

The Scholastic Year.

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

Vol. I. Notre Dame University, Dec. 14, 1867. No. 15.

CLASSES AND PROFESSORS.

In order to facilitate the making out of the reports, and obviate inaccuracies, we have divided the classes into four series, each series finding its place in the paper once a month.

The first series comprehends the following classes :

Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Composition, Grammar, Orthography, Penmanship Junior, and Geography.

The second series comprehends the classes of:

Greek, Latin, Reading, Penmanship Senior, and Catechism.

The third series comprehends the classes of:

Astronomy, Civil Engineering, Analytical Geometry, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

The fourth series comprehends the classes of:

Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Mineralogy, Anatomy, French, German, Drawing, Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, Cornet Band and Choir.

Dogmatic Theology—Rev. M. Hallinan, D. D.

Moral Theology—Rev. M. Mullen.

Holy Scripture—Rev. M. Mullen.

Moral Philosophy—Rev. M. Hallinan, D. D.

Logic—Rev. M. Mullen.

Rhetoric—Rev. M. Hallinan, D. D.

Composition—Prof. T. E. Howard.

Second Greek—Rev. D. Spillard.

Third Greek—Rev. M. Brown.

Fourth Greek—Prof. M. Baasen.

Fifth Greek—Prof. E. A. McNally.

Second Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Third Latin—Prof. J. O'Hara.

Fourth Latin—Rev. M. Brown.

Fifth Latin—Prof. M. Baasen.

Sixth Latin 1st Division—Prof. W. Ivers.

Sixth Latin 2d Division—Rev. D. Spillard.

Seventh Latin—Prof. McNally.

First Grammar Sr. Dep't—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second Grammar, Sr. Dep't—Prof. A. J. Stace.

Third Grammar, Sr. Dep't—Prof. E. A. McNally.

Fourth Grammar, Sr. Dep't—Prof. T. E. Howard.

Fifth Grammar, Sr. Dep't—Prof. J. O'Hara.

Chemistry—Rev. T. Vagnier, S. S. C.

Natural Philosophy—Rev. T. Vagnier, S. S. C.

Mineralogy—Rev. C. Carrier, S. S. C.

Geology " " " " " "

Anatomy—Rev. L. Neyron.

History—Rev. M. Hallinan.

Astronomy—Prof. T. E. Howard.

Analytical Geometry—Prof. A. J. Stace.

Civil Engineering " " "

First Geometry—Prof. Wm. Ivers.

Second " " A. J. Stace.

First Algebra—Prof. Wm. Ivers.

Second " " J. O'Hara.

Third " " A. J. Stace.

Fourth " " Wm. Ivers.

First Arithmetic, Sr. Dep't.—Prof. Wm. Ivers.

Second " " " " E. McNally.

Third " " " " J. O'Hara.

Fourth " " " Bro. Philip.

Fifth " " " Prof. A. J. Stace.

Sixth " " " " C. J. Lundy.

First " Jr. " Prof. M. Corby.

Second " " " Bro. Joseph

Third " " " Bro. Benjamin.

Fourth " " " Bro. Celestine.

Fifth " " " Bro. Philip.

First Grammar, Jr. Dep't—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second " " " Bro. Benjamin.

Third " " " Bro. Joseph.

Fourth " " " Prof. T. E. Howard.

Fifth " " " Bro. Philip.

First Reading, Sr. Dep't—Prof. E. A. McNally.

Second " " " Bro. Joseph.

First " Jr. " Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second " " " Bro. Joseph.

Third " " " " Benjamin.

First Orthography, Sr. Dep't—Prof. M. Baasen,

Second " " " " " "

First " Junior " Bro. Benjamin.

Second " " " Bro. Joseph.

Third " " " Bro. Philip.

First Geography, Sr. Dep't—Prof. J. O'Hara.

First Geography, Jr. Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.
 Second " " " " "
 First Book-keeping—Prof. Tong.
 Second " " "
 Third " " "
 Commercial Law " "
 First Penmanship, Sr. Dep't—Prof. Lundy.
 Second " " " " "
 Penmanship, Jr. Dep't—Mr. J. Dinnen.
 First Catechism, " " " "
 Second " " " Bro. Joseph.
 Third " " " Bro. Philip.
 First French—Rev. C. Carrier.
 Second " " Father Frère.
 Third " " " "
 First German, First Div.—Rev. J. Ruthmann.
 " " Second " Prof. M. Baasen.
 Second " First " Mr. Lauth.
 " " Second " " "
 Third " First " Prof. M. Baasen.
 Third German, 2d div. Mr. P. Lauth.
 1st Drawing, Prof. C. Von Weller.
 2d " " "
 Vocal Music, Prof. M. Corby.
 1st class, " "
 2d " " "
 3d " " "
 4th " " "
 Instrumental Music.
 Bro. Basil,
 Mr. E. Lilly,
 Mr. Girac, LL. D., } Professors.
 Bro. Leopold,
 Bro. Joseph,
 University Cornet Band, Prof. J. O'Neill, M. D.
 Orchestra, Prof. M. Girac.
 Choir, " "

Honorable Mention.

The following students deserve honorable mention for marked improvement in the First Senior Grammar Class:

FOR LESSONS AND ANALYSIS.

T. O'Mahony, H. D. Rodman, W. Spalding, J. Monroe, J. D. McCormick, D. Egan, R. A. Brown, Charles Gibbons, D. Wile, L. Botto, A. J. Dornan, James Claffey, Wm. P. Rhodes, J. Winterbotham, A. White, James Sutherland and Wm. O'Donnell.

COMPOSITION.

R. A. Brown, C. Gibbons, T. O'Mahony and D. Egan.

LETTER-WRITING.

R. A. Brown, Wm. Spalding, Charles Gibbons, James Claffey, J. D. McCormick, W. C. Nelson, T. O'Mahony, D. Wile.

FIRST GRAMMAR, (JR)—LESSONS AND ANALYSIS.

Frank Ingersoll, Medard Dupuis, Ed. Walker, John Alber, John Broderick, Robert Staley.

LETTER-WRITING.

E. Walker, F. Ingersoll, P. O'Connell, Geo. Bower, Wm. Reynolds and R. Staley.

THIRD GRAMMAR, (SR.)

D. M. Kelly, J. D. Murphy, J. Dickinson, S. R. Anson, W. McWhirt.

FIFTH GRAMMAR, (JR.)

Jas. Lewis, George Warren and John Thompson.

THIRD ORTHOGRAPHY, (JR.)

John O'Neil, Jas. Wilson, John Thomson, J. Crevoisie, Joseph Rumley, John Doherty and F. Wing.

BOOK-KEEPING.

Theory—H. C. Boardman, A. Hoffman, Wm. McWhirt, Jno. A. Reitz, D. I. Hill, J. Winterbotham, R. A. Brown, F. Crapser, Chas. Clark, Jno. Gibbons, D. M. Kelley, Jas. Watts, T. O'Mahony, W. O'Donnell and M. Spellman.

Practice—R. G. Heffernan, Francis Jennings, S. Reswick, H. Sanders, Louis Botto, W. P. Weaver, A. O'Reilly, James Claffey, Jos. D. Murphy, H. P. Morancy, Ivo Buddeke, N. S. Wood, Jno. Moon, H. Keeler and D. Fitzgerald.

Proficiency—John Gavitt, W. A. Stace, H. B. Moody, Jno. Nohe, C. E. Sage, J. W. Murphy, D. Maley, M. O. Rees, Jno. Coffinger, E. Callihan, L. Garcin, F. Keiser, Jno. Alber, B. N. Granger and R. Callighan.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

W. T. Johnson.

RHETORIC.

Recitation—Wm. Hayden, Jas. O'Reilly, A. M. Owen, Jno. Rogers and Jas. Edwards.

Composition—Jno. Rogers, Frank Guthrie, Jas. Edwards, D. Clark, J. Fitzharris and J. Grogan.

COMPOSITION CLASS.

J. D. McCormick, S. L. Moon, Thos. O'Mahony, W. O'Donnell, R. M. Short, B. H. Thomas, John Nohe, R. H. McCarthy and Wm. Waldo.

FIFTH GRAMMAR, (JR.)

R. L. Akin, Frank Crapser, Thos. Cunnea, Jos. Mader, L. Mulligan, Jas. Rogers, H. Sanders and John Vocke.

FOURTH GRAMMAR, (JR.)

H. Dean, C. Dixon, C. Ennes, C. Hutchings, J. Harly, E. Lafferty, H. Morgan, L. McGinnis, A. Mitchell, Wm. Smith, J. Shannon and J. Wilson.

THIRD GRAMMAR, (JR.)

R. Broughton, D. S. Bell, L. Wilson and Wm. B. Small.

SECOND GRAMMAR, (SR.)

J. W. Murphy, David Fitzgerald, M. S. Ryan, E. Hutchings, J. Crowley and A. G. Hoffmann.

SECOND ORTHOGRAPHY, (JR.)

C. Dodge, J. F. Ryan, J. Dooley, R. Broughton, H. Falkenbach, Charles Tierney, W. Dodge, W. B. Small, Joseph Schmelz and Phil. Cochrane.

FIRST GEOGRAPHY, (SR.)

Robert A. Pinkerton, Mark W. Montgomery, Henry Lenahan and Robert Duvall.

FIFTH GRAMMAR, (SR.)

Frank Cousins, Richard Callaghan, W. Coonce, Joseph C. Foley,

FIRST ORTHOGRAPHY, (JR.)

D. Maley, W. Nelson, H. Schwab, H. Cooke, Wm. Falke, Geo. W. Warn and D. W. Coonce.

SECOND ORTHOGRAPHY, (JR.)

J. Mader, Joseph Campeau, Jas. McGlynn, W. Trumbo, R. J. Johnson, C. W. Fuhrer, Thomas Curran and C. Bennett.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. A. Brown, James Claffey, John Grogan, Frank Jennings, William Spalding, Robert Short, Frank Teats, Perry Weaver and E. B. Walker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Broughton, Thomas Dupuis, Hazard Dean, Charles Hildebrand, Edward Lafferty C. Marantette, E. Morancy, J. Rumley, J. Schmeltz, J. Sutherland and Thomas Whyte.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

R. Cure, G. Lyons, W. Stewart, O. Tong.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
Dec. 8th, 1867. }

ARRIVALS.

Dec. 1st.—Miss Ida C. Furbish, Albion, Mich.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses K. Connelly, K. Young, Mary Miller, Anastasia Darcy, H. Cameron, M. McColly, Georgiana Blakeslee, L. McManman, E. Wade, Julia Murray, M. Barclay, Minerva Ryan.

Junior Department.—Misses Amelia and Anna Boyles, Mary Sissons, Mary Clark, Ada Metzger, K. Tollmer, A. Byrnes.

HONORABLE MENTION.

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

First Senior Class.—Misses Nora Maher, Emma Longsdorf, L. and L. Tong, K. Cunnea, Laura Lewis, K. Livingston, Anna Machin, Mary Van Patten, Agnes Ewing, M. Ball.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Anna Cunnea, Emma Carr, L. Lyons, Elmira Smith, Mary Carraher, Susan Evans, Agnes Mulhall, Mary and Lilly Chouteau, Rosana Mukautz, F. North, Eleanor Ewing, Virginia Brown, Frances Gittings, Emma Pickett, Mary Druliner, Josie Service.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Emma Barclay, Lorena Rettig, Sarah Blakeslee, Emma Ranstead, N. Simms, N. Thompson, Mary Dunn, Ellen and Sarah Miller, Josephine Grieshop, K. Carpenter, Winifred Corby, Mary Claffey, Emma Conan, Arvada Bragg, Ida Reshore, Clara Foote, M. Tобerty, Emma Ruger, Amanda Sissons.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Teresa Stapleton, Anna Tarrant, Augusta Sturgis, Ellen Lindsay, Mary Simms, L. Bicknell, Julia and Rose Gittings, Rose Joslin, Mary Rooney, Clara Castetter, Harriet Thompson, M. and L. Cumerford, Henrietta Duval, Clara Ward, Julia Walker.

Second Intermediate Class.—Misses M. Walker, Helen Sprochnle.

First Junior Class.—Miss C. North.

SOCIETIES.

On Sunday, Dec. 8th, the Festival of the Immaculate Conception, and the Patronal Feast of the United States, seventeen young ladies were received into the Society of the Children of Mary, and seven were accepted as Children of the Holy Angels.

Perhaps at the present time, more than at any former period, sound minds are impressed with the importance of the strong influence of religion in the education of youth, and more particularly of young ladies. This experimenting age has, to its sorrow, discovered the dangers resulting from the absence of religious restraints, and we see the tide setting strongly in the opposite direction. Everywhere the better classes, the solid, earnest, thinking portion of our population practically acknowledge that woman without religion is *crippled*, if not rendered quite incompetent to the performance of the arduous duties naturally devolving upon her. Nothing but the proper recognition of our relations to God and a future

state of being, can give a healthy and vigorous tone to the human character; nothing, besides, inspires the young heart with pure and disinterested motives of conduct; nothing but this, in a word, can furnish an object to call forth the more sublime, comprehensive, and unselfish energies of the soul.

Accomplishments, education, literary abilities, go far towards ennobling the character, it is true, but without Christianity they leave the mind like a fine castle erected upon the sands of the sea shore, at the mercy of the waves. The first storm will overwhelm and destroy the entire fabric, and the wreck alone be kept to publish the folly of those who build upon an insecure foundation.

The societies in honor of the Blessed Virgin and of the Holy Angels, are supported in order to *fix* this foundation; to lay the corner stone,—so to speak,—of a sincere and beautiful life in infancy, in early youth, the period when the most lasting impressions are made upon the mind, and when in most instances the future career is more or less definitely determined.

A member of the Holy Angels' Society is known as a *Child* of the Holy Angels. One of the Association in honor of the Blessed Virgin as a *Child* of Mary,—titles, each of them indicative of all that is innocent, noble, strong and pure upon earth.

The features of the two societies are identical. Age determines membership. Catholic children under twelve or thirteen years of age, enter the society of the Holy Angels; those past that age are eligible to membership in the Society of the Children of Mary. The design of both is to inculcate habits of cheerful piety and reverent faith; to present virtue in its most attractive and desirable guise; in short, to establish love and esteem for innocence and faith, which shall attend them through life.

There is much cant among hypocrites, and quite as much, if not more, among those who affect to despise hypocrites, but who falsely class all who are not absolutely impious in that category. A favorite fashion with these people is to cast odium upon, and to discourage piety in the young by ridicule and contempt. In too many cases, among the weak minded and ignorant, they have been successful in their object. To counteract such influences which creep in everywhere, religious associations in school are very efficacious, and a reasonable mind will at once comprehend the utility. They invest sacred things with an

exterior beauty corresponding to their real importance. The imagination, the heart, and the intellect are enlisted in their defense; solid virtue is established,—that is, if the child appreciates her position—and when she leaves school, she goes forth prepared to become a worthy member of Christian society.

We are proud to present to our children for imitation, the virtues and fine traits of a Hannah More, a Martha Washington, a Benjamin Franklin or a DeWitt Clinton. After the same manner the Holy Angels “who always behold the face of our Father in Heaven,” and “who have been appointed by God to be our guardians,” whose intelligence surpasses the most sublime intellect of mankind, are given to the little ones as models for imitation, and as objects for their love. For the same reason, or rather on the same principle, the Mother of Jesus, a holy being intrusted with the most momentous of all human interests, because she alone was properly endowed, is presented as the example above all others, worthy to be followed by the young. How life becomes exalted and earnest, with such models to stimulate, and enlighten the powers! How strong the motive to subdue the animal nature, and to bring the passions under subjection to the superior portion of our being! Such were the incentives presented to the Children of the Holy Angels, and to the Children of Mary on Sunday evening last, and such it is to be hoped will accompany each one of them through life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The letter inserted below is encouraging to pupils who have been so happy as to cheer their parents in the manner indicated by the writer:

MY DEAR MOTHER A—: Permit me to express to you my pleasure on the reception of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, to find every week the name of my dear — in the table of *Honorable Mention*, and not unfrequently in the *Table of Honor*. Believe me, my dear madam, that this repeated assurance that she is exerting herself to the utmost of her abilities, as her letters plainly show, affords me a satisfaction beyond words to express. The knowledge that she is cultivating her mind, and acquiring those accomplishments, which, though of secondary importance, contribute so much towards rendering the home circle attractive, but above all, the fact that she is imbibing a deep love for virtue, by witnessing its constant practice, and by its constant inculcation, is to me a far greater happiness, than if I were enabled to endow her to-morrow with the entire wealth of

California. That wealth she might lose. Disease might render it worthless in bestowing upon her. Perplexities might turn it to a curse. At all events she would be obliged to part with it at death, but the education you are now conferring upon her, will never desert her, even at the tomb, and I trust that at the portals of Heaven, it will prove the key-note of her welcome sentence of "well done, good and faithful servant." Let me thank you again and again, my dear madam, and be assured that while I live, my child shall never forget her debt of obligation, or the kind instructors to whom she owes it. Yours truly.

Scenes on the Highway of Fame.

The pompous chariot which conveys, to distinction or destruction, so many aspiring individuals, now stops her golden wheels for the reception of passengers. We recognize but two persons who are anxious to travel on this rugged road, Ambition and his companion Diligence. After they have taken leave of all such friends as are satisfied to remain in the vale of obscurity, they take their places in this splendid vehicle, as pilgrims to the city of Fame.

The car is now in motion, and the inmates are musing on their happy prospects when they shall tread the golden streets of Fame, greeted on every hand with the plaudits of her honored citizens. On moves the car, and all seems to indicate future prosperity. But soon a number of obstinate characters make their appearance and demand admittance. As they do not present a prepossessing appearance, our worthy passengers manifest much reluctance at the idea of keeping company with them; but it is the driver's interest to admit them, and so Messrs. Difficulty, Embarrassment and Obstacle enter into the presence of the now offended party within.

No sooner, therefore, had the intruders crossed the threshold, than an exciting contest ensued, which eventuated in the death of the two former pedestrians and the subjugation of the other. I must not fail to add, however, that our heroes were not a little injured in the combat; but in the end their exertions result in increasing their strength and better fitting them for future engagements.

The next crisis is not far away, for after they have traveled a short distance, the brakes are applied to the car for the purpose of welcoming a very respectable, but melancholy-looking individual named Disappointment, who paces steadily

towards the vehicle, enters, and passing to the center of the car, takes a seat beside his friend Difficulty. They seem very much pleased at this meeting; Difficulty speaks of the recent bloody feud, of his own subjection, and of his strong enemies. They both conclude to try the fortune of battle again, and see if it is not possible to overcome their opponents. No sooner has this subject been proposed, than it is put into execution. The combat rages; but the bloody work is soon over, and the rebels are vanquished forever.

Now at last the way is clear, and the brave heroes, Ambition and Diligence, pass triumphantly on to their desired destination. With what unspeakable joy, with what feelings of thanksgiving and triumph do they alight from the car which has borne them safe through so many trying scenes and landed them safe at last on the golden streets of Fame.

TWO-PENNY CLUB.

The Battle Field.

Let the Fleet-winged messengers of imagination bear you, gentle reader, to a lovely valley in one of our border states, over whose fields the golden ripe wheat is waving, and with its heavy drooping head inviting the harvester's sickle; where the fierce tramp and the wild champing of the war horse were before unknown, and where the clash of arms had never been heard.

Behold these two ridges running north and south about a mile distant from each other, raising their rugged majestic forms high in mid air and crowning their lofty summits with a few venerable oaks, whose crooked, gnarly, and dwarf-like shapes have, no doubt, weathered the storms and winters of a hundred years. Come in spirit with me to that ridge on the eastern side of the valley and gaze upon the lovely landscape which nature in all her magnificence and beauty has spread before us; behold that peaceful vale extending in all its majesty far away to the right, dotted here and there with neat cottages and handsome mansions; see to the left where the craggy steep on which we stand, loses itself in the distance, the beautiful, meandering river of —, whose gentle ripples are soon to sing the requiem of many a soldier brave, while before us lies, with its gentle undulations, the plain which is soon to be the scene of one of the bloodiest and most fiercely-contested battles of modern times.

It is the morn of July the first, the hour is four, all nature is awakening from its rest; the eastern

horizon is crimsoned with the softened lights of the rising sun, which as it casts its first refulgent ray over the lovely landscape, glistens on the dewy foliage of the aged oaks, and reflects upon the bristling bayonets of the opposing armies. No sound breaks the deathlike stillness of the hour save the rustling of the leaves and the gentle murmurs of the morning breeze, as it playfully sports with the uncombed locks of the sun browned soldiery.

Suddenly there looms out on the still balmy air and reverberates far up the vale, a signal gun, which startles all, and plainly tells that the scene is about to change; instantly and as if by magic, the ridges become two living mounts of fire, hurling from their artillery capped summits a volcanic storm of shot and shell. Clouds of smoke roll over and obscure the face of the valley, the whole heavens become a sheet of fire, like a vast prairie in flames, while the infantry seek refuge behind large rocks, trees, or whatever offers any protection from the destructive hail. Thus for two hours is kept up from ridge to ridge a titanic combat of artillery, shaking the very foundations of the hills, and filling the air with fire, smoke and the deafening clamor of two hundred and fifty guns.

At length the firing ceases, and again a death-like silence reigns, but it is only a prelude to something more fierce and terrible; for, the smoke having cleared away, the keen, practiced eye of the soldier detects a heavy massing of troops in front and on the right, evidently preparing for some grand movement, which soon manifests itself. The enemy, about thirty thousand strong, descending the ridge on which they were intrenched, stand upon the plain; they halt, but only for a moment, and again they press on, glittering in all the splendor and magnificence of war; slowly but steadily they march across the intervening space which separates them from our batteries, the gentle morning breeze wafting upon our ears that firm, steady, martial tread which undeniably proves that they are brave, determined, and veteran soldiers. They are nearing the centre of the plain, when lo! the batteries on the eastern ridge, opening upon them a murderous shower of grape, cannister and shrapnell, mow swarth-like gaps in their serried ranks; but they do not falter for a moment, as often as these gaps appear, so often are they closed by others, willing and ready to share the fate of their gallant comrades.

The batteries at the northern extremity of the

ridge, aimed with deadly accuracy, now open an enfilading fire upon them, making a terrific havoc among their ranks, sweeping off whole companies at every volley, but undaunted, they press on, every step marked by the torn and mangled bodies of the dead and dying.

Here the lacerated and maimed form of a youth, who has seen scarcely eighteen summers, near him a headless trunk, while beyond lies the body of an aged man cut in twain by the exploding shells. At length they are out of reach of the batteries and have reached the base of the hill whose summit they so eagerly covet. They halt, but only for a moment to reform their shattered ranks; and now, with a deafening shout which re-echoes from the neighboring hill, and makes the very valley ring, they dash up the precipitous front. Now can be heard the energetic encouraging voice of the officers on the summit, the quick, sharp word of command, while the men, knowing they are inferior in numbers to the assailing force, prepare to sell their lives dearly; tightly clutching their muskets, they await the onset, and as the advancing column appears, they pour into it a deadly volley, giving it a momentary check. But the attacking force soon recover, and with one more desperate rush they have reached the summit, and here commences one of those mortal struggles rare in war, when the hostile forces, closing in deadly strife, illustrate whatever there is of the savage or terrible in war. Here the men engage in a hand-to-hand combat, in which bayonets are crossed and re-crossed, muskets and rifles clubbed, and officers, regardless of rank or danger, snatch the rifles from the hands of the dead and dash into the thickest of the conflict. The assailants are repulsed, and having lost their commanders, flee in confusion and disorder down the steep declivity, hurling each other headlong in their mad career. Reaching the plain they halt and attempt to reform, but fate is against them; a squadron of cavalry, before concealed by a slight wave in the plain, now appear, and with drawn sabres dash upon the remnant of that unfortunate band; they retreat, but the fleet-footed cavalry are upon them, cutting them down right and left. Some, however, escape to their intrenchments, while others, maddened by defeat and almost frantic, caring only to escape the descending blade, flee, they know not where, and are pursued to the bank of the river; then throwing up their hands in wild despair, cast themselves up its bosom and disappear beneath its waters.

But here I must end; would that I could efface from my memory the remembrance of this fearful scene; but I cannot, it forces itself back upon me like the succeeding billows of a tempestuous sea; it brings before me sad recollections of forms of beloved comrades, whose winning smile I shall never again behold, and whose merry laughter shall never be wafted to my ears; and though victory crowned our arms, the recollection of its moments fills my soul with horror.

JOHN FITZHARRIS.

MR. EDITOR: Please insert the following in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR:

The opening debate of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, took place on Sunday evening, December 1st. (This should have been sent in sooner, but was unavoidably omitted.) For a first attempt it was very well done considering all things, and for the next attempt we promise you something better. The trouble which the members of this Association had in preparing the play, had, perhaps, more to do with it than anything else.

The meeting having been called to order by the president, who made a few remarks relative to the rules of debating, after which the aforesaid debate took place. The subject before the members was, "Do the Indians possess a right to the soil?"

This is a subject not commonly used for a *debate*. But our society does not choose such subjects as, "Who is the greater general, Washington or Napoleon?"—But to return.—Master John C. Skelly took the stand, and expressed his arguments in a very few words. He used no extra language, but brought out his propositions in a plain forcible manner; after him came Master Otis S. Walker, who simply refuted Master Skelly's arguments. His remarks at the same time went to prove that the Indians did not possess a right to the soil. Master David J. Wile followed in a lengthy speech, in which he did not refute any arguments but brought in his own. Having only ten minutes for the second speakers, his speech was brought to an almost abrupt close. Master M. Mahony followed with his part for the cause of the negative. This part was especially well done and he deserves mention for it. He brought in the most forcible arguments of the evening. He alluded in it to the treaty of Very Rev. Father Provincial with the Pottawotamic Indians. These being all the regular speeches, auxiliaries, or rather volunteers

were called for, and Messrs Page, Bowers, Ingersoll and Staley responded for the affirmative, and Master E. Walker for the negative. Master John C. Skelly then summed up the argument, after which our Director gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting adjourned after the reading of some of the By-Laws and Constitution of the Association. At the last meeting, Master J. J. Raggio, read an essay entitled, "I can't." It was well arranged and well read, for which he gained great applause. Our next debate will come off on Sunday, December 15th, when we hope to have something better than our first.

D. J. W.

LITERARY ROOMS, No. FOUR, }
Dec. 11th, 1867. }

MR. EDITOR: Last evening the St. Edward's Literary Association held its twelfth regular session at which the following Essays were read: "Human Life," by Mr. H. A. Keeler; "Kind Words," by Mr. J. Gibbons; "Temperance," by Mr. D. Tighe and "The Battle Field," by Mr. J. Fitzharris. After these, which were the regular Essays of the evening, Master T. Ewing volunteered to read an Essay on the "History of Tobacco," then followed the customary remarks and criticisms, by the members, on the Essays read. As there was still some time at our disposal, Master Ewing was unanimously requested to make an extempore address. He cheerfully consented to do so, and for about twenty minutes spoke very entertainingly, and also very instructive on the "Resources and prospects of South America," entering somewhat into a discussion of the causes of its being so thinly populated, and of the frequent revolutions which occur in that region of the world. Taking it all around, we spent a very pleasant and, I doubt not, a very profitable evening.

Yours truly,

"TERPIKERAUNOS."

Have We a Partington Amongst Us?

Such is the enquiry which has already formed the basis of animated and earnest discussion in our literary circles. The positive announcement of Isaac Partington's arrival on Oct. 12th, found in the columns of that journal of unimpeachable veracity, THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, should have set all enquiries at rest for ever, but a crowd of uneasy, inquisitive spirits are ever and anon buzzing about our ears like mosquitos, with questions such as; "Why do we never hear his notes read?" "Where does he sit in the Study-room?"

"Is he a Junior or a Senior?" "What is his number?" "What classes is he in?" etc. We cannot be supposed to be able or willing to satisfy the cravings of so minute a curiosity, as the above questions would indicate. We refer our interrogators to the respective Prefect of the house, who will no doubt give them ample information on these heads. But there another class of enquirers who betray a very different (and most malignant) spirit. They seem even to impugn the veracity of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, by a system of cross-examination, evidently intended to confuse us, or to expose some fancied falsehood. They ask: "Who is the Jordan Partington alluded to in the same number which announces Isaac's arrival?" "How does it happen that Mrs. P., who is supposed to live at Greenfield, Connecticut, attended the St. Cecilian Exhibition?" and similar questions, indicative of a vocation to the bar. We are sorry their legal acumen is not displayed in a better cause. As for the Jordan spoken of, we know nothing about him. The report concerning him crept surreptitiously into our columns, and was a mere flight of the fertile imagination of one of the most determined unbelievers in the orthodox Partingtonian theory, who wished to turn the whole affair into ridicule. Mrs. Partington's presence at our last exhibition is easily explained. That admirable and devoted lady has taken rooms in a cheerful, airy and respectable house in the beautiful neighborhood of Mishawaka, whence she can conveniently exercise her maternal solicitude in behalf of her beloved offspring. She is chiefly employed in knitting and making pies, etc., for Isaac's consumption. She always attends our exhibitions, and would like to have Isaac appear on the stage, but she supposes his teachers are the best judges as to his capacity, and is content to wait until his talents have been sufficiently developed. We wish this commendable spirit were more prevalent.

But we have in our possession a document sufficient to confute the most obstinate anti-Partingtonian. It is no less than Ike's first attempt at English composition, written soon after his arrival here, as a duty in his Grammar class. It bears internal evidence, as our readers will see, of its authenticity. Isaac has improved very much in composition since, but we prefer to give this early specimen, as it discloses the native talent of the lad, untrammelled by the artificial rules of modern style. It is

ON THE HORSE.

It is very difficult to write on the horse, espe-

cially when that noble animal is galloping at full speed. I would much prefer to write on the camel, because you could sit between the humps and use the front one for a desk to put your paper on, but even then I should choose a lead pencil in preference to pen and ink, as the latter would be likely to spill all over creation. The horse should be broken, but not smashed. If he takes the bit between his teeth and runs away, you had better jump out, if it can be done with safety. If there are any ladies in the buggy with you, always throw them out first. That is the way to be disinterested and polite. Do not yell, as that will only alarm the animal more. If the ladies should scream, tell them to shut up. There was a man once who started for Elkhart with a horse and cart. The horse, however, was balky, and so he had to stop at Mishawaka. When a horse is balky, you can generally stop as long as you please. If your horse is ringboned, or has the snuffles, use Spalding's Prepared Glue. Professor, this is all I can find to write about the Horse.

I. PARTINGTON.

Isaac's talents for arithmetic are as remarkable as his genius for composition. We shall reserve our notice of them for a future occasion.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—Our readers will regret to hear of the demise of a highly respectable denizen of Notre Dame. Analytical Geometry, Esq., departed this life on Saturday, Dec. 7th, 1867, at 11 A. M., after a short but painful sickness. Deceased was descended from the ancient and honorable Geometry family, originally established in Egypt, where his remote ancestry were often called upon to exercise judicial authority, in order to settle disputes arising from the removal of land-marks by the inundations of the Nile. From this it may be inferred how high their reputation must have been for justice and equity. From Egypt the family passed over into Greece, where it enjoyed an even higher degree of prosperity. In later times, the head of the family resolved still further to increase his power and influence by a matrimonial alliance with the celebrated East Indian Princess Algebra. Their union was blessed by the birth of our lamented fellow citizen, who was christened "Analytical" after the surname of his mother's family. The deceased was simple yet profound in speech, and preferred taking short cuts to the beaten tracks laid down by his ancestors. His funeral obsequies were celebrated last Wednesday afternoon, amid a sorrowing throng of familiar acquaintances. One of his near relatives, the Hon. Civil Engineering, will succeed to his title and estates.