. In 1867 he became Captain. According to the records in the War Department, on March 2, 1867, he received the brevet rank of Captain and Major for "gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La.," and the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Yellow Bayou, La."

While he was in the regular army he was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, New York, and at Hart's Island, New York Harbor; he was also in charge of the Freedman's Bureau at New Orleans. His wound kept him on sick leave, and in December, 1870, he was retired from active service with the rank of Brigadier-General. After he had been retired as Brigadier-General a law of Congress reduced him with others to the rank of Colonel, but in a personal

visit to the President, Lynch secured restoration to his rank within ten days of the reduction.

In 1872 he was elected a member of the City Council of Elgin; and shortly afterward he was chosen as a member of the Board of Education of that city. He held both these positions for a number of years. During that time he was a law-partner of Mr. Eugene Clifford. He became Secretary and Treasurer of the Elgin Mining Company, and his connection with this company was the occasion of great pecuniary loss. In September, 1876, General Lynch went to Fort Larned, Kansas, with an intention to take up land. He died at that place, December 29, 1876, and he was buried at Elgin, Illinois.

(We intend to give sketches of other Notre Dame men that served in the Civil War. If any of our readers possess information concerning any student of the University that served in the army or navy of the United States during the Civil or Spanish Wars he will confer a favor by sending the information to us.)

Books and Magazines.

THE STUDENTS' STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. The Funk and Wagnalls Co.

This is by far the best of the small English dictionaries, and our most practical criticism of it is the fact that it has been adopted in the University for general use by the students. The book is a compend of the Standard Dictionary, and it is not the work of one man but of a board of specialists. The English language is too vast to be grasped by one man—it has a vocabulary of about 250,000 words, and even Shakspeare uses only 20,000 of these—and the day of the one-man dictionary is past. There can be no reasonable question of selecting any other small English dictionary now published.

—For us, the most enjoyable portions of the monthly *Ave Maria* are the columns given to "Notes and Remarks." The comments touch on so great a variety of subjects and are written in so sprightly a manner that one feels, while reading them, almost as if he were just holding a little conversation with some person well informed on many of the current questions. The author of these columns never fails to bestow credit wherever it is due, and his readiness in recognizing good work that is being done by those outside of our creed is but an evidence of his fair-mindedness. It is a safe statement that Notes and Remarks are always good for a half hour's profitable reading.

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—As this issue makes its exit from the sanctum, our Varsity is playing the championship game with Purdue at Lafayette. It is sure to be hard fought all the way through, but nevertheless the SCHOLASTIC joins with the majority of the students in believing that the honor of being the first team in the state will be transferred from Purdue to Notre Dame.

—Observation is as much a key to success as hard work. Many a man has plodded diligently for years, nevertheless we find him no farther up the ladder than when he started. An investigation will show that the reason of it is because he worked in too much a mechanical fashion and failed to use judgment and insight. If our colleges can teach young men to work with their eyes and ears as well as with their brains and hands they will have imparted a lesson of no small importance.

—We heartily endorse the plans adopted by Professors Paradis and McLaughlin of giving a series of lectures on art and music. While we are advancing with our other studies, a little insight into the principles of these two

arts will be of much value toward the accomplishment of a finished and broad education. Following the much-repeated saying that art is elevating, the beneficent results of these courses of lectures can not be questioned in the least.

—College life for the present year is now at its climax. Yale and Harvard meet on the gridiron today, and it is doubtful if there is a student at any university that does not await with more or less interest for the result of the game. Princeton and Yale are to have their tussle yet, and in the West, Michigan and Wisconsin are preparing to come together. The gala season will continue until a week from next Thursday when everything will be brought to a fitting close with a round of turkey and the usual spread that makes up the Thanksgiving dinner.

—Few men would be "delighted," "happy to know" or "glad to make the acquaintance" if some one should give them an informal introduction to themselves. As it is, the meeting is a thoroughly formal affair, and one makes one's own acquaintance only when appearances warrant a favorable reception. Hence the general conclusion each forms of himself is that he is a "pretty good fellow," although further acquaintance is not extremely worth seeking after. While this state of affairs permits one to get along with the individual known as 'self' in a fairly agreeable manner, it could be highly improved if the acquaintance were further carried on. 'Self' is a good companion if you use him well and he is entirely at your command. If you make a slave of him, he'll always be one. On the contrary, if you give him a reasonable amount of freedom, insist on his being active, energetic and ambitious, see that he makes the best of his opportunities,—and they are usually boundless,—make him read a great deal and advance himself in every way as much as possible, you will be surprised at his wonderful abilities. He can be genial, versatile and high-minded if you only make these requirements of him. Moreover, remember that he is always with you. Give him a fair show, and you'll have a bosom friend that will follow you even to that time when all the world laughs at the antiquated joke the epitaph writer gets off at your expense, and you withdraw from the Streets of Life to repose in one of the narrow chambers of Heaven's "Annex."

Not Versed in French.

"Paul," said Charley Swain one morning at The Pines, "why did that Miss Velert speak so coolly to you just now?"

"Oh! I don't know," replied Paul Dempster trying to look unconcerned. "Did she appear indifferent toward me?"

"Well, I can't say that she did; but I wondered that you and she did not stop and have a pleasant chat after your meeting yesterday."

"It does look strange to you," replied Dempster; "it was my fault, but I can't help it. You know I have been wishing to meet Miss Velert ever since you and I came to The Pines, and then when I got a chance I made a fool of myself—it's outrageous!"

"I am sorry for that, old man. I thought surely that you and Miss Velert would agree," replied Charley. "Here, take a cigar and cheer up. Don't be downhearted. How did this happen?"

"Thanks! I'll tell you. I was introduced to her yesterday, you know, by that old aunt of hers, and we were immediately engaged in a very pleasant conversation. I tell you she is intelligent and entertaining too. By George! she's got a lot of good sense and wit about her. She was over in Italy last summer, and of course the sights in Venice and Florence were familiar to me as I lived there, so we dwelt upon these things some time, and then drifted off on to literature. Well, we talked about plays and play-writers, then about novels and whom she liked best, and so on. She had a book there—I believe it was one of George Meredith's—and she had just read a striking passage, so she read it to me. Then I don't know how it happened; but she turned the conversation and said 'Parley vous Français,' and I like an idiot answered, 'Oui.' These are the only French words I know, and I don't know how it ever came to my mind to answer her that! I just know she was about to start a conversation in French, and I should have stood there like a big fool, but some ladies came up at that moment and we were interrupted, so I got away as soon as possible."

"Well, that beats the devil!" ejaculated Swain. "'Twould have been rich if she had greeted you with a whole string of French this morning! It's a wonder she didn't!"

"And I should have acted like an idiot. That is beastly luck! just when I thought I was having my best luck, too. It isn't necessary that

she should think me so basely ignorant because I can't talk French; but to do that and then have to show my ignorance afterward!" Paul walked up and down in front of Charley a turn or two, then took a seat in a lawn rocker, crossed his legs, puffed vigorously on his cigar, and finished with—"Well, I'll have to steer clear of her after this, that's all."

The match-making aunties and gossiping old maids had watched the meeting of young Dempster and Miss Velert with respective pleasure and contempt. The kind old aunties whispered confidentially to one another that they "would make a lovely couple," and the old maids declared that Miss Velert had been trying to flirt with Dempster ever since his arrival at The Pines. The young men that were there on their summer vacation looked upon the success Dempster was yet to have with jealous eyes, but determined to bear it as they readily decided they could do nothing else.

Things did not go as those at The Pines had expected, and all heads were set to conjecture what could have come between Miss Velert and young Dempster. Some said she avoided him; others said he avoided her. The other young men told themselves they had given up hopes too soon; the old maids said Miss Velert was the most foolish girl they ever saw; but the old aunties were so outdone they scarcely knew what they did think, and said nothing.

Paul seemed to develop a sudden taste for canoe riding, while Miss Velert loitered about the parlor. Paul avoided her company, and merely spoke pleasantly when he met her. Charley watched her with much disappointment. He expected to notice an eagerness in her manners, and thought she would be curious to know the reason for Paul's actions. The only thing he noticed was she was rather nervous when Paul was in the party with her. He decided that Paul's coldness toward her was so evident that she was insulted.

As for Paul,—he was thoroughly disgusted with himself, and could not agree upon any plan Swain proposed as a means of becoming honorably and intelligently a member of Miss Velert's society. The nearest they came to a plan was for Charley to teach Paul French but this idea was scouted when they thought of the length of their vacation, and when the four weeks had passed Dempster and Miss Velert were almost strangers again.

The evening after these two young men left

The Pines, Miss Velert and her Aunt were strolling together in the park and the good old lady, true to her sex, could hold her curiosity back no longer, so she questioned her niece about her conduct toward Mr. Dempster. The young lady was so embarrassed that her kind aunt almost wished she had not spoken.

"Auntie, dear, it was this way," replied Miss Velert when she had regained her composure, "Mr. Dempster and I were talking about books and I read a passage that I thought was good from a book I had with me. A little farther down on the page I read a French phrase that means "Do you speak French?" He did not notice that I read it, and answered me in French. Before I could show it to him some girls came up, and he soon left us."

"Dear, dear! my, my!" broke in the old lady.

"Well, auntie dear, the next morning when I met him I was so frightened through fear he would greet me in French that I suppose I barely spoke to him. He always seemed indignant after that, and I am so sorry, too, but really I couldn't help it." J. L. C.

Notice to Students.

In last week's SCHOLASTIC we announced that, with the view of obtaining a more widespread knowledge of the general principles of Art, Prof. Paradis would conduct a series of lectures on that subject every week. In order to obtain like results in the musical line Professor McLaughlin will give a course of lectures on the great composers and masters of music. Selections from the different composers will be given in connection with the lectures in illustration of what is being said. We can not insist too strongly on a good attendance at these lectures, for it is perhaps the best opportunity yet offered to the general student body to acquire a speaking acquaintance at least with the great music makers and their productions. Heaven knows that, outside of the musical classes, these men would scarcely be recognized. While we may for pastime spend an occasional leisure hour on rag-time melodies and popular pieces, it is far more important to be able to appreciate music that has more charm than mere time arrangement, or "swing," as it is generally called. Let us get acquainted with music that has harmony for its basis. Prof. McLaughlin's first lecture will be tomorrow evening in the university parlor, and the subject will be Chopin and his works.

Inter-Hall Team, 59; Falcons, 0.

Last Sunday afternoon, the Brownson Hall campus was crowded with students and visitors who came to witness the football game between the Inter-Hall team and the Falcons of South Bend. Both elevens were in splendid condition when they came upon the field, and many of the spectators looked forward to a victory for the Falcons, as they seemed to have a slight advantage over our men in weight. Calculations of this kind, however, were soon nipped in the bud by the persistent manner in which the Inter-Hall line-men withstood the heavy mass plays sent against them and the agility shown by the backs and ends when given the ball. The visiting team showed a lack of knowledge as to the finer points of the game, resorting wholly to sheer strength, which yielded them very little, as the ball was never in their possession for more than three successive downs at any time during the struggle.

The most commendable play of the game was Gaffney's place kick from the Falcons' thirty-yard line. Pim placed the ball, and as the kick was made from a point near the north side line, much credit must be given both gentlemen for their accurate judgment.

The defensive work done by Hierholzer, Stephan, Lennon and Ed. Hayes, put a stop to many of the visitor's line plays. Becker proved to be a good man at quarter; while the fast interference work of Brown, Coleman and O'Hanlon, brought Morgan around left end for many a long run.

For the visitors, Kowalski and Moon played a fast game; Irishski's punting was quite a surprise to the local players. On several occasions he sent the pigskin a distance of forty yards. It was pleasing to note that no rough tactics were resorted to by either side.

INTER-HALL TEAM

Morgan	R E
Stephan	R T
Ed. Hayes	R G
Hierholzer	C
Lennon	L G
Pim	L T
O'Hanlon	L E
Becker	Q
Gaffney	R H
Coleman	L H
R. Brown (Capt.)	F B

FALCONS

Moon
Crocker
Cloc
Grabz
Huggard
Potches
Ziglor
Vrubel
Kowalski C.
Irishski
Yank

Touchdowns—Pim, Morgan (4), Coleman (3), Hayes, Gaffney. Goals from touchdowns—Pim (4). Goal from field—Gaffney. Time of halves, twenty minutes. Score. Inter-Hall, 59; Falcons, 0.

William Thomas Ball,
Class of 1877.

On November 9, 1899, at his home in Pasadena, Cal., died William Thomas Ball. His father, William T. Ball, Sr., had removed in the early days of Chicago to that city from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and it was in Chicago that Mr. Ball was born on August 14, 1857. His early training was had in the public schools of that city, and thence in September, 1872, he entered the University of Notre Dame. He received in June, 1877, the degree of Bachelor of Science, and in June, 1895, the University conferred upon him the Master Degree in Science.

Upon the completion of his college course, Mr. Ball became connected with his father's business—that of manufacturing, cooperage and commission. From the death of his father in 1882 until two years since he managed the business under the firm name of William H. Ball & Co. In 1888, Mr. Ball made his first venture in public life. Two days before the city election he was nominated on the independent ticket for Alderman in the Twenty-Fourth Ward of Chicago. Though defeated, he made so strong a showing that the succeeding spring the Republicans nominated him for Collector of the North Town. For three successive years he was chosen to this responsible position, being the only successful candidate on his party ticket. He then held, for two years under Mayor Washburne, the office of City Oil Inspector, having served as the chairman of the republican city central committee during the mayoralty contest. After that, in 1893, 1894 and 1895, he was thrice chosen Assessor of the North Town.

Failing health, then, forced him to abandon public life, and soon to seek a more congenial climate. Threatened with tuberculosis, in 1895, he began to spend his winters in southern California, and in 1897 he permanently removed his interests to Pasadena, which was ever after his home. There on the night of Thursday, the 9th, he passed away. His remains were brought to Chicago, where on Tuesday afternoon he was buried. In 1873, he was married to Miss Adele M. Bertrand of Chicago, by whom he had one son and two daughters.

The death of Mr. Ball, though it was not unlooked for, was a shock to all at Notre Dame, whose memories run back to the days when he was a student. High-minded and

honorable in character, he won the esteem of his preceptors and the love of his classmates. He was ever a leader in the college world, and his intellectual gifts were great. To his widow and orphaned children, the Faculty and students of Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy in the great loss they endure. The name of William Thomas Ball will be cherished by his *Alma Mater* as that of a son who faithfully kept her precepts and honored her by his life. His memory will ever be strong and tender in the hearts of his classmates, who knew and loved him. E.

Exchanges.

The Yale *Courant* for this month gives two very cleverly written articles, one bearing the title "The Kentuckian," and the other "The Test." Both run along with that easy swing and sprightliness that is characteristic of the *Courant* only.

In the *Georgetown Journal*, the verses of W. K. Wimsatt are especially worthy of notice. If we may judge him by his work in this month's edition he is today one of the foremost college verse writers.

We welcome to our exchanges the *News Letter* from the Johns Hopkins University.

From the large universities no better magazine comes to us this month than the *Red and Blue* from Pennsylvania. Everything in it is good, from the first editorial to the comments on other college magazines. The illustrations in it are excellent, and in this respect the *Red and Blue* has a decided advantage over its contemporaries.

Of the new guests at our table there is none more entertaining or up-to-date than the *Western College Magazine*. The fiction in it is far above anything we have found in any other journal. In fact, to speak plainly and give all due credit to the authors, we must say that the stories in this magazine are up to a standard such as we might set for such publications as *McClure's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, etc. The verse is good and the editorials are written with a dash that makes one feel that the editors are wide-awake persons that have been carefully trained in the art of wielding the pen.

HENRY PECK.

Local Items

—The SCHOLASTIC is requested to announce that the lecture course for the present season will be inaugurated next Wednesday afternoon in Washington Hall by Burton Holmes in his now famous lecture on "Manila." During the past few years Mr. Holmes has acquired an enviable reputation as a public speaker on subjects popular and new, and it is said by those who have heard him that the charm of his manner is equaled only by the extent and accuracy of his observation. In a short space of time he has become the most popular lecturer of the day, and he bids fair to rival in fame the great men of the lecture platform whose names, in times not long past, were as household words throughout the land. In no lecture is Mr. Holmes said to excel more than in that on "Manila," which certainly can not fail, in the light of recent events, to prove interesting. The lecture will be illustrated by stereopticon views of scenes and types of the Philippines and the Filipinos.

—"Stubs," get a hair cut, or we will be obliged to cut one for you, or maybe more.

—Every member of the band is earnestly requested to be present at the regular rehearsal tomorrow morning at 9:30.

—ERIC.—"What's the difference between the United States and Europe?"

BILL—"An ocean of difference."

—BROWN—"I wonder if the girls ever skip school?"

CHUCK—"No, but they skip the rope."

—It is easy to see that Corby Hall can not get along without help from the fair sex. Where did you get those silk banners, fellows?

—Nearly half the session has passed and Carroll Hall has not been given a chance to show their ability at gymnastics. This isn't fair.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends sincere sympathy to Mr. Philip Wise who was called to his home in Wilkes Barre, Pa., to attend the funeral of his sister.

—A picked team of Carroll Hall youngsters defeated a team from South Bend Sunday by a score of 18 to 0. D. Madera's tackling was the feature.

—When the reports come in tonight be ready to cheer for the State champion. Our boys will get the diploma conferring that honor upon them today.

—A game between the Varsity and the "Scrubs" is more interesting to the students than a game between the Varsity and the M. A. C. or Englewood team.

—There is 40% more students with uniforms this year than last year. This shows that the drill is becoming more interesting, or that the young men are beginning to see the good they derive from drilling.

—Last Sunday afternoon a young man from Sorin Hall went to South Bend to see the sights and also the "Young Loidys." He spent the afternoon and had a lovely time, but came back at the rate of one hundred and fifty.

—LEFFINGWELL—"How do you think you would sell that music Warbler is playing, if it belonged to you?"

MURRAY—"I'd sell that first part by the chord and the rest by the pound."

—The Carroll Specials got together last week and defeated a team from Brownson Hall by a score of 6 to 0. The Carrollites had things easy and should have had another touchdown. Their goal was never in danger.

—Corby Hall will have a very strong football team on the gridiron to buck against the Brownson team next week for the inter-hall supremacy. A large number of candidates will be out to try for positions on the team.

—The first grand opera held in Corby Hall reading-room proved unsuccessful. "Fatty's" voice became entangled with "Si's," and the entire audience rushed out in conclusion. After this they will be omitted from the program.

—No. 1—"Who's going to win—N. D. or Purdue?"

No. 2—"What's the odds?"

No. 1—"Five to three on N. D."

No. 2—"That cuts no ice. We can beat them anyway."

—The St. Joseph Specials played the All Stars from South Bend Sunday. The score was 20 to 0 in favor of the Specials. The star players were Brand, Lynch, Ritchy and McMahon, for the Specials. Frank Dorian and the little quarter back did excellent work for the visiting team.

—The Antis of Carroll Hall seem to have gone to pieces. They never practise as they were accustomed to. May be they are confident of winning all games by the individual playing of the men. Boys, practise hard, for practice makes perfect. You are good now, but you can become better.

—The Director of the Museum returns his sincere thanks to Mr. A. Vivanco of Orizabo, Vera Cruz, Mexico, for a beautiful specimen which he recently sent to the Zoölogical Collection of fossils. It is a very well-preserved lower jaw of a Mastodon. The specimen is a rare one and is considered of great value.

—If a stranger were to step out on the campus and gaze along the side wall of the new gym, his first impression would be that some army had suddenly sprung up and was besieging the place. The craze for hand and paddle ball, which has taken such a strong hold on the Brownsonites, is responsible for this. The gym wall has been divided into alleys, which are always filled during rec. hours.

—A new club has been organized in Carroll Hall. The object of the club is to promote the

physical culture of its members. The walls of the club-room are decorated by designs that represent all sports. Mr. Krug is President; Mr. Petritz, Director; Mr. Schoonover, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mr. Hubbell, Treasurer; and Mr. Kelly, Secretary. The club has now eighteen members. Our best wishes that the club may succeed.

—The Columbian Society held its regular meeting on Thursday evening, and the following programme was rendered: Impromptu, Mr. Mahony; Notes, Mr. Harrington. The debate, "Resolved, That trusts are not beneficial to the workingman." Affirmative, Messrs. Glynñ and Featherston; Negative, Messrs. Griffith and Lampray; Critic, Mr. Crimmins. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Five new members were added to the society at this meeting.

—An inspiring rhetorician was pondering over Moore the other night to get a theme for his prescribed lines of iambics. The inspiration was a little late, but nevertheless it came, for he was heard to mutter these lines as he arranged his paraphernalia the next morning:

"These morning bells, these morning bells,
How many tales their clamor tells,
Of broken sleep in sweet dream-time,
When first I hear their hateful chime.

Those joyful hours are passed away,
And now I start into the day,
But in my heart there darkly dwells
A hatred for these morning bells.

And so 'twill be when I am goue,
These doleful peels will still ring on,
And other boys will have these spells,
And growl about these morning bells.

—By the invitation of Corby Hall the Rev. Father Robert paid a special visit to the students of that hall after the retreat. He expressed himself as very much pleased to meet the students of Corby Hall by themselves as he had many things to say that pertained to them most particularly. Among other things in his eloquent discourse he brought to mind the fact that the hall is named after his dear friend, Father Corby. Personal recollections of his friendship with Father Corby were related to the boys; and also some reminiscences of Father Corby's chaplain life. He told especially of the famous absolution given to the Irish Brigade before the battle of Gettysburg. After he had finished speaking General Olmstead proposed three cheers for Father Robert, who left the Hall amid the cheers of the students.

—Now that men to represent Notre Dame on the track team are in great demand, it is probably in order to say something about the men who are holding back. Some men are bashful by nature, others acquire it—the latter men we wish to speak of. There is a man in this University with marvellous sprinting powers. If he could only be induced to don a running suit and try his powers on the track, the nation

would be brought to its feet, and the *feats* of fleetness and endurance of Notre Dame's track team would obtain for it national fame. But the gentleman is immovable; he will not consent, and we must be content with our past achievements. The gentleman to whom we refer makes cross country's his specialty. He is equally good on foot or in a buggy. Puzzle—Name the gent. Men who say *noo* (new) wear pants, address their friends as *gents*, and go to see the *doope choo* gum on *Toosday*.

—A regular meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was held on Sunday evening last in Washington Hall, the President, Mr. T. Ahern, presiding. A large number of the members was present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. After the regular business of the society was conducted, the programme arranged for the evening followed. It opened with an address by the President, in which he sought the co-operation of the members in the work in order that the best results might be obtained from the society. Next followed graphophone selections by Mr. Schott which were very good and greatly appreciated by the members. The next number given was by our old friend, Harry V. Crumley. His recitation brought forth the applause of the members, and he was forced to respond to the encore. Instructive talks by Messrs. McGinnis and McInerny followed, in which the evils of intemperance and the great good done by temperance societies were well shown. Graphophone selections again followed, after which the meeting was adjourned. The next regular meeting will be held on the first Saturday evening in December.

—The University Boat Club held its annual banquet on Thursday, November 16. At the President's table were seated the men that were captains of the fall crews. The dining-room presented a gala-day appearance, the flowers and other decorations having been very tastefully arranged. The Reverend Father Regan, President of the boat club, presided over the banquet. He gave the boys a very impressive speech on the work of the club, especially the preparation that is incumbent upon them for the spring races. A Committee was appointed after the dinner to discuss the arrangement of the spring races. They will meet during the winter, and their decisions will be rendered at the club meetings. The committee consists of Messrs. Mullen, Fox, and Stuhlfauth of Sorin Hall; Messrs. Kasper, Berg and Sherlock of Corby Hall, and Messrs. Shea, Emerson and Guerra of Brownson Hall. The Menu of the banquet was as follows:

	Mock Turtle Soup	
Olives		Celery
Chicken Patties		French Peas
Cranberries		French Fried Potatoes
Mince Pie	Harlequin Ice-Cream	
Angel Cake	Cream Puffs	
	Fruit	
Coffee	Tea	Milk

—The mule that shielded Funk, Myers, *et al.* from the attacks of a body of Corbyites during a recent football game, has again kicked himself into prominence. Ever since that eventful day when he met his friends at the game, he has been anxiously awaiting a chance to see them, and many a wicked thought of making a bold dash for freedom and Sorin Hall has he thought. But all his thinks and attempts proved unsuccessful until the other day. The driver had thoughtlessly unhitched him (the mule) and his companion-at-work and left them standing alone. The mule took advantage of this fact and communicated his plans to mule number two. At a given signal, both flapped their ears, winked their eyebrows and started for Sorin Hall. On the way over, however, mule number one decided that the surest way of finding his friends would be to make a tour of the surrounding country. In the meantime, the news of their sudden disappearance had been communicated to headquarters, and a scouting party, composed of Hayes, Daly, Wade and a few others were sent after the offenders. A short distance out the party found track of the mules and then stopped to debate as to what was the best thing to do. Daly was in favor of sending for Funk, but to this Hayes objected, and declared that the best thing to do was to use military tactics and round them up. After three hours of this work, the mules were still at large, and the scouting party was nigh exhausted. Then they resorted to football. But Princeton tandems, flying wedges, etc., had no terrors for the mules, they proving too strong at the bucking and kicking game for their would-be captors. At this point the members of the scouting party lost their patience, and each one resolved a deep resolve with himself to do something desperate. Hayes' resolution proved to be the best; for after a wild leap in the air he landed on the back of mule number one, grabbed both ears and commanded the beast to depart. This the mule did, with number two and the other members of the party close behind. Hayes has now determined to spend the rest of his life writing on "The Docility of Mules;" Daly says that football tactics will not meet his approval hereafter, and Wade will also write a book—his subject is to be "My Uselessness in an Emergency." The other members of the party refused to talk, but declared that they would get even with Funk, Myers and the mules.

—A string of wiener-worsted Heines stealthily left Notre Dame headed for the city of sights in the wee hours while the other men of Sorin Hall were quietly slumbering. The Heine bunch blew into Chicago on the morning breeze and landed flat-footed in one of her immaculate streets. Says Heinie to Heinie, "Where are we at?" Heinie indignant at his friend's apparent dunceness rudely replied, "In Chi-

cago you rube." Says Heinie, "Why, I looked up Chicago in Runt's map before we left and found it shaped just like a pretzel, we couldn't get lost if we were in that burg. But I asked you on what street we were." Says Heinie "all right, we go much quicker a hotel already." And the jolly Heinies wended their uncertain way up State street until they ran plump into a familiar form under the escort of an arm of the law! A little persuasion and some refreshments which miraculously appeared and more miraculously disappeared sufficed to procure the release of the prisoner. He then joined as well as he could the now hilarious Heinies and they continued down the street. Some two blocks away the crowd was horrified to behold another familiar figure ungracefully suspended from a lamp post. The unfortunate was holding a heated discussion with himself about some weighty question and had just told himself a very funny story at which he was laughing hysterically when the Heinies came up. This other good-natured gentleman joined the bunch and they went on until they ran into the hotel. Various interesting things, the sky scrapers, a trip through the city hall for ten dollars and a look at the elevated go along the streets for only fifty cents, occupied the Heinies until night came on and then they repaired to the opera. The Grand Opera sung by Calvé so inspired Heinie that he forgot himself entirely and skipped gayly along the streets humming ditties until he found himself before the footlights. The other Heinies followed their gallant leader. They had bought good seats and were seated in "bald-headed row," tickling each other and ogling at the pretty girls in the audience. How charming thought Hiram, we must appear to these poor girls who don't see the real thing in college men once in a year. The time passed quickly as the audience was very interesting and presently the curtain rose. A dainty Miss appeared behind the footlights in very bewitching costume. Says Heinie to Hiram: "Ain't she sweet?" Says Hiram, "Te-hee-hee! she's a peach. Wonder if that is Calvé." Says Heinie, "Of course it is, you chump; the others will be out in a few minutes. Just then some one wearing a very penetrating voice began to yell beer, cigars and lemonade, etc. Up jumped Hiram as indignant as only Hiram can get. How preposterous to sell beer in such a refined audience. He would have thrashed the man there and then but luckily Minute restrained his arm, and coming out of his trance he led the Heinies meekly out of the Theatre. On the outside they discovered that Pepintta had been performing and not Calvé, while they had been witnessing "The Mystery of the Black Bean," instead of "Carmen." A lengthy debate followed immediately and resulted in the discouraged Heinies taking the first train for South Bend. When anyone mentions Grand Opera in these parts the Heinies try to forget it.