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Devoted to the Interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

Vol. II.

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No. 5.

LECTURES ON HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY OUTLINE.

Not many months ago I had the pleasure of reading before you a few introductory words on the subject of history.

The object of those remarks was to show the advantage of the study. But as all persons, young and old, are probably convinced of its utility the moment they seriously reflect on the subject, it would seem unnecessary to repeat that advice to you now.

I shall therefore proceed at once to sketch the plan of the series of lectures which I have been requested to prepare for you.

Modern history being of most concern to us, I shall commence to speak in detail of historical events only with the beginning of the history of the present nations of Europe. As, however, these nations resulted from the dissolution of the Roman empire, I shall speak more fully of the history of that empire than of any previous portion of history. That the connection of all history may be clear, I shall first give a very rapid outline of ancient history, down to the termination of Jewish history, and the establishment of the Roman Empire.

I shall endeavor to show the connection of all ancient with Hebrew history, and all modern with Roman history, and its successor, Christianity.

Well knowing how unfit I am for such an important task, I shall try, so far as I am able, to interest and instruct you in this important knowledge—the knowledge of mankind, which must lead to the still more important knowledge of yourselves.

History is a written record of human events. In numerous ways, men have conveyed to future

ages a knowledge of their own times; but before the invention of the art of writing all means of doing this were partial, fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Rude towers were erected on the site of a battle or other wonderful occurrence, which might by frequent recitals from father to son serve for a few years to keep alive the memory of that particular event. But, in time, these traditions would grow confused, as men's minds became more and more uncertain concerning the real state of the case, until, at last, the whole story would slip into the region of the unknown, and the fabulous. New generations would pass in wonder by the old tower, and speculate upon its origin and use, as they do to this day concerning the Egyptian pyramids and the round towers of Ireland; or, perhaps, some daring genius would arise and invent a magnificent tale concerning certain heroes of ancient times, who long before had constructed the mysterious mound for some grand purpose which his own imagination would suggest. In this manner would history merge into poetry; and in the pages of some old Homer we should look for the first vestiges of the history of a great people, whose true history was lost in the mist of ages. Thus it is that poetry is older than prose. Verses and ballads could be composed and committed to memory, long before the invention of writing. Besides, the very form of such compositions being much more beautiful than every-day speech, the imagination of the early races of men was so captivated by musical sounds and poetical ideas that they could no longer enjoy the plain unvarnished tales of fact. What little history was left in the old songs was made completely subservient to the requirements of fancy and the imagination. And when facts were not already of the marvelous kind those poetical people invented other facts more in harmony with their ideas of what was proper and beautiful. We are therefore assured of two

things, that the earlier compositions of every people are chiefly works of the imagination, and that, even where facts are stated as such, we can never for certain separate the events of history from the fancies of the poet.

When, therefore, at last, the wonderful art of writing came among men, it found them disposed to the fictitious rather than the real; so that even when the more thoughtful among them saw the necessity of preserving for their descendants a record of the men and the deeds of their own time, they could not bring themselves altogether to give up the realm of fancy, but mingled with the grave recital of facts the most extravagant fictions of romance.

Homer's poems give us our first knowledge of the manners and customs of the Greeks, and our chief information concerning the famous state of Troy. With the old poet all facts, whether known as real or suspected as fabulous, were alike rejected or dovetailed into his poems, according to the requirements of those immortal works of art. And when Herodotus wrote his nine books which have placed him before all others as Father of History, he did not think it inconsistent with his plan to dedicate his pages to the nine Muses, and to incorporate with the known truth all the most extraordinary tales of the different nations which he visited. Indeed, it was in accordance with the sentiments of his countrymen for him to do so; and if he had failed to make his history sound as agreeably as a poem, he would have found himself reading to empty benches on those great occasions when all Greece, assembled at the national festivals, listened to him as you are listening to me now.

This very work of Herodotus, dedicated to the muses, and consisting of half fact and half fiction, is itself an example of the transition from poetical to prose composition, from the language of the bard to the language of the historian. Afterwards came the more veracious and philosophical historians, of whom Thucydides, the friend and pupil of Herodotus, may be taken as an example. These writers related facts as they were, and may be considered as the first real historians.

As to the Hebrews undoubtedly belongs the honor of being the inventors of written language, so to them also belongs the honor of being the first writers of history, and to them we must look for our first reliable information concerning the early condition of the human race.

I shall now proceed to give you a very rapid sketch of the history of mankind down to the time

when the history of mankind became the history of the Roman people.

The history of the world may be traced, from the beginning down to our own time, through, or in connection with, the history of the two most famous peoples of all time,—the Hebrews and the Romans. By no other line may we go back, uninterruptedly, from our own day even to the hour of creation, when the angels of God shouted for joy, and the morning stars together sang, when

"Ten thousand harps tuned
Angelic harmonies, when earth and air
Resounded, when
The heavens and all the constellations rung, and
The planets in their station listening stood."

All modern history may be traced directly back to the Roman, of which it is the successor, or from which it radiates as from a central line. Ancient history reads intelligibly as a whole, only when considered in connection with the history of the Hebrews. Ancient history closed, and modern history began, when the history of the Hebrews merged into that of the all conquering Romans. Thus, led at first by the hand of the wise Roman, and, afterwards, by that of the more favored Hebrew, as Dante was led by the hand of human wisdom, in the person of Virgil, and then by that of divine intelligence, in the person of Beatrice, we may go safely and surely through the almost inexplicable mazes and mysteries of history, until we arrive at the true source and the complete knowledge of all. The destruction by the flood, the confusion of tongues, and the dispersion of mankind, make any other satisfactory course an impossibility; for, if we attempt to trace our own history or that of any other people by any way but this, we shall find our path choked up by impenetrable and unintelligible obscurity. For instance, we may easily trace our own history into that of Europe. English history runs back into that of the Saxons, Angles and Normans. The Saxons and Angles came from Germany, and belonged to the great Gothic race: the Normans came from Scandinavia, and belonged also to the same Gothic race. So far all is comparatively clear: but if we attempt to investigate the annals of the Goths, we find all darkness, total darkness, save only the ray of light cast from Roman history by which we perceive, dimly to be sure, but still certainly, that these Goths came originally from Asia, which again connects them with Hebrew history. In like manner the French may be traced to the Goths; and also to the Celts, another Asi-

atic people; besides, directly to the Romans themselves. The Spaniards are also Celts and Goths and Romans: while Irish history runs back into that of Spain and of Carthage. Carthage itself is known to us from Roman annals which inform us that the Carthaginians were originally Tyrians, neighbors of the Hebrews, and known to us through Hebrew history and through that of Rome.

So the history of every nation may be traced back into utter darkness, save only the light which it receives from Roman and Hebrew history. As we wish, therefore, to read the history of the world intelligently, and not in the mist of obscurity, we must take with us the flaming lamps of Rome and of Judea. Thus all will be clear and luminous. We shall not trace back a line to find it broken off suddenly in the dark; but, holding fast to the Roman and Hebrew line, we shall stretch out on each side and examine the deeds of mankind back to the beginning. Another advantage this gives us is unity. All the events of the world, from age to age, are referred to one center, and become intelligible with reference to that center.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURAGE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

What is courage?
In the dense and tangled jungle,
In the darksome fens
Where the conger and the tigress
Make their loathsome dens;
Where the deadly serpent coiling,
Haunts the wild recess,
There is found in beastly fullness,
Perfect *fearlessness*,
But 'tis not true courage.

What is courage?
Where the imbruted, selfish savage,
Whets his scalping-knife,
While his gross, revengeful spirit
Thirsts for murderous strife.
In *that* breast is human prowess,
All the boasted pride,
That the ancient Pagan-worship,
Gravely deified,
But not real courage.

What is courage?
'Tis the fealty to virtue,
That will nobly dare
All the armies of temptation
That infest the air.
'Tis the spirit of strong purpose
Always to do right,
Though the forces of wrong doing
Blot the sun from sight.
This is real courage.

What is courage?
'Tis the earnest recognition
Of the claims that bind
Every mortal child of Adam,
All of human kind.
'Tis the bravery of mercy,
This,—so rare a prize,—
It makes charity seem folly,
To the worldly-wise,
But it is *true courage*.

What is courage?
'Tis the spirit of forgiveness
Even though our foes
Pave and strew our mournful pathway
With all human woes,
It is love of Justice—duty—
Their achievement too;
'Tis the marvelous grace of graces.
ALWAYS TO BE TRUE.
This is real courage.

Face to face with Death.

During the late war, while Sherman's forces were marching through Georgia, Harry Alton and myself were companions. Talk about soldiers: say it is impossible for them to lead a good life, but I know better. The "Foufou" philosophers may discourse eloquently about the "*centerstance*," and "*circumstances*," and insist that all men are alike, and that circumstances alone are responsible for the good or bad that a man performs, but fortunately Christianity was established long before the dawn of "Foufouism," and the dignity of human freedom of will is acknowledged by all who can reason, observe, and understand the meaning of human biography and history.

Harry Alton was as cheerful a youth as ever wore a military uniform, and yet no one ever saw him off his guard, never heard a word of blas-

phemy from his lips, or ever knew of his committing a wanton or unkind act. On the contrary wherever misery was to be relieved, or misfortune to be cheered, Harry was always to be found, and the painful exigencies of war never betrayed him into even a want of courtesy, so true it is that virtue never forsakes him who espouses her. Though not twenty-one years of age Harry had, with but little fortune, acquired an education that would entitle him to admission into the best circles, but which, better still, had given him the mastery over a proud and impetuous heart, and conferred upon him the enviable insignia of the *true gentleman*.

"Hal," said a stout but dissolute soldier to him one day, "how is it that you live along staid as a time-piece, while the rest of the boys are always rollicking, and making up for hard fare and the risk of their necks, by laying hold of fun when it comes along? It is'n't half honest to *deny* yourself in this style."

"Walt," replied Harry, "when I said good-by to my weeping father and mother, I resolved to never commit one act that could possibly give them occasion to blush on my account. I mean to keep my resolution. There is no self-denial in *that* I am sure."

Noble Harry Alton came to a sudden, though, I trust, not unprovided death, in the following manner.

One afternoon, together we had strolled some miles from camp, when we were surprised and captured by a band of guerrillas, and were led inside an enclosure just at the edge of a piece of woodland which stretched between us and the Union camp-ground. Harry was an athlete. He had never found his match in leaping or running, and his tall, handsome figure was the boast of the regiment. The guerrillas led us to a rude hovel and appeared to be consulting what disposition to make of us, when Harry whispered to me, "John, commend me to God and His ever blessed Mother. I shall break loose and do my best to escape. God bless you! Farewell!" I had not a moment to remonstrate, and my companion bounded away with such speed that for a moment I hoped he might prove successful. But no; one of the band took deadly aim, and noble Harry Alton was stretched lifeless under a broad magnolia tree. With a strong effort I concealed the grief occasioned by the loss of such a friend under circumstances so painful, and in silence submitted to the insolence of my captors. After a march of three days, on the morning of the

fourth the band halted suddenly in a dense forest. "Down on your knees, and be ready to die," said the leader addressing me. For months the fortunes of war had prevented me from approaching the Sacrament of Penance, and now I would have given ten thousand worlds could I have been granted one hour, and have listened to the welcome words of absolution. I could only utter a profound act of contrition, "and hope that God would accept my sorrow, and my faith. "Mount that horse," said one of the men as he pointed to an animal which stood under a tree from which a rope was suspended. As I obeyed, from the inmost depths of my heart I pronounced the "Memorare," begging the mercy of Heaven upon my soul. One of the band rode to my side and placed the rope around my neck: another moment and I should be launched into eternity. I closed my eyes, forever upon earth as I supposed, but what was my surprise to hear the voice of the leader, commanding my executioner to desist, and that I should be led further into the forest. Detaching the rope from the branch, the guerrilla conducted me to the point designated by their leader, when their purpose seemed suddenly changed; I was told to dismount, and the unwelcome necklace was removed from about my throat.

For two weeks longer I was watched closely through the day, and kept in chains at night, but on the third week their vigilance relaxed, and I was at length left completely unguarded. One morning upon awaking I remarked a strange object beside me, and upon examination was delighted to discover that it was a package containing mementoes that must have been found on the person of my deplored friend, and, I now believe, had been purposely left by the captain of the guerrillas that I might take possession of them.

I had no means of knowing how far distant we were from the Union lines, but resolved on making good my escape upon the night following; accordingly in the silence of midnight I crept from the group who were sleeping around me, and in a few moments was exulting in the consciousness of dear liberty.

For two days I journeyed northward with no certainty of the latitude, or of whether I should accost friend or foe should I seek for information. At nightfall I ventured to call at the door of a house, whence I beheld the glimmering of a cheerful light. A woman who answered my summons evaded all direct replies to my questions, until she assured herself of my

good faith as a Union soldier. This accomplished, she served me to a good supper, and after I had enjoyed a night of sound repose, and partaken of a hearty breakfast, my hostess directed me to the Union lines, which were not far distant. Once among my comrades, all gathered around to listen to the sad story of Harry's death and of my adventures among the guerrillas. My first duty was to transmit the treasured souvenirs of my friend to his afflicted parents, together with his history.

Last summer I had the sad satisfaction of paying them a visit, and together we perused the last words ever penned by the hand now lifeless, but the vitality of the true heart which dictated them still glowed in each sentence, and seemed to bring him once more into our very midst.

The following is the last paragraph of a letter written by him to his friends, to be delivered in case he should die in battle:

"And now, my venerated father, my beloved mother and sister, do not abandon yourselves to grief on my account. While you pray for the soul of your departed Harry, torture not yourselves with fears that he may have yielded to the infatuations of vice. I say it, not to boast, dear mother, but to console you in your sorrow,—in the presence of God, and in view of death I declare to you that I have been constantly faithful to my promise made to you the night before we parted. Never have I gone to rest, nor entered upon any peril without a strict examination of conscience, and the utmost endeavors to be prepared for a good death, even though it should come in the lightning's flash. Forgive me every pain I may have ever occasioned to any one of my beloved ones, and may it be our happiness at last to meet where wars can never come, and friends can never part. Your devoted Harry."

It was my mournful duty to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Alton to Georgia, and to search out the spot where poor Harry fell. Fortunately this did not prove so difficult as was anticipated, and happily we found him decently buried beneath the magnolia tree where I last beheld him. The rosary found upon his person, the last gift of his mother, would have identified his remains had there been any doubt. Something must have revealed the beauty of the young captive's character to his foes, and this no doubt touched a human chord in their hearts, and led to this unlooked for mark of respect.

Harry's ashes were removed, and now rest in consecrated soil, in his own native town.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Arrival of Students at Notre Dame.

SEPTEMBER 25th.

Wm. Waldo, Independence, Mo.
Edgar Taylor, Logansport, Ind.

SEPTEMBER 29th.

Gabriel Summers, Notre Dame, Ind.
F. W. Metzger, Niles, Mich.
F. W. Wyman, Keokuk, Iowa.

SEPTEMBER 30th.

Wm. O. Rowan, Winamac, Ind.
A. Phillip, " "

OCTOBER 1st.

Henry Reynolds, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Joseph Roberts, Columbus, Ohio.
William Wallace, Milwaukee, Wis.
David O'Shea, Philadelphia, Penn.
Eugene Whittaker, New Haven, Ind.
John S. Gavitt, Evansville, Ind.
John Gillespie, Dexter, Mich.
William C. Lence, Cobden, Ill.
Charles C. Hutchings, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Sept. 25th.

H. C. Allen, James O'Reilly, H. P. Morancy,
John Wagner, Jacob Eisenman, James Wilson,
Stacy Hibben, Carlton Sage, Stephen A. Corby,
John Vocke.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Sept. 25th.

Henry P. Beakey, Daniel Egan, John Thompson,
Walter Wilstach, D. Cooney, Joseph Campbell,
J. Kelly, M. Brannock, S. Granger, P. Cochrane.

Honorable Mention.

GREEK.

Second Class.—W. A. Walker, W. P. McClain.

Third Class.—Thos. M. Johnson, J. McClain,
M. Mahony.

Fourth Class.—*Translation*—John Garrity.
Theme—Rufus McCarthy, G. Atkinson, J. Staley,
P. O'Connell.

Fifth Class.—J. Curran, J. P. Rogers, F. Ingersoll,
W. Hoynes, E. B. Gambee.

Honorable Mention (Continued).**LATIN.***First Class.*—James Cunnea, Wm. McClain.*Second Class.*—W. Walker, J. P. Rogers, Rufus McCarthy Jr., J. Curran, P. McKeon, D. Tighe.*Third Class.*—James Edwards, Mark Foote.*Fourth Class.*—J. E. Garrity, J. R. Staley,*Fifth Class.*—W. Hoynes, Henry L. Eisenman, J. H. Lecompte, H. P. Morancy, J. F. Zahm.*Sixth Class.*—C. Hertich, E. B. Gambee, Daniel Egan, J. McGlinn, R. Broughton, Wm. Clarke, J. B. Gaunt, S. H. McCurdy.*Seventh Class, First division.*—T. F. O'Mahony, P. Fitzpatrick, M. Carney, J. Coppinger.*Second Division.*—Jas. Monroe, J. H. Murphy, Geo. Pearce, F. Nicholas, J. J. Dooley.**READING.***First Class Sr.*—R. B. Coddington, D. W. Coonce, T. O'Neill, J. McGlinn, A. Minnich, T. Heery, J. H. Fritts, Wm. J. Ryan, C. Stuart, W. Orr, J. C. Lacy.*First Class Jr.*—T. Arrington, G. McCartney, J. McGuire, L. Hayes, H. Hayes, R. Delahay, Geo. Redfield, C. Berdell, DeWitt Bland, C. O'Neill.*Second Class Jr.*—*Third Class Jr.*—**PENMANSHIP.***Senior.*—**CATECHISM.***First.*—*Second.*—**GERMAN.***First Class Sr.*—W. Walker, J. H. Lecompte, J. P. Rogers, J. Wilson, C. Hertich, J. M. Duffy, H. B. Keeler, F. Ingersoll, G. Atkinson.*Third Class Sr., First Division.*—F. Crapser, R. L. Aikin, Frank Wickmire, C. McCarthy, J. M. Montgomery, R. Coddington, A. Menard, T. McKey.*Third Class Sr., Second Division.*—D. J. Diemer, Louis G. Dupler, Denis A. Clarke, H. C. Allen, H. Wrap.*First Class Jr.*—J. Eisenman, D. Wile, Louis Billing, A. Hemsteger, Mark Foote, John Orb, Hugo Hug.*Second Class Jr.*—Robert Staley, Laurence Wilson, Charles J. Duffy, Jerome Crevoisier, Asa Wetherbee, James McGuire.*Third Class Jr. First Division.*—Spencer H. McCurdy, Lewis Hayes, Daniel Egan, Roscoe W. Broughton, David Lauferty.*Third Class Jr. Second Division.*—Joseph Mulhall, Albert Trumpff, James Ford, George Combs, Charles Berdell, Zachary Vanderveer.**FRENCH.***First Class.*—Rufus McCarthy, John Rogers, H. Morancy.*Second Class.*—V. Hackmann, S. H. McCurdy, F. Bulger.*Third Class.*—Wm. Walker, John M. Moriarty, J. Nash, H. O'Neil.*Third Grammar Jr.*—Edward O'Brien, DeWitt Bland, John Klien, John Thomson, J. Pfeiffer, J. Krauth, Hugo Hug, Andrew Cella.**Lectures at Notre Dame.**

On Saturday evening, the 26th ult., Prof. Howard delivered before the Seniors a lecture on History in general. A large number of the professors were in attendance. The Rev. Father Lemonnier, Vice-President and Director of Studies, in introducing the lecturer said that the faculty in their solicitude for the welfare of those whose education and moral training had been committed to their care, desiring to furnish them every means of mental culture and intellectual development, had decided that a series of lectures should be delivered before them so that there would be at least one every week during the coming season. These lectures would be on historical, scientific and other useful subjects, and he was sure that they would be highly appreciated by the students. Not only would these lectures afford them a great deal of useful information, which they could not otherwise obtain so expeditiously, or so fully, but would also serve to train their minds to the ready comprehension and treatment of important subjects, and accustom them to the noble art of public speaking.

We give in this number the first pages of Prof. Howard's Lecture, and will give the rest in the following numbers.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

The third regular meeting of this Society was held on Sunday evening, Sept. 27th. The meeting being called to order, business was at once commenced by the appointment of readers for the ensuing week. Mr. Deehan next presented himself for admission, and after reading his essay was elected unanimously. Proceeding to

the reading of essays &c., Master Foote gave his, entitled "A Good Cause makes a Stout Heart," a neatly written and well delivered piece, doing honor to the head and heart of its young author; this was followed by "Lines on the Death of a Boy in Prison," read by Master Ingersoll; the "Fourth of July Oration," by Master Wetherbee; the "Village Pastor," by Master Ryan; all of which were delivered in a manner to draw forth the applause of all present.

The subject of the next debate was then brought before the house:

Resolved, "That the Indian possesses a right to the soil."

After the appointment of essayists for the next meeting, the criticism on the essays and readings of the evening was given by Prof. Von Weller. No other business of importance being on hand the meeting adjourned.

JOHN McHUGH, Cor. Sec'y.

Notre Dame University Cornet Band.

ED. SCHOLASTIC YEAR: I take advantage of the opportunity offered me by the insertion of the Honorable Mention of the members of the Band, to say a word on the excellent instruments used. Too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. Gauthrot, of Paris, the manufacturers of these instruments, from whom they were imported.

Those used in the Band are: 4 E flat Soprano, 4 B flat Contralto, 1 B flat Tenor, 4 B flat Bass, 2 B flat Contrabass, 4 B flat Cornets, 8 E flat Alto, 1 B flat Barytone, 2 E flat Bass.

The members of the band who deserve honorable mention for strict attention to *practice* and great improvement in execution, are the following: J. Garharstine, Ass't Leader; C. J. Hertich, Ass't Leader; J. A. Dickinson, President; J. H. Le-compte, Vice-President; J. Curran, Treasurer; W. Walker, Rec. Sec.; J. Buddeke, Cor. Sec.; B. Vocke, Librarian; D. J. Dieman, Ass't Librarian; J. Hull, 1st Censor; M. S. Ryan, 2d Censor.

There are at present twenty-two members, and fourteen places yet open for new members. On the 13th October, the Band will appear in full uniform, and will execute eight new pieces thereby demonstrating that they have not been idle since the re-organization this year. I will in following numbers of THE SCHOLASTIC make mention of the members who distinguish them-

selves by their improvement and strict attention to discipline.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN O'NEILL,
Director, Teacher, and Leader.

Saint Mary's Academy.

September 29, 1868.

ARRIVALS.

Sept. 26th—Misses Elizabeth Corning, Minta, O.; Winifred Corby, Detroit, Mich.; Catherine Lisk, Blanderville, Illinois.

TABLE OF HONOR, SENIOR.

Sept. 27th—Misses M. Toomey, F. Hosmer, G. Hyndes, O. Brody, E. Kirwan, R. Mukautz, M. Alexander, E. Bland, E. Lindsay, H. Higgins, E. Darst, K. Livingston.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class: Misses L. and E. Tong, E. Longsdorf, A. Ewing, E. Crouch, Catherine Cunnea.

First Class Sr: Misses A. Carmody, A. Cunnea, A. Radin, A. Mulhall, M. Morril, N. Tracy, J. Dobson, M. Carraher, M. Johnston, E. Carr.

Second Class Sr: Misses S. Thomson, R. Rittig, C. Foote, L. Ingersoll, L. English, Louisa Leoni, Leonina Leoni, A. Carpenter, M. King, N. Sherburn, C. Davenport, N. Hackman, S. Gleeson, J. Lafferty.

Third Class Sr: Misses A. Sturgis, H. Niel, A. Boyles, N. Simms, E. Ruger, E. Scott, M. Sherland, K. Kent, A. Wiley, S. Beebe.

First Preparatory: Misses A. Mast, A. Lyons, H. Thomson, J. Stevens, J. Gittings, E. Cooney, M. Rumely, M. Corckran, J. Lonergan, S. Coffee.

Second Preparatory: Miss A. Mimmie,

Third Preparatory: Misses J. Denny, L. Blaizy, C. Hoerber, N. Hellaboth, M. McClune, E. Ritter, K. Kline, M. Coffey, A. Mathews, J. Davis.

Saint Theresa's Literary Society.

This society is composed of the young ladies belonging to the Graduate and Senior classes. Their first meeting was held on Wednesday,

Sept. 16th; the following is the result of the votes taken for the choice of officers:

Directress—Sister M. of St. Eusebia.
 President—Miss C. Livingston.
 Vice-President—Miss E. Longsdorf.
 Secretaries } Miss L. Tong,
 } Miss E. Tong.
 Treasurer—Miss A. Ewing.
 Librarian—Miss E. Crouch.

St Angela's Literary Society.

Composed of young ladies belonging to the Preparatory Classes. Their first meeting was held on the 16th ult.; they then proceeded to a selection of officers. The following is the result:

Directress—Sister M. of St. Anastasia.
 President—Miss J. Davis
 Vice-President—Miss J. Deney.
 Secretary—Miss M. O'Toole.
 Treasurer—Miss N. Scott.
 Librarian—Miss A. Lyons.

St. Agnes' Literary Society.

Composed of the young ladies forming the Junior and Minim Departments. They held their first meeting on the 16th inst. Proceedings were very *animated*.

Mother Provincial was named Directress by acclamation.

President—Miss M. Letourneau.
 Vice-President—Miss E. Dunbar.
 Secretary—Miss A. Woods.
 Librarian—Miss A. Clarke.
 Treasurer—Miss L. Jones.

St. Joseph's Academy, South Bend.

The following young ladies deserve honorable mention for punctual attendance, perfect lessons and ladylike deportment:

First Class Sr. :—Misses C. Shultz, A. Logan C. Peffer.

Second Class :—Misses A. Wheeler, M. Brown.

Third Class :—Misses M. Blowney, A. Treanor.

First Inter. :—Misses E. Vinson, R. Grogan.

Second :—Misses E. Elbell, C. Wilkeson.

First Class Jr. :—Misses L. Bowers, M. Veasey.

Second Class :—Misses L. Gillon, A. Elbell.

Third Class :—Misses M. Condon, E. Touhey.

Minims :—Misses M. Butler, H. Clifford.

German First Class :—Miss A. Logan.

Second Class :—Misses J. Coonsman, A. Lederer.

Music First Class :—Misses H. Logan, A. Treanor.

Second Class :—Misses K. Gwynn, F. Comparette.

NOTRE DAME DU SACRE CŒUR, }

September 28th, 1868. }

The following young ladies are deserving of honorable mention for conduct, politeness and perfect lessons:

First Class Sr. :—Misses S. Benton, A. McCarthy, L. Adams.

Second Class Sr. :—Misses Olive Jackson, H. Haynes, I. Adams.

First Inter. Sr. :—Miss E. Haynes.

First Inter. Jr. :—Miss C. Davis.

THE following very perspicuous and laconic manner of telling a plain story may be instructive to slanderers:—

"Mother Jasper told me that she heard Grate Wood's wife say that John Hardstone's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Trusty was present when the widow Barman said that Capt. Heartall's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Mrs. Oxby reckoned that Sam Trifle's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Rhenner's woman say that her mother told her that Mrs. Bagatelle had two husbands."

THE tremendous voracity of certain birds is well known. An ostrich is as ready to dispose of an old boot or a pound of nails as of any other esculents. This propensity, in which the bird called "cassowary" is a partaker, was the cause of an amusing fright, recently given a carpenter at work repairing the house of one of those omnivorous creatures. He left a large basket of tools while he went indoors to fetch something. On his return he missed a chisel, and, supposing some one from the house had taken it he was going back, when the cassowary approached, and at one gulp bolted a screwdriver and gimlet, while the terrified artist in wood bolted himself.

MR. SMART lately asked his Professor, what would remain if you subtracted the fourth of anything from the third of it.

"The twelfth of course," was the reply. "Then if you subtract the Fourth of April from the Third does it leave the Twelfth of April?"

"You had better 'leave' before the First of April, sir."

Mr. Smart was promoted in Arithmetic, however.

THERE are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many vices which prevent our having any.