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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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[From the "SILVER JUBILEE," compiled and published by
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The True Education.

The annals of Christianity for the last eighteen hundred years is a history of the True Education struggling with human nature, training the hearts of men to virtue, and bidding them look up humbly but firmly to the God who made them,

"That they may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

Through those long ages, which persons knowing too little about them call dark, the zealous teachers of Christianity were preserving the lamps of learning in their silent cells. There they learned the lessons of truth, there the heavenly doctrines of Christ; and thence they went forth to teach all nations what they had received from the Fathers, and the Fathers had received from the great Teacher Himself.

And well was the worth of their labors proved when the fierce men of the North poured down from their hills of frost and snow, smiting with the strong hand of savage power the beautiful valleys, cities and towns of southern Europe, together with the fairest products of ancient civilization. All fell at a blow, and the world seemed returning to the dreary barbarism of early times. The elegant buildings, statues, paintings and books, the literature, art and science of lovely Greece and Rome, seemed then no more. All that the human race had done for four thousand years appeared lost forever. Here was an outrage against humanity, the most monstrous hitherto known, and yet the power of intellectual and civilized Rome was unable to make a successful effort in her own defence.

But even then, in that dark hour, were seen in all their grandeur the resources of Christianity. Her simple teachers went out from their cells to educate the wild men of the North; and what all the energies of Pagan Rome had failed to do, that did the patient heroism of Christian Rome accomplish. The day of death and destruction was at an end. The Huns and Vandals, the terror of men and scourge of God, became Christians, children of Heaven and heirs of Christ; and, in their turn, converted their brethren yet farther north, until all Europe became Christian and civilized. Those were teachers whom God had appointed to teach.

Since then, holy men have learned in the schools, and gone forth to all the world, teaching the people to love God, to do good and avoid evil; and to us, their descendants, they have left the same task.

"Culture's hand
Hath scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair,"

BOWRING.

Are there some still who, granting all this, yet question the reasonableness of our dislike of State schools? The perfect education, as we have seen, develops harmoniously the body, the mind and the spirit. But if we cannot have education in its perfection, if our children may not become, as Adam and Eve in their primal state, strong and beautiful, wise and childlike, pure and heavenly, let us at least educate them as well as we can. Above all, let us not give them the worse education without the better. Were we required to neglect the soul, then would it be better to neglect all education and trust the child to God. Who would train the body only, and thus rear up a mere brute? Who would train the mind only, and thus train an imp for Satan? The soul of his child is more precious in the eyes of the good Christian than the body and the mind together. If he should glut the flesh and the brain and starve the poor spirit, well might he fear that after death the tortured soul of his poor offspring would welcome the wicked parents with glaring eyes and ghastly arms to the abyss of woe. "My father, you prepared these fires for me," and he tears the gray hair of the old man. "My mother, you neglected my soul," and he strikes the too-indulgent breast of his mother. Such, alas! must often be the heartrending meeting of the careless parent and the neglected child when both come together again beyond the grave. Father, father, where is thy wisdom; and thou, fond mother, where is thy love?

Shall our children learn mathematics to cheat their neighbor of his goods; and shall they not learn the science that will cheat Satan of his prey? Shall they learn grammar and rhetoric, to speak more elegantly of their wickedness; and shall they not learn the science that will teach them to speak of the abode of their immortal spirits? Shall they learn geography and history to know the famous places of earth where petty man has planted his puny foot; and shall they not learn of those places in Heaven and on earth where God, His saints and angels have trodden the mighty steps of eternity? Or, rather, is it not better that the science of this world should be tempered with the science of that better world where we all hope to spend the chief part of our existence?

Who shall blame the Christian that thinks seriously of these things? Should we not rather commend him for holding most precious the soul of his brave son or his gentle daughter? He would but snatch his darlings from the whirlpool where so many youths and maidens are drawn down forever. Should we not even assist him that it may be better for us on that day when we must answer for the deeds of this life?

Should not the State itself assist this parent who wishes to train up a good citizen? Is it not better to build a school house or a college than a jail or a prison? to rest the foundations of the Republic in the hearts than on the necks of its citizens? And yet the State, so far from assisting

the Catholic who wishes to give his child a moral and religious education, compels him to support the common school, where he does not send, as well as the Catholic school, where he does send his children. Is this just? From our hearts we feel that it is not; and we believe the time is coming when our country will do us justice in this particular. The scruples of conscience are regarded in cases more serious to the State than this. Even when the nation is struggling for life she will not compel numerous bodies of her citizens to bear arms, because they have conscientious scruples against doing so. Our good day will also come; and Catholics will not be compelled to support schools which their conscience cannot approve.

Catholics have shown themselves among the best citizens of the Republic. They have never, as a body, helped to divide their country. With them there is no Church-North and Church-South, dragging the people asunder. A good Catholic cannot be a bad citizen; for he knows his duty and is not afraid to do it. But there is no man who can be worse than a bad Catholic; for he sins against the light,—knowing his duty he does not do it. If you would have good citizens, then, train up Catholic youth as Catholics; if you would have bad ones, teach young Catholics to despise the religion of their fathers. For he who has broken the one great law, can have but little respect for any other. The precepts of nature will have little influence on his actions, and the example of good men will but serve him for a sneer. Better for such a one had he never known the truth.

How important then that those who have the true interest of their children at heart should think and act well in this matter. If the State will not assist you in the good work, then you must do it yourselves; and though the State unjustly compels you to support the common schools, you must support your own besides. You are able with God's blessing to do both; and we know that He always helps those that help themselves.

Let us not be deterred by any labor or expense we may have to undergo in securing this True Education for our children. We are profuse in providing for all they shall need in youth or manhood, for the affairs of business and for success in life. Let us also think of their old age, and of the longer life beyond. Let us invest a portion of our wealth and toil for that, remembering

"There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaps the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,—
'There comes a time when we grow old.'"

When laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be,
And we we put on the Autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity,

The slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold
Another dawn with fairer light."

ANON.

Shall we not labor and spend of our wealth profusely, that we and our children may enter that "fairer light"? We know that had we all the wealth and glory we could desire in this life, it would be as nothing compared with that of the life to come. Then, when we labor and spend our gold that our children may be happy and honored, let us think of both worlds, both lives. The parent or the teacher who thinks only of this earth, and of success in this life, is not fit for his high position.

How abhorrent the idea of an education where God is forgotten or rejected; how good where He is remembered and loved! Little by little the mind which He made, is brought to know Him and the works of His hands. Little by little the soul, which is His own image and likeness, is brought to love Him. How unnatural to separate the thought of God from the daily teaching of the child; to give him a knowledge of dollars and cents, but no knowledge of the world where he must dwell hereafter!

A great Englishman has told us that the schoolmaster is abroad, thinking no doubt that he had thus pointed out the stamp of greatness on the age. The age is great intellectually, and it owes much of its greatness to the schoolmaster; but it is not great when we consider the end of man. We have great men of science, great inventors, great merchants and money makers; but we have not a moral and religious people. And were the accounts of the world closed up to-morrow, but too few would be ready to appear before the Judge with clean books and clean hearts.

The schoolmaster would have done much more for the nineteenth century and much less against it, had he not forgotten the great Teacher, had he opened some schools, at least, as sanctuaries of religion as well as of science; had he suffered the light of Heaven to be at least as grateful to his eyes as is the light of nature; had he indeed been what Heaven and nature both intended, a trainer of the heart as well as of the mind.

Ah! delightful task is yours, O schoolmaster, did you but know it. To take the boy who might become a thief, a swindler, a breaker of the laws of God and man and nature, a terror to his fellows and an enemy to himself; and make of him a good citizen, a blessing to his family and a favorite of Heaven. To take the little girl, pure and good as Eve in Paradise, and keep her as she is, lest perhaps she fall lower than Eve, yea, become viler than the filth of the street; to teach her the true, the beautiful and the good, that she may grow up the joy of her parents, the ornament of society, loving and beloved of every one,—in a word, woman, charming, beautiful and good, consoling the weary, praying for the unfortunate, helping every one; woman, the fairest and best creature of God, when fair and good. Well may we say to teachers, as

"To mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares."

ELIGOURNEY.

Let us then, my friends, who know our duty, not be satisfied to train the body and the mind only; let us remember also the heart. Let us remember what man is, that he possesses a soul as well as a body and a mind, that he is a moral and responsible as well as an intellectual and physi-

cal being; that these three must be trained if we would educate the whole man; in a word, that the True Education is moral as well as intellectual and physical, and that there is no education so false, high-sounding though it be, as that which neglects the soul, the noblest part of man.

Père Hyacinthe.

It may be of some interest to the readers of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC to know something of the school-days of the eloquent Père Hyacinthe (Charles Loyson). Now, especially, a little information on this subject may attract peculiar attention, as he is creating such an excitement in the literary circles and religious communities of Europe. The writer of this sketch had the most advantageous opportunity of knowing the learned Carmelite, as he had been his school-mate for four years, and during a considerable portion of that time occupied the seat next to his in the class-room. During these four years—from 1847 to 1851—we studied the regular course of Philosophy and Theology, and, at the usual terms for Holy Orders, received together Minor Orders and Subdeaconship. Charles Loyson was born at Orleans, France, in 1827. His father having obtained the rectorship of the Academy of Pau, Charles, still young, repaired to that city, and under the direction of his father completed his studies in Latin and Greek. In 1847 he entered the Philosophy School at Issy, in the suburbs of Paris; thence passed into the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, under the direction of the Sulpicians; and was ordained priest in December, 1851. In subsequent years he taught philosophy at Avignon, theology at Nantes, and officiated for a time as assistant priest at the church of St. Sulpice, Paris. Feeling that he was called to a religious life, he entered the Carmelite novitiate at Lyons, where he remained in retirement for two years. From that time down to the present year, he has been before the public as the famous Discalced Carmelite preacher. Père Hyacinthe's features and bearing possess none of those traits that the French call *distingué*. He is not one of those persons whose presence would add dignity or grace to ceremonies, being rather brusque and awkward in his movements; and naturally averse, from other motives, to pomp and display, in which he would figure only in common with others. His head is not one that phrenologists would call well-developed in any particular: the forehead is rather low, and the eye rather weak, and dreamy. However, when aroused and interested in any subject, these quiet sleepy eyes would sparkle and flash, and reveal the deep latent excitement of his soul. In these circumstances his whole frame would seem to tremble and quiver from the deep intensity of his feelings. A love of novelty and *eclat*, in which he himself would be conspicuous, and an ill-disguised scorn for everything anti-progressive, were the most salient natural features of Père Hyacinthe as a student. I here speak of progress as interpreted by the views of Père Hyacinthe, which, of course, in many cases, may or may not be strictly correct. He was also an enthusiastic and an ardent admirer of all who shared with him in his admiration of progress according to his ideas. It was this enthusiasm and veneration for Père Lacordaire, the most popular preacher of France in 1850, that led him to deliberate about entering the Dominican Order after his ordination.

Though in questions open to controversy and

of mere opinion, he professed the most liberal freedom, still, when opposed, he showed a disposition unwilling to brook opposition. Even now I very distinctly remember the vehemence with which he attacked a rival opponent in debate, from Little Brittany, and another class mate, now a Professor of Philosophy in these United States, because, forsooth they would dare to oppose the theory of St. Thomas on efficacious grace.

On these occasions the Abbé Jules, then Professor of Dogmatic Theology, never failed to give the enthusiastic Mr. Loyson to understand that in matters not yet defined, the Church tolerates all well established opinions. Père Hyacinthe certainly possessed undoubted talent for philosophical and theological studies; but I fear he was himself more favorably impressed with the evidence of his superior ability than were many of his rival companions.

He always prepared himself carefully for the interrogatories of the Professor. But he did not confine himself to the study of the text-books; he consulted the writings of those authors whom he believed to have examined and developed the subject in all its bearings. St. Thomas Aquinas he adopted as a favorite author, and felt quite flattered in being considered the defender of the great Dominican theologian. Sometimes, however, he would go too far in defence of his pet author; for he would not only advocate his theories, but affect to consider those who could not see the force of all the author's arguments, as persons unable to appreciate the powers of a great mind.

This propensity of despising or pitying those whom he deemed intellectually inferior to himself was painfully acknowledged by all his friends.

In defence of theses and in conferences his talents evinced hidden resources on which he could draw at pleasure. On such occasions he made a very favorable impression on his Professors and fellow-students.

Whilst a student, he was also remarkably eloquent, and received frequent invitations from the leaders of Catechisms to address the children, especially those of the *Chapelle des Allemands*. In this little chapel his brilliant oratory was more intelligently appreciated than elsewhere, as he had there a large audience of the young Misses of Parisian aristocracy. In the seminary his efforts were not quite so successful, for he felt restrained by the calm criticising presence of his audience, and therefore could not give free *élan* to his imagination and feelings.

As an aspirant to the ecclesiastical state his conduct was always most exemplary and edifying. He was remarkable for punctuality and strict observance of the rules, and whatever related to college discipline.

Here I would say, with all deference to the exalted talents of Père Hyacinthe, that his companions the Abbés Sempé, of Bayonne; Hogan of St. Sulpice, Paris; Colin, of Nantes; Thomas, now I believe Coadjutor Bishop of Autun, and others whom I might mention, were not only the worthy competitors of the learned Carmelite, but perhaps superior to him in correctness and depth of thought. From what I have already said, I would not have the readers of the SCHOLASTIC infer that my sketch was intended to disparage, in the least, the eminent abilities of Père Hyacinthe. As an orator, he is confessedly without a rival; but however conversant he may be with philosophy and theology, and cognate branches, I feel I hazard nothing in saying that in the theological seminaries of France he has many superiors. His disposition is kind, affable, generous, and capable

of the greatest sacrifice. Latterly, the lustre of his great talents has been somewhat dimmed by suspicions, and I hope unfounded, conjectures. The lessons inculcated by the venerable Sulpicians have laid, I trust, a foundation too broad and deep to be disturbed by the fickle vicissitudes of time, or the flattery of *soi disant* friends. I will not cease to pray that the close of 1869 may find my old friend Charles Loyson with a faith as firm and as unswerving and ardent a love for God's Immaculate Spouse, the Church, as they were when we last parted in 1851.

M. M. H.

Wholesale Robbery.

Under the heading of "The Convent Libraries," by which we apprehend is meant the *monastery libraries*, the *Yale College Courant* gives the following statistics of the recent spoliation in Italy:

"In consequence of the suppression of convents and monasteries in Italy, immense quantities of books which formed their libraries have fallen into the hands of Victor Emmanuel's government. There were one hundred and sixty four public libraries in Italy in 1865. By a law passed in July, 1866, the religious houses were suppressed. There are now 369 public libraries, with suitable endowments for their maintenance and increase. In the old northwestern provinces there are forty of these new libraries, in Lombardy three, in the Emilia 29, in the Marches of Ancona and Umbria, 42, in Tuscany 56, in Venice 9, in Sicily 112, in Naples 111; the number of volumes in all being upwards of a million. As the work of suppression proceeds, 400 additional convent libraries will fall to the lot of the State. In assigning these treasures to the various corporations and other public bodies charged with their conservation, the State stipulates that the libraries shall be placed in suitable buildings, and open to the public, that a sum of not less than two hundred francs shall be expended annually in addition, and that an inventory of the contents shall be kept and signed from time to time by the Syndic of the city to which the library in each case has been given. Of these inventories or catalogues 243 are already in the hands of the Minister of Public Instruction. We speak of libraries of printed books; but in addition to this there are rare and most valuable collections of manuscripts, codices, and parchments. Those which refer to diplomatic matters, to history, or to administrative concerns are deposited in the public archives; those of a purely literary character fall to the lot of the great libraries. The archives of the city of Naples receive 39,473 parchments and 13 codices, 72,000 parchments and 1,000 codices being given to other archives in the Neapolitan territories. The archives of Lucca receive 2,436 parchments and 755 codices, many of them of the highest value. The University of Bologna is enriched with 900 parchments and paper codices, some of them also of extraordinary value, and 53 parchments. It is to be regretted that the ancient Greek and Arabian manuscripts in three of the convents of Palermo,—the Martovana, the Cancelliere, and the Salvatora—should have disappeared, the heads of the houses report, during the late troubles in Sicily. A government commission is investigating the matter. The manuscript treasures in the other convents of Palermo will be deposited in a suitable building, which is now in course of being prepared to receive them."

If the favorite Protestant dogma of the "ignorance of the monks" have any truth in it, they certainly were not ignorant for want of books. But their pearls have been snatched from them to be cast before swine. The rich and rare old tomes, whose value can only be estimated by the man who has made study the occupation of a lifetime, are now to be thumbed and abused by the illiterate herd—the *profanum vulgus*. The wisdom of the ancients, subjected to the cursory perusal of inane curiosity, is either to be sneered at or wrested by the weak and superficial to their own destruction. Better, far better and safer, would it have been for Victor Emmanuel to have placed his artillery at the disposal of the street urchins, than to have put such powerful *mental* engines into undisciplined and uninstructed hands, who will use them to the ruin of all social order, his own rapacious government itself included. By the care of the monks these works have been preserved for centuries; they were always open to the requisition of those who could profit by them, and closed alone against idle curiosity and malicious perversity. But we live in an age of progress, which appears to think that because gunpowder is a valuable force in the hands of the skilful engineer it should be given to children for their amusement.

S.

The Exile.

FROM THE IRISH, BY PATRIC.

How blest the swains, who, free from every care,
Their fleecy flocks in flowery meadows feed,
While waving woods and valleys ever fair
They gaily pipe upon the tuneful reed!

And happy he, who, in some mossy cave
(By Echo haunted) lays him down, at will,
Where purling rills the pearly pebbles lave,
And all the grot with liquid music fill!

From cloud to cloud, when lurid lightnings leap—
When, hoarsely rumbling, rattling thunders roar—
When raging tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
And foaming billows lash the sounding shore,

Oh, hapless he, who, on the stormy deep
Is tempest-tost, and frail his bending barque—
Alas, his spouse shall tearful vigils keep,
And, sighing, gaze upon the waters dark!

But still more hapless, in a foreign clime
To struggle 'gainst the icy power of Death,
And, in a language none may understand,
To call on absent friends with failing breath!

Ah, then transport me to my native clime,
Where Erin's cliffs the waves of Ocean lave,
There would I live till grief-destroying Time
Should gently place me in the silent grave!

From the Capitolian Collegiate Institute.

MR. EDITOR: I am not "Coz", the slandered and enraged poet, who proposes to castigate all creation; neither am I "S", the inimitable, who choosing as his subject "Dr. Bogglesby's Bear", forgets all about the bear, thus giving us the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out; nor am I "G. F. B. C.", the Japanese traveler; nor "Miss Young", of Macmillan's Magazine; nor indeed anybody in particular, only what they here call a simple new comer, formerly a student of the well known Capitolian Collegiate Institute. So you see, even though a new comer, I am a pretty smart fellow, as were all the members of the Institute.

I was therefore glad to understand that you had a students' paper here, and went at once to the office to purchase a SCHOLASTIC, for which I paid five cents and felt well pleased at my bargain.

I am myself a literary character, or, as you may say, a person of a literary turn of mind, which, as I take it, is the neater expression. I was a regular correspondent of the "North Star", our paper at the Capitolian Collegiate Institute, and as I was one of the most popular of the contributors to that elegant periodical, I fancy it may be to your interest to employ me on your editorial staff. This is a hint for your special benefit, not that I care for the emoluments of the place, only I should like to serve you. I would keep your whole editorial and correspondential fraternity in good order,—on the track, as railroad men would say. Besides, I would agree to furnish your columns with various reminiscences of my life at the Institute, as well as with some choice selections from my contributions to the elegant columns of the "North Star".

As an earnest of what you may expect of me I submit the following which I trust will be acceptable to you and your studential readers:

I had a chum.

He was a new comer at the Capitolian, as I am now at Notre Dame.

He was homesick.

As I was a good writer, he wished me to write home a rousing letter for him, one that would persuade his father to take him away from the Institute.

Here was a grand opportunity for me to display my literary ability, and you may be sure I did not let it slip. I did my prettiest, as you will see.

Below is the epistle wrought out with much care, during the choicer intervals of twenty-four hours; for you must know that I hold, with Washington Irving, that if one would write his best he must write when he feels best, when the full, fresh currents of life rush through the soul in mightiest power.

In such felicitous moments was produced the following:

"CAPITOLIAN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
October 10, 1864.

"Dear Brother Jamesy: Please coax dad to take me home. This Capitolian Collegiate Institute is an awful dry old place. We have no fun. Tell mam to coax dad too. Tell her we don't get half enough to eat at this old Capitolian place. They boil potatoes here, and you know I like them better roasted. They don't half cook their eggs. You know I like them hard as a base-ball. And, dear Jamesy, the coffee and tea are all slop: they boil it too much and take out all the strength. Tell mam the meat is roasted as dry as a chip. I wish they'd fry it in lard like she used to. We don't have a chance to get oysters nor cigars. Jamesy, you and mam coax dad to take me home. Get up a good yarn to make him believe I am suffering here. Tell him I am losing my time. Tell mam I am failing in flesh every day, and am afraid I shall soon be sick. Perhaps I shall catch the measles, or get the rheumatiz, or maybe the shakes. Everybody has the ague; they say the pigs are shaking in the mud holes. Tell mam this. Tell her I am far from home, and when I get sick I shall have nothing but hard bread and slop and blue pills to eat. Tell her all this, and more too. She has a soft heart, and she will coax dad to let me home. Tell dad that I am losing my time. I don't learn a thing. O Jamesy, we don't have a bit of fun. I wish I was home with you, sitting behind Tom Jones's grocery, smoking half-burnt cigar stumps. That was odd fun. Or off in old Mullin's garden, some night, stealing melons. O, you have good times! Here we have nothing

to eat. We have no fun. O Jamesy, you and mam coax dad to let me home. Send me a box of pies, some melons, and a few old cigar stumps to smoke on the sly.

"Your unfortunate Brother,
"PETER PINER."

When I had copied the letter over carefully, I read it to Peter. Not a word spoke he, but bursting into tears threw his arms around my neck, and embraced me fervently, as much as to say, "Thank you, thank you, dear fellow; that will bring the old man up standing; and the old woman too—won't she fret and cry over the sad news. I hope she won't get sick, for I want her to stir around and get something good to eat for me when I get home. Old mam has a soft heart. She'll coax dad to let me home."

So we posted the letter in good spirits, and anxiously waited the return of mail. Soon the answer came from Jamesy as follows:

"CARAWAY STATION, Oct. 15, 1864.

"Dear Brother Peter: Yours of the 10th inst. has just arrived. In the first place I have to observe that I am not at all pleased at your calling me Jamesy. That was well enough while I was a boy; but now my mustache is coming out, I am a regular clerk, and am considered a model young man by all the ladies of Caraway Station; who never address me but as Mr. James Piner. Besides, I get business letters, and they are often addressed to James Piner, Esquire. You will therefore understand that I do not desire any longer to be called Jamesy."

[Ah! Peter, said I, when he had read so far, I fear we have put our foot in it. This model young man of a brother is down on you. What a blunder to call him Jamesy. I'll bet he did not say a word to your father or mother. But read on.]

"Besides," continued Mr. James Piner, "it is not quite proper for you to speak of your father and mother as dad and mam. I know that I have done so sometimes myself. But I have learned better now. No ladies or gentlemen of my acquaintance ever speak of their parents in such a disrespectful manner, still less do they describe them as the old man or the old woman. You should be ashamed of yourself."

[It is all day with me, said poor Peter at this point. I have made a fool of myself by getting this smart chap to write for me. Well I must make the best of it now. And with a savage scowl at me he continued reading.]

"I think, Peter, that some foolish fellow has been helping you to write that foolish letter. My advice to you is to have nothing more to do with him, but attend to your studies. Father expects you to make a man of yourself, and mother would be much displeased to hear that you were a whining baby, complaining of your food and wishing to be back here idling away your time again with lazy boys."

"Let me tell you, Peter, a little secret I learned lately. Those who complain most about their food and drink, away from home, are generally those who did not have very good fare at home themselves. I know that is not the case with you; but if people hear you talk too much about what you eat and drink they will soon begin to suspect that perhaps you had pretty hard times at home, and that you came away in hopes of filling your stomach with dainties, rather than your head with wisdom."

"I hope therefore you will not disgrace your family by talking too much about good eating, and make strangers think you want to become a fatted calf—just think of it, dear Peter, a fatted

calf! one of the Piners, of Caraway Station to be known at the Capitoline Collegiate Institute as a fatted calf! a calf! a fat calf! Hold up the honor of your family, Peter!

"Plain food is best for students, Peter. They can learn much faster, and will be much healthier on good, substantial food. Dainties are all right once in a while, but, for those who wish to become wise, "*Plain living and high thinking*" is a good motto. To conclude, I would say study hard, play energetically, sleep sound, eat heartily, hold up your head, be a man—and, Peter! Peter! don't be a fatted calf!

"Your affectionate brother,
"JAMES PINER."

After reading the letter, Peter folded it up carefully, put it into his pocket, ordered me to leave him and never to speak to him again, and then took up his books and went to study for his classes.

Peter was a changed boy. I never heard him speak of his food afterward, but noticed that he ate it heartily; for, to tell the truth, the food at the Capitoline Collegiate was always well relished by all but the idle students.

"Plain living and high thinking" became Peter's motto. After studying hard for two years he returned home, studied medicine, and is now the ablest physician at Caraway Station.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you like this contribution, please state on what terms you will employ me as regular correspondent. A. NEWCOMER.

Dr. Bogglesby's Bear.

INTERLUDE BETWEEN THE 1ST AND 2D CHAPTERS.

A certain physician was once importuned to attend a sick person. "The case is desperate, I know," said the frantic relative; "but only undertake it—only undertake the case, my dear doctor—only do your best for my poor, poor sick uncle, and I will give you \$250.00, *kill or cure*." Thus adjured, the physician undertook the case, and death, as he had anticipated, supervened.

Scarcely, however, had the funeral baked meats been digested, ere the physician called upon the frantic relative with a request to settle his Little Bill.

"Did you kill my poor, poor uncle?" inquired the frantic relative.

"Far from it; but my most strenuous efforts to save him were in vain. The case, as I remarked to you on taking it, was hopeless—in short, perfectly desperate."

"Then, did you cure my poor, poor uncle?" again sobbed out the frantic relative.

"Scarcely!" ejaculated the physician, with some doubts as to the frantic relative's sanity. His eyes, however, were speedily destined to be opened.

"Then, sir, if you neither killed nor cured my poor, poor uncle, what claim have you on the \$250.00?"

Words cannot depict the elongation of countenance observable on the part of the physician at this juncture. It can only be compared to Dr. Bogglesby's astonishment when he heard that the bear had broken—

But, stop! this leads us to begin the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II of "Bogglesby's Bear" will appear in the next SCHOLASTIC.

Yeddo, Japan.

May 18th. At 6:20 A. M. started fires under two boilers. From 8 to 10 bending on the fore, aft and head sails. At 10:20 the American minister resident, General Van Valkenberg, wife and body-guard came aboard. As an indication of his presence we let fly the American colors at the fore. At 10:40 all hands up-anchor, and at 11 got under weigh, standing across the gulf for the Capital, Yeddo. As we crossed the bow of the French frigate "Venus," their brass band gave us a national air. At 1:15 p. m. came to anchor inside the Tycoon's fleet, and off the city of Yeddo, Jeddo, Yedo or Jedo—written all four ways, and withal the most populous city in the world. The day is too hazy to see much. On the departure of the minister he was saluted with fifteen guns. His own (Japanese) body-guard and several mariners accompanied him (the latter we took aboard before leaving Yokohama).

May 19.—Raining in torrents all day long. Yeddo signifies "River-door." I suppose it is called so from the fact that by water it is impossible to capture the city. The *no-wise lilliputian* place has a circumference of twenty-four miles, and covers an area of thirty-six square miles. It lies at the head of the bay of the same name along which it extends for a distance of nearly eight miles; and it is protected and defended at about a mile from the shore by a chain of large redoubts, five in number, which apparently mount forty or fifty guns on their sea-faces. They have about twenty feet of command, are faced with stone, crested with a small rampart divided by "bonnettes," between the guns, and moreover protected from close fire by the shallow water of the bay which prevents a ship of the corvette class from anchoring nearer than four miles.

May 20th.—We find at low water our ship is aground. To use a nautical expression, we have only a " $\frac{1}{4}$ less 2," water ($10\frac{1}{2}$ feet). At spring tide we are afloat. Ashore there is a street called the "Tocaido" which is twenty-one miles in length, on a perfectly straight line, and the houses on each side of the highway do not vary a particle to affect the regularity of the sight. From the cupola of the only brick building here, the eye can peer miles and miles from the observatory; and not the least hill is noticeable nor the slightest difference in the size of the houses—but on the contrary all is smooth and level. Shanghai, China, and Yeddo are exactly the reverse to Hong Kong, China, and San Francisco, Cal., the two former being really flat, while the two latter are very uncouth to the eye, rocky and mountainous. Yeddo's population is estimated at 6,000,000. This estimate is taken from the Prussian Secretary of Legation, who tells me he is a judge of population, having been both in London and Peking. For my part, I wondered how nature could grow fruit sufficient and fast enough for their subsistence—*mais peut-être vous êtes fatigué.*

Votre ami,

GEO. F. B. COLLINS.

CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD CO.,

General Ticket Office,

CHICAGO, Aug. 16th, 1869.

J. L. Downs, Agent, St. Louis:

According to arrangements made here, the Students of the Notre Dame College, and St. Mary's Academy, South Bend, Ind., are to be carried over our road from Chicago to Alton and St. Louis, and return at one full fare. Prof. J. A. Lyons will furnish you with a catalogue, giving the names of the Students entitled to return tickets.

The parents and friends of some of them intend going from time to time to the College on a visit, and return to St. Louis in about twenty days; sell them tickets for the round trip at the same rate.

A. NEWMAN,

General Ticket Agent.

A-h-e-m!

BY COZ.

Satyr.—Dost run away? O stay!
Coz.—Yea—nay.

Nor the rising of the sun,
 Nor the setting of the same,
 Nor the wax-waning moon,
 Nor the twinkling of the stars,
 Nor the music of the spheres,
 Nor the rolling of the seasons,
 Nor the sighing of the breeze,
 Nor the falling of the leaves,
 Nor the silence of the birds,
 Nor the ever-pointing finger of the dial,
 Nor the hour-grasping hands of the clock,
 Nor the tireless ticking of the watch,
 Nor the Mathew Ring of Bills in the bank,
 Nor the seediness of the once-glossy suit,
 Nor the sneezing of the need(ly) suit-er,
 Nor the uncalled coming of gray hares,
 Nor the unbidden going of black ones,
 Nor the clutch of "crow-feet" 'bout the eyes,
 Nor furrows on the wrinkled forehead
 From the envious nails of Time,
 Nor a fellow feeling for dent-ers,
 Nor a sympathy for doct-ors,
 Nor sympathy-eyes for spectacles,
 Nor thoughtful spells of *l-h-o-u-g-h-t*,
 Nor varied and voracious reading,
 Nor further efforts at wrong writing

is (or are) necessary to imprint upon our minds the Christian truth of what that lying old Pagan poet, Q. H. Flaccus, used to sing (can-d-bat) to the ancient air of "Go it while you're young, Boys,"

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

while another tuneful Bard—in his time as big a liar, and as great a lover of wine and w—it—solemnly droned:

"The best-laid schemes of men and—rats
 Aft gang a-glee."

Well! true or false, all this is but introductory to the fable of the "Bear and the Bees," which—but deeming you learned enough to know the whole story by heart, as pat as A, B, C, I shall e'en skip it, remarking, "*enpassant*" (frinch)! that Master Bruin's astonishment was nothing compared to mine upon finding what a nest of beez-y hornets the publication and promulgation of the prospectus of the universal satire of last week brought buzzing about mine innocent ears—

Such, and so many letters, epistles and missives of an angry complexion were received (*not P. P.*); such horrible and hitherto unheard-of threats of "vengeance dire" were made that I trembled tremendously in mine boots (No. 9's), and mine hair arose, and stood erect, and remained (standing) upon mine head "like quills upon the fretful pork-u-hog."

"An ye will be afther sathorizing uz awl in a lump, will yeez?" sneered one; "I wud jes' like to ketch you at that game," growled another; "neow ef yeou dew," roared a third, with glaring eyes and clenched fist!

Me miserum! ach! ay-de-mi! hélas! moorrone! ah! The odds were too fearfully great for a fair, open fight with my furious foes, and so, Indian-like, I determined to fly,—to stratagem. Little Carl Sigel became "great" by running away, and Sh—man—y, another hero, by his "flank movements" marched *straight* into the temple of Fame! Now, then, why might not I put a "flea in their ears" and tickle them to death by pretending to flee, while sending Parthian arrows of satire whizzing into the hard hearts of even *mine* enemies?

Hibernico-Greek by birth, I—but listen! while cunning Coz seems to fly before the pursuing fœmen-women-and-children, behold him suddenly wheel to the right about and fall furiously upon

their unguarded rear-guard, heel and toe, tooth and nail, "*vi et armis*," slinging ink with a vengeance; up and down, here and there and everywhere, and turning the tables triumphantly turn their orderly route into a disorderly rout—but be this among ourselves, "*sub rosa*," a profound secret!

Don Donkey, hidden in the lion's hide, made whole villages "hoof it" or hide themselves; Samson, armed only with his "jaw," "boned hundreds; and, fitted out in the ill-fitting armor of Achilles, Patroclus gave fits to the Trojans, and hectoring even Hector himself, when, in an ill-fated hour "*he fit and they fout*" before the lofty wall of "high Illion."

May the lion-h-earted Coz, shielded by the shield, the buckler, the ægis, the armor, the noble old Roman "*nomen*," the glorious patrician patronymic, the "*Nom de plume*" of PATRIC, "go in" more lion-ly than the astute Ass; strike more *pat* than the stout Hebrew; come out more victorious than did (not) the wily Greek—poor, patriotic Pat-Roclus, and—"wear his blushing honors" till the end, like a man. Echo, thousand-tongued, answers Amen!!!

School Books.

The article under this head in the *Yale College Courant* notices a few inconveniences in regard to the introduction of new school books. We would like to remark on two additional ones: 1st. That new editions of works already in use are often made embarrassing by a difference in the *paging* which might easily be avoided. This inconvenience is so great that in a large class some students using one edition and some another, half the class often does not know what the other half is about. 2d. Books are too generally recommended and introduced on account of the *facilities* they offer to the student in the shape of notes and keys, rather than for the sake of their intrinsic merit. There is a book in one of the mathematical courses mentioned, as having an enormous circulation, whose defects in correct reasoning are so glaring as to be noticed by tyros the first time of going through it. We shall not mention it by name until we have leisure to make out a full categorical charge against it. It is easy to learn, and *easy to teach*—hence, no doubt, its popularity. As for the classics, the copiousness of the notes in the text-books put into the hands of our students is such as to destroy a great deal of mental discipline and cause the study of grammar to fall into neglect. We do not object to notes illustrative of the manners and customs—the mythology and history—the architecture, dress and implements,—alluded to in the text; but simply to those which are neither more nor less than *translations*. Let the student do his own work as well as he can with his grammar and dictionary, and let the teacher be a man *able* and *willing* to throw all the additional light necessary on the subject. The following is the *Courant's* article:

Last week in our sketch of Mr. Ivison, of the firm of Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., we stated the fact that this firm sold three millions of school-books annually. In the *Bookseller's Guide*, for September, we find some additional facts in regard to school books which are exceedingly interesting. The aggregate sale of school books annually in this country is 20,000,000 volumes, an average of five to each pupil. Speaking of the trade of the Northwest, it says that the firm of S. C. Griggs &

Co., of Chicago, gave one single order to Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., for 175,000 volumes of their school books, and still another single order for 259,000 volumes. The most popular books of this firm are Sanders' readers, of which 1,000,000 copies are sold annually. Of Robinson's Mathematical series 400,000 are sold annually. Of the Spencerian system of penmanship they sell 120,000 doz., equals 1,440 copies. A. S. Barnes & Co., have an annual sale of 1,000,000 volumes. One half of this sale is of McNally and Monteith's Geographies. The house now publishes thirty-three of Prof. Davies' Mathematical works, which have an annual sale of 400,000; and thus far a total sale of over 8,000,000 volumes. Messrs. Harper and Brothers sell a half million volumes of Willson's Readers annually. D. Appleton & Co. find annual sale for the old standard Webster's Spelling Book of 500,000 copies. Sheldon & Co. find Stoddard's Arithmetics the most popular of their school books and sell annually 150,000 copies. C. Scribner & Co. sell about 200,000 volumes annually of Guyot's Geographies. William Wood & Co. find sale for 200,000 volumes of Brown's Grammars every year. Brewer & Tileston, of Boston, sell 400,000 volumes of Hilliard's Readers annually; Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., 150,000 dozen of Payson, Duntun and Scribner's Writing Books; R. S. Davis & Co., 250,000 volumes of Greenleaf's Arithmetics; Gould & Lincoln, 200,000 volumes of Wayland's Moral Science. E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, have an annual sale of 300,000 volumes of Goodrich's Histories; Cowperthwait & Co., of 300,000 volumes of Warren's Geographies and 100,000 of Green's Grammars. In the West, Wilson, Hinkle & Co., of Cincinnati, publish McGuffey's Readers and sell 1,500,000 volumes annually; also Ray's Mathematics, with a sale of 250,000 volumes. J. P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, Ky., sell 150,000 volumes of Goodrich's Readers each year.

There are other firms whose sales of school books are quite large. Enough have been given to show the vast extent of the business. Competition between these various houses is very strong in many instances, and oftentimes not very honorable measures are resorted to in order to introduce new school books. Sometimes a new book is furnished to the board of school commissioners for a whole city, for nothing, if they will allow it to be introduced. A sale of 10,000 copies in a large city, which a change necessitates, is a very tempting thing to such commissioners when the books are to be bought of them. They reason thus: These books are certainly as good as those in use and probably better; children like a change and parents have no power to protest, therefore let us adopt a new series. By selling them to the children at one-half the publisher's price will give us a good perquisite, and satisfy parents that we are shrewd in securing books so cheaply for their children. When once introduced, there is an annual sale thereafter of about one-third to one-half of the first sale. Many times, however, the new books adopted are very much superior to those in use; as often, however, they are not a whit better. Thus it happens that in most of the public schools of the country some new book is introduced every year. Many times it is a most unjust tax on the parents. The very fact that these sales amount on the average to five books, annually, for every scholar in the public schools of our country, is sufficient to show that there is too frequent a change made which accrues not so much to the benefit of the scholars as the publishers. This evil will scarcely be abated unless the men in charge of our public schools are required to give to the public their reasons for changing text books.

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The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC can be obtained at the Students' office.

WE are compelled by reasons over which we have no control to publish our paper every other week instead of every week. Yet, as we intended to issue only four pages weekly, it is hoped that nobody will find fault with our present arrangement, by which we publish eight pages of interesting matter, and give all the college news twice a month.

HAVING had frequent calls for back Nos. of our two preceding vols., we would advise such of our patrons as intend binding the current volume to preserve the 1st No., as owing to its being out of print at our office we shall be unable to supply the deficiency.

Arrival of Students.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

William S. Gross,	Jerseyville, Ill.
John W. Ryan,	Terre Coupee, Ind.
Reuben A. Smith,	Sycamore, Ill.
Charlie N. English,	Albion, N. Y.
Willie H. English,	"
James McDermott,	Chicago, Ill.
Louis Hilsendegen,	Detroit, Mich.
John C. Lacey,	Lincoln, Ill.
John Healy,	Chicago, Ill.
Michael Healy	"
Patrick Healy,	"
Charles S. Worden,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Porter Rhodes,	Savanna, Ill.
Richard H. Todd,	Philadelphia, Penn.
Edward Meussel,	South Bend, Ind.
Philip Cochrane,	Chicago, Ill.
Frank L. Gregg,	Jackson, Mich.
Charles Goetter,	West Bend, Wis.
Joseph Antoine,	Somonauk, Ill.
Edgar Woolman,	Terre Coupee, Ind.
Andrew H. Bowman,	N. Brighton, Staten Isl.
Daniel Harnett,	Chicago, Ill.

TABLES OF HONOR.—As a means of rewarding the good conduct of the students: Seniors, Juniors and Minims, a roll of honor of the young gentlemen whose conduct has been excellent during a lapse of several weeks, is made by the Faculty at their weekly meetings, and those whose names are thus inscribed by universal suffrage occupy seats at a privileged table in each refectory. This table is called the *Table of Honor*. The history of the Table of Honor might be traced back to the foundation of the University, and the roll of distinguished names that year after year swelled its list (all of which we intend to publish) is now one of the most pleasing records of Notre Dame. We hope that some kind correspondent will help us in giving a short biography of those whose privilege it was to bear an enviable and blameless name during their college years.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Sept. 24th.—G. M. Webb, J. E. Garrity, J. Zahm, T. Heery, J. Dickinson, J. Coppinger, J. K. Finley, L. B. Logan, J. Wilson, H. Wrape.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Sutherland, M. Brannock, C. Marantette, J.

Dooley, J. Rumely, S. M. Melancon, J. Hurley, B. Roberts, C. J. O'Neill, G. Hug, W. Odendahl,

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

S. Hopkins, J. O'Hara, G. Gross, C. Carey, J. Wilson, W. Byrne.

HONORABLE MENTION is made of students who distinguish themselves by their application and marked improvement in their classes. In order to secure the accuracy and completeness of the list of Honorable Mentions, the following order will be observed:

First series (to begin this week): Moral Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Composition, Grammar, Orthography, Penmanship (Jr.), Geography.

Second series: Greek, Latin, German, French, Irish, Italian, Penmanship (Sr.), Catechism.

Third series: Astronomy, Calculus, Analytical Geometry, Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.

Fourth series: Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Mineralogy, Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Anatomy, Drawing, Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, Choir, Cornet Band.

One of these series will appear every week.

Honorable Mention.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

English Literature.—T. Johnson, J. E. Shanahan, L. B. Logan, J. Zahm, J. E. Garrity, J. Eisenman, H. Wrape, D. Tighe.

Second Rhetoric.—T. F. Heery, F. Kaiser, D. Egan, J. Looby, E. B. Gambee, C. Duffy, J. Wilson.

First Grammar.—J. A. Fox, J. Nash, J. Walsh, D. Brown, H. Hayes, J. McGinn, F. P. Dwyer, F. N. Grier, L. Wilson.

Second Grammar.—J. McGinnity, Pat. Clarke, J. Leunig, R. M. Robinson, J. Coffey, G. Holeman, J. Fleury, B. Mathers, C. Hutchings, S. Rolland, N. Mitchell, R. Newman, H. H. Owen, J. Rehm, J. Weldon, C. Swenk, J. Page.

Third Grammar.—J. Garrity, S. D. Morrison, P. Hohler, A. Leslie, W. Carson, O. Bell, L. Trudell, M. Greene, T. Coppinger, T. Murphy.

Orthography.—A. Leslie, S. Morrison, J. Roberts, T. Murphy, R. Robinson, S. Rowland, A. Stevens, L. Trudell, G. M. Webb.

United States History.—W. Bannister, E. Campeau, W. Carson, L. Trudell, W. Whittle.

Geography.—W. Bannister, W. Carson, L. Trudell, W. Whittle.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

First Geography.—L. Marshall, C. Burdel, T. Foley, M. Moriarty, W. Browning, T. Newlan, L. Boyles, H. O'Neill, H. Ackhoff.

1st Grammar.—J. McGuire, M. Brannock, Z. Vanderveer, W. Dodge, W. Dum, H. White, H. O'Neill. Proficiency in Letter Writing.—J. McGuire, H. O'Neill.

Second Grammar.—K. Espy, J. Rumley, C. Morgan, G. Lyons, C. Burdel, J. Doherty, J. Klein, S. McArthur.

Third Grammar.—J. Marshall, J. W. Wilstach, M. Fitzgerald, W. Kellogg, H. Potter.

Fourth Grammar.—M. Tarran, J. Echlin, W. Fletcher, M. McCormack, R. Hutchings, W. J. Browning, W. Meyer, H. Wright.

First Orthography.—J. McGuire, L. Marshall, R. Delahay, T. Coppinger, B. Roberts, H. O'Neill, J. Thomson, T. McNamara, C. Morgan.

First Orthography.—W. Odendahl, H. Wright, C. Forrestal, T. Foley, D. Miller.

Penmanship.—R. Delahay, C. J. Dodge, W. Dodge, J. C. Doherty, C. Jevene, C. Morgan, H.

Potter, W. Wilstach, C. Berdel, J. Thompson, L. Hayes, J. McGuire, J. L. Marshall, J. Nash, C. Hutchings, R. Hutchings, W. Odendahl, C. J. O'Neill, L. Hilsendegen, G. Hug, J. Rumely.

Our Library.

One of the finest features of the General Library is the perfect order and symmetry that strike the visitor when he first enters this, the repository of many valuable works.

Books are always a pleasing sight, even to the unlearned; they are looked upon as treasures, which should be carefully stored in safe and convenient places.

A general library is a literary bank from which the means necessary to carry on the business of the mind can be drawn at sight, and whereunto said means should be returned when they are no longer needed. In a word, books, no more than gold, should be left idle in private shelves or drawers, where they do no good, and render the intellectual labors of the college world a somewhat tight business.

The practical hint of this will be easily felt by persons who, without use to themselves, detain from the general shelves books and pamphlets of which others would be glad to avail themselves.

We do not wish to accuse anyone of disregard for the good of the community, but we cannot help thinking that the negligence alluded to is one that should be avoided.

Our Library is far from being complete, and at the present rate of increase it will take many years to make it what it ought to be. The authorities of the University can only afford a moderate sum yearly towards its completion; donations will therefore be thankfully received, and the benefactors of our Library may trust that their names will be faithfully recorded in its archives.

Conservatory of Music.

For a few years past the authorities of the University have contemplated the formation of a Conservatory of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at Notre Dame, wherein young musicians could be admitted, after passing in theory and practice, in presence of the Musical Board, the examination which would entitle them to the membership of the Conservatory.

Thus far, music has been taught here as it used to be twenty years ago, without regard to classification or distinction in proficiency, each student receiving his private lesson daily and spending the regular hour allowed for practice. Hereafter classes will be formed according to the standing of the students, and not to the instruments they study; and in the promotion from class to class, the system used for the other branches of the University will also be used in the Musical Department.

There will be two courses: the Preparatory, to which will belong the beginners and such as are not sufficiently advanced to pass into the Conservatory; the Conservatory, which will be composed of the ablest and best performers. The requisite knowledge in theory and ability in practice will be indicated in the programme of examination. We hope the projected Conservatory of Music will soon be finally organized. There is at Notre Dame a sufficient number of able musicians to insure its success, and if we consider this new feature as an incentive to the culture of fine arts, it will prove very efficient in fostering musical studies at Notre Dame.

A Suggestion.

MR. EDITOR: Would it not be well for some one at Notre Dame to begin to take daily meteorological observations, to be published regularly in THE SCHOLASTIC for future reference? I do not know that there is any place in Northern Indiana where these important observations are recorded daily. THE SCHOLASTIC would preserve them for all future men of science, and they might thus become of great value, to say nothing of the interest of comparing the weather of one year with that of another at the same seasons.

Observations of the thermometer and barometer should be taken at least three times a day, the direction of the wind noticed, and all remarkable phenomena, as clouds, sunshine, rain, hail, frost, snow, auroras, meteors, etc., carefully recorded. This would be a great work, and one well worthy of the University.

Will not the United Scientific Association consider the matter?

A. N.

A Thing of Beauty.

We have just been shown a wonderful little instrument that arrived by mail on the 21st of Sept., from Dublin, as a present to Brother Peter, from a generous friend residing there.

It is a pocket telescope of wondrous power; it has six slides, and shuts up to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, opening to 16 inches. There is a tripod stand raising to 10 inches in height, with clamp to hold the telescope, that can also be screwed into a window-sash, tree or door-post, with changing eye-piece to view the sun and celestial bodies—all contained in a case 5 inches long by 3 wide. Its focal power and clearness of vision are truly wonderful. It was made by that celebrated optician, Mr. M. E. Solomons, No. 19 Nassau St., Dublin. He advertises pocket telescopes at 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., sterling and upwards, of a power never before attained by any other maker. Quite a number of the students have formed a club to send for glasses of various prices, Brother Peter kindly offering to attend to the correspondence for them or any of his friends who may wish to procure one of these truly wonderful and useful little instruments. They can be carried in the vest pocket, and would be invaluable to farmers on the great prairies or travelers on the Pacific Railroad. They are indispensable to all persons residing in the country and can now be obtained at first cost and postage.

To say that Jupiter's moons have been distinctly observed with this glass is a sufficient commendation.

RETURN OF OUR GRADUATES.—We are glad to notice the return of our graduates of last year. It is ever a pleasant sight to behold cheerful and familiar faces. Mr. James Cunnea, A. B. and B. S., intends to continue the study of Moral Philosophy, previous to his going to Rome, where he proposes to finish his studies. Mr. T. Ewing, A. B., has assumed some of the responsibilities of the professorial chair, and at the same time devotes his attention to the study of Law. Mr. James O'Reilly, A. B., who arrived a few days ago, also intends to prepare himself for the bar. We had some hopes of the return of Mr. Wm. McClain, A. B., but we understand that he has entered the Faculty of Law in the University of Virginia.

St. Aloysius Philodemic Association.

The first regular meeting of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Association was held in classroom No. 6, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 13th.

Agreeably to the Constitution the election of officers for the first session took place, with the following result:

President, Rev. F. Spillard.
Vice-President, James Cunnea.
Recording Secretary, James F. Edwards.
Corresponding Secretary, John A. Zahm.
Treasurer, Thomas F. Heery.
Librarian, Henry Wrape.
Assistant Librarian, E. B. Gambee.
Censors, T. F. Dillon, J. F. Looby.

The Rev. President returned thanks to the members for the compliment he had just received by being unanimously chosen to preside over a society which had always been an honor to the University; he would do all in his power to advance the interests of the Association. He also spoke of the advantages of literary societies, and of the great benefit all may reap by being devoted, active members of them.

The other officers also returned their heartfelt thanks for the honor conferred upon them, and would try to do their duty, and do it well. The very best feeling was manifested throughout the whole meeting.

There are in the library of the Society over three hundred volumes of choice reading matter, embracing history, poetry and general literature; also two weekly papers. A paper of sixteen pages, conducted by some of the more prominent members, is read at every regular meeting.

The spirit and energy with which the members began is a favorable omen of even greater success for the Association than it has had for years past.

It is to be hoped, dear Editor, that you will as heretofore cheerfully allow us a little space from time to time to let our friends know that we are endeavoring to maintain the time-honored reputation of the St. Aloysius Philodemic.

J. A. ZAHM, Cor. Sec'y.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

A meeting of the resident members of the above Association was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 14th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. The following is the result of the election:

President, Rev. A. Lemonnier, S. S. C.; Vice-President, John E. Shanahan; Secretary, D. A. Clarke; Treasurer, J. C. Eisenman; Librarian, Edward Fitzharris; Assistant Librarian, Thomas W. Ewing, B. A.; 1st Censor, Denis Tighe; 2d Censor, Henry Barlow.

Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C., our former President, whose name has been intimately connected with the St. Edward's from the time of its organization, being summoned to the charge of a mission, rendered the selection of another to fill the vacancy necessary. After some delay Rev. Father Lemonnier accepted the presidency offered by the unanimous voice of the Society.

Under the kind guidance of Rev. Father Lemonnier, and enjoying the fruits of experience which he has had in literature and society affairs, and by the combined efforts of the members, the St. Edward's has every indication that it will continue to flourish in the future as it has in the past. We shall endeavor to keep the readers of THE SCHOLASTIC well posted in regard to our Literary transactions.

D. A. CLARKE, Sec.

Thespian Society.

The Thespians have reorganized and are preparing for work; at a meeting held on Wednesday, the 22d inst., the following officers were elected:

Director, Rev. F. X. Derrick, S. S. C.; President, A. W. Arrington; Vice-President, J. C. Eisenman; Secretary, J. Wilson; Treasurer, R. L. Akin; Stage Managers, L. B. Logan and J. A. Fox; Censors, W. P. Morancy and T. Dillon.

J. WILSON, Sec'y.

The Thespian Society, we are pleased to notice is alive again, and ready to take its part in the public Exhibitions of the University. If we are well informed, they will appear on the 13th of October, when they will act "The Enchanted Hostelry," a new play, by Prof. Stace. All may look for something of the irrepressible genius which breathes over the spicy productions of the Professor.

THE BRASS BAND was reorganized by Prof. M. Boyne during the latter part of this week. From the number of applications made by the students we judge that this popular Association will more than sustain its former standing. The fee of \$5, to be paid by each member, is a mere nothing in comparison with advantages derived. The University supplies the instruments, which were purchased in Paris some years ago for the special benefit of the students. We think it unnecessary to recommend the obvious advantages attached to this musical society. The well-known ability of Professor Boyne will soon render them still more manifest.

THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATEAN ASSOCIATION is now fully organized. A complete account of the proceedings of the two last meetings will be given in our next.

Reorganization of the Star of the West B. B. C.

MR. EDITOR:

As we are again in the field, we will trouble you for a small space in your excellent paper. The reorganization and election of officers of the Star of the West B. B. C. took place at the first regular meeting, held Sept. 10, 1869. The election resulted as follows:

Director, Bro. Florentius; President and Field Captain 2d nine, J. W. Sutherland; Vice-President, Z. Vanderveer; Treasurer, C. Marantette; Secretary, F. Kaiser; Field Captain 1st nine, M. J. Branock; Censor, J. Klein; Field Directors, W. Taylor and S. Dum.

On Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1869, we defeated the Star of the East B. B. C., as may be seen by the following

SCORE.			
STAR OF THE WEST.		STAR OF THE EAST.	
Branock, P.	1	Mulhall, P.	3
Clarke, C.	3	Levi, S.	2
Marantette, 1st b.	1	Hunt, 1st b.	1
Taylor, 2d b.	4	Looby, 3d b.	4
Vanderveer, L. f.	5	Fitzgerald, 2d b.	4
Dum, S.	4	Carson, R. f.	3
Klein, C. f.	2	Barlow, L. f.	3
Nash, R. f.	5	Crenshaw, C. f.	4
Forestal, 3d b.	2	Robinson, C.	3
Total.	27	Total.	27
Home Runs—Star of the West, Forestal, 1; Vanderveer, 1; Branock, 1. Star of the East, Hunt, 1.			
Umpire—R. L. Akin.			
Scorer—J. W. Sutherland, Star of the West; N. Mitchell, Star of the East.			

From the above score you may be certain that we do not despair of the championship for this session.

Yours truly,

F. KAISER, Sec.

Here and There.

Under this caption will appear, each week, such items of general interest that may have occurred during the week. As may be inferred from the significant heading, it will embrace only notes taken "Here and there," but all methodically arranged and condensed, thus giving a record of passing events at Notre Dame, especially such as are most intimately connected with the doings of the Students.

For this reason we intend it to serve to a very great extent the part of a diary. The names of those occupying seats at the "Tables of Honor" for the week previous shall always have the precedence and will accordingly stand at the head of the column.

THE WEATHER.—We hope fortune may favor us more this year than last, in regard to the weather on recreation days; for it was a notorious fact that the Sundays and Wednesdays of last term, with a few exceptions, were rainy or otherwise very unpleasant days. But, thus far, we have had very favorable weather on those days, for out-door games and other exercises in the open air.

PERSONAL.—We were happy to meet last Wednesday our old friend Mr. H. B. Keeler, a graduate of last year. He remained but a few hours with us, being on his way to Kansas. Mr. Keeler will always be welcomed here by his numerous friends of the faculty, and his fellow-associates. We wish him a bright career in what ever sphere of life he may move.

THE VELOCIPEDE, which we thought had run off to distant parts during vacation, made its sudden appearance on Wednesday last, and readily found many experienced riders.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**Arrivals.**

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1869.

Miss H. Niel,	St. Louis, Mo.
" L. Neil,	" " "
" A. Carmody,	New Orleans, La.
" Z. Selby,	Memphis, Tenn.
" M. Tuberty,	Lafayette, Ind.
" K. O'Toole,	Memphis, Tenn.
" M. O'Toole,	" " "
" G. Arrington,	Chicago, Ill.
" M. Doty,	Detroit, Mich.
" P. Smith,	Chicago, Ill.
" N. Gross,	Philadelphia, Pa.
" J. Falvey,	Winamac, Ind.
" M. Wood,	Vicksburg, Miss.
" A. Mast,	Springfield, Ohio.
" M. Roberts,	Columbus, "
" B. Henry,	Cheyenne, Ohio.
" E. Henry,	" " "
" C. Henry,	" " "
" N. Henry,	" " "
" F. Butters,	Chicago, Ill.
" M. Clark,	Baltimore, Md.
" A. Mulhall,	St. Louis, Mo.
" R. Canoll,	Chicago, Ill.
" A. Walter,	Summersville, Mich.
" M. Kearney,	Kansas City, Mo.
" J. Kearney,	" " "
" E. Price,	Kent Station, Ind.
" M. Price,	" " "
" A. Cunnea,	Morris, Ill.

Miss M. Kellogg,	Waukegan, Ill.
" A. Ewing,	Lancaster, Ohio.
" E. Ewing,	" " "
" M. McNamarra,	Omaha, Neb.
" L. McNamarra,	" " "
" M. Nash,	Rockford, Ill.
" J. Hany,	Notre Dame, Ind.
" K. Hany,	" " "
" K. Brady,	" " "
" M. Brady,	" " "
" R. Leoni,	San Jose, Ill.
" V. Leoni,	" " "
" J. Leoni,	" " "
" M. Clarke,	Chicago, "
" N. Carpenter,	" " "
" K. Moore,	" " "
" A. Robson,	Wataga, "
" A. Montgomery,	Chicago, "
" J. Wade,	New Carlisle, Ind.
" F. Woolman,	" " "
" L. Martin,	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
" E. Sarber,	Palestine, Ind.
" M. Dillon,	Joliet, Ill.
" A. Rhinehart,	Oskaloosa, Iowa.
" B. Cable,	Kalamazoo, Mich.
" B. Grant,	Davenport, Iowa.
" J. Warren,	Oskaloosa, Iowa.
" L. Marshall,	Chicago, Ill.
" J. Wilder,	" " "
" E. Plomendon,	" " "
" R. Hoerber,	" " "
" C. Hoerber,	" " "
" — Hunter,	—, —.
" K. Robinson,	Chicago, Ill.
" M. Reynolds,	" " "
" A. Garrity,	" " "
" A. Garrity,	" " "
" F. Middleton,	South Bend, Ind.
" M. Landgraff,	Chicago, Ill.
" F. Mesmore,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" J. Tucker,	Lima, Ohio.
" A. Hays,	Detroit, Mich.
" M. Cook,	Hillsdale, "
" L. H. McKennon,	Chicago, Ill.
" G. Darling,	Pawpaw, Mich.
" J. McClees,	—, —.
" L. Thomson,	Chicago, Ill.
" E. Lindsay,	Kokomo, Ind.
" L. James,	" " "
" J. Harrison,	Nashville, Tenn.
" C. Bertrand,	South Bend, Ind.
" M. Letourneau,	Chicago, Ill.
" H. E. Clark,	Buchanan, Mich.
" F. Sharp,	Antona, Ill.
" C. Sharp,	" " "
" A. Jennings,	Jackson, Mich.
" A. Holman,	Savastople, Kan.
" J. Newland,	Aurora, Ill.
" M. Corcoran,	Chicago, Ill.
" A. Clark,	" " "
" J. Hoyne,	" " "
" M. Stocker,	" " "
" K. Parks,	Joliet, "
" K. McMahon,	Chicago, "
" L. Ramsdell,	" " "
" A. Mathews,	" " "
" M. Unrah,	Wanatah, Ind.
" E. Forestal,	Philadelphia, Pa.
" E. Forestal,	" " "
" M. Hurst,	Springfield, Ill.
" G. Hurst,	" " "
" M. Quan,	Chicago, "
" J. Quan,	" " "
" M. Sherland,	South Bend, Ind.
" J. D'Arcy,	Joliet, Ill.
" G. Kensella,	" " "
" M. Wicker,	Chicago, Ill.

Miss B. O'Niel,	Peoria, Ill.
" L. Quralz,	Weaver Station, O.
" C. Heckman,	Indianapolis, Ind.
" F. Taylor,	Cleveland, Ohio.
" C. Grannis,	—, —.
" J. Walker,	St. Paul, Minn.
" M. Walker,	" " "
" J. Forbes,	" " "
" H. Hunt,	" " "
" L. McFarlane,	Chicago, Ill.
" E. Whiffeld,	Beloit, Wis.
" E. Schollard,	Toledo, Ohio.
" S. Carver,	Lawton, Mich.
" L. Entsler,	Mishawaka, Ind.
" M. Foote,	Peru, "
" M. Krutzer,	" " "
" M. Coffey,	Chicago, Ill.
" K. Zell,	Peoria, Ill.
" M. Lacy,	Lockport, Ill.
" K. Carpenter,	Ottumwa, Iowa.
" M. Carpenter,	" " "
" L. Davis,	Henry, Ill.
" F. Fox,	Laporte, Ind.
" R. Fox,	" " "
" A. Byrne,	St. Louis, Mo.
" C. Cole,	Piqua, Ohio.
" C. Foote,	Burlington, Iowa.
" S. O'Brien,	" " "
" M. O'Meara,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
" H. O'Meara,	" " "
" S. J. Roach,	Benton, Ind.
" A. Banta,	" " "
" M. Edwards,	Toledo, Ohio.
" L. English,	Albion, Mich.
" E. Longsdorf,	Attica, Ind.
" B. Byran,	Chicago, Ill.
" L. Edwards,	Toledo, Ohio.
" E. Healy,	Hyde Park, Ill.

Saint Mary's Academy again presents its usual varied routine. Homesickness is forgotten in the earnest application of the mind to scholastic duties, and hearty devotion to those sports and games so enlivening and exhilarating to the sensible student, who aims at doing *all* things well, whether in chapel, class, recreation, dormitory, or refectory.

Archery, croquet, races, battledore, shuttlecock, swinging and promenades, give to the hours of recreation a charming variety; and when the shades of evening compel the pupils to return to their respective recreation halls, our amateurs take turns at the piano, and produce such lively music as inclines

"Those to dance, who never danced before;
And those who *always* danced, to dance the more."

For though *round* dances are interdicted, the innocent country dance and graceful cotillon afford a cheerful means of indoor exercise highly appreciated by our light-hearted pupils.

We do not give a list of Honorable Mentions this week, for *all* deserve to be commended; we only name those who at present are at the

Tables of Honor.**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**

Misses A. Montgomery, A. Rhinehart, F. Mesmore, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, B. Leonard, L. Parks, K. and M. O'Toole, L. Martin, M. Doty, A. Hurst.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, A. Wilder, M. Letourneau, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, L. McFarlane, L. Thomson, H. Hunt, L. McKennon, L. Harrison, A. and A. Garrity.