

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

NUMBER 5.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

A Dog's Tale.

[IN THREE PARTS.]

BY PATRIC.

That ill-chosen and unequal friendships are unhappy in their consequences, you may learn by reading till you come to the end of this dog's tale, which I have patristically purloined and *curtailed* from a pop. mag. for your especial benefit.

Once on a time there lived somewhere, in some manner, and for some wise purpose,—perhaps to furnish this tale,—a Dog! This dog came, by the father's side, of the great family of the Newfoundlands, and by the mother's claimed connection with the Setters—both well-known names, both families from which any dog might be proud to be descended, and both illustrious for all the virtues with which the canine race is gifted.

No unworthy scion of these ancient and honorable stocks was our hero. With the more masculine characteristics of the Newfoundland he combined the almost feminine tenderness of the Setter; a dog so formed to inspire at the same time affection and respect was, as you may suppose, a favorite with everyone—was, indeed, the idol of the neighborhood!

He was credited, and not without much show of reason, with possessing intelligence to a degree supercanine. Though *not a pointer*, as I pointedly remarked before, he was pointed out to strangers as a natural curiosity, and was spoken of as a creature holding a middle rank between man and beast. Wonderful stories (all true of course!) were told of him: how when the clerk's little girl was lost, he roamed the country through by night, found, and restored her to her *parients* by morning; how, when robbers broke into the church, the dog "smelt a rat," and flew for help to the nearest house—not, mind, because it *was* the nearest house, but because it was the sexton's; how, when farmer Clod *found*, on returning from market, that he had *lost* his only pocket book, and with, and in it, the price of two cows and a large-sized calf, in greenbacks, the dog made his appearance, book in hand—*mouth*, I mean—just in time to prevent the farmer, who in his frenzy had uprooted two handfuls of his own hair, from committing further devastation.

The dog was the hero of a multitude of stories of this kind, and was valued accordingly. The brute—I use the term with no offensive meaning—had fairly established a claim upon the consideration of the Humans, by displaying an intelligence almost as great as that of a man; and the Humans allowed this claim, and satisfied it by showing for the brute an affection *almost* as warm as the affection of a dog!

A universal pet, the dog wandered happily about

from this farm house to that; here making a call upon the village clergyman, there accompanying on his visits to the sick the florid-faced little doctor; now received with shrieks of welcome by the entire population of a hamlet, and now enjoying the hospitality of a Hall; certain of being considered, wherever he went, the most welcome of guests! Never was there so happy a dog; but, mark you, his happiness sprung from the sympathy which attached him to a superior class of creatures than his own.

His phrenological bumps being highly developed, as FOWLER would say, he had a nobler and larger mind than is common among his canine brethren, and with them, consequently he had no fellow-feeling. No one ever saw him, with arched tail and fun in every hair of him, helping another dog to gallop strange circles on the grass, as if between them they were devising illustrations for an edition of Euclid for the use of dogs. But any day he might be seen, in the center of a group of delighted children, playing the *rôle* of horse, romping with them, or allowing himself to be dressed in fantastic suits of flowers, and led, a happy prisoner, in a daisy-chain!

No one ever saw him ever going on a friendly walk with another dog but he would often accompany the postman on his rounds; and he would go for miles with the doctor, waiting patiently at *patient's* doors, till the man-of-medicine reappeared, and then, meeting him with an interesting look of interest, and a loud bark, that no one ever doubted meant: "Well, sir, how's the old lady to-day?" or, "The baby any better to day?" or whatever the nature of the case required. Mankind was *his* friend. What were dogs to him?

Very, very beautiful, no doubt, was the relation thus existing between dog and man—beautiful but perilous withal; for, supposing that by some accident the relation should be broken, what would be the future condition—the fate—of the dog? Where could he turn for sympathy? Not to his own kind. Letting alone the dislike which they naturally felt for one who always treated them as creatures far inferior to himself, could *he*, who had been the friend of man, condescend to become the mate of beasts again? Was he to wag his tail—that tail which the village maidens had so often combed, and occasionally twisted into curl-papers,—was he, I say, to wag it in friendly salutation to every scrub of a cur that chose to demand his notice? Was he to fall in the social scale in this way? Was he to trot through life "unknown, unhonored, unsung?" Was he to herd with hounds, and be a mere dog again? No, by *Sirius*, he would be dogged if he would!

So long as this friendly relation existed, however, our hero was the happiest of dogs, the gayest of the gay, the admired of all admirers; the welcome guest at every table; turn which way he would, he could not go wrong, when every house

was his home, and every man, woman and child his loving friend; but alas! there there came an awful change!

PART TWO.

One day it was darkly whispered by some ignorant and malicious darky of a clown, that the dog was going mad. The rumor spread; "*going*" mad soon became "*gone*" mad, and gone mad "*rabid*," in brief space. The superior order of creation was seized with a panic in exactly the same way that a panic takes hold upon a tin-panic-tailed dog; "*Hy-dro-pho-bi-a*" was in every man's mouth, and the happiness of our hero was gone forever!

Behold him, quietly trotting along a lane on a fine spring evening, leisurely making for the house of a friend, with whom, and in the society of whose charming family, he thinks of remaining till the next day. See! he stops, and pricks his ears; he recognizes the footsteps of a friend; with alacrity, but at the same time with dignity, he quickens his pace; the friend comes in sight, and the dog, springing towards him, says as plainly as the dog-language will allow: "I knew it was Smith—How are you Smith?"

Imagine our hero's astonishment to see Smith hastily and nimbly leap over the fence, on to a bank, and brandish a rake as never friend brandished before; and to hear himself, in tones quite new to him, warned that if he come a single step nearer he will have his brains dashed out! Seeing that Smith is evidently thinking of hurling the rake at him, and is, past a doubt, kicking at the bank, in order to loosen a stone, our hero leaves him, "more in sorrow than in anger," and more in astonishment than either.

At the next turn the dog looks back. Smith is standing in the middle of the lane, staring after him. Seeing the dog turn, Smith brandishes his rake once more, and goes through the pantomime of picking up a stone with such a wild and exaggerated action that the dog has but one conclusion to which he can come—"I'm sorry for it," he says to himself, as he strolls on; "Smith is mad; yes through some cause or other—may be love—John Smith is now a raving maniac—crazy as a bed-bug. Poor, poor Smith!"

He shakes himself, pauses to consider what is to be done for Smith, sits down, thoughtfully scratches himself behind the right ear, and while so doing is startled by the sudden shrieking of children. He looks up and perceives that two little girls who were coming in his direction down the lane, have turned, and are running back again as fast as they can, squealing with fear.

"Mr. Brown's twins," says the dog, starting up.—"Who's frightened them, I should like to know? Let me catch him at it; that's all"—and dashes after them at full gallop. Before he reaches them, however, Mr. Brown himself makes his appearance, terribly flustered, and very pallid

from some cause unknown. With the grace of an elephant he flings himself recklessly over the garden gate, brandishes a pitchfork as fiercely as Smith did the rake, and between whiles—can it really be so?—throws stones at him, the dog, and shouts fearful threats. "This is a sickening state of things," says our hero. "Smith has evidently bitten Brown; if something is not done, and that soon, both Smith and Brown are *done* brown—that's sure—so I'm off to the doctor's!"

With the familiarity which long acquaintance justified, arrived at the "home of Esculapius" the dog jumped the garden gate; and seeing his friend engaged in watering some flowers, bounded straight up to him, omitting as the urgent nature of the case compelled, the customary and oft-practiced salutations, tail-waggings, etc., and attempted at once to draw the doctor in the required direction by the simple, and very natural as well as harmless, process of taking one of his coat-tails in his mouth, and pulling at it.

The moment the doctor saw the dog, he gave a tremendous shout of terror, flung away from him so abruptly that he left the greater part of the coat-tail between the dog's teeth, and forgetting his cronic gout, corns, *et cetera*, fled like a deer, for dear life, to the house! Entering, he banged the door violently after him, and appearing almost immediately at an upper window, shook his fist ferociously at the astonished beast, loudly proclaimed his gratitude that his coat only had been bitten, yelled for his servants, who appeared one by one at different windows; and then himself and household, as if all were moved by a single impulse, began shaking weapons of various kinds at the poor innocent dog, and, with much abusive language, roared at him to quit, *instantly*, the place.

As soon as his astonishment would permit him to move, the dog turned round with a miserable whine, drooped his tail and ran slowly toward the gate. In passing the watering-can which the doctor had been using, he paused a moment and smelled the water; but shrinking from partaking, even in so slight a way as that, of the doctor's hospitality, after such treatment as he had received, he left it untasted. There was a unanimous shout from the house, of "That proves it: he won't drink; it's too plain what's wrong with him;" and the dog jumped the gate once more, and disappeared.

They could not *all* be mad—the doctor could not surely be mad, nor his servants who were constantly under his care. Then why Smith, who had only treated, or rather mistreated him, as the rest had done? And why Brown, who had only behaved like Smith? No; it was too plain that they had all conceived a sudden hatred for him, the dog; they had determined to have no more to do with him; they had made up their minds to throw him over—to cast him off—to cut his acquaintance—to ignore—to know him no more. Well—he would go to the friendly house to which he had been bound at first, for there he was sure of sympathy. He went.

The children screamed, and ran into the house; the farm-hands shut themselves up in the cowsheds; everyone who saw him shouted at him, and threatened him with all sorts of sudden, horrible, and unheard-of deaths; and the master of the farm, his *very* good friend, his *kindest* and most *intimate* friend, displayed his much-loved figure at a window, pointed a gun full at him, and roundly and squarely swore that if he did not disappear instantly he would blow him into "smithereens!" Who shall say what dismal thoughts

were in the dog's mind as he skulked off to some lonely hovel, far, far away from anyone?

PART III.

There is no doubt that dogs think; they know friend from foe; they associate kindness received with those who show that kindness, and cruelty with the persons who are cruel. Then, when those who up to this had been kind friends, so suddenly turned and acted like bitter enemies, what miserable confusion of all his ideas of right and wrong, what disbelief in goodness and sincerity, what disappointment must have torn his dog's heart!

Did the sterner nature of his father, the Newfoundland, come to his aid in those hours of darkness and desertion? or did the gentle blood of his mother's family assert itself in him, and lead him to tell his sorrows to the moon, until—should such a process be possible—he howled himself to sleep? Who can say what were the horrors of that night to him?

However, the next morning—apparently he had comforted himself with the consoling thought that the previous day must have been the first of April, and all the people consequently foolish—he came out of his hovel comparatively cheerful, and still unwilling to believe that his intimate friend had seriously cast him off, and made his appearance very delicately in the farm-yard about breakfast time.

A dairy-maid saw him first, screamed, and ran away; a cow-boy flung a fork at him; a man tried to throw a rope around his neck from the window of a loft (all friends of long standing these!); last came the master with his gun again, and then the poor dog, utterly hopeless, threw his head up, gave a long howl that would have moved the pity of a mad doctor, and fled away.

All that day he wandered about, at intervals showing himself at different places—places where a few hours before welcome would have gone out to meet him—trying, seemingly, all his best friends one after another, and everywhere he was received in the same way.

The people with one consent had all turned against him; not a soul gave him a kind word, or looked at him with any eyes but those of terror or threatening; the children, who formerly were never tired of petting and fondling him, and whom he used to treat with kindness and tenderness, now, when they saw him, screamed and ran to their mothers; the mothers screamed and banged their doors in his face; the men threw at him the first thing that came to hand, and against him turned their plowshares into swords and their pruning-hooks into spears; everyone's hand was against him—the whole neighborhood shrunk from him—the world hated him.

As the sombre shades of night were falling, his heart broke. He turned away from a house where a friend of six years' standing had flung a large flower-pot at him; while another friend, who had known his mother when quite a pup, climbed hastily into an apple-tree and applauded the deed.

Stumbling down a well-known path which led to the river, while the moon shone brightly and the water flashed white against the black shadow of the trees on the further bank, he stood a moment, the cast-off, heart broken creature, on the brink—once more lifted his face to the sky, protesting against the cruelty of the world, and then deliberately drowned himself!

Yes! walking into the stream till the water reached his waist, he plunged his head beneath

the surface, and *held* it there. The waves beat against him—his body swayed to and fro; the water caught his long hair, and pulled at him—his limbs lost their strength—his feet their hold—the current took him—and with his weary head still obstinately held down, the pitying river swept him away, far away from his ungrateful friends. *Poor POXTO!* the pale moon looking sadly down on the silent stream, saw—the End of a Dog's Tale!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

"Passing Away."

BY PATRIC.

List to the birds! how sweet they sing,
Ushering in the verdant Spring—
Painted wings fast fanning the breeze
Diamond-like sparkle amid the trees;
Beautiful, charming!—What do you say?
"Passing, passing away!"

View yonder vales! how fair they seem
With grass and herbage, and the gleam
Of sunshine, kissing winter's frown
From forest, flowery fields and town—
Why smile you so sadly—what do you say?
"Passing, passing away!"

Hosts of friends I daily greet,
Nightly I chase with flying feet
The musical moments—hours of bliss!
Happier human life than this
Mortals in vain seek.—What do you say?
"Passing, passing away!"

A maiden know I, winsome and fair,
With eyes of blue and a wealth of hair
Gleaming like gold—the summer sped,
Loving and loved, that maid I'll wed—
Muttering, are you—What do you say?
"Passing, passing away!"

Youth and health and wealth are mine,
Why not enjoy them? why repine
While wine is ruby and woman fair?
Pleasure forever—away with care!
Am I not right, friend—what do you say?
"Passing, passing away!"

Night comes down on the dusky hills—
Mute are the birds—the trickling rills
Weep in the darkness—summer has fled—
Winter is here and the flowers are dead—
Friendship is frozen—his love said 'nay'—
Wisely to YOUTH then, doth OLD AGE say
"Passing, ah, passing away!"

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Chapter About; or, What is it?

BY GEMINI.

"Two minds with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one."

CHAPTER III.

Man.—An Elucidation.—Prominent Virtues.—Mrs. Toothpick in a Variety of Characters.—The beauties of our Divorce Laws.—What do they want?

Man is an animal; but every animal is not a man. This may be seen by calmly surveying the specific peculiarities of the animal kingdom. Take the dog as a comparative example; he has no peculiarity in common, save one, with man. Both animals snuff; the dog animal snuffs the air, and the man animal snuffs the pulverized weed. There is a difference even in this. But the dog animal never gets drunk; neither does he smoke nor chew tobacco. Man, however, is not only an animal; he is more, he is a perpendicular animal,—excepting always, *mutatis mu-*

tandis, when he has been at one of those recruiting stations for the devil's army classically denominated "saloons." On such patriotic occasions he has a license to throw aside his perpendicularity, and give an acrobatic demonstration of every angle, figure, and curve in geometry, from the shortest distance between two points up to and unto the *Pons Asinorum*. My own observation therefore enables me to say that when you meet an animal with a few geologic strata of snuff-deposits under its nose, or with a dwarf volcano in the shape of a pipe or a cigar protruding out of its mouth, or with an infant mountain scientifically called a *quid* floating in a *gurgite vusto* of juice, and puffing out its jaw, you may safely conclude that such an animal is a man: but if you should find the same animal luxuriating in a sewer or in a mud-hole, it would be necessary to make a critical examination before you could decide with certainty that then it wasn't a—p i g. *Pares cum paribus facillimè congregantur* you know. That's Latin. But I'm digressing. Digressing is one of my prominent virtues. Other prominent virtues I have; them also I will exhibit in the course of this history. Digressions, moreover, are the veritable oases that gladden the reader in journeying through the desert of long narrations. This last is a figure of rhetoric. Figures of rhetoric are one of my prominent virtues.

In the second chapter of these alternate annals I spoke of three important subjects. As is the wont of all other distinguished writers, I left some of them in need of explanation. Leaving some things in need of explanation is one of my prominent virtues. I here return to elucidate so much of their obscurity as I deem necessary to a fuller understanding of the subject. Coming back, then, to the doctor, I propose to unfold his alphabetic tail of "M. D., Ph., and S. G.," which means "Doctor of Medicine, Physician, and Surgeon General." It was this mystic appendage to the name of Timothy T. Toothpick that gave the doctor not only respect and fame among the inhabitants of Sleptown; but it went farther, and gave him, in their eyes, a degree of reverential prominence which the modest "M. D.," could never have secured for a man of solid and genuine ability. The art of *seeming* great is like what grammarians call a reflexive verb,—its subject and its object are one and the same; the result of its action returns to itself. No matter who loses, if it be successful. Show is much like a shadow. Either invests the reality with proportions of greatness which that reality has not. In the light of the declining sun, the shadow of a dwarf makes you look around for a giant. So true it is that *omne ignotum est pro magnifico*. The *Ignotum* who can seem wise, and talk amazing inanities about the despotism of Religion or the shackling of Human Reason—while he is innocent of both religion and reason—may be a consummate humbug, but he will be one of the magnificent sort, and, out of a thousand chances, he may have only to contend with one of them against his passing for a philosopher. Yet for all this I am far from wishing Doctor Toothpick to be considered a professional or systematic humbug. This he was not. The medical profession is so noble that even its name lends a degree of respectability and dignity to the least worthy of those who aspire to its honors. It is eminently a profession of philanthropy and generosity. But the Doctor was a stranger to the severe course of training through which the regularly admitted practitioner has had to pass, and therefore a stranger to his knowledge. For

this, like most "self-made men," he tried to make up in the glitter of pomposity. What little medical skill he possessed, however, he cheerfully and generously dispensed, so far as it went, to those who needed it, notwithstanding his almost pardonable vanity blinded him to the fact that with his big sign for one wing and his chemical affinity for another, he was clumsily and awkwardly flapping around the profession to which he claimed to belong, in the same way that the comical ambition of a half moulted goose prompts it to follow a flock of eagles.

I now pass on to another point. Passing on to another point is one of my prominent virtues. The reader, no doubt, remembers Mrs. Toothpick. I have something more to say about her. Having something more to say is one of my prominent virtues. At last accounts Mrs. T. was on her way to the "Convention." Leaving her at the Convention, let me take you back, dear reader, to tell you that Mrs. Toothpick, *née*—that's French—Skinbone, rejoiced in the nominal prefixes of Flora Jemima. At the age of twenty she became Flora Jemima Schniedly, and under this new appellation she submitted, with heroic fortitude, to the degrading restraints of matrimony for the long period of one month less twenty days! At the end of this time her sufferings became unbearable, and she accordingly applied to the moral beneficence of a Court of Chancery, and humbly prayed that it might solve the Gordian *vinculum* that bound her to her heartless lord, and restore to her, her ancient liberty. The Bill of "Flora Jemima Schniedly *vs.* Jacob Schniedly" was such a chapter of masculine atrocities as can only be found in those sublime mints of justice where traffic in divorce business is brought to so high a degree of moral perfection by "learned counsel" who get these things done "without publicity." Among other allegations of an equally heinous character, the Bill of Flora Jemima Schniedly set forth: "And your oratrix, humbly complaining, sheweth further unto your honor that the said defendant did, on a certain day to your oratrix unknown, complain to the housemaid of your oratrix that the coffee was cold, and thereupon as your oratrix is credibly informed and verily believes, the said defendant left the house, and utterly refused to drink the said cold coffee, to wit, the cold coffee mentioned in the said Bill of complaint of your oratrix. And your oratrix further complaining unto your honor, further sheweth that on divers other days and times, to wit, on one occasion to your oratrix unknown, the said defendant, to wit, the said defendant, Jacob Schniedly, did cruelly refuse to trim the lamp, to wit, the kerosene lamp." In deference to the feelings of our common humanity, I refrain from detailing any more of these horrors, but, from the specimen given—even without the scores of daily experiences which our high-toned morality and civilization present in our temples of justice—it must be manifest that a Bill containing a dozen or so of similarly atrocious charges, would be sufficient to make the tender eye of the law weep tears of blood, and compel "twelve intelligent" (!!) men to make summary work of such a case. Democritus himself would weep there. Certainly, and accordingly, amid the rapturous applause of a crowded court-room, Mrs. Flora Jemima Schniedly was, in a few minutes, Miss Flora Jemima Skinbone. In that assembly of uncrowned monarchs was one specially interested spectator: his name was Jedidiah Sneezzer, and Miss Flora Jemima Skinbone left that august court Mrs. Flora Jemima Sneezzer! On its chancery docket at the third succeeding

term was this case: Flora Jemima Sneezzer *vs.* Jedidiah Sneezzer. The charge was cruelty. Thus, avenging woman's wrongs, and vindicating woman's rights, did the original Miss Skinbone gyrate through the mazes of matrimony, until in the course of six years she had been seven times divorced! What Burke said of British justice in Ireland, may with infinitely more truth be said of our idea of morality, and of our system of justice: They are "a farce, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare!" Who will believe that we are sincere in our railings against dishonesty and immorality, so long as the laws we make to suppress these things are only a shield for the one, and a premium for the other? By whom are our laws, National, State, and Local, made, and very often enforced? By drunken loafers, by professional thieves and bullies, and by venal ignoramuses! From a clerkship in the office of a pompous 'Squire, away up to a seat in the National Cabinet, everything is for sale!

"A broad cloth coat, with shining chain and ring,
Can make yourself a prince, and sire a king."

With money you can do not only what Archimedes could not do without his lever, but you may always with impunity, and generally with applause, vend that integrity and prostitute that virtue without which no State, and above all no Republic, can long subsist and prosper. As a people we know and we feel to what extent the moral body is diseased; we know and we feel that in our divorce laws, which are simply legalized inventions for the protection and multiplication of brothels; in our political offices, which are simply legalized academies for acquiring and practicing a masterly perfection in all the degrees of refined and artistic thievery, and in our myriads of infanticides, we have the sum total of our moral *status*, and hence the fruits of that constantly exalted and glorified system known as natural religion or rationalism, which we have chosen to substitute for Christianity. As a civilized nation we have discarded Christianity, and in its stead we have set up the goddess of Reason. The pulpit is a convenient stage whereon every loquacious charlatan who gets "a call" and a big salary is as ready to enact a tragedy in the murder of virtue as he is to exhibit his powers of low buffoonism in advocating the election of a demagogue. How much of God's law, written or unwritten, do these men teach in their numerous conventicles? None at all. They adopt the maxim of pagan philosophy: *Nullum est numen si sit prudentia*. "You don't want any God, if you are all cunning enough!" They may, and often do, introduce their histrionic displays with Scriptural epilogues, but that is in order that the subsequent performance may be more relished, and more acceptable by the intensity of the contrast. Certainly what society sows, that shall it reap. Our periodical and magazine philosophers write grandly about the emancipation of reason, and about what they modestly call the restoration of religion; but instead of giving us this emancipated reason—all of which is grandiloquentrodomontade—they have given us a demented rationalism, and instead of giving us this restored religion—which they know is not in their gift—they have given us an ephemeral sensationalism. Sensationalism is indeed the religion of the times, and therefore any rebellious humbug who has been driven out of the Catholic Church, makes a good enough "immortal god" to set up, for the time being, as a subject for adoration in the temples of that enlightenment and of that civilization which have been handed down to us from Plymouth Rock. Just now the various shades of

American rationalism are exercised *ad imis* over the advent of a French monk, and resemble nothing so much as a shoal of famished sharks rushing for a dead body lately cast into the deep from the deck of some noble ship. Alas! poor *Père Hyacinthe*, thou hast been swept from the deck of Peter's bark! Before thou art devoured, may Heaven send thee a friendly whale!

But what do the morbid and licentious ravings of our magazine philosophers want? Do they want society to cut loose and drift away from God? Man can't do that thing even if he would! What then do they want?—Truth! It is of this they are in search, but they don't and can't find it in any of their beautiful theories, and hence, one can readily account for the constant state of ferment, the wild vagaries, and the agonized flounderings of the rationalism, or the naturalism of the day to philosophize, so to speak, the reality of that Divine truth, which it has not, out of the misty remembrance of that same truth transmitted to it by the chiefs of the so-called reformation, after they had eaten of the forbidden fruit and been expelled from the Eden of Catholicity. These very men whom rationalism sets up as models of American thought and American liberty, said, as say their disciples: "Give us no more truth without a reason therefor." Will you then accept no truth unless you can reason yourself into its knowledge? Then your stock of knowledge won't be very large. Can your deified reason and your *dutified* scepticism do more for you than can do this faith which you reject? By what argument in your rational code do you undertake to convince society that to be happy and contented it must abandon all *unreasoned* truth, and receive in its place this fantastic abortion that you call rational or natural religion? You artificialized philosophers and volunteer-reformers of Divine Revelation, do you or not want the world to give you credit for honesty of purpose? If you do ask this credit, can't you see that your grotesque structure of reason is based upon this same blind faith which you call an unpardonable sin! Now, why do you bite the hand that feeds you? You are inconsistent and you are ungrateful. Lay aside your aberrations and your specious insanities about liberty of thought, and the inherent rights of man to invent and manufacture religious systems of his own, and listen honestly to the voice of this reason which you are abusing, and she will tell you that you are deceiving yourself, and as far as you can, misleading others, because while you demand a reason for all truth, you at the same time, without a reason, believe in all Truth, for you believe in God whom you cannot comprehend, and you hold that belief in the face of objections to it which your reason cannot answer. Other things have I to say, and them also will I say in the course of human events. POLLEX.

The *College Courant* takes the lead among our college papers, both for size and literary ability. It is published at New Haven by C. C. Chatfield. It gives a very complete weekly report of college news, and in this respect is a very valuable paper. Its leading articles are very substantially written and generally exempt from partiality.

The *College Courier* published at Monmouth Ill., is one of our best exchanges. We find it very readable and interesting.

The *Guardian Angel* a Catholic Monthly is very pleasing in shape and matters. It supplies a want long felt, that of recreating the youthful mind with simple Christian stories.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."
Editorial Lay in 12½ Verses.

1.
We sat sad and silent in our well-cushioned chair,
We bit our short nails, and tugged at our hair,
We sat with a very disconsolate air;
To say "we felt blue" would be nothing but fair,
For we were.
 2.
We were blue, it is true,—we opine, too, that you
Would be extremely cerulean, and couldn't say "boo"
To a goose or a gander, nor could anyone who
Were to find himself in such a terrible stew
As we were.
 3.
In fact we were in a condemnable pother
With care and anxiety, with worry and bother;
And we mentally said: that to spend such another
Miserable morning we would certainly rather
Abdicate.
 4.
We had read all the papers that morning with care,
But of news and of items they were utterly bare,
Not a paragraph worthy of clipping was there;—
Such a sad state of things was an awful affair
Was it not?
 5.
The occupation of Mr. O'Thellow is gone,"
We cried out with Shakespear,—and then, one by one,
We received the papers—the *Times* and the *Sun*
But could not find even a miserable pun
To clip out.
 6.
Not a peg to hang an editorial on,
Not a subject to write upon—not even one,
Cuba and Spain—Mrs. Stowe and Byron,
Père Hyacinthe—now simple Monsieur Loyson.
Were played out.
 7.
In dismay, in despair, in a terrible plight
Of mind, we rose up—but then thought we might,
As *dernier ressort*, make an effort to write
Some verses or rhymes that would not be quite
Rejectionable.
 8.
A change like from Ghibeline faction to Guelph—
From a disconsolate wight to a jolly old elf,
As we thought that we had it all to ourself,
Whether our verses should lie on the shelf,
Or in print.
 9.
"Ah, truly," said we, "'tis a bad wind that blows
Nobody good,"—we, then, blew our nose,
Then up from our chair we gracefully rose,
And sat down again in a poetical pose,
And began.
 10.
We began then to write—to write poetry, too,—
And first of all tried to see what we could do,
By putting our hands in a neat billet-doux,
But 'twas no length of time before we well knew
'Twas no use trying.
 11.
For our sonnet was written to dear little Nell,
And how it did happen we cannot tell,—
But over our memory there came such a spell,
We could think of but one rhyme—and that was—well,
Never mind what.
 12.
Then we essayed the heroic, the lyric,—but nay
To enumerate fully would take us all day;
To terminate promptly we need only say
Our long setting produced only this lay
Before you.
- 12½.
- From our well-cushioned chair we bid you good-by,
For all is serene and the goose hangs high.

Additional Subscription to the New Church.

V. H. Hackmann, St. Louis, Mo.\$50 00

VICE PRESIDENT SCHUYLER COLFAX and the Superintendent of the Public Schools of the State paid a visit to the University on the 12th inst. Subsequently, the officers of the University returned the visit, inviting the Vice-President to be present at some public Exercises of the students on Saturday. Mr. Colfax declined the invitation, with thanks, as he was about to leave for Washington. Notre Dame shall never forget the attentions which this esteemed public officer has paid her for many years.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Plato.

This celebrated philosopher was born in the year 429 B. C., at Athens. He was descended from the noble family of the Codridæ. His original name was Aristocles, which, on account of the breadth of his chest, was changed into Plato, which in Greek means "broad." Plato was educated in the best schools of Athens. At about the age of twenty he became a disciple of Socrates, and continued an earnest admirer and follower of that philosopher until his death. After the death of Socrates he left Athens and devoted many years to traveling in distant countries. He visited Magna Græcia, Egypt, and many other lands. In all these countries he acquired new stores of knowledge, and returned to Athens with his mind highly cultivated in every department of literature and art. On his return to Athens he opened a school in the Ceramicus. This place, from Academus, a hero of Attica, was called Academia. Hence our modern name Academy. In this school were educated some of the wisest men of antiquity. Plato, during the day, delivered two courses of lectures. One course, in the morning, called Esoteric, to his immediate followers; and one in the afternoon, denominated Exoteric, to a wider circle of disciples. Plato died at the age of eighty-two, on his birth-day, whilst engaged in writing. Plato was undoubtedly the greatest philosopher of antiquity. His powerful mind grasped with a vigor before unknown the sublime truths of philosophy. His writings were greatly esteemed in ancient times, both among Pagans and Christians. A great many of the early Christian writers studied and wrote commentaries upon his works. The most distinguished of the Christians who admired and defended Plato, were Justin, commonly called the Martyr, Athenagoras, Oregin, and Saints Cyril and Clement. One of the reasons why his entire works have descended to us is the estimation with which they have been regarded during all ages. They amount altogether to fifty-six books. These works are written in such an elegant style, and are so replete with instructive matter, that they have been the admiration of the learned from antiquity down to the present day. Cicero says: "Far above all men who have ever written or spoken, Plato is preëminent both for sweetness and dignity." I will not endeavor to give an account of the philosophy of Plato, as even a synopsis of it would be beyond the limits of this essay. Suffice it to say that he held a great many of the doctrines professed by Christians at the present day. For instance, the immortality of the soul, which he proves by four sound and convincing arguments in his divine dialogue entitled *Chædon*. He also taught that the good would be rewarded in the next world, and the wicked punished for all eternity. Plato, on account of his sublime philosophy, has had the title of "Divine" bestowed upon him by all ages. Never was a title more justly conferred. His soul-elevating philosophy has had many devoted and ardent admirers in all ages, and at the present day extends no inconsiderable influence upon the minds of the learned. It has been asserted by many that Plato had read the Holy Scriptures and drew from them his principal doctrines. That he did, I do not consider that there is sufficient reason for asserting, for both the writers of the New Testament, and the translators of the Old, lived several centuries after Plato. The celebrated German philosopher, Leibnitz whose opinion on

this subject certainly deserves insertion, in his "Epistle to Hanschius on Platonic Enthusiasm," says: "As to whether Pythagoras and Plato learned anything from the Hebrews, I am not prepared to dispute with anyone; thus far I have seen no evidence of it." The great author of *Cosmos* has well said concerning the doctrines of Plato: "They became the guiding stars which led the human mind through the bewildering fanaticism of the Dark Ages, and prevented the utter destruction of a sound and scientific manifestation of mental vigor."

THOMAS M. JOHNSON.

Arrival of Students.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

Thomas Stratton,	Momence, Ill.
Patrick O'Connell,	Summitt, Ill.
G. Arthur Stephens,	Moline, Ill.
David Gitchell,	Niles, Mich.
Lyman H. Steward,	Clyde, Ohio.
George H. Ludington,	Ottawa, Kansas.
Edward Sweeney,	Erie, Pa.
Murray Wilson,	Washington, D. C.
Lafayette Batson,	Niles, Mich.
Peter Reilly,	Monroe, Mich.
James Nelson,	Red River, La.
Douglas Nelson,	" "

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Oct. 29th.—W. H. Patton, L. B. Logan, C. H. Ilgenfritz, H. Wrape, J. K. Finley, G. L. Riopelle, J. Dickinson, F. Crapser, J. Wilson, G. M. Webb.

Nov. 5th.—E. Mullen, N. S. Mitchell, A. W. Riopelle, J. E. Garrity, J. M. Gearin, T. Meehan, J. Duffy, M. Carney, E. B. Gambee, F. A. Gregg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. F. Roberts, D. Hogan, J. W. Wilstach, J. McGuire, J. Nash, E. Suea, H. Hug, L. McOscar, B. Luhn, C. Jevne, G. Hug.

Nov. 5th.—H. O'Neill, C. Vinson, C. Marantette, A. Barth, H. White, J. Thompson, K. I. Espy, J. Klein, J. W. Murphy, J. McFarland, W. Gross.

MIMIC DEPARTMENT.

E. Haydel, J. O'Hara, E. DeGroot, F. Hunt, H. Quam, P. Dolmore.

Honorable Mention.

BOOK-KEEPING.

First Class.—L. Wilson, J. Coffey, T. Lappin, J. Dooley, M. Brannock.

Second Class.—J. Looby, G. Holeman, T. H. Grier, C. H. Ilgenfritz, C. Duffy, J. McGuire, D. P. Brown, W. J. Dum, S. Ashton.

Fourth Class.—L. Gibson, W. H. Patton, A. Robinson, W. E. Roberts, E. Jameson, F. Gregg, O. H. Bell, C. Goetter, W. Kiely, O. Baker, T. Foley, T. McNamara, R. L. Long, H. H. Graves.

Certificates for Marked Improvement in the above classes were awarded to: J. C. Leunig, P. J. Clarke, W. H. Murphy, J. C. Page, W. Roy, J. Sutherland, C. Marantette, J. Eisenman, E. B. Gambee, T. Dillon, J. Rhem, J. P. Canavan, E. Mullen, H. H. Owen, M. Carney, S. Dum, K. I. Espy, T. Heery, J. Weldon, W. Roney, R. Carton, J. Orff, A. Riopelle, S. D. Morrison, S. LeGault. Trigonometry.—H. Wrape, R. L. Akin.

Astronomy.—D. A. Clarke, A. Reilly, H. P. Morancy, H. C. Ilgenfritz, J. Finley.

Analytical Geometry.—D. Clarke, J. M. Gearin, H. P. Morancy, C. H. Ilgenfritz.

First Geometry.—L. B. Logan, J. Zahm, J. A. Dickinson, J. Finley.

Second Geometry.—S. McArthur, F. Kaiser, P. Clarke, N. Mitchell, D. Fitzgerald.

Second Algebra.—J. Wilson, D. Brown, T. H. Grier, D. Hogan, B. Mathers, J. Sutherland.

Third Algebra.—H. Goddard, W. K. Roy, S. Ashton, C. Swenk, D. Harding, C. McArthur.

First Arithmetic Sr.—O. Bell, H. Goddard, W. K. Roy, M. Carney, K. Espy, S. Dum, J. Coffey, D. Brown, J. Broderick, E. B. Walker, C. Marantette, J. Sutherland, F. Shephard, T. Lappin, W. Dum, P. H. Clarke, T. Dillon.

Second Arithmetic.—H. H. Owen, D. Egan, R. Carton, S. B. Rowland, E. Mullen, J. Nash, J. C. Page, C. Swenk, C. Clarke, P. S. Rhodes, E. Fitzharris, W. B. Roney, J. Fleury, W. Roberts, G. Holman, R. M. Robinson, W. C. Hunt, J. McGinnity, J. Leunig.

Third Arithmetic Sr.—W. Banister, P. Hohler, A. Mooney, S. Morrison, T. Murphy, L. Trudell.

Fourth Arithmetic Sr., 1st Div.—J. McCallister, J. Lacy, B. Green, J. Hand.

Fourth Arithmetic Sr., 2d Div.—F. Brown, E. B. Jamison, W. Carson, J. Roberts.

First Arithmetic Jr.—J. McGuire, S. LeGault, C. Walter, J. Rumely, S. Ashton, C. Dodge, J. Antoine, R. Long, J. Doherty, S. McArthur, C. Hutchings, L. Hayes.

Second Arithmetic Jr.—For Excellence in Recitation.—M. Moriarty, H. Ackhoff, O. Baker.

For Neatness of Exercises.—Z. Vanderveer, R. Delahay, O. Baker, M. Nolan, H. O'Neil.

Superior Conduct.—F. Karst, B. Roberts, T. Foley, H. O'Neil, T. Coppinger.

Third Arithmetic Jr.—W. English, J. L. Marshall, M. Fitzgerald, C. Vinson, L. Roth, M. McCormack, W. Fitzgerald, W. Browning, J. Glynn, J. Clarke, W. Ryan, W. Gross, C. Tucker, St. Mark Melancon, W. Canovan, F. Obert.

Fourth Arithmetic Jr.—H. Taylor, J. Taylor, J. W. Wilstach, T. Burns, R. Hutchings, V. McKinnon, G. G. Green, L. McKernan, C. Palmer, R. Smiley, J. R. Kenrick.

First Grammar.—H. Jones, H. Treutman, M. Smyth, C. Campau, E. Haydel, G. Berry, W. Byrne.

Second Grammar.—J. O'Hara, J. Frank, M. Weldon, C. Cary, F. Butters, P. Dollimore.

The Certificates for Good Conduct and Improvement in Class were issued last week to the students of the Junior and Senior Departments who deserved them.

We regret to be unable to fulfil a promise which we had made, viz.: of giving a full account of names and number of certificates awarded to each respectively; but the fault lies at the door of those who were requested time and again to make their reports, and neglected our request till it was too late. We hope for the sake of the students whose names are entitled to the honors of public mention that we will be allowed to do them justice next month.

Meanwhile we may be permitted to give them a little advice: If they look for certificates, or rewards of any kind, they must work strenuously for them; indolent and careless students have no right whatever to the rewards of the industrious.

THE CONTINENTAL MONEY is to be used again, and a grand auction will be the result, on the first Wednesday of February, 1870.

The Choir.

Among the Societies of the University none enlists more sympathies and well-wishes than the Choir. Its progress and its success are followed with the deepest interest by all the lovers of sacred music. We have not failed in the past to record its achievements: praising when praise was due, but never criticising uncharitably the efforts which were not seconded by the best results. Those who can appreciate the difficulties attending the formation of college choirs especially, should not be too exacting in the face of the fact that nearly every year the changes which occur among the members are a serious drawback to their efficiency, at least at the very start. However, we have every reason to believe, from the present material of the Choir and the earnest good-will of all those connected with it, that as beautiful music will be produced this year as has been during the preceding years. The Choir for 1869-70 is composed as follows:

Prof. Max Girac, LL. D., Leader.

" M. T. Corby, Tenor Solo.

" W. J. Ivers, 2d Tenor.

" M. A. J. Baasen, Tenor.

" C. Von Weller, Basso Solo, 2d.

Bro. Leopold, Basso, 1st.

SOPRANO.

R. Staley, Solo. C. Hutchings, Solo.

CHORUS.

L. Hilsendegen, W. Fletcher,

M. Mahony, C. Jevne,

R. Hutchings, E. Shea,

F. Witte,

ALTI.

J. Rumely, C. Dodge,

J. Whyte, T. Foley,

TENORS.

H. P. Morancy, H. F. Hurst,

J. A. Dickinson, J. Eisenman,

G. Riopelle, C. Duffy,

T. Thiel, W. Roberts,

BASSI.

J. Zahm, J. Weldon,

J. Garrity, M. Carney,

A. Riopelle,

"Choral Union" was a very appropriate name, much more so than the common appellation, Choir. Could not this name be resumed, and our Choir take a dignified place among our University societies. Surely its members are numerous enough? Constitutions and Rules are not wanting. Business meetings might perhaps be dispensed with or be held very seldom—no oftener than required by urgent want, such as election of officers, etc. . . . We expect that some step will be taken towards the reorganization of the Choral Union.

We have been often questioned in relation to our organ, its strength, size, name of builders, value, etc. This organ was built by Messrs. G. House & Co., Buffalo, the same who made the cathedral organ of that city. The following is the exact description of the instrument as given by the makers themselves after its completion:

GREAT ORGAN (FROM C C TO G IN ALT).

1. Double Open Diapason...	16 feet.	41 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
3. Dulciana.....	8 "	56 "
4. Stopped Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
5. Wald Flute.....	4 "	56 "
6. Principal.....	4 "	56 "
7. Twelfth.....	3 "	56 "
8. Fifteenth.....	2 "	56 "
9. Sesquialtra.....	4 ranks.	224 "
10. Viol d'Amour.....	8 feet.	56 "

11. Trumpet, "Treble".....	8 "	44 pipes.
12. Trumpet, "Bass".....	8 "	12 "
13. Cremona.....	8 "	44 "

SWELL ORGAN (FROM TENOR C TO G IN ALT).

14. Double Stopped Diapason.	16 feet.	44 "
15. Open Diapason.....	8 "	44 "
16. Clarabella.....	8 "	44 "
17. Viol d'Gamba.....	8 "	44 "
18. Stopped Diapason.....	8 "	44 "
19. Principal.....	4 "	44 "
20. Spitz Flute.....	4 "	44 "
21. Picola.....	2 "	44 "
22. Cornet.....	3 ranks.	132 "
23. Hautboy.....	8 feet.	44 "
24. Trumpet.....	8 "	44 "

SWELL BASS.

25. Bourdon.....	16 "	12 "
26. Dulciana.....	8 "	12 "
27. Stopped Diapason.....	8 "	12 "
28. Principal.....	8 "	12 "

PEDAL ORGAN (FROM C C C TO C).

29. Double Open Diapason,		
"Large Scale".....	16 feet.	25 "
30. Double Dulcinea.....	16 "	25 "
31. Open Diapason.....	8 "	25 "
32. Tremule, "French Pattern."		

MECHANICAL STOPS.

33. Couple Swell to Great Organ.	
34. Couple Great Organ to Pedals.	
35. Couple Swell Organ to Pedals.	
36. Bellows Alarm.	
Number of Pipes in Great Organ...	810
" " Swell	572
" " Bass.....	48
" " Pedal Organ...	75

Whole number of Pipes.....	1,511
Whole number of Draw Stops.....	36
Number of Gilt Front Speaking Stops	22
Manuals.....	2
Bellows.....	2
Wind Chests.....	5
Double Swell.	
Reversed Action.	
Rosewood Case, carved and ornamented.	
Dimensions: 26 feet high, 18 feet wide, 12 feet deep	
Value.....	\$5,000.

This beautiful instrument is entirely the gift of the friends of the Institution, and chiefly of the students themselves, or their parents, as the tableau recording in gold letters the names of the donors in the hall of the University will testify.

St. Aloysius Philodemic Association.

The seventh regular meeting of this Association was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 9th. After the usual preliminary business of the Society had been transacted, Mr. T. Grier entertained the Society with a declamation on "False Notions of Office," which was very well delivered.

The question:

Resolved, "That the Political Career of Oliver Cromwell was Beneficial to Great Britain," was then debated. Mr. Gambee, the first gentleman on the affirmative, opened the debate in a very satisfactory manner, and brought forward several arguments in support of his side of the question.

Mr. J. Cunnea then arose and entertained his hearers with a powerful speech of three quarters of an hour in length. He brought forward many and strong arguments against Cromwell's career, and also refuted several arguments of his opponent. The manner in which he spoke showed that he was thoroughly acquainted with the history of the usurper and his times.

Mr. J. Dickinson, the second on the affirmative, then took the stand, and answered his opponent at some length, expressing his arguments in a concise and powerful manner.

Mr. Robinson then arose and produced several arguments in favor of the negative. Considering this his first attempt, he did well.

Mr. T. Heery, the last on the negative, arose to

defend his side, which he did with his usual eloquence.

Mr. E. B. Gambee then summed up the arguments of the negative, not, however, refuting all of them.

The President, after reviewing the arguments brought forward on both sides, decided in favor of the affirmative, at the same time praising the negative for their gallant defence.

The members of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Association are determined to uphold their time-honored reputation, and that their success shall be greater than that of any previous year.

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

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The seventh regular meeting was held Wednesday, Nov. 3. After the usual exercises, Master S. McArthur came forward and read an essay on the "City of San Francisco," after which he was unanimously elected a member of the Association.

The eighth regular meeting was held on Saturday, Nov. 6. When the meeting was called to order, Master Scott Ashton rose and read an essay on "Honor." He was then elected a member by a unanimous vote.

The following members acquitted themselves creditably in declamations: Chas. Burdell, H. O'Neil, J. Nash, Michael Mahony, Robert Staley, C. Dodge. Master James Sutherland read an essay entitled "Description of Union Park, Chicago." A very well-written essay, entitled "When I was a Boy," was received from D. J. Wile, formerly a member of the Association.

A vote of thanks was unanimously given to Brother Celestine for his kindness to the Association.

After the usual criticism and remarks, the meeting adjourned.

W. B. CLARKE, Cor. Sec'y.

Society of the Holy Childhood.

This charitable institution for the redemption of the children of infidels in China and in other Pagan countries, and affiliated to the Society of the same name, was reorganized Oct. 16th, 1869.

The following are the officers for the present year:

Director, Brother Emmanuel; President, E. Haydel; Vice-President, M. Smyth; Secretary, J. Frank; Treasurer, C. Campau; Librarian, H. Trentman; Assistant Librarian, H. Jones; Censor, G. Gross.

Thirty members.

J. FRANK, Sec.

Two meetings of the St. Edward's Literary Association have been held since its last report. The Association is in the enjoyment of the best spirit, with fine prospects ahead. An interesting debate will take place on Tuesday, 16th inst.

MUSICAL.—According to the "honorable mentions" published in our last issue, the *First Preparatory Class* of St. Mary's Academy must be in the key of D major; unless the Sharp F and C are to be regarded as "accidentals."

THE DEATH OF BLACK HAWK.—This venerable equine friend died of congestive chills, or rather old age, on the morning of the 14th inst.

The thousands who knew this excellent quadruped, and especially the lover of slow drives, will hear this intelligence with feelings of regret.

The Scientific Association.

The United Scientific Association held their first regular meeting of this scholastic year on Wednesday evening, Sept. 22. This and some of the following meetings were occupied in diligently revising the Constitutions and By-Laws, which was done in committee of the whole. The following features may be made public:

1. *Change of name.*—The organization will henceforward be known under the style and title of the "Scientific Association" of Notre Dame University.

2. *Departments.*—The three departments of the Association have been consolidated, and formed into one. The headships of departments were, as a natural consequence, abolished, and their incumbents elevated to the honorary rank of Vice Presidents. The title of "Director" has also been changed for that of "President."

3. *Elections.*—The election of members will henceforward take place at the meeting subsequent to that in which they were proposed, and not at the same meeting, as heretofore.

4. *Lectures.*—The Association has taken active measures to secure a course of public lectures during the coming season.

At the first meeting also, the officers for the present scholastic year were elected, as follow:

President—Rev. Father J. C. Carrier, S. S. C.

Vice Presidents.—Rev. Father T. L. Vagnier, S. S. C., A. J. Stace, W. T. Johnson.

Secretary.—F. Crapser.

Secretary pro tem.—(Mr. Crapser being on leave of absence) J. M. Gearin.

Treasurer.—J. Cunnea.

Librarian.—F. Bodeman.

Censor.—J. Dickinson.

JOHN M. GEARIN, Sec. pro tem.

Notre Dame Cornet Band.

An election of the officers of the Notre Dame Cornet Band took place Wednesday, 24th ult., and resulted as follows:

President and Leader, Prof. M. Boyne.

Vice-President and Ass't Leader, Prof. W. Ivers.

Secretary, J. Eisenman.

Treasurer, R. H. McCarty.

Librarian, Charles Clarke.

Flag Bearer, ———.

The Band is now in fine order and animated with the best spirit. It is composed of the following gentlemen:

Prof. M. Boyne, E Flat Soprano.

Prof. Wm. Ivers, B Flat Cornet.

N. Shelton, B Flat Cornet.

R. L. Akin, E Flat Cornet.

T. Hurly, B Flat Contralto.

L. Gibson, B Flat Contralto.

John Mulhall, E Flat Tenor.

John Shiel, " "

Jacob Eisenman, " "

Wm. Roney, " "

R. W. McCarty, " "

Joseph Mulhall, " "

James Murphy, B Flat Tenor.

Grover Webb, " "

George Riopelle, " "

Charles Clarke, B Flat Baritone.

R. Creushaw, 1st B Flat Bass.

E. B. Jamison, 1st B Flat Bass.

P. Talbot, 1st E Flat Bass.

James Weldon, 2d E Flat Bass.

James Dickinson, B Flat Contra Bass.

F. Gregg, Cymbals.

E. C. Davis, Tenor Drum.

John Orf, Tenor Drum.

A. Riopelle, Bass Drum.

Recent Publications.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, June 23, 1869. Compiled and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Co. Pp. 266.

There have been few books of a special interest issued which will reach so many readers as that chronicling the events in the history of Notre Dame University, the record of the proceedings which celebrated its 25th anniversary, and the entertaining account of the lives of its graduates. This University is one in which the people of the Northwest have taken particular interest, as its progress has been coincident with the developments of their own country, and, as it has followed, and in a great part led, the civilization of the primitive country in which it has taken its rise. Not longer ago than 1842, the location of this institution was the camping-ground for the Indians; and Father Sorin, the veteran head of the establishment, contemplated the field of his future labor from a little log hut which stood on the banks of the lake that now forms a portion of the students' play-ground. To undertake, single-handed, in a wild, undeveloped country, and among a sparsely-settled people, the erection of a great university, was quite a different task from the present establishment of an educational institution in some powerful and wealthy community, aided by generous endowments and demanded by the educational wants of the day. That the undertaking has been a brilliant success is sufficiently proved by the fact that the twenty-fifth anniversary has been celebrated in the presence of large, commodious, handsome, and costly college buildings, by some five hundred students, a large concourse of visitors and patrons, and a creditable showing of graduates. That this epoch was full of trials, discouraging drawbacks, and temporary lulls in prosperity, is not strange, and the history of the rise and progress of Notre Dame, of the growing success which enabled its founder and collaborators to erect one by one the many handsome buildings, is, on this account, the more varied and entertaining. This makes up the first part of the present volume, and introduces novels and incidents that will bring up many delightful reminiscences for the old students.

The second part of the book leaves the exterior of the University and its progress, and enters upon a description of its routine as now established. An account is given of its course of study; the manner in which it is pursued; the discipline; the amusements; the religious, literary, musical, and other societies; the college library and museum. The University of Notre Dame, as a Catholic institute, has a peculiar discipline and organization which present many curious features to those who are not familiar with institutions of this character, as well as being pleasant for those who have passed through its course.

Then follow the sketches of the presidents, vice-presidents, faculty, regular and honorary alumni of the University. This feature, of course, is the principal one, and it has been prepared carefully and discreetly. The alumni include many gentlemen who have now attained enviable positions, and their stories will be read with interest by all their former associates as well as by the older friends of the university. The rest of the book is occupied with the oration and poem, written and delivered by Mr. T. E. Howard, and the report of the proceedings at the banquet and exhibitions with which the jubilee was celebrated. —Chicago Times.

BULLETINS will be sent to parents next week.

Here and There.

Last week we failed to make an appearance, owing to various reasons, but principally on account of items turning up too late for insertion in the paper. This week, however, we make up for lost time, by giving the *itemic* news of past month.

THE WEATHER.—During the past four weeks we have had a mixture of the four seasons—mild, warm, cool and cold. Spring was recalled, by botanists in search of germinating plants; summer, by the green foliage; autumn, by the hunting of nuts and by the snow and ice. Snow fell here for the first time on Friday, Oct. 22d. Though very early, it nevertheless imparted a wintry aspect to surrounding nature.

On Saturday evening and Sunday of last week, snow fell to a considerable depth.

STEAM AND FIRES.—Notwithstanding these cold wintry days, the college building is kept quite comfortable, and the various departments have an even temperature. Brother Peter deserves great praise for his wise regulation of the steam.

The large *ho-pitable* fires of the recreation halls have a tendency to warm in spite of the ravings of old Boreas.

FOOT-BALL is now the game at Notre Dame, and is apparently well enjoyed. It is truly a splendid exercise in cold weather, and the manner in which the small Minims, medium Juniors and big Seniors join in abusing an inoffensive ball is fearful to describe. Baseball, in company with its attendants—bats, *fouls* and *flies*—has retired for the winter.

DANCING.—This has become a very general and much favored amusement among the students. It is greatly encouraged, as it affords a means of healthful exercise when winter's cold blasts will not permit field sports. A large Class in dancing was organized last week, under the able direction of Professor Ivers.

HUNTING.—The feathered tribes have suffered terribly of late from the *foul* effects of powder and shot. Neither marl, mud nor water afford a barrier to the movements of hunters when in *earnest* quest of game. The ducks are so plentiful on our lakes that it was no trouble for even an *iron man* to shoot them.

HEALTH.—The sudden changes of the weather have not affected the general health of the students. There are now very few boarders—comparatively,—at present in the infirmary, and they will be very well next bright recreation day—if not sooner. We only hope that this enviable blessing of good health may continue to be enjoyed.

REMOVED.—We are very sorry to note that Very Rev. Father Granger has removed from "our house"—the college building—and taken up his abode in St. Aloysius' Novitiate. The Very Rev. Father retains, however, the office of Prefect of Religion in the University, in discharging the duties of which, for a number of years, he has rendered himself dear to every Catholic student of Notre Dame.

PIOUS.—For those who are *piously* inclined, Brother Thomas' confectionary is undoubtedly an excellent place (we don't mean to puff) to satisfy their aspirations.

The *National Union*, edited and published by Mr. E. and Mrs. Emma Molloy, South Bend, Ind., is full of interesting news. Although not absolutely homogeneous in its TYPICAL appearance it is nevertheless a welcome visitor.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

Arrivals.

Miss A. Reeve,	Plymouth, Ind.
" M. Belanger,	" "
" L. Hoyt,	St. Joseph, Mich.
" M. Beam,	Kalamazoo, "
" M. Ford,	Memphis, Tenn.
" J. Davis,	Chicago, Ill.
" M. Curtis,	" "

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 28th.

Misses B. Newlan, E. Horton, B. Bryan, S. Price, M. Murphy, F. Livegman, P. Smith, J. Dooley, L. McFarland, I. Wilder, M. Letourneau.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 28th.

Misses K. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, A. Byrne, L. James, N. Healy, M. Nash, M. Quan, B. Quan, A. Clarke.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Nov. 4.

Misses K. Carpenter, C. Foote, M. Warren, M. Cochrane, M. Edwards, L. English, K. Zell, M. Carpenter, E. Price, C. Lacy, M. Wicker, K. Robinson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Nov. 4.

Misses M. Kearney, J. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, L. McNamara, M. Krutzezer, M. Walker, L. Davis, M. Price, A. Garrity, L. McKennon.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, E. Longsdorf, E. Kirwin. 1st. Sr. Class.—Misses E. Lindsay, H. Niel, B. O'Neil, F. Mesmore, A. Rhinehart, K. Carpenter, Z. Selby, C. Foote, L. English, M. Kirwin, M. Edwards. 2d. Sr. Class.—Misses M. Dillon, M. Warren, E. Henry, C. Heckman, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, J. Hogue, E. Plamondon, A. Clarke, L. Ramsdill, M. Kellogg, A. Hunt, J. Forbes, B. Leonard, A. Walter, K. Parks, K. McMahon, S. O'Brien, B. Gardner. 3d. Sr. Class.—Misses A. Mast, M. Cochrane, M. Foote, G. Hurst, J. Kessella, E. Sarber, J. D'Arcy, K. O'Tool, M. O'Tool, M. Doty, J. Walker, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, K. Robinson, —. Jennings, L. Qhaly, A. Unruh, K. Zell.

1st. Junior Class.—Miss L. McKinnon.

1st. Preparatory Class.—Misses V. Leoni, J. Leoni, C. Grannis, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, K. Moore, K. Carpenter, A. Schollard, S. Carver, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, A. Holeman, M. Curtis.

2d. Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Mathers, C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, J. Falvey, E. Whitfield, F. Fox, R. Fox, M. Carpenter.

3d. Preparatory Class.—Misses J. Kearney, A. Garrity, A. Garrity, M. Kreutzer, M. Walker, L. Davis.

FRENCH.

1st. Class.—Misses F. Mesmore, E. Longsdorf, E. Ewing, M. Sherland, K. Carpenter, C. Bertrand, M. Doty, A. Cunnea, A. Mulhall. 2d. Class.—A. Hurst, G. Hurst, B. O'Neil, J. Forbes, A. Clarke, M. Cook, H. Niel, M. Quan, K. Robinson, M. Wood.

GERMAN.

1st. Class.—Miss C. Hoerber. 2d. Class.—Misses B. Newlan, E. Henry, L. English. 3d. Class.—Misses K. Moore, N. Carpenter.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses A. and E. Ewing, F. Mesmore, B. Newland, M. Wood, M. Doty, M. Carpenter. 3d. Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Landgraff, M. Wick-er, E. Forestal, J. Tucker, E. Price, M. Stocker, L. Entslar, M. Lacy, M. Clarke, A. Banta, A. Roach, L. Price, D. Gannings, M. O'Meara.

1st. Preparatory Class.—Miss R. Leoni.

2d. Preparatory Class.—Miss M. Kearney.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses A. Mulball, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, B. Newland, E. Longsdorf, S. Price. 1st. Sr. Class.—Misses E. Lindsay, H. Niel, B. O'Neil, F. Mesmore, A. Rhinehart, B. Bryan, M. Kirwin. 2d. Sr. Class.—Misses L. Marshall, E. Henry, M. Tuberty, A. Clarke, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, G. Forbes, B. Leonard, A. Walter, K. Parks, K. McMahon, E. Horton, S. O'Brien, F. Swegman. 3d. Sr. Class.—A. Mast, M. Foote, G. Hurst, J. Kinsella, E. Barber, J. D'Arcy, J. Walker, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, — Jennings, L. Qualy, A. Unrah.

First Preparatory Class.—V. Leoni, J. Leoni, C. Grannis, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, P. Smith, K. Moore, A. Schollard, S. Carver, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, J. Dooley, A. Holman.

Second Preparatory Class.—A. Mathers, C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, C. Whitfield, F. Fox, R. Fox, I. Wilder, B. Cable, M. Letourneau.

Third Preparatory Class.—M. Landgraff, A. Hayes, E. Forrestal, J. Tucker, M. Stocker, L. Entslar, M. Coffey, C. Coles, M. Price, L. McFarland, M. O'Meara.

PIANO.

1st. Class.—Misses C. Foote. 2d Div.—M. Sherland, F. Mesmore. 2d Class.—Misses A. Montgomery, G. Arrington, A. Ewing, L. English. 2d Div.—Misses K. Parks, M. Edwards, K. Carpenter. 3d Class.—Misses H. Neil, E. Ewing, M. Foote, G. Hurst, A. Carmody, E. Kirwin. 2d Div.—Misses L. Martin, M. Clarke. 4th Class.—Misses M. Doty, B. Gardener, S. Hoyn, A. Clarke, L. Davis, M. Tuberty C. Bertrand. 2d Div.—Misses E. Whitfield, L. Thompson, M. Kreutzer. 5th Class.—Misses L. McNamara, K. Zell, A. Mast. 6th Class.—Misses M. Landgraff, C. Hoerber, B. Cable. 2d Div.—Misses M. Walker, R. Leoni, M. Quan. 7th Class.—Misses A. Hollman, A. Walter, S. Schollard, 8th Class.—Misses M. S. Clarke, F. Taylor, H. Hunt. 9th. Class.—Miss R. Canoll. Harp.—Miss M. Sherland.

Guitar.—Misses K. Moore, E. Plamondon.

Theoretical.—Misses E. Ewing, J. Newland, E. Kirwin, M. Sherland, K. Robinson, E. Lindsay.

Painting in Water Colors.—Misses C. Heckman, K. Robinson.

DRAWING.

1st Class.—Misses A. Ewing, M. Cook, A. Robson, E. Henry, L. Martin, E. Kirwin, A. Uneuh. 2d. Class.—Misses E. Horton, M. Dillon, L. Mulhall, B. Gardner.

First Preparatory Class.—Miss R. Leoni.

Second Preparatory Class.—Miss L. Thomson.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Quan, G. Darling, A. Byrne, L. James, N. Healy.

We here give the introduction of the "New-comers in the Junior Department" on St. Edward's day, which was crowded out by the other

matter and reports of the day. They will no doubt prove interesting to the many friends of the Academy, as well as those more immediately concerned.

By Miss L. NEIL:

From Toledo in Spain come highly polished steel blades,
From Toledo, Ohio, highly polished young maids;
Here's a specimen now, sharp, polished and bright
Whose brilliant flashes do charm and delight;
'Tis our dear Lizzie Edwards, a frolicsome Fay
Who has come here to join in our frolic and play.

By Miss R. LEONI:

From fair Maryland comes fair Mary Clark—
A Baltimore girl,—now let me remark
That 'tis a nice question: Which girls are the best?—
The girls from the South, the East, or the West?
But this we do know, these transplanted flowers
All flourish right well in St. Mary's fair bowers.

By Miss ANNA GARRITY:

Although in field-sports 'tis seldom you find
Little maidens excel, yet we have a mind
To have a gay hunt of the very best kind;
Our friend Hattie Hunt—once a Southwester,
Now a young Hoosier from the town of Rochester.

By Miss M. WALKER:

Our friend Lillie Davis is decidedly good,
She does everything just as she should,
She is studious in study, attentive in class,
In play-time a merry, gay, frolicsome lass;
No idle homesickness her comfort annoys;
She comes here from "Henry," State Illinois.

By Miss M. WALKER.

Our dear Minnie Quan—thoughtful, steady, and sure
Is full of quaint humor, though she looks so demure;
On acquaintance you'll find she's mirthful and witty,—
She comes from Chicago—that famed Western city.

By Miss ANNIE CLARKE:

Little Isabel Quan, a graceful young fairy,
Pleasant, playful, and gentle, never proud or contrary,—
She's a favorite with all; we love her right well,
And think her a musical, merry joy-bell.

By Miss A. BYRNES:

Little Norah O'Meara—Now it seems very funny
We Juniors all call her "Little Miss Honey;
This proves she is sweet,—this is certainly true,
For we never see her looking sour or blue;
She comes from Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West,"
Where they raise little Juniors the sweetest and best.

By Miss N. GROSS:

Miss Emma Forrestal, from the good Quaker city.
She's an arch little maiden. Now 'twould be a pity
To check her droll humor and mirthfulness rare,
For she's too full of fun, and free from all care,
To look serious, except when kneeling at prayer.

By Miss N. GROSS:

Miss Nellie Healy from "Hyde Park." Quite aristocratic!
But you see she's not proud, but a real democratic
Illinois girl, who feels 'tis as noble to be
A true Western girl—brave, honest, and free
As an English Hyde-Parker with a grand pedigree.

By Miss N. GROSS:

The two Misses Hutchinson,—Mary and Kate;—
They have come from Chicago, Illinois State,
To dwell at St. Mary's till they both graduate.
No wonder Chicagoans feel somewhat proud,

And of their advantages boast long and loud,
When they see at St. Mary's such a bright-looking crowd
Of pupils—intelligent, graceful, and witty,
Who hail from that famous go-ahead city.
They may rightfully boast, and indeed 'twere a pity
On their complacent feelings to lay an embargo,
For one may even reach heaven by the way of Chicago.

By Miss McNAMARA:

Our friend Mary Kearney is gentle and mild,
She's a studious scholar, a dutiful child;
From Kansas, Missouri, she has come to acquire
Academical fame. She may safely aspire
To the highest of honors. We wish her success,
A "Graduate Cross," and a Crown—nothing less.

By Miss A. WILDER:

Our dear little Julia, Sister of Mary, (Kearney)
All sweetness and archness, never contrary;
She's studious and bright, but mirthful at play,
Like a bright humming bird in the sweet month of May.

By Miss F. TAYLOR:

From "way down" Tennessee comes Lulu Harrison,
Her sportive good-humor would bear comparison
With the playful wood-nymphs, or fairies of old;
She's a bright streak of sunshine never cloudy or cold.
She's in earnest at study, and earnest at play;
We'll hear great things of Miss Lulu some future day.

By Miss A. BYRNES:

Little Flora Middleton from famous South Bend
Has come to St. Mary's her schooldays to spend;
What home more appropriate for the goddess of flowers,
Than to dwell 'mid the fragrance of sweet rosy bowers?
And a dear floral queen, our Flora shall be;
Her throne a moss bank 'neath a wide-spreading tree.
A sceptre of love she will hold in her hand,
And thus all her subjects with ease she'll command.

By Miss R. LEONI:

Very Rev. Father, I'll wager a dollar
You have heard of the famous "Peruvian Rolla."
Now we have a famous Peruvian too,
Our friend "Mary Krutzer" from the city Peru;
And if South America is now overrated
For its heroes, we too shall be celebrated,
For our Peruvian Mary may become a great saint
And remove from our land the shame and complaint
That this Federal Republic so boastfully great,
Cannot produce in its most fertile State
A native to offer for canonization,
Now isn't this a shame for this great Yankee nation?
But this shameful aspersion will cease to be true
When we boast a great saint from the Yankee Peru.

By Miss A. ROBSON:

Little Miss Laura, of the clan of McKennon,
Like a brave Highland lass she has flung out her pennon
And entered the list with the determination
To win great renown for her clan and her nation.
For lazy homesickness no quarter nor truce,—
She's the armor of Wallace and courage of Bruce.

By Miss L. McNAMARA:

Here's a sweet little darling,
Full of genius and grace
And lively good humor,
As you see by her face.
She's the merriest Minnie that ever we saw
From that Romantic Michigan village, "Paw-Paw."
She's a notable person, and a heroine too,
For in our graceful young darling
We present "Grace Darling" to you.

Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad.

On and after Sunday, Aug. 30th, 1869, Passenger Trains will leave South Bend, as follows

GOING EAST:

Leave South Bend, 11.35 a. m.
" " 9.07 p. m.
" " 12.32 a. m.
" " 11.50 a. m.
Way Freight, 4.57 p. m.
Arrive at Toledo, 6.30 p. m.
" " 2.50 a. m.
" " 6.15 a. m.

All four trains make close connection at Toledo with trains to the East.

For full details, see the Company's Posters and Time Tables at the Depot, and other Public Places.



GOING WEST:

Leave South Bend, 4.57 p. m.
" " 3.10 a. m.
" " 5.39 a. m.
" " 4.20 p. m.
Way Freight, 1.43 "
Arrive at Chicago, 8.35 p. m.
" " 6.50 a. m.
" " 9.20 a. m.
Arrive at Laporte, 6.30 a. m.
Making connections with all trains West and North.

Trains are run by Chicago Time, which is twenty minutes slower than the Time of Toledo.

E. PHILIPS,
Pres't, Chicago.

O. P. LELAND,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

H. BROWN,
Ag't, South Bend.

C. F. HATCH,
Gen'l Sup't, Cleveland.