

The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Vol. I. Notre Dame University, Nov. 30, 1867. No. 13.

Festival of Saint Cecilia.

The beautiful entertainment, given by the St. Cecilia Philomathean and Philharmonic Societies, in honor of the above Festival, but celebrated, by special transfer, on Wednesday evening, November 27th, will not soon pass from the memory of those who were so happy as to witness, or so favored as to participate in that fine exhibition of youthful talent and skill.

The Cornet Band, the Orchestra, the St. Cecilians and Philharmonics opened the evening by attuning the hearts of all to warm appreciation, from the sweet accord of the "art divine," which claims St. Cecilia for its immortal patroness. Master John Skelly next appeared, on behalf of his youthful colleagues, in an Oration full of refined ideas, and of real wit. He recounted the rise, progress and ambition of the Society, and claimed for it the honor of having elevated the dramatic amusements of the University, and of imparting to them a superior moral and artistic merit. The admirable speech of Master Skelly would have convinced his auditors, even if they had been deprived of the excellent proof which followed. The Philharmonics executed a difficult chorus, and were followed by Master Robert Staley, who rendered, in a charming style, the Ode to St. Cecilia. His manner, modulation, and most happy gesture, with his azure-blue costume, imparted a charming effect to the piece, constituting a most appropriate homage to the Saint in whose honor it was pronounced. The German Oration was presented with force and fine feeling by David J. Wile, and the Philharmonics, once more before the scenes, called out the deafening enthusiasm of the audience by their spirited Chorus, "The Philharmonic Boys." The reading of "The Drummer's Bride," by John Flanigan, and the selection from "Marmion," recited by James Page, were given with an ease and grace seldom equaled. Master Flanigan's voice is one of unusual power and flexibility, and that of Master Page of excellent tone. From this point, on the mellow tide of music, the Programme reached

the Drama. In simple justice to the talent of the author, (who wrote "The Recognition" especially for the occasion,) it must be regarded as a masterpiece, both in the plot and in the method of its development. It is saying much for the Juniors to commend them as performing their parts in a manner worthy of the Drama.

After the Prologue, well delivered by Master Charles Dodge, the curtain rose upon a wild mountain scene, where we are introduced to the Duke of Spoleto (James Page) and his Esquire Ricardo (James Sutherland). They discourse of the late battle with the Prince of Macerata (Horace Moody), and the loss of the Duke's only son and heir, which leaves his estates the lawful inheritance of his deadly enemy, the Prince of Macerata, in case of his own death. The entire first act was lovely as a vision of fairy-land, in scenery, grouping and personation. Antonio (Otis Walker) descending the rocky mountain-path, with his bow and arrow, singing as he passes slowly along, clad in his graceful costume, befitting the son of a Count; his momentary alarm when he discovers the strangers; his courteous offer of hospitality when at length reassured; the temptation of the Duke upon remarking the likeness of the boy to his lost Julio; the ingenious and unhesitating obedience of the youth to the supposed will of his father, were all admirably represented. The three wind their way, at length, up the mountain-path, and are hidden in the distance.

Count Bartolo, (Master J. Wile) with his attendants, Piedro, Beppo, Vicentio, Alphonso and Piccolo, come upon the scenes, all presenting the anxious faces of men who have lost every thing, and who hope to secure their missing treasure on those mountains. We see them hunting here and there, with the lurid light of the torches reflected upon their sad faces, and we learn that they are seeking Antonio, and from this knowledge the picturesque view becomes touchingly beautiful. Wearied from their long search, all recline to get some repose, and the Count, in his sleep, appears

to have the truth of his son's abduction revealed to him. The action of the young performer, as he awakens from his dream, and threatens vengeance upon the Spoletans, was remarkably truthful to nature. Master Wile entered completely into the spirit of his part, and did himself great credit throughout the whole. In fact, this praise applies with equal force to Master Otis Walker, who sustained his character charmingly. But to return. As the dream of Bartolo gives place to the consciousness of reason, he is convinced that Antonio has been stolen. The Prince of Macerata enters, to whom the Count relates his loss and suspicion. The Prince determines to adopt his cause, and visit revenge upon the Duke, while Bartolo pledges himself to the Prince. After an interval of three years, we behold Antonio in the Fortress of Montefalco, and in this Act are made acquainted with several important personages, in whom we are interested to the close of the Drama. They are Balthazar, (John Flanigan) the friend and champion of Antonio, the venerable Stephano, (John Skelly) his teacher, and the beautiful Pages, Gratiano, (Robert Staley) and Lorenzo, (Edward Walker) who are the companions and friends of the future heir of Spoleto. Every one of these performed his part with distinguished good taste, and unfeigned admiration was accorded to the three noble boys who, after their escape from the fortress, and recapture by Balthazar, are each resolved to draw down the whole blame of the misdemeanor upon himself, and to shield every one else from censure. The consternation of Stephano, when called upon to assist in the defense of Montefalco, was laughable in the extreme, and his *lingual bravery* was so cruelly put to the test, that it was very difficult to restrain sentiments of pity for the old gentleman.

A beautiful point must not be forgotten. It is the charming view of Antonio, who, longing to see his home, and to greet his father, falls upon his knees, and with the artless simplicity of a loving child, recommends himself to the care of the Blessed Virgin. The tableau of the kneeling child, absorbed in the earnestness of his prayer, was a picture of more gracious loveliness than was ever executed by mortal artist, however skilled.

In Act Third, the Duke becomes aware that his fraud has been discovered by the father of Antonio, and although victorious, the qualms of his guilty conscience give him no rest, and fearing some misfortune, a presentiment of evil, he re-

solves publicly to proclaim his adopted son as his rightful heir. In the meantime he has forged a story of Bartolo's death, and of the Count's appointing him the guardian of his son. The fabrication is communicated to Antonio, who believes it. An arrow, with a paper attached, written by Bartolo, is picked up by Stephano and read by the pages and himself, but the truth is not suspected by either of them.

In the last act we find Macerata besieged, and the citizens in despair, for the Prince has been killed, and their hopes are crushed, but Count Bartolo with the energy of one who has every thing at stake, assumes the command of the royal forces, and resigns himself with his cause to the protection of Infinite Power. The scene of the "Chieftain's Prayer," was deeply impressive. With impassioned eloquence he addresses his retainers, when the news of the capture of Julio, the Duke's son, is announced to him, with the intelligence that but for the valor of a tall, powerful soldier, the youth would have certainly been killed. Bartolo orders that not a hair of the boy's head be injured, for he will serve as the ransom of the city, or to expiate the crime of his father. A scene of the imprisonment of Antonio and Balthazar succeeds, where the youth in a delirium of pain, reveals the true relation of the Duke to himself, but Balthazar attributes the words to the wandering of his mind, and thinks no more about them.

The Duke flushed with success, soliloquizes upon his present position, and sees no bar to his complete triumph, but the existence of Bartolo. He is wretched in his victory, because he has been false to himself; yet the hallucination of his ambition prompts him to challenge Bartolo to single combat, as if the destruction the Count would relieve the uneasiness caused by his former crimes.

Bartolo assembles his adherents, and discloses his determination to suspend the execution of his prisoners, until the Duke, who has refused to make terms of peace, shall enter in time to be greeted by the lifeless body of his son. At the termination of his address, he orders the captives to be brought in. The enter, and the brave Balthazar encourages the boy. He says to him: "I have shown you how to battle—I will show you how to die." Antonio replies, and his voice strikes upon the ear of Bartolo. He needs but a glance to recognize, in his graceful young prisoner, his well beloved, but long lost child. The Duke who has just been informed, that Antonio has

been taken prisoner by Bartolo, rushes on the stage in time to see him folded in the embrace of his father. The brave Balthazar comprehends the truth, and stands forth as the companion of the injured Count whom the Duke defies. The struggle between the two, is fierce and desperate, but justice is at last triumphant. The Duke falls, crying to heaven for mercy. He begs pardon of Bartolo and Antonio, who freely forgive him. He impresses upon his followers the love he bore the youth, and reminds them that he is his rightful heir. Begging all to accord Antonio the love which he has himself always cherished, by this means striving to repair the wrongs he had inflicted, the Duke expires, and the play is concluded.

The manly self-possession and remarkable appreciation of character, exhibited by the young gentlemen, almost without exception, is richly deserving of praise. "The Recognition" stands superior to any play ever presented at Notre Dame. As Master J. F. Ryan pronounced the Epilogue, followed by the grand Symphony from Haydn, it was evident from the faces of all present, that they were better pleased with the artistic and intellectual entertainment just witnessed, than they could have been with anything of a less dignified description.

An exhibition like that of the 27th, is calculated to ennoble and refine the mind, an effect which cannot be produced by comedy, however well selected.

Celebration of St. Cecilia's Day.

This festival, transferred to the eve of Thanksgiving Day, as far as the usual musical and dramatic entertainment was concerned, was well kept this year. Our Junior Department is probably now as replete with native genius as ever, and the means for developing it are increased. The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society at present claims to be the representative association of the department, and to contain within its roll-call the names of all who have any pretensions to talent. We know, however, several young gentlemen among the Juniors whose non-membership renders that claim very questionable. It was under the auspices of this Society that the entertainment of Wednesday evening was gotten up, and we may safely say that if it does not contain *all*, it yet possesses a large share of the talent of the Junior Department. The exercises began at the early hour of half-past six. The programme furnished us on entering was one of the neatest and

most tasteful we have ever seen. Some of the items, by-the-bye, puzzled Mrs. Partington, who, of course, was "thar." She wanted to know why they were going to "overturn a pot of porridge," and why they spelt porridge without any gee. We referred her to the Orchestra. The Philharmonics took a conspicuous position in the first part of the programme. Their songs were very animating, and were it not that our duty as an impartial critic obliges us to take exception to one of their choruses, which was not quite squally enough to please us, we should say their performance was perfect. The salutatory address was not prepared with sufficient care, and a similar remark might be made on the part taken in the subsequent drama by the same young gentleman who delivered it. The "Imitative Instrumentalization" of Mr. Flanigan was very well done, and the "Ode to St. Cecilia" was pretty good for a first attempt. Mr. D. J. Wile's German poetical address was delivered in a very creditable manner, and, as far as our limited knowledge (extending about to *Ich bin gewesen*) enables us to judge, was a beautiful piece of composition. The Band and Orchestra filled the parts assigned to them in their usual admirable manner.

The Drama of the "Recognition" was the principal event of the evening. Here the talent of the author, the spirit of the young tragedians, and the tasteful arrangement of the scenery and costumes, were equally conspicuous, and all conspired to make one of the finest entertainments the Juniors have ever given. As the story upon which this drama is founded has been presented to our readers in a former issue, we will not take up any more space in reiterating it. The scenery however, we were entirely unprepared for, and of it we will say that for richness and *chiar' oscuro* effect, we have had nothing to equal it on our stage before. Among its young performers, Master D. J. Wile, as *Bartolo*, distinguished himself particularly, by the judicious rendition of his part. Messrs. Jas. Page, as the *Duke*, Otis Walker, as *Antonio*, and J. Skelly, as *Stephano*, acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner also. The part of *Balthazar*, assigned to Mr. J. Flanigan, was not as well suited to him, as some in which he has appeared on former occasions, but in spite of this unavoidable difficulty, his performance was considered by many the best of the evening. The principal characters were well sustained by their comrades, the *Dramatis personæ* on this occasion numbering thirty-eight, among whom Messrs. J. Sutherland, H. Moody,

R. Staley, M. Mahony, E. Walker, F. Dwyer, J. Wilson, R. McCarthy, J. F. Ryan and F. Ingersoll are worthy of particular mention. The scenic effect of the Appenines by torchlight was truly grand, and the coronation and prison scenes were very effective. The instrumental music was allowed to obtrude a little once or twice, preventing the audience from appreciating the vocal gems to which it ought to have been subservient, but beyond this, and a little mistake (such as *will* happen in the best etc.) in the scene-shifting, there was nothing that the most ill-natured critic need carp at. We owe our thanks, in common with those of the public generally, (as was expressed by Rev. Father Superior in his closing remarks,) to the managers of this delightful exhibition and all engaged in it.

Additional List of Students of Notre Dame.

NOVEMBER 25.

Calvin Huntsman, Laporte Indiana.

NOVEMBER 27.

Charles F. Georgas, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

NOVEMBER 28.

Thomas F. Schwegmann, South Gate, Indiana.

NOVEMBER 29.

Joseph C. Foley, West Albany, Min.

Doomyd Berry, Lima, Indiana.

Thomas Ewing, Jr., Lancaster, Ohio.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Frank Cozen, John Fitzharris, Stacy Hibben, C. Hertich, A. Hoffman, J. H. Le Compte, J. A. Owens, E. S. Pillars, O. Templeton and A. B. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

John Alber, H. Beakey, James Christy, John Dunn, H. Eisenman, George Fletcher, B. Hefferman, J. F. Ryan, Asa Wetherbee, J. Winterbotham and Charles Walters.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Byrne, L. Helsendegan, W. Trussell, C. Toll and G. Tobin.

The following articles, already in type, are unavoidably crowded out: "The French Revolution," "Ornithological," and "Sodality of the 'Children of Mary.'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
Nov. 25, 1867. }

ARRIVALS.

Nov. 21st.—Henrietta Duval, Chicago, Illinois.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Nora Maher, Mary and Lilly Chouteau, Catharine and Anna Cunnea, Sarah Blakeslee, Emma Longsdorf, Catharine Graham, Rosana Mukautz, Clara Foote, Josephine Service, Ellen Camp.

Junior Department.—Misses Lelia McKenney, L. Niel, Ada Metzger, Mary Clark, Leonora Mills, Ada Garrity, Mary Sissons.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. and L. Plimpton, Mary Tripp, K. Doran, Mary Toomey, Imogene Schutt, H. Brooks, K. Connelly, Florence Alspaugh, Lula Murray, Blanche Walton.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, K. Livingstone, Anna Machin, Mary Van Patten, Genevieve Arrington, Agnes Ewing, Gertrude Leedy, Eunice Crouch.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, C. Bertrand, Emma Carr, Alice Radin, K. Graham, Bridget Bergan, Susan Evans, Agnes Mulhall, Anna Adams, C. Davenport, F. North, Virginia Brown, Mary Morrill, Mary Miller, Minerva Ryan, Frances Gittings, Anastasia Darcy, Emma Pickett, Mary Drulimer, H. Lill.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lorena Rettig, Belle Gardener, Mary McColly, Emma and Mary Barclay, Amanda Sissons, Georgiana Blakeslee, Emma Ranstead, L. Ryan, N. Simms, N. Thompson, Sarah and Ellen Miller, Anna Bryson, Josephine Grieshop, K. Carpenter, Matilda Lafferty, Christina Thompson, Winifred Corby, Mary Clafey, Frances Grant, Mary Wade, Martha Shirland.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Clara Ward, Teresa Stapleton, Anna Tarrant, Ellen Cooney, Augusta Sturgis, Mary Simms, L. Bicknell, Julia Gittings, Rose Joslin, Mary Rooney, Harriet Thompson, Amelia Boyles, Julia Walker.

Second Intermediate Class.—Misses Margaret Walker, Anna Boyles.

First Junior Class.—Misses Mary O'Meara, C. North.

Second Junior Class.—Miss Ada Byrnes.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

Few remember this trite but true saying to advantage. Most of us suppose others to be just what fine, external appearances indicate, but

sooner or later, we are almost certain to discover our mistake. "All is not Gold that Glitters." False hearts often appear to the world as full of sincerity, empty heads as full of wisdom, and mere imitators or social pirates, as original geniuses, and most charming ladies and gentlemen. Beware of trusting first appearances, or impressions. They are often deceitful, and if relied upon will leave us to mourn our folly when too late. Rash impulse often controls the young, and a course of conduct, or a mode of thought is employed which, in the end may prove ruinous, and the poor victim of pretenders find the result when powerless to retrieve his fault.

If all is not gold that glitters, it is, however, equally true that gold and diamonds do not always shine. We must penetrate much deeper than the surface to know the real character of persons and things. That which at first view may appear dull and of little value, may, upon examination, prove the brightest of metals,—the noblest of characters. Those who are dashy and ostentatious in appearance, to be sure, always attract and engage the attention of the vast majority of mankind, because the great mass of men are superficial in their judgment, while the quiet, simply dressed and unpretending are entirely overlooked from the same cause.

Suarez, the Spanish theologian, and Patrick Henry, the American Orator, present two remarkable examples of dullness in youth, ending in the most extraordinary manifestation of talent in later life. An amusing anecdote somewhat to the point, and embracing a salutary warning, is related of Dr. Johnson, whose outward appearance was unprepossessing in the extreme. At a grand *Soirée* given in his honor, he was for the first time pointed out to a lady who, we must confess, with a great want of delicacy, exclaimed in her disappointment, but in a whisper so loud that she was overheard, "Is *that* Dr. Johnson? I declare, he looks as if he could not say *bo* to a goose." The near-sighted "lion," doubtless wishing to give the gossiping lady a memorable lesson in discretion, and retaliating with her own indelicacy, turned on his heel, full in her face, and said "Bo ! madam !" It was a keen diamond that the misguided lady had mistaken for a dull blockhead, for every one knows that the diamond, the most valued of all precious stones, is not found in the brilliancy with which it glows upon your finger. No the pretty sparkling sands are brighter, for a rough opaque substance conceals the gem, and that must be removed and

the stone polished by the Lapidary before its appearance corresponds with its value. It is universally conceded that adversity like the friction applied to the diamond, brings out the fine traits of really gifted natures, and the biographies of great men almost without exception, verify this truth.

When one sets himself up as far superior to those around him, do not pronounce him faultless. Wait till some event transpires against his will. If selfishness, egotism and arrogance appear, you may rest assured that he is nothing but a cheat, an imitation, and no true diamond.

The superficial character loses the esteem which it may at first excite, while the solid, thoughtful, earnest mind is more highly prized upon acquaintance, though, with a quiet, unassuming manner, the possessor may not at first attract attention.

Could we read the hearts of many who seem all mirth and joy, we would often be astonished to discover that they are truly whited sepulchres, where envy, malice, remorse and pride are consuming all that is fair, and quite as frequently the brow of seeming sadness belongs to a contented, patient, happy spirit.

We cannot know each other as we shall on that day when the secrets of every one's life shall be revealed. Happy for us that we cannot, for courage would often fail us, at times, when we now are strong. Distrustfulness, however, should not be countenanced, though we should avoid foolish credulousness, and be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," while we half endorse the words of a poetess who has been obliged to *doubt*, spite of herself, occasionally, we presume :

"Better trust all, and be deceived,

And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed,

Would bless one's heart with true believing.
Oh, in this mocking world, too fast

The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth ;
Better be cheated to the last,

Than lose the blessed *hope* of truth !"

Or, in other words, she would have us take brass for gold, rather than to doubt the existence of gold ; but we should accept her advise with a very broad reservation, and insist that, go where we will on this sublunary sphere, "all is not gold that glitters," and that great blessings often come in the uninviting guise of commonplace events, and even in that of adversity itself.

C. PLIMPTON.

ST. MARY'S, Nov. 25th.

THE UNIVERSAL MUSE.

Who has not wooed the gentle muse?

Who has not tried to be a poet?

Who has not often had the blues,

Because the rhymes would not quite "go it?"

Who has not felt himself inspired—

Been called a genius by his friend?

Who has not felt his full soul fired

By the strange spell the muses lend?

Parnassus trembles 'neath the throng

Of favorite sons, all in a passion,

To spin an epic, write a song,

Because all round it is the fashion.

The nectar fount is drank quite dry,

Ambrosia is now a weed,

A poet aims not very high,

To think of getting some the seed.

The glorious amaranthine flowers

Are seen on every body's head,

And inspiration falls in showers,

On Jane and Sally, Jack and Jed.

Ah soon will come the happy time

When fame will not await the poet;

When one who never formed a rhyme,

Is he on whom Luck will bestow it.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Nov. 28. 1867.

Description of St. Aloysius Novitiate.

Saint Aloysius Novitiate is situated a little to the west of the University of Notre Dame, in the northern part of Indiana. It is exclusively reserved for the young aspirants to the priesthood, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. A beautiful avenue of maples leads us to this most beautiful retreat. As we enter the gate, we meet the glorious patron of the place, standing in an oratory, bedecked with flowers, his benign countenance seems to smile upon us, and bid us welcome to his rural home. As we pass the statue, we see the goodness of God displayed in the nature of the place. Every where we encounter majestic oaks and beautiful saplings, whilst the ground is covered with aromatic plants and fairy-like flowers. We see a neat sign-board upon a tree, telling that the road which it points out to us is under the patronage of St. Paul; we follow up the course of this path which is hidden under the branches of the overhanging trees, and as if by magic, there bursts upon our vision, the beautiful Tomb of the Blessed Virgin. We enter, and are

pleased with the beauty of the Tomb; after breathing a short prayer, we pass out, and down into St. Joseph's avenue, from thence, to Mount Calvary, upon which there is placed a huge cross in remembrance of the Crucifixion of our blessed Redeemer. To the rear of the Mount, we see the sepulchre of our Saviour, having descended into it by a flight of steps, and opened the iron door which is ornamented with the instruments of the Passion, we passed through a narrow archway into the sepulchre proper which gives us an idea of the original. It is surrounded by a row of columns in fresco; from the ceiling hang innumerable lamps, which, during holy week, are kept lit. There are also two little circular windows of stained glass, through which light is admitted. In this place is kept a relic of the true Cross, the *fac-similes* of the true nails, some sand from Calvary and a crown, all of which are deposited in the tabernacle of the altar, at the back of which there is a neat fresco of the Crucifixion. Around the sepulchre a path has been made which leads to the garden of olives. From the garden we return to the stairs, ascend them, pass along to Calvary road, which is the most beautiful of all the avenues. A double row of columns extend down the whole length of it, and flower-beds border upon its sides. This leads us to the novitiate building, which is constructed of brick. We enter the door and see a statue of Our Lady of Mercy. Passing this we enter the corridor, which leads us to the chapel of Our Lady of Graces. We enter, and immediately a feeling of devotion and love for our blessed Mother passes through our frame. Before us we see Our Lady enshrined in a niche, into which the light is admitted by means of a little window of stained glass of different colors, which gives the statue the appearance of a vision. We proceed out of the novitiate down a lawn, passing Our Lady of Peace; from this we emerge through the gate, not, however, without saying a short prayer to St. Aloysius, as we pass him.

TWO-PENNY CLUB.

St. Edward's Society.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th., the above society held its tenth literary session, at which the following Essays were read: Peace, by Mr. J. Campbell; History of Fremont, a beautiful town in Ohio, by J. Dickinson; Seasons, by R. Brown; Power of Conscience, by D. Clark.

T. O'M.

Education.

Education is a word derived from the Latin verb *educere*, which means "to draw out; to develop." It means the drawing out of the latent powers of a person, by the study and exercise of branches best adapted to develop those powers.

It is a task that a long life of labor cannot accomplish; it is the complete eradication of natural evil in the constitution of man, and the full development of the naturally good germs implanted in his being.

A person, to educate himself in the real acceptance of the word must as a judicious gardener, weed out all the evil *propensities* of his nature, and carefully prove and nourish all the naturally good qualities; not content with nourishing natural good, he must engraft supernatural good; he must weed out the bad qualities, because good and evil cannot thrive together; he must prove the good, because if he let them grow naturally, their fruit (that is their reward) will be small and imperfect and enjoyed during time, while the well proved and grateful branch will bear in eternity. This is the idea I would have formed of education, had I no acquaintance with its modern signification.

Among civilized nations, however, it means the development of the mind by the sciences and the body by the arts.

It certainly raises man greatly thus to be educated, and it would be an injustice to one's self and to the community to reject an opportunity of obtaining it. Yet as all labor, to be advisable, should have a worthy aim in view, all those who intend to educate themselves *according* to this acceptance of the word, should ask themselves if the end is worthy of the means. Most of those who seek after an education of this description, aim at obtaining ease of body from the power they will receive from the exercise of the mind, the means in this case exceed the end in value, as much as the mind is superior to the body, and besides, no one is certain that after driving the mind most mercilessly, they will enjoy one day of bodily ease, so uncertain is life. The end others aim at is the pleasure derived from the certainty of truth, and the good that may be deduced from the knowledge of it to the benefit of the human race; this is a worthy end. But unless philanthropy be grounded on Charity, this too, will be an unprofitable labor, for nothing that is perfect can spring from an imperfect root. Philanthropy, when it springs from Charity, is a worthy fruit, but when it springs from the love

of the pleasure it derives from doing good, it is selfishness, and hence an unworthy aim. I conclude, therefore, that a man, to educate himself perfectly, must first see that Charity is his motive, Hope his strength, and Faith his guide.

F. GUTHRIE.

ELKHART, NOV. 27, 1867.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC YEAR—*Dear Sir*: Having had the honor of visiting Notre Dame last week—and of conversing with the Professor of some of the Mathematical classes—we feel certain that a small corner of your valuable paper will be readily accorded to us, for the purpose of making a report of what we witnessed or heard. It is still said among "the oldest inhabitants," that you—"in the good old days of yore" were famous for your ability to make patent to juvenile minds, the beautiful abstractions of Geometry—for your expertness in resolving Algebraic intricacies—and for your rapidity in clearing away the difficulties attending many Arithmetical problems. That accounts for our faith in your willingness to receive news from the Mathematical classes. From information obtained from the Professor, we should judge that the First Geometry, though small in number, is not so in ability. The class did not commence until about the beginning of October, since which time they have gone through six books of Robinson. By "*going through*" is not to be understood a hurrying through, regardless of a thorough understanding of the subject matter. It is therefore with pleasure that we learn that ample time was allowed them on the difficult propositions of the different books. As the students had studied three books before this session, the review of the same cannot be counted really hard labor. We say that we were glad to find that the Professor is not crowding them through, for *we* do not believe in CRAMMING. Time must be allowed the youthful mind to expand. It would be absurd to expect the baby of yesterday to be the full grown man of to-day; it is equally ridiculous to suppose that the boy commencing the study of Mathematics, will be possessed of the same quickness of perception and of concentration, as a man whose mind is mature. The mental faculties must be allowed time to grow—and by careful feeding they will reach maturity much sooner than by the system of overdosing now so prevalent. If the stomach take in too much food, sickness will surely follow—so if the mind endeavor to grasp—to swallow as it were, too much at once, it too be-

comes debilitated. We believe that many of the "blockheads" (a hard word, but we know no other as expressive of what we mean) of the country were formed in school by just this same process of "*cramming*"—of endeavoring to make boys and girls learn everything at once. We think that there are two mottoes or proverbs, or whatever you choose to call them, with which teachers should be more familiar, viz.: Anything worth learning at all, is worth careful study; and, if you have too many irons in the fire, some will surely burn. If *boys and girls* too, would not be expected to learn everything in a year—but would be allowed time to acquire a knowledge of what they are at—we would have more really smart, intelligent men and women in the country than we are at present troubled with. Our learning is entirely too superficial, a smattering of everything is obtained, but, in nothing or very few things, is the majority of our youth thoroughly versed. From our conversation with the Professor of your First Geometry, we are led to believe that he coincides with us in our views of the matter, and hence believes in allowing the boys time to acquire an idea of what they are at. We hope that he does not forget that he too was once a boy, and did not learn everything in a year. The names of the young men who were mentioned to us as particularly studious and noted for progress, so far, are, C. K. Hibben, M. J. Horgan and J. Winterbotham. We are somewhat interested in the study of Algebra ourselves, and therefore asked the same gentleman to give us some information about the class under his care. He answered our queries by stating that they had gone over two sections of Loomis's Algebra during the past three months—these sections being Radicals and Quadratics. Loomis is not sufficiently practical in his chapter on equations of the second degree, and we were really rejoiced to find that the Professor had endeavored to give his students a fuller knowledge of them than could be extracted from the author—we saw some manuscript-books kept by the students of the class—and from the number of extra examples—methods, formulas etc., which are therein neatly written out—we think that the members of the class are also interested in the study. The Professor mentioned H. Eisenmann, C. K. Hibben, A. B. White, M. J. Horgan, E. Hull and J. Winterbotham, as young men whose assiduity can not be questioned, and whose progress is satisfactory. When we went to school, we felt particularly pleased when our teacher spoke of us in terms of praise to

strangers. We hope the above mentioned young gentlemen will see the thing in the same light. As the same Professor has charge of the First Arithmetic—Commercial Department—we learned that he was *well satisfied* with his class, and that, to our minds, conveyed a great deal. Good accountants are always at a premium, and if teachers would endeavor to make the study of Arithmetic something more real—divest it of its abstractness—bring it down more to live business transactions, they would benefit us, would make more financiers than we can boast of. The principles of Arithmetic are in themselves not so very difficult of comprehension, but the manner in which they are laid before our youths, terrifies them at times. Even young men whose minds are more developed, seem to consider it a hard study, they got an idea into their heads when they were youngsters that Arithmetic *was hard*, and any amount of preaching won't drive that idea out of their heads. The Professor promised to send us the names of those who would be successful, in a grand competition for honors—which was to take place on Monday, but as we have received no letter from him yet, we are unable to say who they are. As was said before, we are interested in the study of Mathematics, and hence when we visit any Institution of learning, our first inquiries are about that department. We expect before long to spend three or four days with you, so that we may become acquainted with others of your Professors, from whom we hope to get sufficient matter to make up a more lengthy report. Thankful for kindness shown us during our last visit, we remain yours, etc., X. Y. Z.

Honorable Mention.

Analytical Geometry.—S. B. Hibben.

Second Geometry.—T. O'Mahony and H. B. Keeler.

Third Algebra.—H. P. Morancy.

First Arithmetic.—Successful in Competition, Monday, November 25, 1867:

R. A. Brown, Wm. O'Donnell, Wm. Rhodes, T. O'Mahony, A. B. White, H. B. Keeler, R. Short, F. Crapser, A. O'Reilly, J. Lafferty, I. Buddeke, H. Sanders, F. Kaiser, M. C. Peterson, J. Moon, D. Clark, O. Parret and J. Hull.

Fifth Arithmetic.—S. G. Anson and P. A. Hiebeler.

Sixth Latin, 1st Division.—F. Ingersoll, Otis Walker and Edward Walker.

Second Grammar.—C. Hertich M. J. Spellman and J. Staley.