How David Copperfield Learned Short-hand.

The first subject on which I had to consult Traddles was this. I had heard that many men, distinguished in public pursuits, had acquired a knowledge of the Chinese characters, by reporting the debates in Parliament. Traddles, having mentioned newspapers to me as one of his hopes, I had put the two things together, and tens; I mean letters that I wished to know how I could qualify myself for this pursuit. Traddles now informed me, as the result of his inquiries, that the mere mechanical acquisition necessary, except in rare cases, for thorough excellence in it, demands patience and industry; and entire command of the mystery of short-hand writing and reading, was about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages; and that it might perhaps be attained, by dint of perseverance, in the course of a few years. Traddles reasonably supposed that this would settle the business; but I, only feeling that here indeed were a few tall trees to be hewn down, immediately resolved to work my way on to Dora through this thicket, ax in hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Traddles!" said I. "I'll begin to-morrow." Traddles looked astonished, as he well might; but he had no notion as yet of my rapturous condition.

"I'll buy a book," said I, "with a good scheme of this art in it; I'll work at it at the Commons, where I haven't half enough to do; I'll take down the speeches in our court for practice;—Traddles, my dear fellow, I'll master it!"

"Dear me," said Traddles, opening his eyes, "I had no idea you were such a determined character, Copperfield! I did not allow for resolution, with respect to the Parliamentary Debates, to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot, and hammered at with a will; and I began laboriously and methodically to plod over the common tedious ground at a small pace, stopping to examine minutely every speck in the way on all sides, and making the most desperate efforts to keep the wonderful characters by sight wherever I met them, and really did work at the common expression is, like a cart-horse!

...I have, tamed that savage short-hand myself. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper. Night after night I record predictions that never come to pass; professions that are never fulfilled; explanations that are only meant to mystify. I wallow in words, Britannia, that unfortunate female, is always before me like a trussed fowl, skewered through and through with office-pens, and bound hand and foot with red tape. I am sufficiently behind the scenes to know the worth of political life. I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted.

My dear Traddles has tried his hand at the same pursuit, but it is not in Traddles's way. He is a perfectly good-humored short-hand expert, and reminds me that he always did consider himself a Stenographer, or Short-hand Man. In proof of which, I have, tamed that savage short-hand my- self. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper. Night after night I record predictions that never come to pass; professions that are never fulfilled; explanations that are only meant to mystify. I wallow in words, Britannia, that unfortunate female, is always before me like a trussed fowl, skewered through and through with office-pens, and bound hand and foot with red tape. I am sufficiently behind the scenes to know the worth of political life. I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted.

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For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."
way into all our dictionaries, where they have given us definitions of these words that are not only inaccurate but wholly and radically false. The system of short-hand that has been, we may say, universally adopted in this country, is Phonography, and therefore we need mention no other while speaking of the general subject of Short-hand. To show how far from the truth this accepted idea of Stenography is, we have only to give a general statement of its real nature.

Phonography, instead of being an incomprehensible, arbitrary system, is really much more entitled to be called alphabetic than the common long-hand; because, being entirely phonetic, it does perfectly and fully that which is attempted to be performed by the ordinary long-hand alphabet, but which it fails to do from not having enough signs, characters, or letters—it matters not what you call them—namely, the representing of each of the forty sounds of the language by a sign of its own, so that writing shall be to the eye exactly what speech is to the ear.

In the English language there are twenty-four consonant sounds; so Phonography represents them with opposite-four signs, instead of eighteen, as in the long-hand alphabet—omitting the duplicate letters, g, j, and z. There are also some twelve distinct simple vowel-sounds, and four diphthongs or double vowels used for each of these sixteen.

Phonography has a distinct representative, instead of cruelly torturing the miserable little quintet, a i e i u, into performing the entire service.

The public seem to be in a pretty general muddle about these simple facts, and the meaning of the terms "phonetic," "phonographic," "sound-writing," "writing by sound," etc. And even that distinguished gentleman, our present U. S. Attorney-General, appears to have fallen into the ordinary error on this subject, as is shown by his examination of the stenographers who were called on the trial to swear to their reports of certain of President Johnson's speeches. On the cross-examination, the printed official reports of the following questions and answers to have been given:

Q. You have produced a note-book of an original stenographic report of a speech of the President?
A. Yes sir.
Q. By what method of stenographic reporting did you proceed at that occasion?
A. Phonography.
Q. Which is, as I understand, reporting by sound, and not by sense?
A. We report the sense by the sound.
Q. I understand you report by sound wholly?
A. Sign.
Q. And not by memory, or attention to sense?
A. No good reporter can report, unless he always pays attention and understands the sense of what he is reporting.
Q. That is the very point I wish to arrive at: whether you are attending to the sound and setting it down in your notation, or whether you are attending to the sense and setting it down from your memory or attention to the sense?
A. Both.
Q. Both at the same time?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Do your characters are arbitrary, are they not; that is, they are peculiar to your art?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. They are not letters?
A. No, sir.
Q. Hand words?
A. We have word-sounds.
Q. But generally sound-signs?
A. We have signs for sounds, just as the letters of the alphabet represent sounds.

Now, we believe that if Mr. Evarts were called upon to explain what he meant by some questions, he would be very much put to give an answer. If he meant anything, he meant that, according to his understanding of the subject, it makes no difference to a phonographic reporter whether he is taking notes of a Chinese gong, a clap of thunder, the noise of a park of artillery, an Indian pow-wow, a discourse in Arabic, or a speech of Webster! Had the learned counsel shown such a want of knowledge of the principles of chemistry or physics, as he did of short-hand, he never would have heard the last of it. We should be a little careful how we talk of the "Dark Ages," or smile at, and pity the ignorance of our ancestors because they could not read, and make their marks with their sword-pommelets; for, we, too, may need a little indulgence from our posterity. Once it was fashionable to know nothing of long-hand; now it does not injure a man's reputation for learning, to be ignorant of short-hand.—Munson.

The best book from which to learn Phonography is Munson's "Complete Phonographer," price $2 60 post paid, from R. L. Dugdale, 370 Bleeker St., New York.

* * * Though it should!—Oct.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic.

A Pen-and-Ink Picture.

On the floor was baby lying, Tired of his nursing, and his crying, Tired of playthings, one and all, Battle, bugle, drum and ball. He sate, and there, a look of fear, Hark! a voice he hears full well, Whose lying accents haste to tell "Goody" for Ma's darling boy. He hies to stand, the little elf! And walk, and talk, and help himself!

Whiles by his book she seems to be, "I'll not require Ma's aid today." He reads the book, so mothers can,— Already her boy a man; Give him spoon and cup, with Men. His glass is to watch him up. New Tub and Tip not crouching by, And watch him with their watery eye, Crying, we suppose, a share Of lucky Tip's deliveries. Miss Tub was hungry, thirsty Tip, And ban'ting both for bit at all. Bold Tip determines to advance, While Pandy calmly waits her chance To capture and to shew her game While others struggle for the same.

Our "cherub's" eyes were opened wide, And kept strict watch on every side, In search of a sly, as heroes say, To lose his life or win the day! Full soon a simple文科 rose, Well worthy of the right (J. Huns), One-0-one score for the coating test. The babbles with teeth together press'd, His price with smaller group both held Then soberly their chronicles shining, Thus on the floor the baby sat, With Tip in front and Miss Tub at waiting a chance to shew their skill At ancient game of "Jack and Jill." With dashing eyes and bread-bushed tons, Fully determined to bring down Upon the head of dog or cat. A blow as straining and as put As smith's upon the anvil, or Those awful knock-aways in a bloody war, The young Goliath stood at bay To make a target for his shot. Received a sound-shattering blow; While cautious Tab, being far from slow, To profit by poor Tip's ill luck, While from his face and curly beard Of "gooddy" into baby's face! Dang goes the cup and spoon, like drip, Fast passed by the dog and cat. As Ma set laughing at her boy The ninth game was to the taste of joy, While from his face and furry coat She washes off the milk and bread, With nothing words of "Darling boy!" Papa's fond pet and Mammy's joy!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic.

Equality.

Every man before the law is equal.—Declaration of Independence.

Omnis hominis sit natura aequale.—Munier, Ethica.

Qua aequitas hominum natura sunt vera.—Bergler.

The truth thus uttered by these respectable authorities has been familiar to us all from our earliest years. It is one of our principles of thought and speech, as well as of action, and some appear to consider it the fundamental rule on which our whole social edifice is built. Night and day, we hear of no one passing over an agreeable novelty to take a view of the other side;—to consider for a moment those things in which men are unequal? This will perhaps be found merely an amazing mental adventure, but may aid in developing some useful principles, and may put us on our guard against building too much on one foundation, unquestionably solid though it be.

Modern science is analytic. Let us take an analytic view of man, and consider him separately: is to his body; as to his soul; as to the union subsisting between them; as to his social character; and finally as he stands under the workings of human law and government.

In the corporeal view of humanity, we can find little ground for the assertion that all men are equal. Taking any two men at random, they will be found unequal!—in size, in weight, in height, in strength, in health, in symmetry of form, and in everything that can be the subject of comparison. This fact is so obvious and undeniable that no one ever pretends to place the seat of human equality in the body, and we shall not advert to it at all, but that it is the outward symbol of the inequality which exists in the soul.

Yes; it is inequality in the spiritual essence that makes the difference between man and man. The very schoolboy recognizes superiority of intellect in his comrade, and reverences it in him. He admires in one the excellent memory that enables him to commit whole pages while another would be laboring a single paragraph. In another he admires the judgment and tact that has surpassed all others in the solution of some difficult problem. In another, the imagination that enables him to excel in composition. Or in some favored one the combination of faculties which has rendered him conspicuous as the head of the whole school. To tell him that all men are equal in mind, would be to tell him a more glaring untruth than that they are all equal in body.

Let us recall to our thoughts the image of those men, some of them by birth in the humblest social grade—Homer—Eudoc—Socrates—Aristotle—who flourished ages ago, and whose minds have yet left an impress on the world's history that can never be forgotten.

Some people pretend to say that all minds would be equal, if education were equally distributed. Why, it is precisely education that develops this unequal-
ity and renders it conspicuous. Among a race of apear of equal length, but dra... three out and you make their inequality evident.

The men who would make a distinction between mind and soul, and who would say that if minds are unequal, souls at least are equal. Without speaking of divine grace, the true life of the soul, it is evident that some souls are by nature much more ready to receive grace than others. If minds are unequal, souls at least are equal. 

The surge of the whirlwind raises a column of earth and darkness. But when the whirlwind raises a column of water to meet a descending column from heaven above, the inequality is much more evident. The immaterial soul which forms the summit of the ascending column, not only resides herself, but draws a mountain of other souls above the sea level, some higher, some lower down, as they are nearer or farther from the summit. But, not to dwell longer on so high a theme, let it suffice to say that those who look for equality in the spiritual part of man, will look for it in vain.

Though man consists of soul and body, a soul and a body, even though they belong to the same person, do not necessarily constitute the whole of man. To illustrate this, imagine yourself in a looking glass, in a room next to the horrid sol...soritary darkness confine. The company, were it only of a young child or of a harmless idios, would afford you a certain amount of relief, but the presence of a corpse would only aggravate your tortures, and the certainty that the disembodied spirit was wavering near would scarcely alleviate them. The union, then, of body and soul, is necessary to complete the man. Let us see if in this union there is perfect equality. Let us see whether all men possess it in an equal degree. What must we think of the perfect command of muscles and of nerve which some possess, to the extent that no se...in society, compared with the half alive state, or absentee, edness, or others? And whence arises the superior vitality of some men, and the vaporous and loose state in which others pass their lives? The long...the early death of others? Are all men equal in any of these things?

Besides the intrinsic qualities of the soul and body, there is an exterior by which the social man is judged. The manners of the men, the education of the men...saur, and said in astonishment: "Arrah! thin what's that?" "That's sunset, you greeny," said the sailor. "Great Morses!" exclaimed Paddy, "an' diz the sun go down with such a clap as that in this country?"

Six years ago an emigrant ship arrived off the Battery in New York harbor. Within a short time it was taken over by the old North Carolina, which punctually arrived. Here are five respects in which men are all unequal. In some respects, and the early death of other...ares equal, and that human law, impartial as it can be made and necessary as it undoubtedly is, must be ever imperfect, for it cannot reach that which He who created the human heart only knows.

Here are five respects in which men are all unequal. In what some are they equal? The an...ever upon every tongue. We are all equal before God.
All this is intended for a preface to my new poem. There's a great advantage in a preface. It serves as a key to open the door to the author's poem. There's a great advantage in a preface.

The above is a short flight of fancy; now to descend to sober facts—and the Printer! In my treatise on "Boys," in number fifteen of the "Notre Dame Scholastic," the "gentle reader" will please make the following changes (and improvements!)

If he would read the article as originally written, and afterwards corrected (as I was instructed by the author):

Elia 28: for filled, read "filled."
30: for censns, read "cease."
31: for Learning, read "learn."
32: for inart, read "inartful.
34: for red, read "read."
35: for sh, read "sh."
A NEW INVENTION WANTED.—Will somebody invent a plan of printing in layers? A discovery of this kind would be invaluable for editors, because it would enable them to accommodate all their contributors in each issue of their papers. Just think how nice it would look to see a three, five, or a ten-story column of learned, profound, and thunderingly long articles on the living topics of the day, each bound off this way: "Jones, on Cosmogony;" "Smith, on the Frogs of the Nile;" "Green, on the Antiquity of the Pyramids;" "La Bérénice Gentilhomme, on Knight Errantry;" "Historian, on the Number of Strings in Nero’s Fiddle;" "Antiquarian, on Pre-Adamic and Pre-Historic Time;" "Philomaticus, on the Atomic and Diatomic Dimensions of the Archimedean Laver;" "Philanthropicus, on Cruelty to Animals as Illustrated by the Life, Death, and Last Moments of Dominon’s Fly;" &c., &c.

Here is an opportunity for genius! It seems to us fellow students. All who heard Father Corby’s solvent claims, to the successful inventor. "We offer a cigar for the thing can be done, if the press will only go to work—in an earnest way. Let a handsome reward be offered, right off, for such a discovery. We, as students, feel proud of the high position which our Alma Mater has attained: and more so, as it was entirely through her own exertions without either state or individual endowment. In consideration, then, of the dignity which the University has attained under your presidency, and in return for the interest manifested in our cause by you, the Students of the Senior Department, resolved to present as a token of our esteem, a telescope, imported from the "Green Isle of the Ocean," which had received all the finish that art was capable of bestowing.

To carry out this resolution we agreed to avail ourselves of the experience of our worthy friend Brother Peter, whose assistance was found to be a sine qua non to the importation. This has been done, and we are now most happy, Rev. Father, to present for your acceptance a beautiful astronomical telescope, mounted on a metallic stand. It is three feet and a half long, with an achromatic field-glass three inches in diameter, with a rock and pinion to arrange the focus, and changing eye pieces to suit all purposes. We believe it equal, if not superior, to any other glass of its size ever imported.

Hopin, Rev. Father, that Almighty God will spare you many years of happy life to fill the position of President, for which you are so eminently qualified, and to bestow this memorial of our esteem and affection,

We remain dutifully and respectfully,

THE STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

College of St. Laurent C. E.

We have received the most flattering reports from the College of St. Laurent. In La Minerve of March 28th was published an interesting correspondence from that prosperous institution, which, like Notre Dame, is under the management of the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross. The two anniversary festivals of St. Patrick and St. Joseph were duly celebrated at St. Laurent, and from the programme of the Literary and Musical Societies which held forth on those occasions, we judge that nothing was wanting to make the entertainment highly interesting to the numerous friends and visitors who attended them.

The College of St. Laurent is not surpassed in the number of students by any college in Lower Canada. The attendence this year averaged three hundred and fifty. The College has been opened with great success, and we are told that no other college in Lower Canada has ever been opened with greater success. The College has been opened with great success, and we are told that no other college in Lower Canada has ever been opened with greater success.
Jections to dancing. I like a dance, especially a
Turkish one. But in looking through a Latin
grammar I found the following sentence “Nemo
sobrius salutat” — Cic. After delving into a dic-
tionary for some time, I deciphered this sentence as
follows — “No sober man dances when he’s sick.” I
thought to myself that he was a gallant if he did.
But, having consulted with a member of the Third
Latin about the sentence, he informed me that “Cic”
stood for Cicero, some heathen or other. After this I
concluded that that boy who danced must have been
drunk, and that he was not a good boy; so I dropped
him. About the fourth day I was in the Latin class, the
professor asked me to

The St. Cecilia holds first among the many So-
cieties of the University, embracing, as it does,
the choicest talent and ripest experience of the
Junior Department. As, according to the immor-
tal Burdell, “all is poetry that is not prose,” we
take the liberty of translating into verse the sym-

That these ambitions aspirations might not prove,
like the high resolves of many a would-be great
man, “eat, at present nil,” they, after consultation
with Rev. Father Lemoultor, the time-honored
and experienced director of the Association, de-
terminated, after mature deliberation and seasona-
ble preparation, to give their 13th Annual Exhibi-
tion, primarily for the laudable purpose of tes-
tifying their respect for the many Christian Vir-
tues of the venerable and well-beloved Very Rev.
Father Granger, S. S. C, Provincial, and secondly,
their every motion, preserving well-balanced har-
mony, and — Shicago!

A Card.

To the “South Bend Register”

Dear Sir, “Register.” During my absence from Notre Dame a piece of Bayard Taylor’s ap-
ppeared in mistake in the “Scholastic” under my
name de pience; having no need to “Coo” the
ideas of others, nor desire to act the part of a
“literary lyre,” I make this explanation, hoping that
it will free me from all seeming blame in the
matter.

Respectfully,

A Coo.

Twelfth Annual Summer Entertainment.

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,

Junior Collegiate Department,

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,

Tuesday, Evening, April 24, 1870.

Time-honored nursery lore informs us of the
important fact that “All work and no play made.
Jack a dull boy.” This is a very truthful re-
mark, as many truly believe, among whom we
are happy to rank those “skillful archers,” the
kind-hearted President and officers of Notre Dame
University, who, in “teaching the young ide-
als of purity discovered in all ages, to shape
how which is always bent soon loses its elasticity,
and becomes worthless—and hence it is that from
time to time they wisely throw wide open the his-

toric doors of Washington Hall, and permit the
well-armed energies of their numerous and talented
pupils to extend a “we bite.”

These remarks make, not by way of apology
—for where none is needed none should be made
—though we are well aware that some few nar-
row-minded, straight-faced and ignorant fools
may raise their hands and roll their pious eye-

balls in holy horror at the mere thought of the
awful sinfulness and unutterable iniquity of al-
lowing boys to “dance, sing songs, play plays,
and sick”—avast, ye hypocrites!

The ignorant guides of youth administer for-
tern doses of severe morality to the reluctant
mind of the unfortunate urchins, as quacks do
their nauseous, odious, poisonous pills for the
cure of his fleshly ills,

“With solemn face, and words of learned length,”
while the true teacher knows, with the poet, that

“True virtue is by her lovely men,
While vice is hid if she be but seen!”

The other boys laughed, the professor frowned and
took the liberty of translating into verse the sym-

atical Burdell, “all is poetry that is not prose,” we
take the liberty of translating into verse the sym-

atical Burdell, “all is poetry that is not prose,” we

Transcribed from the French by a member of the Faculty.

Mr. Jordan, the Upstart, 
Old Mr. Jordan, his Father, 
Cleon, in love with Mr. Jordan's daughter, 
Felicine, a Valet to Cleon, 
Mr. Clarke, 
Dorante, a Count, 
Dorimont, a Marquis, 
Baptista, 1st Footman, 
Figaro, Dancing Master, 
Mr. Jordan, the Upstart, 
B. Stace, entitled the "Upstart." The main interest

The last act ended, and the last word spoken, all sat expectant, and then Very Rev. Father Pro-
vincial, rising, replied in a few kind and fatherly
words to the filial and beautiful address made
by the Reverend Father Principal, and the Association
in acting it—that

"By knowledge we may learn ourselves to know;
And what to man, and what to God we own!

warly thank for "patiently listening," on many a past occasion, when we troubled them with
trifles, in prose or in verse.

But we cannot close without a final word to
the real Cecilians—"Mute virtute eet!" "Long
may you flourish!" continues in your present
noble cause, encouraging others to worthily fol-
low in your footsteps, teaching them both by word
and example how the words and actions of
the most virtuous have been discerned, and
learned; and long, long may your initiators' suc-
cessors merit, as you have done, the applause
of all, and thus confer pleasure and well-deserved
honor upon your loved and living Alma Mater, where,

By fairy lights, and lady grace and bell,
In classic halls enlivened by sacred spell,—

May Science, Innocence, and true Religion dwell!

As some evil-minded person basely insinuated
upon a former occasion, for ends of his own, that I am an "ornary" member of the St. Cecilia
Association, and hence my "flattery" of it,—I take
this opportunity of publicly stating that I am a
member of no Association or Society in the Uni-
versity; never flatter, and, moreover, praise only
on the honorable principle of "Pulsum qui mal
rectur fort!" Farewell!—

"Col.

The following is from the St. Joseph Valley Register:

"The twelfth annual summer entertainment of the
St. Cecilia Philomathes Association was given
at Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, and we
have heartily attended an entertainment from which
we derived so much pleasure and satisfaction as
from this one. The performers, some thirty-eight
in number, are members of the Junior Collegiate
Department of Notre Dame, most of them, we
should judge, under sixteen years of age.

Prof. Stice richly deserves, and will no doubt
receive, the thanks of all for the moral, enter-
taining, and amusing play which he so ably trans-
lated from Molière, and which fully realized the
hope that he had written, and the Association
in acting it—that

"By knowledge we may learn ourselves to know;
And what to man, and what to God we own!"
St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The eighteenth regular meeting of this Association was held Tuesday evening, March 29th.

Instead of the usual literary exercises of the evening, the members of the Association gathered in the Schoolhouse, and quite a number of invited guests assembled to listen to a lecture on "Equalitarian," by Professor A. J. Stace, A. M. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing the lecture published as soon as circumstances will permit, we will not attempt to give even a synopsis of the Professor's effort.

All who know him will agree with us in saying that Prof. Stace is one of the most original thinkers of whom the University can boast, and the "Equalitarian," as the Professor called it, fully sustained his reputation. It was replete with solid sense and illumined here and there with flashes of that keen wit for which he has already become notable.

The members of the Association take this, their first opportunity of heartily thanking Prof. Stace for the great profit, as well as pleasure, which they derived from his lecture; and sincerely hope that, amid his many duties as Professor, he will still find leisure moments to devote to the preparation of essays which must be productive of great good to all who are endeavoring to store their minds with real practical knowledge.

About this time of the year the interest in Societies begins to flag; but anyone who heard the two last debates which took place in the Philodemic Association, will doubtless carry his opinion. The manner in which Meurs, G Qualität, Hibble, Finley, and Moriarty carried the question of "State Sovereignty," on the evening of the 19th inst., made us think that there were as much interested Websterians, Columbians, and Douglasses, and we are sure time will verify our surmise.

In consequence of the religious exercises of the month of May, the regular meetings of the Association will be held at 8 o'clock on Wednesday mornings.

(The Essay of Prof. Stace shall be found in this issue of the "Notre Dame Scholar.""

Baseball.

The first regular meeting of the Excelsior Baseball Club was held at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening. A few satisfactory remarks by the president the meeting then adjourned. The following officers were elected:

President—St. Moriarty.
Vice-President—L. McOsker.
Secretary—B. Vogt.
Treasurer—J. O. W."n.
Assistant—K. Toung.
Field Captain of First Nine—J. Taylor.
Field Captain of Second Nine—E. Sheehan.

The members of the Association and visitors who attended the game, the members of the Association and visitors who attended the game, and also to appreciate the efforts of the little Juniors to interest and s"e themselves much refreshed by their happy reunion and tours of observation. It is well for those who are engaged in the diffusion of knowledge to visiting party expressed themselves very "kindly toward the people. For the relaxation afforded by outdoor the visiting party expressed themselves very "kindly toward the people. For the relaxation afforded by outdoor

The most noticeable event (since our last com-