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For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

## The Human Soul.

Only a mote in creation wide,  
A speck in the boundless light,  
A little drop in the shoreless tide .  
Of intelligence limitless, ceaseless to glide  
Whilst eternity measures its stern cold flight:  
However so mighty a great man may be,  
Oh, how less than *nothing in truth is he*.

What if a city, although it should hold  
Its millions and millions of men,  
Should praise me, and crown me with diamonds and gold,  
And my name with its honored and best be enrolled,  
What more, after all my proud place, am I then?—  
A bubble blown up somewhat it is true,  
To burst, and, lo! nothing is left to the view.

What use after all now, the strife to attain  
Position and power, and ease,  
Since all things on earth are but futile and vain,  
Whilst the world is but wedded to sorrow and pain,  
With no hope 'gainst the force of resistless decrees:  
Oh, like the least atom in space, why not wait  
Inert, to accept the fierce pressure of "fate?"

Thus Nature spake out in the heart unattuned  
To the beautiful anthem of Faith,  
For the rude growth of passion was rank and unpruned;  
Even the *blessings* of life, each inflicted its wound  
To torture that self-centered spirit to death  
But a holier reason than logic of earth,  
Placed a seal on that heart, and a deep joy had birth.

No longer a mote, a poor worthless shred,  
A pitiful atom in space,  
Was the strong human spirit; but tractable led;  
Its meanness forgotten, its worthlessness fled;  
And crowned with the stamp that no time can efface  
Of the *deathless Creator*, it rose to the skies,  
With a beauty too pure for a weak mortal's eyes.

O, wonderful soul! How the by-ways of life  
Are garlanded over with bloom,  
When sweet *Faith* defines all Earth's mystical strife,  
Clearing up the dense air with misfortunes so rife,  
And dispelling all shadows of doubting and gloom!  
The soul is no'er great but in light of her smile;  
Without her, alas! there is nothing more vile.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

## Dangerous Reading: Its best Antidote.

There are few questions of the present day more painful to discuss than that above cited, from the fact that it is so difficult to convince the large majority of persons that *any reading* whatsoever is dangerous. They refuse to admit the subtle influence of mind over mind; they refuse to believe that the nature of our thoughts decides our actions, and gives character to the soul; and even if this much be conceded, they virtually deny that *reading* is one of the principal channels whereby this subtle power of mind over mind, this *moulding of the soul*, is communicated. It is painful, furthermore, on account of the peculiar stamp impressed upon most of our literature, and also because of the loose ideas prevailing in respect to the formation of mind and morals. This last consideration brings us, in fact, to the true source of all danger in the premises.

License, unrestricted liberty in *all things*, has

been, and to an alarming extent is still, the only rule controlling the wishes, the tastes, and the conduct of youth. "See, hear, read *for yourself!*" Associate with whom you please; go wherever your desires dictate; select what authors you like; form *your own opinions*; act upon *your own judgment*. Experience for *yourselves* and *abide the consequences*." This is the moral code laid down for the observance of nine tenths of our American children.

Despising the truth that the inclinations of the human heart are seldom upright, parents have in their ignorance dug the deep pit into which their children have been allowed to precipitate themselves,—we had almost said into which they *have driven, or dragged them by force*. This cruelty may have been blind, the fruit of sad ignorance, but none the less disastrous on that account.

To aggravate this unfortunate condition of society, very few authors can be recommended to the young without restrictions, and in this matter of restrictions the lines of distinction must be of necessity so variable, the discrimination so delicate, that we are involved in multiplied difficulties, even when young persons are possessed of the docility to accept advice.

The literature of our modern enlightenment, not excepting many authors who profess a belief in Christianity, has so mingled Pagan, Mohammedan, and rank infidel ideas, that in the very nature of things, it is unsafe mental food. These assertions are made advisedly, and full proofs can be given, though at present our limits will not permit us to enlarge. The Catholic educator has too often felt the *painful truth that we are right*; but in the midst of our perplexities the only sure hope is in establishing correct principles,—that is to say, a *Christian standard of action and of judgment in the minds of the young*. Along with this, a taste for *solid, pure reading* should be formed.

Give me a sound-headed, true-hearted boy to train, let me guide his reading and teach him a love of *historical and scientific books*, and after *three years* of this supervision you may fill the room with *Leitgers, Weeklies, and novels* of the day, and he will treat them all as so much rubbish. They will be to him as insipid as nursery rhymes, as disgusting as the most distasteful thing to be imagined. It is the uncultivated and the unoccupied mind that seeks intellectual nutriment in sentimental and vitiating books. It is the neglected garden that runs into poisonous weeds. Heavy indeed is the burden, we admit, that unbelief and immorality has forced upon the souls of the present generation; but earnest determination will conquer and complete the herculean task of its removal. Ceaseless exertion on the part of those who understand the artifices of the foe with whom we have to contend, and who possess the honesty and charity to expose his secret lurking places, will we trust in time remove from our dear country its *most frightful*

scourge,—that of *dangerous books and unscrupulous authors*.  
E. M. G.

In connection with the above we wish to state that all illustrated weeklies, except *Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls*, and *The Emerald*, are prohibited here. We recommend *Our Young Folks*, *School-Day Visitor*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Young Catholic's Guide*, *Sunday School Visitor*, and *The Guardian Angel*.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

## Deeds.

Sir Henry Spelman says that "the Saxons in their deeds observed no set form, but used honest and perspicuous words to express the thing intended with all brevity," and on this groundless eulogy Chancellor Kent observes: "This brevity and perspicuity, so much commended by Spelman, has become quite lost, or but dimly perceived in the cumbersome forms and precedents of the English system of conveyancing." Indeed it is impossible to suppose that an honest mind could ever have invented the ungrammatical verbiage and the senseless formalities whereby justice is tortured and common sense outraged in fulfilling the simplest requirements of the law. No particular form of words is required by law to make a deed valid, and yet one might suppose from the way in which such things are done, that had grammar, tautology and circumlocution were absolutely essential to the efficacy and legality of the simplest conveyance. There can be no doubt, however, that the mode of transferring real property by deed is of great antiquity; and as it may be interesting to the reader to see how they did these things in olden times, even before the Christian era, we give a substantial sketch of an Egyptian deed, executed in the year 106 before Christ. It was written on papyrus, and found deposited in good preservation in a tomb in Upper Egypt, by the side of a mummy. . . . It gives the names and titles of the sovereigns in whose time the instrument was executed; namely, Cleopatra, and Ptolemy her son, surnamed Alexander. It describes the ages, stature and complexion of each of the contracting parties, as for instance Pamonthes, one of the male grantors, aged about 45, of middle stature, dark complexion, handsome person, bald, round-faced, and straight-nosed;" and Semmuthis, one of the female grantors, "aged about 22 years, of middle-size, yellow complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and of quiet demeanor." It then goes on to state that the grantors—two brothers and two sisters—have sold out of the piece of land belonging to them, in the southern part of the Memnoneia, 8000 cubits of vacant ground. The bounds "are on the south by the royal street, on the north and east by the land of Pamonthes, and Bokon of Hermis, his brother, and the common land of the city; on the west by the house of Tephis, the son of Cha-

lorn; a canal running through the middle, leading from the river. These are the abutters on all sides. Nechutes the Less, the son of Asos, aged about 40 years, of middle stature, yellow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face and straight nose, with a scar upon the middle of his forehead, has bought the same for one talent of brass money. The vendors being the acting salesmen and warrantors of the sale. Nechutes, the purchaser, has accepted the sale."

The sale of this land—the deed being written in the Greek language—took place in the ancient and famous city of Thebes and Kent, from whose commentaries the foregoing description is mainly taken, adds that "there seems to be no doubt of the authenticity and age of the instrument in the minds of the distinguished German, French and English scholars, and profound antiquaries who have studied the subject." To the honest, practical man it is of small consequence what heavy-plodding antiquarians think or say about these things, and in point of fact it doesn't make much difference whether such an instrument be genuine or spurious; it is admirable for its clearness and comparative brevity, and if it ever did exist, in Thebes or elsewhere, it simply illustrates that men whom we are accustomed to regard as barbarians, were strangers to the clumsy formalities in which our civilization is skilled in fettering justice. Anyone desirous of perfection in the arts of amplification and of meaningless verbosity, has only to consult those "model forms of indentures" which the American law-student is obliged to decipher in obedience to that hereditary awe which we are still compelled to entertain for the bad English, the obsolete jargon called Norman-French, and the abominably bad Latin of Feudal Mummyism.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### The Soldier-Boy.

("The minstrel boy to the wars is gone.")

BY PATRIC.

#### I.

With heart on home intent, all else forgetting,  
On battle-plain there lies, tho' not alone,  
A youth, whose life's bright sun is sadly setting,  
The while to weeping heaven he makes his moan.  
Ah, wounded, helpless, hapless boy,  
What gloomy scenes thy thoughts employ?

#### II.

From next his heart he draws, with eager fingers,  
And prints with many and many a burning kiss,  
A picture mute; entranced, his dim eye lingers  
On that memento of his boyhood's bliss.  
The pale lips smile with filial joy,  
While softly sighs the dying boy,

#### III.

"My love, my light, my life, my joy, my Mother!  
How sadly beam those tender eyes on me,  
As if your fond heart felt, and strove to smother  
The fearful thought of my dark destiny.  
Far, far from you my course is run,  
No more, no more have you a son!

#### IV.

"When came the foe, our happy homes to ravage—  
The glorious land for which our fathers bled—  
With fire and sword, as comes the ruthless savage,  
When murder marked his path, and slaughter red,  
You girt the steel upon my thigh,  
And bade me for my country die!

#### V.

"Well have I battled 'gainst that foe, dear mother;  
For God I fought, for liberty, and right—  
Beside me, fighting, fell mine only brother,  
My hoary father too, and I, this night,  
Upon the cold earth, bleeding lie—  
'Tis sweet for freedom thus to die!

#### VI.

"A widowed wife to-day, and, on the morrow  
A childless mother, cease, and cease to weep;  
Be comforted: restrain those tears of sorrow—

They perish not, but calmly, sweetly sleep  
Who fall on glory's sanguine plain—  
Beyond the grave we'll meet again!

#### VII.

"Ah, might I press once more those lips, dear mother  
That taught me how for liberty to die!  
For it I yield my life; had I another—  
Nay, millions more—ere I would basely fly,  
'O I would gladly give them all,  
Thus—thus in freedom's cause to fall!"

#### VIII.

He presses to his heart the precious relic,—  
His wounds forgotten all,—while o'er his soul,  
Bright-mirrored in his eyes and smile angelic,  
The well-remembered scenes of childhood roll.  
Those scenes, poor boy, have fled for aye,  
And thou hast looked thy last on day!

#### IX.

From his weak grasp to earth down drops his treasure,  
Deep-crimsoned with his young heart's trickling gore;  
The blue eyes blaze with wild, unearthly pleasure,  
Then close upon this world for ever more.  
Upon the shattered breast his head  
Low droops—the Soldier-Boy is dead!

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 IV.

Concerning a Siesta, and the Waking and Sleeping Dreams attendant thereupon.

Do you like to take forty winks after dinner? And if so, is your virtuous couch ever attended by those aerial buffoons denominated dreams? Is your sleep broken by the phantasmagoria of Morpheus, or are your slumbers sound as a metamorphic rock? If they are, do not read this, for you will not sympathize.

But ye imaginative kindred spirits, listen to the visions that flitted through my brain, as I lay enjoying that delicious siesta on the bleak November day—bleak and wintry without, but warm and steamy within.

The evening previous I had gone down to South Bend on a fool's errand. I went to hear the Reverend Mr. Fairfield's lecture on Popery, and when arrived found that his aforesaid lecture was "indefinitely postponed." So I had my oysters and came back no wiser than I went, except that I brought home his poster, which, grammatically speaking, is a gem; here is an extract:

"In the present course it is not designed to attack any political creed or religious faith, but a promotion of the general interests of the Public and the Association."

In what special way the lecturer proposed to attack a promotion of the general interests above-mentioned we cannot now determine, not having enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing the lecture. His terms are low—I mean his terms of admission to the lecture: "Gent and Lady, 60 cents." He does not say on what terms he admits gentlemen. Probably he did not expect that any but gents would go.

I wonder what he would have said. He advertised a new lecture, but I suppose he would have to introduce a resh of the Scarlet Lady and the Mark of the Beast, without which some of our good old Hoosier neighbors would think he was goin' agin the Book of Revelations. He would probably begin by dividing his discourse into seven heads and ten horns, with a few remarks on Gay-lily-oh, "and still it moves," with a philosophical digression to show how it *could* move and keep still at the same time. Likewise a pathetic vindication of the behavior of Joshua in making the sun stand still without asking per-

mission of the same Gay-lily-oh, and in conclusion a few practical suggestions as to how Jonas might have swallowed the whale, and whether, in the event of a similar contingency occurring in the nineteenth century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral or Spalding's Prepared Glue should be promptly administered, with or without the use of a stomach pump.

But the fantastic vagaries of my reverie could not long exercise themselves on so worn-out a subject. The following day was Wednesday. I thought of hunting. In old times we used to do a good deal of hunting Wednesdays. Now, however, whether it is that Wednesdays are getting so scarce that it does not pay to hunt them, or whether it is the weather, or whether it is something else, certain it is that so much hunting is not done as formerly. In our declining years—those in which we learnt our Latin and Greek declensions,—we were gayer boys than we are now. We used to go about like roaring lions seeking for distinguished visitors to make them get us recreation, and now nothing can exceed the general apathy apparent on this point. But, then, we studied hard in those times too—we knew how to play in play time and study in study time. But what's the use of blowing about what we used to do?

Then my wandering thoughts reverted to Sarah—that magnanimous young lady who first set fashion at defiance, and introduced the Roman toga into American wear. Her noble-hearted enterprise was rewarded by the appreciation of a generous public. The garment was called the Sarah-toga, in honor of her to whom its revival was due, and a fashionable watering-place was immediately erected to commemorate the happy event. Her domestic virtues also claimed a share of my regard, and particularly her invention of preserved peaches, called after her the Great Dessert of Sarah, although when the peach-stones stick in your throat you are apt to get the *h* in the wrong place and pronounce it Sahara.

From preserves to tea is an easy mental transition: I reflected on how the Independence of our glorious Republic is chiefly owing to the tax on tea, and furthermore, on how tea is chiefly owing to China, and hence, by a form of ratiocination, well known to logicians as the *sorites*, on how the liberties of this free country are chiefly owing to the most despotic empire in the world. Should not this reflection warm our hearts towards the poor Chinese, who come here to seek a livelihood which the overstocking with population of their own country denies them? This overstocking is in one respect similar to an overshoe. The latter is generally a "rubber," and of the former we may say in the words of Hamlet: "Aye, there's the rub!"—for political economists.

But sleep was fast settling upon my eyelids. I cannot precisely draw the line which separated my waking from my sleeping visions, but about this time I remember being imbued with the conviction that I was Louis Napoleon endeavoring to escape from Ham. Methought the Ham was a large sugar-cured one, specious as to its appearance but horrible as to its smell. It was set before me regularly every morning at breakfast, and my attentive hostess, to whom I had incautiously admitted that I was "so fond of ham," always insisted on my partaking largely. Still, after weeks of this protracted torture, no diminution appeared to take place in the size of the ham. Every morning there it was, looming up before me like the Alps, and with odoriferousness ever increasing. It even seemed to grin sardonically at my despair. Human nature could bear it no longer—I resolved

to escape from Ham. Accordingly, I procured a pair of wooden shoes which increased my height about four or five feet, and took a plank on my shoulder, as I had observed other people do. I then put a stuffed figure in the bed and employed a man-of-all-work to take an emetic for me; after which I proceeded to shave off my beautiful *moustache*. At this stage of my escape, however, I awoke and found that it was all a dream—even the *moustache*.

CASTOR.

P. S.—Our *National Union* friends have issued an extra on account of our notice of their thriving city. They wish to know if it (the notice) is an "ad." They may consider it as a *subtract* if they like.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### "Dead Hopes."

BY PATRIC.

I  
That angry war to smiling peace might yield—  
The patriots' thought!  
A hero stood on battle's gory field,  
And nobly fought  
II.  
Fast fall his blows on many a hostile head—  
Fierce flash his eyes  
And circling sword—the fearful foe has fled  
Or, bleeding, dies!  
III.  
Bright victory is his—upon his brow  
They bind the crown,  
And many uplifted, glad some voices now  
Shout his renown!  
IV.  
'Mid gorgeous pageants passing, gaily home  
He wends his way,  
Whence Love forbids his wandering thoughts to roam,  
Or steps to stray.  
V.  
They glad his gaze—each dear, familiar scene  
Of peaceful life—  
Of home—he seeks with eager eyes and mien  
His blooming wife.  
VI.  
Gone? gone forever! Death, the conqueror,  
Had entered there;  
And ruthless, as his captive taken her,  
The young, the fair!  
VII.  
Pale grief and sadness seize the manly heart  
That laughed at fear—  
His sorrowing soul in heaving sighs bids start  
The falling tear!  
VIII.  
The conquering sword he madly dashes down—  
From off his brow  
He plucks, with frantic haste, the victor's crown—  
What are they now!  
IX.  
The thoughts, the hopes that nerved his arm in strife,  
Alas, are o'er;  
The cannot call her back from death to life—  
Ah, never more!  
X.  
Thus, for a season, unsuspecting, part  
From friends of old—  
Return—the fondest hope that cheered the heart,  
Lies dead and cold!  
XI.  
The merriest eye are sad, the strongest weak,  
On earth so fair—  
Then wise the ones that look to heaven, and seek  
Their fond hopes there!

THE *St. Joseph Valley Register*, published by Messrs. Beale, Miller, Crockett, & Co., in the neighboring city of South Bend, appears in a new and very becoming garb. This paper reflects credit on the community, and its editorials are very ably written. The *Register* bids fair to cope with the ablest papers in the country.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### My Room, And-so-Forth.

BY LARRY DOOLAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

My room is a model in its way. It's not exactly what you'd call luxurious in style, nor in most other respects. I should say that it has been gotten up more in accordance with the Stoic, than with the Epicurean system. It would take me longer to tell you what it has not, than to tell you what it has. That I may be both clear and philosophical at the same time, I lay down as a self-evident truth that what it has *in esse* falls far below what it has *in posse*. I may therefore safely add that on the *in posse* side of its possessions it abounds in more promises than any other room I ever heard or read of. If it ever realizes these intangible estates, the promises I mean, I'll put over the door: "This is the Promised Land!" In one sense I might do so now. Just imagine the consolation it would be for a fellow, every time he passed in or out, to be looking at and reading: "This is the Promised Land!" and then to have everyone else envying him on account of his happiness.

#### CHAPTER II.

I well remember the stillly night when my guide—whom, for the sake of mystery, I call the Tall Man—ushered me into the "Promised Land." It was ten o'clock when the Tall Man and I got to the top of the Nth flight of stairs; he opened the door of my destined local habitation, and after cutting a passage through the darkness and handing me in, said in a low solemn whisper: "Larry, how do you like the prospects?" This was rather a delicate question, and under the circumstances required a delicate answer, so I said:

"I like them more or less—less perhaps, although it might be more if I had the gift of seeing things in the absence of light."

"True for you," says the Tall Man, "and stay there till I borrow a lamp."

In the course of a few minutes the Tall Man returned with the lamp; and, setting it on the window-sill, said with the most triumphant politeness:

"Isn't it capital!"

"Isn't what capital?" says I, trying to be polite too.

"Why, the room," says the Tall Man.

"I don't like to flatter," says I; "so if you'll show me where the bed is, I'd like to gratify a failing I have to sleep."

"That'll be all right," says the Tall Man; "the chamber-maid is sick, and when she gets well, as she is expected to do in the course of eight or ten days, I can promise you that you'll have a bed in your room."

There was so much delicacy and consolation about this piece of news that I felt completely overcome, and so I says: "Is there a lawyer near by?"

"A lawyer?" says the Tall Man.

"Yes," says I; "for if I have to stay here eight or ten nights without a bed, I might as well begin to make my last will and testament now."

"Wait till to-morrow," says the Tall Man, and with that he disappeared; I also disappeared out of the "Promised Land" and stumbled into another room, where I found a bed, which by ordinary calculation was three stories high, forty-eight inches long and six inches wide. There was the bed, but to get into it was the next point. Sleep, however, is like necessity, it often makes a man perform illegal eccentricities. "Mr. Doolan,"

says I to myself, "you're in a dilemma; you must either surmount that difficulty, or else lie under it. Which will you do?"

"I'll surmount it," says I; and I did.

When I got to the top, I was obliged to tax my knowledge of gymnastics to keep myself from sliding down again, for the place where a man is in the habit of endorsing himself, was, in this instance, an acute ridge, and altogether from my exalted position I was enabled to perceive that the bed on either side of the ridge presented a perfectly inclined plane, and I concluded that the chamber-maid had constructed it rather with a view to discharge the functions of a water-shed, than with any design to the comforts of sleep. I saw at a glance that the situation demanded not only all my power of self-possession, but also a fair knowledge of the principles of Centripetal Force; therefore says I to myself: "Hang on with all your might, Mr. Doolan, for the space between you and a three-story descent is not equal to the tenth part of a wrongly balanced snore; and if you once get detached from the center, you'll soon be like a stray comet in search of a stopping place. After all," says I, being polite to myself again, "after all, Mr. Doolan, you have been in harder places than this,—but not much, and consequently when the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series of ideas be formed to be called in their own nature collateral? Not at all," says I, "*ergo*,"—notice the philosophical touch—"ergo if you yield to your present Centrifugal Force, I don't see what can save you from coming into a collision with the surface of yonder floor which you may discern in the dim distance!" It's not often that a man takes his own counsel. I did it this time, and fell asleep. I define sleep to be a *Nudum Pactum*. When I awoke the next morning I found myself located between the slats and the bed-tick. "Mr. Doolan," says I to myself, "how did this happen? A little strange, isn't it? It seems to me, Mr. Doolan, that if your aching ribs have any voice in the matter, you haven't been exactly slumbering on a bed of roses last night."

#### CHAPTER III.

Time rolled on and the promised bed came. The Tall Man came too, and looked at the bed, and said it was glorious. Now I have my own ideas of glory, but this bed isn't one of them. If I'm compelled to associate with a thing, I wouldn't mind its being more attractive, and less elevated in its notions of somniferous economy. The next article of furniture that presented itself was a promised chair, and although from all appearances the most conscientious observer would swear that it had four legs, yet owing to some confounded whimsicality that it has got into its head, or rather into its bottom, I can never prevail upon it to use more than three in any conceivable position. Do what I will, it insists on being a tripod. It's obstinacy in this regard often puts me into a very awkward position, for the three legs that it uses being of unequal length, every time I sit upon it it sets off rocking with such triangular precision that one might think it was master of *Loomis*, and *Davies' Bourdon*, and was endowed with perpetual motion besides. I try to look steady and dignified while sitting on it, but it's no use, and this greatly mortifies me when there's anyone present,—which is often the case. It was only the other day that my physician, looking on, said: "Mr. Doolan, why don't you leave this cold climate during the winter? It is manifest that it does not agree with your health."

Says I, in astonishment, "My dear friend, I was

never half so well in all my long and varied life as I am at this moment."

"Mr. Doolan," says he, "Mr. Doolan, I admire your courage at such a ripe old age, but I must, as your physician, frankly tell you that you are deceiving yourself; I venerate the brow which has become a throne for the setting sun of life, and I am ready to make due allowance for the delusions that flatter and mislead man when he is nearing that bourne whence no traveler returns! But sir, you are *not* well. Deceive yourself if you will, but others you cannot deceive. With the testimony, the irrefragable evidence of my eyes to back up my conclusions, you must not tell me that you are well. You are not. During the two hours that I have had the honor of being in your company, you have exhibited the most uncontrollable and violent—not to say virulent—symptoms of a patient who is incurably in the last stages of the shaking ague!"

"That's news," says I; "but I guess, like the chair and everything else, you must have your own way."

The next turn in the wheel of time brought me a lamp, with a chimney that for blackness would have done ornamental honor as a smoke stack to a Mississippi high-pressure, flat-bottomed steamer. The Tall Man came too, and looked on as before, and says he: "Isn't *that*"—meaning the lamp—"brilliant!"

"Excuse me, sir," says I, "but if you'll not be offended I'd rather use a milder term, and call it opaque. Is there a glass-blower near by?" says I. "A glass-blower?" says the Tall Man.

"Yes," says I, "for I have my doubts about the composition of that fuliginous cone; and if it's not all made up of soot or smoke, we can easily convince ourselves by getting the glass-blower to blow out the glass, if there's any in it, and so give the light a chance to be seen."

"That's original," says the Tall Man, "and I promise you when the glass-blower recovers, as he is expected to do in a few months, from his present illness, you shall have the thing done. In the mean time, when you want to let out the darkness you have only to raise your window."

"That's original too," says I, trying to be complimentary in turn.

"What's that?" says I to a new visitor who came to my room, and holding something in his hand about the size of a Lake Street belle's pocket-handkerchief.

"That, sir," says he, "is the new carpet which the housekeeper promised you about two months ago, and she wants you to spread it alongside your bed, on the place where you jump down every morning."

"That's considerate," says I; "but if she won't be offended—for I don't like to contradict a lady—that's no carpet at all."

"Well, that is strange," says the new visitor.

"Not at all," says I, "and so far from it's being strange, it's a part of a *very* old and intimate acquaintance. In fact, it's a rather small section of the one of my two shirts that I sent some time ago to the patent-wash."

"That's stranger still," says the new visitor; "what'll you do now?"

"In the range of domestic economy," says I, "there's nothing without its uses, so I'll have this sad memento of a close and long intimacy manufactured into a lord-Byron style of collar, and presented by the Common Council to the Young Men's Christian Association. If it sticks to them as long as it has stuck to me I'll write a poem in its honor, and by the time it's worn out the 'Promised Land' may be *in esse* what it is now

*in posse*. Then, and not till then," says I, with rising dignity, "shall this story be concluded." And now, dear reader—whether you be a lord or lady of creation, it's all the same to me—if the recital of the woes and sorrows incident to this, my lonely condition, has roused in your breast the sigh of sympathy, or swelled in your eye the tear of pity, I have only to say that I have not written in vain.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### "When I was a Boy."

BY D. J. WILE, OF THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATEAN ASSOCIATION.

When many of you have entered upon the broad arena of life to brave the attacks and conquer the lion of adversity, your thoughts will advert to the bright college days that you are now enjoying—days of joy and pleasure, to the time when you were boys together.

Suffer your imagination to go with me a short distance along the river of time, and meditate, when there, upon your former days; when you will be busy acting your part on the troublesome stage of life, instead of the mimic stage, and your every sentence is "When I was a boy."

What a store of dear and cherished recollections, long hoarded in memory's richest and dearest treasury, those spell-words unlock! They are the "Open sesame" to all the visions of young enchantment that brooded over our fresh imaginations ere yet the hard contact with the work-day world of reality dulled their hues or dissipated their glory. Even now, in the mere memory, seen through the thickening atmosphere of the shadowy past, how powerfully do they affect us! How strongly do they enchain themselves to the heart's best feelings, gaining in the tender gentleness with which we invest them an interest so graceful and touching that it perhaps more than counterbalances what is lost of their original radiance.

Fancy yourself soliloquizing, *speaking to yourself* about the past, when you are a man. "Surely," you say, "my mode of existence must have been altered, as well as my very nature! Can I be that thing of fairy-land, that dweller in a region of fiction and fancy, that used to bask in the pleasant sunshine, and wonder why words of power had lost their influence, practicing our elocution on a word with every variety of tone and pronunciation, indulging the fond hope that we should some day become masters? Oh! where are those days with their dreams? those creations of undefined loveliness which the guileless young heart conjured up to satisfy its early yearnings after physical and intellectual beauty; and which, only more deeply shadowing the disappointment of its matured experience by their contrast with the realities of life, are still fondly cherished and indelibly marked within 'the book and volume of the brain.' Is that Eden of existence forever closed? Shall we ever again revel in the paradise of boyhood feeling? Is it *gone*, and forever, that spring-time of young feeling, which even invested barrenness with beauty, and 'made sunshine in the dark place'?"

Those glorious and gorgeous visions of the past, that come to us like faint but welcome glimpses of a preëxistent state, like memories of another being, are numbered amongst "the things that were,"—never, never to return. There is a gap in the history of existence; a period has dropped out of the life of man; and like the

lost pleiad, boyhood has fallen away from the human system. There are—although a shame to say it—no boys now, nor have there been for a number of years; even the *name* passes with the reality, for who now hears the word "boys?" *Young gentlemen*, forsooth, has taken its place.

Do you doubt what I say? Take an example, a boy,—and *prove*, TELL to me what he is, over and above his stature? Where is that careless heart, glowing in his face like sunshine? Where is the ringing laugh of young and buoyant vitality? Ah! you do not see these marks. But look at his careful, thinking eye, his heedful step, and his calculating behaviour; all, all prove that he is so soon immersed in the all-absorbing vortex of worldly interests.

Again, show me *THE* boy, whose thoughts, feelings and pursuits are akin to his period of life. He has his toys, and delights in them; because they are typified and imagined in his own thoughts. Show me the one who is foremost among crowds of Lilliputian beings assembled in the "one loved spot" to determine whether "Peel-away," "Prisoner's-base" or "Hide-and-seek" should take precedence in the sports of the day? And where they rush to get nearest to him who could best narrate the special and shadowy tale that sent them trembling to bed, almost merging the last honor of "tag" in its thrilling and harrowing interest?

To be sure, you will once in a while see a hoop rolling, a ball bounding, a top spinning,—but where is the spirit of the game? They look like young philosophers making their practical observations on gravitation, or studying the mysteries of centrifugal and centripetal forces. Instead of exercising an impulse, we see boys exercising their judgment, whether or not to use flexors, extensors, depressors or elevators in attaining their object. I do not, however, wish to discountenance this love of gymnastics; but on the contrary would encourage their use, but without the use of such philosophical discussions.

The dear romance of boyhood! More exquisite than even its quicker delights, and throwing "on dazzling spots remote its tempting smile!" That too has departed with all its dreamy glory! No more will it return, and with it bring

"The days of sunshine and of song,  
Sweet childish days that were as long  
As twenty days are now,"

Who now strolls out in the sunny glimmering to indulge in the instinctive delight, the poetry of the spirit in which the young heart loves to revel ere the passions that build up the human soul, in their loud brattling drown the entrancing music? Who hides himself in the leafy nook, listening to the indistinct whisperings of his own spirit shaping the mystic sounds into some undefined promise of future hope, and framing an elfin world of his own, into which some fragments of the "work-day world" are admitted to give a seeming stability to his imaginary creation? No; there are no dreams now, nor waking thoughts for anything but business; children of seven years already talk of their prospects in life. Yes, the creed of boyish faith will soon lose its worshipers; beautiful and romantic as it is, its era will pass away; its shrines moulder into dust; its altars be overthrown; its memories vanished: yet it will be sweet, though sad, to dwell among its many dilapidated and decaying monuments and conjure up the tender and touching associations that still fondly linger around them.

Perhaps we are a little too mournful over the



state of things; but let us in our bitter grief do no injustice to nature; we believe she sends forth just as many beautiful spirits as ever, but it depends on yourselves to educate those spirits. Be boys, therefore, while you can, but do not forget that your dignity is to be supported and the sun of your honor never to be allowed to sink.

To you, the old members of the Association, I tender my most sincere thanks for the confidence reposed in me during my stay among you, as far as my office was concerned; and to the new members in particular, and to you all as a body, I wish success.

## NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

Since the beginning of our new volume we have been honored with valuable and highly-appreciated contributions from Rev. M. M. Hallinan; Patric, *alias* Coz; Prof. T. E. Howard; Prof. M. Corby; E. M. G., an esteemed "Old Contributor," and Mr. D. Clarke, of the Class of '70.

We thank most cordially our above-named contributors, and assure them that we will regard, as a favor to ourselves and a sign of success to the paper, the continuation of their interest in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Our little paper differs in many respects from our contemporaries, which are generally replenished with interesting news from other colleges. We deem it unnecessary to retail news which may be clipped in nearly every daily paper, and are abundantly supplied to the Literary Institutions, as we see from our exchanges. Moreover, we find that the matters pouring into our sanctum are more than sufficient to fill our short columns; therefore we confine ourselves exclusively to the sphere immediately surrounding us. We hail with unbounded joy all news from abroad informing us of the progress of our many excellent Universities and Colleges, such as Yale College, Brown University, Monmouth College, Galesburg, Rutgers College, Albion College, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Williams College, Washington University (St. Louis), Christian University, Shurtleff College, St. Laurent College (C. E.), and others which we may have inadvertently omitted.

We have not received exchanges from several famous Institutions. However, nearly all those from whom we expected the favor have complied with all desirable promptitude.

### Here and There.

**THE WEATHER.**—The clerk of the weather is undoubtedly laboring under the impression that we have a particular fondness in this region for snow, judging from his manner of dealing it out to us during the past week. It has snowed almost continually for four days, and at present the snow lies to a depth of about ten inches. There are now some signs of fine weather.

**AMUSEMENTS.**—Of course during these snowy days exercise in the open air is not very agreeable, yet it was quite amusing to witness the manner in which some give vent to their frolicsome spirit by scrambling in the snow and others by kicking foot-ball thereon. We suggest St. Joseph's Lake, when frozen, as a suitable place for the winter enjoyment of this game. Dancing and hand-ball in the recreation halls are the prevalent sources of exercise, yet in a short time we hope to have an

**INDOOR GYMNASIUM.**—We are rejoiced to learn that our gymnasium is a determined affair after all, and we are confident that all the students will rejoice equally with us in seeing it completed at a very early day. It will supply a want long and keenly felt—some source of healthful indoor exercise when the apparatuses in the yard are snow- and ice-bound.

**PERSONAL.**—We are called upon to chronicle the departure, on account of ill health, of one of Notre Dame's best students, Mr. A. J. Reilly. Mr. Reilly has been pursuing the Law Course for the past year, and would we believe be a candidate for the degree of LL. B. at the annual commencement in June next. We hope his health may improve and thus enable him to complete the studies of his chosen profession.

**THANKSGIVING DAY.**—This national festival could not be, and consequently was not, passed over in silence at Notre Dame. Classes were suspended, which is always considered the most requisite step towards celebrating a day. The chief feature of the occasion, however, it is needless to say, was the Thanksgiving Dinner, nor is it necessary to remark that the *accustomed* turkey was made the medium of thanksgiving as in the good old times of our New England forefathers. During the afternoon the Seniors' recreation hall, and we believe the Juniors' also, was converted into a *ball-room*, where pleasure and amusement reigned supreme. A great number of the students joined heartily in the dance—their enjoyment, no doubt, being envied by the silent lookers-on who understood not the movements essential to the graceful performance. A select corps of musicians from the University Band and the Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Shelton, furnished the music for the occasion.

**ARCHCONFRATERNITY.**—This association, the oldest in the University, has at present, we are sorry to say, comparatively few active members. We know no reason why every Catholic student of the Senior Department may not become members, as its duties are light and its meetings held but once a month. We hope to hear many members proposed at the next regular meeting. Mr. A. J. Reilly, the Secretary of the Association, having left the University, necessitated the election of a successor; accordingly at the last regular meeting Mr. J. C. Eisenman was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy.

**LITERARY.**—Arrangements were completed at a joint meeting held on Wednesday, 24th inst., of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic and St. Edward's Literary Associations, for giving a grand literary entertainment in Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 11th, 1870. The entertainment is to consist of a debate, essays, and select readings, and no pains will be spared to render it one worthy of the University. The programme will be published in due time.

**THE ELOCUTION CLASS** has opened its course under very promising auspices, and with a large attendance of young gentlemen who avail themselves of every favorable opportunity to improve their vocal attainments.

**DURING** the Christmas holidays no general vacation will be granted this year, and Classes will be taught as usual except during three days, during which a splendid exhibition will be given by the Thespian Society. It is already in course of preparation.

**THE COMING EXHIBITION.**—The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association is now engaged preparing for a grand exhibition which will come off on the evening of the 14th of December.

The exercises will consist of a play written expressly for the occasion and entitled "Bel-larosa," of music, and declamations. The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association are fully competent to sustain the old reputation of their Society, and expect to please and recreate their audience. Singing being one of the principal features of the play, young vocalists will then make their appearance for the first time.

A programme of the exhibition will be issued in our next number.

We have not heard yet of the reconstruction of our excellent Philharmonic Society. We have heard excellent music from those who formerly composed it, but we are not aware that they have reunited into their former Society. We hope, for music's sake, that vigorous as well as harmonious steps will be taken in the direction hinted at.

**A HOT HOUSE** is talked of, and the spot where it is to be erected marked near the steam-house. By this contrivance the disagreeable sight of turf and wood-ashes deposited in front of the large parlor-windows will be agreeably replaced by the refreshing appearance of flowers and blossoms.

**PUBLIC READING.**—A very interesting Life of Napoleon III is being read in the Seniors' refectory, while a Life of St. Aloysius—the Boy Saint—is occupying the attention of the Juniors.

Speech being the mirror of thought, and the most effective means to express our sentiments, ought to be sedulously cultivated by every student sensible of his own welfare. With all that has been done to favor elocutionary exercises here, and all that has been said to induce many to attend, we regret to notice that the very ones who are expected one day to speak in public, and address others on most important subjects, are giving no attention whatever to their vocal culture.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Dr. J. M. Stover and J. T. Lindsay Esq., well-known residents of South Bend, and much endeared to the community at large by their excellent qualities.

**OUR LIST OF EXCHANGES** is gradually increasing and will be doubled, we hope, within a few weeks. The following list contains our present exchanges:

**College Papers.**—*Literary Magazine*, Yale, New Haven, Conn.; *College Courant*, Yale, New Haven, Conn.; *Qui Vice*, Upper Alton, Ill.; *Targum*, Rutgers, New Brunswick N. J.; *The Polytechnic*, Rensselaer, Polytechnic Institute; *College Courier*, Monmouth, Ill.; *The Vidette*, Williams College; *College Review*, New York; *The Irving Union*, St. Louis, Mo.; *College Item*, Galesburg, Ill.; *Union Literary Magazine*, Canton, Mo.; *College Standard*, Albion, Mich.

**Other Papers.**—*The Free Trader*, New York; *Guardian Angel*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Western Catholic*, Detroit, Mich.; *National Union*, South Bend, Ind.; *Mishawaka Enterprise*, Mishawaka, Ind.; *Elkhart Review*, Elkhart, Ind.; *Musical Independent*, Chicago, Ill.; *The Irishman*, New York; *St. Louis Dispatch*, St. Louis, Mo.; *Irish News*, Chicago, Ill.

**Arrival of Students.**

## CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

Moses Miller,	Chicago, Ill.
William Haney,	Notre Dame, Ind.
Michael Daley,	Dayton, Ohio.
Michael Joy,	Tipperary, Ireland.
Cassius C. Tarble,	Chicago, Ill.

**Table of Honor.**

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Nov. 12th.—H. Barlow, E. Woolman, P. Rhodes, J. Zahm, W. K. Roy, T. Heery, J. McGinnity, C. Clarke, T. H. Grier, P. Federspiel.

Nov. 19th.—R. Coddington, J. Canovan, L. Trudell, O. Bell, T. Dillon, A. Mooney, J. Armstrong, J. Broderick, P. O'Connell, J. Roberts.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Nov. 12th.—S. McArthur, C. Dodge, G. Breunig, W. Odendahl, E. Schuster, W. J. Browning, T. Hughes, J. Cassella, R. Delahay, J. Dooley.

Nov. 19th.—H. Ackhoff, H. Taylor, B. Kidder, J. Hannaher, J. Hogan, W. Mayer, L. Roth, J. Antoine, A. Hoerber, W. Kellogg, O. Saiter.

**Honorable Mention.**

Chemistry.—A. Arrington, F. Bodeman, D. Clarke, H. P. Morancy, W. Waldo, H. Wrape.

Physics.—A. Arrington, D. Clarke, H. P. Morancy, H. Wrape.

Geology.—F. Bodeman, J. Gearin.

Mineralogy.—F. Bodeman, D. Clarke, R. Akin.

Botany.—F. Bodeman, J. Zahm, D. Clarke, J. Dickinson.

Zoölogy.—J. Gearin, F. Bodeman, T. Heery, J. Finley.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

R. Staley, J. Edwards, R. Akin, A. Riopelle, B. Walker, C. Walters, J. Thiel, J. Mulhall, B. Roberts, N. Mitchell.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## PIANO.

Piano, Second Class.—H. Hug. Third Class.—R. Staley, J. Buehler, C. Hutchings, S. Dum, F. Obert. Fourth Class.—L. Wilson, C. Jevne, C. Campau, E. Haydel, A. Hoerber. Fifth Class.—R. L. Akin.

## VIOLIN.

First Class.—J. Rumely. Second Class.—J. Duffy, J. Staley, W. Dodge, J. McGuire, W. H. White. Third Class.—L. Hayes, H. Jones, C. Burdel. Fourth Class.—B. F. Roberts, T. Lappin. Fifth Class.—J. Walsh, W. Fletcher, E. Schuster, J. Thomson, T. Foley, J. Wey, M. Melancon, C. Dodge.

## GUITAR.

Fourth Class.—J. McClain. Fifth Class.—J. Leunig, O. Bell.

## FLUTE.

Second Class.—W. H. Murphy, Z. Vanderveer. Third Class.—W. B. Clarke. Fourth Class.—D. Hogan.

## CHOIR.

Soprani.—R. Staley, C. Hutchings, L. Hilsen-degen, M. Mahony. Alt.—J. Rumely, W. Dodge, W. H. White. Tenors.—J. Dickinson, H. P. Morancy, C. Duffy, J. Eisenman, G. Riopelle, J. Thiel. Bassi.—J. Zahm, A. Riopelle, J. Mulhall.

## PENMANSHIP.

First Sr. Class.—P. Rhodes, J. Mulhall, J. M.

Duffy, R. Coddington, T. Dillon, S. Morrison, J. Mulhall, F. Kaiser, D. Fitzgerald, H. H. Owen, J. Thiel, J. Fox, P. Hoehler. Second Sr. Class.—J. J. Broderick, R. Carton, C. Clarke, N. Shelton, O. Bell, J. Coffey, J. Looby, H. Wrap, F. Gregg, J. Eisenman, J. Leunig.

First Jr. Class.—R. Delahay, J. C. Poherty, G. Hug, L. Hilsedegen, J. McGuire, C. Dodge, C. Hutchings. Second Jr. Class.—W. Dodge, Wm. Dum, J. A. Nash, D. J. Brown, C. Jevne, J. N. Antoine, W. H. White.

WEDDING TOUR.—We had the pleasure of welcoming last Sunday an old student of Notre Dame, Mr. Robert M. Hinde, who in company with his accomplished lady, formerly Miss Ella Ross, a few years ago a pupil of St. Mary's Academy, paid a visit to Notre Dame and the Academy.

Our friend Mr. Hinde is a worthy young man, and we are glad that he is blessed with a good wife in the person of Miss Ella Ross, daughter of Senator Ross of Illinois. Miss Ella Ross is a virtuous, model young lady, on whom her parents bestowed every care and on whose education no expense was spared. By special invitation Rev. W. Corby, President of Notre Dame, went out, accompanied by Master James Edwards, to perform the marriage ceremony. We are told that he had a gay time getting there, as the storm was very great and trains "not on time." Many jokes were passed and not a few at the expense of the "bus-driver at Canton." The ceremony of the marriage was very fine indeed. We are glad to know the names of the bride's maids and bride's grooms who performed their parts with so much grace and dignity—viz.: Misses Paulina Kellogg, Mary Ross, Emma Tenny, and Messrs. Lawrence James, Louis Ross and John Ross.

May God bless this young couple, who enter their new life with bright prospects and the best wishes of a host of friends.

**St. Edward's Literary Association.**

After the transaction of the business of the Society the literary exercises commenced by Mr. J. C. Garrity, the critic of the previous meeting, reading the criticism. It was evident that Mr. Garrity never kissed that famous stone which his countrymen are so often accused of embracing. He had very few empty compliments to bestow. He pointed out with precision all the errors, suggested the necessary corrections, and like a true critic dwelt at length upon the many excellencies of the productions he was reviewing.

The criticism being concluded, Mr. J. Eisenman read an essay entitled "The English Language," in which he traced the origin and growth of the language. Mr. Eisenman handled his subject with considerable skill. The selection of his subject, and the manner in which he treated it, convinced us that he is a diligent student of one of the most important, as well as refining studies that can occupy the mind.

Mr. B. Walker next took the stand and read a lengthy essay entitled "The Superiority of Europe over the other parts of the Eastern Hemisphere." The extracts from this composition would fail to give your readers an idea of its excellencies; that Mr. Walker is a close student of history and a keen observer of events cannot be doubted; nor are the graces of composition to be ranked among the least of his acquirements.

Mr. D. A. Clarke followed the last gentleman with a composition,—subject, "Knowledge is

Power." In this age of cent. and per-cent. a different opinion prevails. But we think Mr. Clarke succeeded in establishing his proposition. Aside from the subject itself, Mr. Clarke's composition was remarkable for its clearness and perspicuity.

The exercises concluded with an essay by Mr. J. M. Duffy, on "Commerce." He commenced by showing that necessity first compelled men to dispose of their surplus productions; and as the desire for wealth increased, and the tastes of men gradually lost their simplicity, they had recourse to foreign traffic for the gratification of both desires, till at length the productions of nearly the entire globe find their way in the great commercial marts.

Although he paid our own country a deserved tribute for her enterprise and the honorable position her merchants hold in the commercial circles of the world, he did not fail to denounce the insane desire of men to become suddenly wealthy. It is evident that Mr. Duffy's tastes are not entirely centered in book-keeping.

Your correspondent will long remember the entertainment of this evening, and trusts the members of the Society will not be offended at the liberty he has taken in making public exercises that were intended for private amusement and instruction.

TATTLER.

**St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.**

The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth meetings were held respectively on the 13th, 17th, 21st and 24th of November.

At these meetings the following students presented themselves and read their essays for membership: Messrs J. Hogan, J. Kline, W. Gross, J. Rumely, J. Foley, W. Dodge and H. White, after which they were unanimously elected. Among those who distinguished themselves for declamation, we may mention Masters C. Burdel, M. Mahony, C. Dodge, S. McArthur, S. Ashton and H. O'Neill.

Rev. Father Lemonnier was present at the last meeting, and expressed his entire satisfaction at the manner in which the members had acquitted themselves of their respective exercises.

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

**Thespian Society.**

The fourth, fifth and sixth regular meetings of this Society were held in Class-room No. 9, on the 7th, 14th and 21st of November.

At the first of these, declamations were delivered by Messrs. A. W. Arrington, G. M. Atkinson, J. A. Fox. The declamation of Mr. Fox was delivered very correctly and with all the variety of voice necessary.

At the meeting on the 14th, Messrs Akin, Logan, Morancy and Wilson favored the Society with the following selections: "Reply of Wm. Pitt," "Impeachment of Warren Hastings," "Brutus to the Romans" and "The Warden's Revenge."

The last-named selection, delivered by Laurence Wilson, was the best prepared, and rendered in the true spirit. Messrs. Akin, Logan and Morancy also deserve credit for correctness of delivery.

On the 21st, Messrs T. Dillon, P. Clarke, E. Gambee and J. Weldon appeared before the Society and declaimed the following pieces: "A Pause," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Cataline to his troops," "Cataline expelled." The Society were especially delighted with the speeches of

Messrs. Dillon and Gambee. Thus the Thespians, although appearing but three or four times during the year before the public, are weekly engaged in improving and perfecting themselves in the very important art of Elocution. They see and appreciate the advantages to be gained from a thorough study of Elocution, and do not neglect the time and opportunity. Suffice it to say in conclusion, that the Society this year contains an unusual amount of talent among its members, and intends to show it before the end of the year.

May the Thespians always flourish and prosper, is the sincere wish of  
A FRIEND.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### Telescopic Intelligence.

MR. EDITOR: I have often been to Notre Dame on visits of pleasure and business, but I never enjoyed myself better than I did on Saturday, the 20th of November; I arrived just in the right time to see the whole establishment in one grand *furor* over the arrival of a lot of field and pocket telescopes, by that celebrated maker, Mr. M. E. Solomons, No. 19 Nassau st., Dublin. They were shipped from there on the 2d instant, and arrived here that morning. They had been ordered by professors and students representing half-a-dozen States. Their power, clearness, and beauty of finish, was the admiration of all. They varied in price from \$3 to \$5 50. The latter is of great power; the hour can be read to the minute upon the clock in the court house tower in South Bend, over two miles distant in a straight line. Messrs. Atkinson and Akin are delighted with their purchase.

But it is the double field or binocular glass that causes the great excitement of the day. I observed Mr. B—and Mr. C—walking down the garden in close conversation. It seems the spirit of rivalry induced these two grave gentlemen to dispute about the merits of their respective binoculars. At last they agreed to select a distant object upon which a test should be taken. They fixed upon a straw-stack on the Laporte road, across Portage Prairie, four miles distant, and agreed to *count the straws*; and, to prevent disputes, chose Mr. W. McKernan umpire—who is also the happy possessor of a field glass or binocular. Several hundred students were gathered round, anxiously waiting the result, as they are already forming another club to send another order across the Atlantic,—and were discussing the idea of forming a society to wear a certain uniform, and to select a flag, seal, and motto. The choice of a name gave rise to witticisms and fun. But that of the "Independent Telescopic" seemed to be the most in favor. While this was going on, our friends were busy counting straw! "I see a cow under the stack," said Mr. B.

"I see the old thing too," said Mr. C.

"How do you know she is old?" said Mr. B.

"Let us count the nicks in her horns," said Mr. C. So the friends counted the nicks in that old cow's horns at a distance of four miles!!

"One, two, three;—twelve," said Mr. B.

"Ten," said Mr. C.

"Judgment!" cried out both at the same time.

It was observed that the umpire had been all this time taking a long and steady look at the straw-stack.

"Gentlemen," said he; "it would seem to me that there must be a *screw loose* somewhere, for I assert that that old cow with all these nicks in her horns is a jackass! for I see his ears moving back and forwards."

Had a bomb-shell burst in their midst it could not have caused a greater sensation.

What, sir! They, the friends, to be told that they did not know a cow from a jackass!! and that, too, in the presence of three hundred students! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Oh! for the pencil of Ryeimboult, Hogarth, Crookshank, or Von Weller to depict the countenances of the "Independent Telescopic." It required the utmost command of temper to prevent a perfect explosion on friend William's devoted head. The majority of the students seemed awestruck; some of the more unruly sniggered right out; all watched the result with anxiety. The silence was oppressive. What was to be done? Here was a regular triangular fix. The character of some binocular trembled in the balance. Twelve nicks!—ten nicks!—ears of a jackass!!! Pshaw—the case *was* desperate! Messrs. Akin, Atkinson, and Whittle, each offered the service of their fine glasses to solve the mystery, but were politely but firmly refused. A cry was raised to send for Brother Peter; he at least will be disinterested, and his "thing of beauty" can be depended on. He was accepted and was quickly on the ground; it took him but a moment to clasp his now famous pocket telescope to a tree, and then having looked steadfastly for a moment, said: "Gentlemen, there is something rotten in Denmark; that cow-jackass! is an *old sow and a litter of pigs!* Why, look! don't you see her and them walking across the field—and she has three curls in her tail, besides."

It often happens in the course of human events that when some astounding and unexpected event takes place, *the people* are struck dumb: so it was here, at Notre Dame, on the 20th of November, 1869. For a moment silence reigned; then such a shout went up as is seldom heard, even here where the art of shouting seems to have reached the highest point of perfection. The laughing was most hearty and the merriment great, during which time the three principal actors took the opportunity to disappear. Some of the more thoughtful wondered how it could be that such a little thing, just like a lady's opera glass, that would fit easily into the vest pocket, could at the distance of four miles make a pig look as big as a cow; but then there could be no doubt but that Brother Peter saw *something*, whether it was a cow, ass, or hog, was the question. But how a hog could be magnified into a cow by that little double glass was attributed to the fact that it had two eyes, and therefore showed double; while Brother Peter's glass having only one eye, and being so powerful, told the truth, even to the three curls in the tail! this was considered as conclusive; and the First Trigonometry Class undertook to prove it by demonstrations upon the black board.

The first regular meeting of the new Society, for the purpose of organization and the election of officers, will take place on Saturday, the 27th, at the hour of twelve, noon, sharp; all absent from that meeting will not be allowed to join the new club for obtaining an additional supply of glasses from the manufacturer.

As I did not see you, Mr. Editor, in the front garden while all this was going on, I am sure you will be much pleased that, as Burns, the Scottish bard, said: "There was a chiel among them taking notes for you to print them." Had Mr. Bonny been there at the moment of the explosion, with his instrument, he would have got a splendid picture.

Telescoping seems to be the order of the day now, as Professor Howard is building an ob-

servatory in the midst of a flower bed for his huge nine-footer Imperial Paris glass. I hope he may be successful, but I hear that there is some idea of getting one of Mr. Solomons, three-foot Celestial Telescopes with a three-inch field and of wondrous power. If these two fine instruments are placed on exhibition in Notre Dame a visit to the observatory must be very interesting; and I hope to be able to enjoy that pleasure as soon as possible.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truthfully,  
J. F.

THE BUS.—This much used-up vehicle needs very essential repairs at this present time. Its dilapidated condition is not at all in keeping with the object it purports to meet. We hope, therefore, that its owners will give a little consideration to this matter.

YALE COLLEGE has 737 students, representing twenty-seven States, the Canadas, England, Wales, Scotland, South Africa, China and India.

THE students of Bowdoin college have suggested to the faculty, that they could keep Sunday much more strictly were Monday morning recitations abolished. The recitations come before breakfast.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

November 15th, 1869.

### Arrivals.

Nov. 4th.—Miss M. Lasson, Dixon, Illinois.  
Nov. 10th.—Misses Aurelia Mulhall, St. Louis, Mo.; Agnes Locke, St. Louis, Mo.; Cordelia Steiger, New Baltimore, Mich. Nov. 13th.—Miss Rachael Nelson, Red River Landing, La.

### Table of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses H. Niel, M. Sherland, J. Hoyne, L. Ramsdill, M. Kellogg, K. Parks, M. Foote, M. Ford, M. Stocker, S. Pierce, E. Tibbits, A. Holman.

#### Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses E. Mulhall, A. and E. Ewing, J. Arrington, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, B. Newlan, E. Longsdorf, E. Kirwan, S. Price. First Senior.—Misses E. Lindsay, B. O'Neil, F. Mesmore, C. Foote, A. Rhinehart, K. Carpenter, M. Kirwan. Second Senior.—Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, M. Warren, E. Henry, M. Tuberty, E. Plamondon, J. Forbes, B. Leonard, E. Horton, F. Swegman, M. Murphy, M. Blanger, S. O'Brien. Third Senior.—Misses A. Mast, M. Foote, J. Kinsella, E. Sarber, K. O'Tool, M. O'Tool, M. Doty, J. Walker, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, K. Robinson, A. Jennings, L. Qhaly, A. Unruh, K. Zell, M. Bahm, L. Hoyte.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses V. Leoni, J. Leoni, C. Grannis, A. Montgomery, K. Moore, N. Carpenter, S. Carver, J. Dooley, M. Curtis, A. Holman, M. Ford.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Mathers, C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, J. Falvey, E. Whitfield, F. Fox, R. Fox, J. Wilder, M. Letourneau.

Third Preparatory Class.—M. Landgraff, A.

Hayes, E. Forrestal, J. Tucker, E. Price, L. Entsler, M. Stocker, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, M. Clark, A. Banta, A. Roach, L. Price, E. Jennings, L. McFarland.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—PIANO.

First Class.—Misses C. Foote, A. Mulhall. Second Division.—Misses M. Sherland, M. Kirwin, C. Grannis, B. Leonard, J. Walker. Second Class.—Misses A. Montgomery, A. Ewing, G. Arrington, C. Heckman. Second Division.—Misses M. Parks, M. Edwards. Third Class.—Misses L. Kellogg, E. Ewing, H. Niel, F. Sharp, J. D'Arcy, E. Kirwin. Second Division.—Misses B. O'Neil, S. Pierce, E. Horton. Fourth Class.—Misses A. Clark, E. Hunter, E. Lindsay, B. Gardiner, J. Murphy, A. Sturgis, M. Ford. Second Division.—Misses L. Thompson, E. Whitfield. Fifth Class.—Misses K. Zell, G. Forbes, M. O'Toole. Sixth Class.—Misses L. Qhaly, A. Robson, M. Wicker. Second Division.—Misses A. Clark, R. Fox. Seventh Class.—Misses A. Hayes, G. Tibbits, E. Taber. Eighth Class.—Misses A. Clark, M. Hutchinson. Exercises.—Misses A. Montgomery, M. Carpenter, M. Kirwin, J. Walker, B. Newlan, A. Garrity.

#### GUITAR.

Misses K. Moore, E. Plamondon.

Theoretical Music.—Misses A. Sturgis, E. Lindsay.

November 21st, 1869.

#### Table of Honor.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Carpenter, A. Sturgis, L. Marshall, M. Blanger, B. Gardner, M. Bahn, L. Hoyte, L. English, C. Foote, M. Edwards, S. Carver.

#### Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, J. Arrington, A. Cunnea, M. Cook, B. Newlan, E. Longsdorf, E. Kirwin, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand. First Class.—Misses E. Lindsay, H. Neil, B. O'Neil, F. Mesmore, A. Rhinehart, Z. Selby, M. Kirwin, S. Price. Second Class.—Misses M. Dillon, E. Henry, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, J. Hogue, A. Clark, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, J. Forbes, K. Parks, E. Horton, F. Swegman, M. Murphy, S. O'Brien. Third Class.—Misses A. Mast, M. Corcoran, M. Foote, G. Hurst, J. Kinsella, E. Sarber, R. and M. O'Toole, J. Walker, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, K. Robinson, A. Jennings, S. Qhaly, E. Unruh, K. Zell, M. Stieger.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses V. and J. Leoni, A. Montgomery, K. Moore, S. Carver, A. Holman, F. and C. Sharp, J. Dooly, M. Curtis, E. Tibbits, M. Ford.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Mathers, C. and R. Hoerber, E. Whitfield, J. Wilder, M. Letourneau, J. Davis, M. Wicker, M. Stocker.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Landgraff, A. Hayes, E. Price, L. Entsler, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, M. Clark, A. Banta, A. Roach, L. Pierce, E. Jennings, R. Nelson, L. McFarland.

Oil Painting.—Miss M. Cook.

Water Colors.—First Class.—Misses C. Heckman, K. Robinson. Second Class.—Misses E. Henry, A. Robson.

#### DRAWING.

First Class.—Misses A. Ewing, C. Heckman, K. Robinson, E. Horton, A. Unruh, L. Martin, A. Robson, E. Henry, E. Kirwan. Second Class.—

Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, M. Beam, M. Murphy, M. Lasson, B. Gardner.

#### GERMAN.

First Class.—Miss R. Hoerber. Second Class.—Miss C. Hoerber. Third Class.—Misses A. Clark, C. Heckman.

#### FRENCH.

First Class.—Misses F. Mesmore, E. Longsdorf, C. Berthrand, K. McMahon, E. Ewing, K. Carpenter, M. Doty, A. Mulhall, A. Cunnea. Second Class.—G. Hurst, B. O'Neil, J. Forbes, A. Clark, M. Quan, A. Montgomery.

#### VOCAL CLASS.

Misses K. Parks, K. Robinson, A. Montgomery, A. Carmody, A. Hurst, G. Hurst, B. Leonard, J. Arrington, C. Hoerber, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, L. Martin.

#### PIANO.

First Class.—Misses C. Foote, A. Mulhall. Second Division.—Misses C. Grannis, M. Kirwin, J. Newlan, J. Walker. Second Class.—Misses C. Heckman, A. Ewing, L. English, E. Plamondon. Second Division.—Misses S. O'Brien, F. Carpenter. Third Class.—Misses F. Sharp, C. Sharp, A. Hurst, M. Kellogg. Second Division.—Misses E. Horton, B. O'Neil, J. D'Arcy. Fourth Class.—Misses C. Berthrand, E. Forrestal, E. Lindsay. Second Division.—Misses L. James, L. Thompson, E. Whitfield, C. Coles, J. Warren. Fifth Class.—Misses J. Kenny, K. O'Toole, M. O'Toole, K. Robinson, L. Ramsdill, A. Rhinehart. Sixth Class.—Misses B. Cable, J. Wilder, M. Dillon, M. Wicker, A. Robson, L. Qhaly. Second Division.—Misses A. Clark, R. Fox, N. Gross, A. Byrnes. Seventh Class.—Misses L. Entsler, S. Leoni, S. Swegman. Eighth Class.—Misses A. L. McKinnon, M. Hutchinson, A. Garrity. Practice of Exercises.—Misses A. Montgomery, J. Walker, M. Sherland, B. Leonard. Theoretical Class.—Misses E. Ewing, M. Kirwin, A. Carmody, E. Horton, H. Niel, E. Kirwin, R. Fox. Harp.—Miss M. Sherland. Guitar.—Miss K. Moore.

#### Table of Honor.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Nov. 10.

Misses R. Leoni, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Kreutzer, L. Davis, L. James, A. Byrne, K. and M. Hutchinson, A. and A. Garrity.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Nov. 28.

Misses A. Robson, A. Clarke, M. A. Roberts, M. and L. McNamara, L. Thomson, M. Quan, B. Quan, H. Hunt, M. Reynolds.

#### Honorable Mention.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Clark, N. Gross.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Walker, M. Quan, G. Darling.

First Class.—Miss B. Quan.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses L. Niel, N. Gross, R. Leoni.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Kearney, M. Kreutzer.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses J. Kearney, M. Walker, M. Clark, G. Darling, L. Davis, K. Hutchinson.

First Class.—Misses R. Canoll, M. Hutchinson.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, reached France on the 7th inst. after a splendid trip of nine days on board of the Pereire. Rev. Father Sorin enjoys excellent health and reports the same of his companion, Rev. F. P. Battista, S. S. C.

A very interesting musical Soirée was given at St. Mary's on Thursday, 25th inst., by the Vocal and Instrumental Music classes.

Rev. Fathers Provincial and Superior, with some members of the Faculty, attended the soirée, a report of which may appear in our next number. We, who were also there, highly congratulate both the teachers and the pupils on the success of the entertainment.

## 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, 9.58 a. m.  
" " 11.22 a. m.  
" " 8.45 p. m.  
" " 12.30 a. m.  
Way Freight, 4.57 p. m.  
Arrive at Toledo, 4.40 p. m.  
" " 4.50 p. m.  
" " 2.30 a. m.

All four trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for 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, 7.14 p. m.  
" " 3.00 a. m.  
" " 5.48 a. m.  
" " 5.24 p. m.  
Way Freight, 1.42 "  
Arrive at Chicago, 10.20 p. m.  
" " 6.50 a. m.  
" " 9.25 a. m.  
" " 9.00 p. m.  
Making connections with all trains West and North.

Trains run on Cleveland Time, about twenty minutes faster than Chicago time.



E. PHILIPS, Pres't, Chicago. O. P. LELAND, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago. H. BROWN, Ag't, South Bend. G. F. HATCH, Gen'l Sup't, Cleveland.

The track and road-bed of the Michigan Southern and Lake-Shore Railway, having attained a higher state of perfection than on any other line in America, the managers have for the special accommodation of New York and New England passengers placed upon the line a special Fast Express, which will run through from Chicago to New York in the exceedingly short time of thirty hours. Palace sleeping cars and parlor coaches are on all night trains between Chicago and Buffalo. Through tickets via Michigan Southern and Lake-Shore Railway, for Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Wash-

ington, Philadelphia, Niagara Falls, New York, Boston, and all the principal points East, can be procured in all the principal ticket-offices north-west and southwest.

#### Chicago & Rock Island Time-Table.

Depot: corner Van Buren and Sherman streets.

Pacific Day Express..... 9:45 a. m. 6:00 p. m.  
Peru Accommodation..... 4:30 p. m. 9:40 a. m.  
Pacific Night Express..... 9:15 p. m. 4:15 p. m.

P. A. HALL,  
Gen'l Sup't, Chicago.