

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 2, 1870.

NUMBER 15.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Our Boys.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

By Coz.

Since Solon's days, since earliest time began,
'Tis true—the child is father to the man;
And oft an iron-hearted master, too,
Scourging the man for wrongs the boy did do.
There was a time, the story-tellers say,
But when it was, they never hint—not they!
A time there was when boys were boys—but no,
I doubt it—let some wise old foggy show
In black and white, the day and date—till then
I'll think his manly boys were boyish men!
And those same lads, they tell us, were as meek
As little lambs—as Moses! and did speak
The truth on all occasions; never lied,
Nor smoked, nor drank, nor "cussed," nor swore, nor tried
To scratch each others' eyes out: while in school
They never nodded over books—the rule
Forbade them that; well, to say all at once,
Not one was e'er too fast, or slow—a fool or dunce.
O, they were precious youths! O, those were happy times,
Long passed and gone, alas! and dead as Daddy Grimes.
Ah me, how children grow! now, boys are men;
Older ones, too, than gray-haired sires were then!
Once, parents wisely ruled—their word was law—
Sons lord it now—the slaves are Pa and Ma.
At home, abroad, no comfort they enjoy,
Nor peace, nor rest—all, all for MASTER BOY,
Who, strange to wisdom's ways, in folly's school
Takes his degree of "F. F.," Fop and Fool.
Thus tu ored, trained and tilled, if he choose
For virtue vice, whose is the fault, pray whose?

Old Matthew Blockhead used to say
That school-boys study naught but play,
Or if they learn to spell at all,
Or read or write, or cyphering scrawl
Hieroglyphics on a slate,
It only serves to cram their pate
With nonsense and with villany:
He'd like—yes, he would like to see
One counterfeiter, thief or rogue,
Ere colleges came into vogue
To hundreds after—how was it?
Had our ancestors neither wit
Nor sense, nor penetration? could
Book-learning make one great or good?
He hated so to see a lad
Of twenty wiser than his Dad,
Persuading him the world is round,
Or that America was found
By one Columbus; that the moon
Is larger than a cheese—"the loon!"
The sun quite motionless, the sea
Kept in its place by—"blasphemy!"

Of course the end of all was that
He reared an Ignoramus, Matt,
Who paid the penalty for what
His foolish father said and thought:
Hence, knew he not B from a brick,
All printed books to him were Greek
All writing, Hebrew; senseless signs
The circles, angles, curves and lines
Employed by Euclid; Algebra
He never dreamt of—so they say.

Oh happy they that in their youth
Hud words of wisdom and of truth
From learned lips of hoary sage,
Who holds to view the pictured page
Of universal nature's book,
Instructing their bright eyes to look
Upon the countless beauties there
Displayed, of land, and sea, and air;
Their tender thoughts upraising high
To Him who formed their azure sky,

The circling planets, earth and main,
With all the wonders they contain.

Who reads from Fame's immortal scroll
The fair, unsullied muster-roll
Of heroes who for freedom bled,
Of sages, teaching still tho' dead,
Of martyrs for the glorious cause
Of God and country's sacred laws,
Of poets whose soul-stirring songs
Roused millions to avenge the wrongs
Of centuries—of every one
That had great actions nobly done;

Whose careful training fits each heart
To act with dignity the part
By fate ordained, of peace or strife
Upon the grand theatre of life:
Whose teachings every soul prepare
The blows and buffetings to bear
Of fierce adversity, and rise
O'er death victorious to the skies;
Whose memory, in after times,
Perchance in Friendship's foreign clime
Shall call to mind, where'er they roam,
The cherished thoughts of early home
And loving friends far, far away,
Like them awaiting, too, the day
When, life's long exile happily o'er,
They meet in heaven to part no more!

You think the "Boys" all dead and gone. O, no!
Thank heaven, my friends, I'm sure that I can show
Some specimens of what they were of yore,
When boys were boys in very deed, and bore
Due reverence to superiors, and gave
Fond parents joy thro' life and hope beyond the grave—
In happy clusters grouped, from far and near,
Those dear, dear Boys are smiling on you here!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Religiously "Enthusied."

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* organizes himself into a missionary tableau, and in that edifying attitude falls to reading the two hundred and fifty-seventh edition of *Maria Monk*, now entitled "*The Priest and the Nun*," (parenthetically) represented by Crittenden and McKinney, the whole being "a religious novel" which "purports to give, in the form of fiction, a startling array of facts showing the cunning ways in which Rome seeks," *longe luteque*, "to extend her borders." During the feverish agonies of his apostolic inspiration, the Harperian editor is favored with a vision wherein he sees that the statement of truth, by author or reader, "is of trifling moment," since everybody knows "that the Romish Church is untiring, if not unscrupulous, in the use of every means to bring Protestants into her fold, and to keep every one of her members from slipping away."

The statements of one who confessedly holds truth as "of trifling moment," can't have much effect on the minds of those who hold that truth is of paramount moment in every act and relation of life. In the Catechism which the "Romish Church" puts into the hands of her children, she teaches them that "no reason or motive can excuse a lie." If the Harperian luminosity had learned that Catechism he would see how wrong he is when he says of *The Priest and*

the Nun: "Whether each incident can be shown to be really true is of trifling moment." Surely no honest man can be indifferent to the "really true" in "each incident" of a book whose every incident is a grave charge against a whole and a large body of our people. But let no one suppose that this veracious editor, who regards truth as "of trifling moment," doesn't pray! He does pray. More than that, he knows and tells all about "the incursions of this papal foe" into every "Sabbath school in the city of New York," and then by a master-stroke of rhetorical ellipticity leaves the astonished reader to gaze in imagination upon the sanguinary results of these papal incursions! "Bless you, my children!"

The vision continueth: and therein the editor, who thicketh truth of "trifling moment," is transported into the Temple, where he stayeth not afar off with downcast eyes, but goeth right up on to the high places, and there proclaimeth his sanctity and holiness of life to the world "thusly:"

"Within a very few days, in our own house, a superior servant, generally more intelligent than many of her class, being temporarily in the family, was brought to morning prayers by a kind word of invitation. She watched with curiosity, and listened with evident pleasure to the singing of a hymn and the reading of Scripture, and finally knelt with the rest as the prayer was offered. Scarcely could she wait till she reached the servants' apartments to give utterance to her pleasure and amazement. 'Why,' she said, 'I have always been taught that Protestants never bend the knees in prayer. If this is what you do, I'll be with you whenever I get the chance.'"

How nice! This we apprehend is one of those stories in which it is of "trifling moment" even if "each incident" can't "beshown to be really true," but with this concession we beg leave to say that this pious editor, or his informant, has told a bold-faced and deliberate falsehood. It is not true that any Catholic was ever so taught, or so instructed. Neither would it be a matter of curiosity nor of amazement for a Catholic to see any body of people at prayer, or singing a hymn, or reading the Scripture. The sanctimonious editor of *Harper's Magazine* is perfectly welcome to regard untruthful incidents as "of trifling moment," but a decent regard for the opinions of mankind should have induced him to have kept his convictions to himself. Has this pious editor ever read the fable of the descent of the fox and the goat into a well, and if so, why has he so far forgotten the moral as to allow this "superior servant"—supposing her not to be an invention "of trifling moment"—to spring from his prayerful shoulders and leave him a solitary victim at the bottom? Is it not a notorious fact that very many Protestant denominations never bend the knees in prayer at church? Those sects who follow that system certainly make no secret of it, and hence Catholics do not need to be taught about Protestantism what it proclaims about itself. But we repeat that this pious Harperian editor, whether ignorantly or designedly, has stated an inex-

cusable untruth in saying that Catholics are taught to believe that Protestants never kneel in praying. Of course, whether they kneel, or stand, or sit, or, as we have seen some of them in a fashionable Michigan-Avenue church, Chicago, stretch out at nearly full length on the seats, is no affair of Catholics; but we cannot allow a pious editor who regards truth as "of trifling moment" to say that we are taught what we are not taught, and what he knows we are not taught. After all, it may be only a pious way that this pious editor has of telling the world how pious he is, but then as a pious man he he ought to remember: "If any man saith that he loveth God, and loveth not his neighbor, he is a liar and the truth is not in him." This pious editor, who thinks that getting money out of the public by "humbugging," is only "a practical joke," goes on in this pious style: "In such a time as this, when the power which Rome is acquiring in this country is a topic of common interest, any books which will rouse the Protestant to earnest, progressive work we should heartily welcome; but we are inclined to doubt whether tales of kidnapping and conventual imprisonments, filling four or five hundred pages, will do more than awaken and increase a sort of useless horror, without any inspiration to make positive war on the evil." What does this most pious Round-head want? Does he aspire to the honor of rivalling the bloody deeds of that other fanatical idiot, Lord George Gordon? What then does he mean by his puritanic howl for an "inspiration to make positive war" on Catholics? Let puritanism—which is not, and never was Americanism—understand well that we Catholics are not here by its leave, nor by its license; we are here by right, and by virtue of that inalienable inheritance which has come down to us through the genius and talent of Catholic Spain in discovering this country, and by the gallant and generous assistance of Catholic Spain and of Catholic France, and, last but not least, of Catholic Ireland, rendered to our forefathers in their struggle to get rid of the despotism of Protestant England. As for the rest, we have always tried, and God willing we always shall try, our level best "to keep every one of our members from slipping away." But when this pious bigot says that the Church is "unscrupulous in the use of every means to bring Protestants into her fold," he asserts an unpardonable falsehood, and proves conclusively that "the truth is not in him."

The knavery and the duplicity of this praying editor are amazing; for he would draw the favorable attention of his readers to a book whose lying, according to his criticism, has been so clumsily "done up" that it has failed in its purpose of arousing a religious war against Catholics, and after "filling four or five hundred pages" with "tales of kidnapping and conventual imprisonments," has only succeeded in getting far enough to "awaken and increase a sort of useless horror" at the bare thought of Catholics daring to live in this country!

THE SEQUEL.

It was our intention to pass over in silence the indecent bigotry and the shameless mendacity of Harper's praying editor, and we would have done so, were it not that an offensive rehash of both, with an additional lick of fanaticism and falsehood, has lately made its appearance in the columns of the *College Standard*. In the "March, February" edition of our contemporary, published at Albion, in the State of Michigan, an attempt is made to amuse the public by an exhibition of the puny antics of some aspiring Tappetit to lead "the Protestant boys" right on to the destruction

of American "Papists," and "taunt Romanism with recollection of its defeat on the banks of the Boyne." How we tremble! The disastrous results of the battle "on the banks of the Boyne" were, as all the world knows, a political and not a religious defeat of the Irish. So thought Emmet, and Curran, and Grattan, and Burke, and Mitchel. They were not Catholics. And never in the history of Ireland has any one, save those fossilized mongrels known as Orangemen, rejoiced over the humiliation which the treacherous cowardice of the Stuarts bequeathed to the Irish people on that fatal "12th of July." The allusions to the "Boyne water," "The Protestant Boys," and "Croppies, lie down," made by this exotic ignoramus in the *College Standard*, only serve to show that he is a genuine "dull ass," who knows how to bray out unvarnished falsehoods in the most offensive manner possible, and whose innate vulgarity no amount of beating, nor of cudgelling, could fashion into anything like decency. His incoherent and agonized attempts at saying profound and original things, awkwardly gathered from the mendacious platitudes of others, are all that "any intelligent mind" needs to be convinced that the writer in the *College Standard* has incomparably more brass than brains, and an infinitely greater supply of religious bigotry than he has of mental culture.

The effusion to which we refer is headed off in this grandiloquent style: "Are we in danger of a War of Religions." As this sentence does not present itself in an interrogative form, we infer that the author intended to give a poetic turn of expression to his exalted conceptions; and that view of the case consoles us, for poets are less pugnacious than statesmen. Yet this writer is more than a poet: he combines in himself the qualities of philosopher and prophet, and therefore, after a very significant hint as to the revelations of "the march of time," he gives us a wonderfully profound and rather startling philosophico-prophetic announcement on "the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to our future history," which relation he boldly declares "will be a prominent object of attention."

See that now! How can one small head carry so much?

We regret exceedingly that space does not allow us to pay our respects to the peculiar literary merits of this writer; but, even as it is, we venture to say that for floundering and senseless verbosity the following extract never was, and never can be equalled:

"No, the hope of Romanism lies not in her power to wield the sword, but in the corruption and ignorance of the American people. As these increase or diminish so will the power of Rome in an equal ratio. If, then, this be the call, and we hold it to be undeniable, it follows that High Churchism and Ritualism are not the only natural allies of Rome, but more than one system of boasted free thought belongs to the same category, for their corner-stones are laid in human depravity and ignorance. Hence their superstructures are permeated through and through with vice, and they are susceptible of easy affiliation with Rome, which has justified crime of every kind and degree."

Now, after what is this mendacious blockhead wriggling? Is his intellect—supposing him to have a small share—so invincibly stupid, and so besotted with habitual falsehood, as to induce him to think that any honest man will believe him when he says that the Catholic Church "has justified crime of every kind and degree?" Is this standard literature? The writer in the *College Standard* thinks that "Popery is as yet far from being in a position to control the destinies of the country," but, for all that, he is clearly not

well at ease, and hence he becomes alarmed at the progress of Rome in this country; his nerves twitch, and thus he groweth prophetic:

"But if Protestants would only do their duty, not another such step would be made."

After all the grim and sanguinary falsehoods which this writer asserts about American Catholics, why does he fail to tell us what *is* the duty of Protestants in the premises? Does he, too, think that a lying book ought to "do more than awaken and increase a sort of useless horror" against Catholics, and that now is the time "to make positive war on" us? If that bloody hour should come, neither the praying editor of *Harper's Magazine* nor the ignoramus who writes in the *Standard* would be found "in the ranks of death." It was ever thus; the wings of cowardice carry bigots to safe places when the hour of danger comes.

That our readers may see we are not too severe with this headless scribbler in the *College Standard*, we submit another specimen of his veracity and logic concerning Catholicity:

"Far from being satisfied with toleration and equal rights, which the laws of our country guarantee to all, it will never cease crying, Give! Give! Will never leave off its conspiracies, its machinations, its lying pretensions, its sending out Satans in the garb of angels of light, while a vestige of such things as Protestantism, and those invariable accompaniments of Protestantism, free thought, free speech, a free press, popular education and intelligence, and last, but not least, *purity of morals*, remains on American soil.

"When, therefore, the Protestant portion of the nation comes to realize and understand this fully, as they will, sooner or later, will not the righteous indignation of a people, long suffering in the highest degree, but finally goaded to desperation, put an end to this abomination with the sword? To this we answer emphatically, No!"

Here the writer stultifies himself, for if we Catholics be the lawless conspirators, and the enemies of "*purity of morals*" that he represents us to be, then we have little claim to forbearance from "a people, long suffering in the highest degree," and whom our "abomination" has "finally goaded to desperation," and to that degree of "righteous indignation" which would wash out the horrible crime of our existence in our blood! Is this what the writer in the *College Standard* wants? "To this we answer emphatically, YES!"

We have no wish to be over-critical, nor offensively captious with our college exchanges, but it seems to us that neither their dignity nor their literary reputation can gain much from allowing themselves to become the medium of such a class of literature as that represented by the production referred to. The mission of college journalism is, or at any rate should be, far different—far higher—and far nobler than that of encouraging cold-blooded fanatics to create fratricidal and religious wars. The principle which burned Servetus at the stake had its precedents, and its faithful imitations; and on that score the history of humanity is black enough. We have had our day of deeds of blood over political dissensions, but we hope the time shall never come when the citizens of the Republic shall gloat, like fiends, over the destruction of each other on account of religious differences.

Boating will soon be at hand and form one of the amusements during the recreation days. From our exchanges we find that naval matters receive everywhere merited attention, and that very few institutions of learning contiguous to rivers or lakes are without boat crews.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

System—Its Influence on Success.

BY M. B. B.

From what we have already seen it is evident that a man is capable of only a certain amount of labor, either physical or intellectual, since his energies, when exerted for a time, require to be re-established by rest or relaxation before he can again apply himself to labor with any degree of efficiency. But if these energies, which are strictly required to insure success, be expended otherwise than in direct application to the work in which he wishes to be successful, it is certain that he will not be in a proper condition to labor effectually in that, to him, all-important work; for, while he is waiting for his exhausted energies to recover their strength, precious time is passing, and by the time he is ready to apply himself to his work, it may be too late to secure the end in view; or, the extra time devoted to this work must be taken from some other enterprise perhaps of equal importance, which is substantially equivalent to a failure—since success, properly understood, does not consist in accomplishing this or that particular undertaking, but in accomplishing *all* that is necessary to attain an ultimate object worthy of one's special ability.

Now, he who works without system, necessarily wastes his energies and his time in this manner. For, he who works without system never knows precisely what he ought to do next, nor how he should begin, and is never ready to "take hold" at the proper time. And thus, the study and effort necessary to determine these important particulars, whenever it becomes expedient to pass from one branch of employment to another, tax his energies, distract his attention and fritter away his time, leaving him less competent to labor effectually and less time to accomplish his object. Such a one is always in a hurry—always "going to do" something, but in reality accomplishes very little and that very imperfectly, however active and energetic he may appear to those who mistake mere animal excitement for well-directed activity. It requires but little insight into the nature of things to foresee that with such a useless waste of time and energy the life of such an individual, considered as a whole, can be nothing else than a failure, though he may perform some useful and commendable labor occasionally. This will be more apparent if we consider the fact that the object which each one should have in view ought to be commensurate with his ability, and therefore such as to require for its attainment all the labor which he is physically and intellectually capable of performing. But he who wastes his time and energies in the manner above described, evidently does not do all that he might do were he to work systematically; and consequently cannot hope to attain his object in life, supposing it to be proportioned to his ability; and if he does accomplish anything meritorious, it will be inferior to what his ability would justify himself and others to expect. In either case his life is in reality a failure.

To illustrate what we have thus far said on system, we could not well find better examples than those furnished by students. We will, then, suppose two students of equal natural ability. The one has a set time to prepare each of his classes; his books are so arranged that, almost "with his eyes shut," he can lay his hand on any book he may want at the time. He is not obliged to waste time in considering what he ought to do next—that is all pre-arranged, and while passing from the recitation-room or playground, a moment of recollection is sufficient to dispose his

mind for the labor of the next hour. On coming to his desk, he is not obliged to fumble over a motley heap of books and loose paper to find his Algebra or his Cicero, but with his mind's eye on the desired book, he opens his desk and lays his hand upon it with the readiness and precision with which the practised musician touches the proper key of his piano. He is never in a hurry; for, as no time has been wasted, he is always able to accomplish his several duties within the time assigned for each. His answers in the recitation-room are given with a thoughtful confidence—never with that bold assurance often assumed by the superficial student as a cloak for his deficiency. Mark that young man; he will succeed in his studies—he will succeed in life, if he continue to proceed with system.

On the contrary, the other student allows himself to be governed by impulse in his studies; he follows the whim of the moment. To-day he prepares his Latin lesson at the hour at which he prepared his Geometry yesterday; to-morrow he substitutes Greek for History in the order (or rather *disorder*) of his studies. Then, look into his desk! His books are all thrown together as so much rubbish, interlarded here and there with half scribbled bits of paper; with gloves, muffler, hat, and sometimes a pair or two of slippers to complete the confusion. It is easy to see that such a student is never ready to "take hold;" he must first decide to what particular study he will devote himself during the present hour—this takes time. He is then obliged to search amid the heap of confusion in his desk for the necessary book, and by the time he has found it and actually got to work, a quarter, at least, of the hour has passed away. Then he tries to "make up for lost time" by working himself up into a state of nervous excitement, which not only renders him less capable of doing his work well, but also subjects his physical system to an abnormal action of the mind, which, if long continued, cannot fail to result injuriously to his health. But note the consequences even to his studies. He never has to-day more than a vague notion of what he recited yesterday; his brilliancy in the class-room, which, perhaps, wins for him the commendation of his teacher, is like a hot-house bloom which loses its freshness and vigor when the unnatural process by which it was produced is discontinued. The student comes to the examination at the close of the session with pale cheeks, and takes his seat beside his healthy, fresh-looking companion—the systematic student—(though he would much prefer to take up quarters in the infirmary if he could only invent some *ex tempore* ache for the occasion). He falters in his answers to the questions proposed; he cannot give reasons for what he does say; his mind is like his desk—confused. The examiners are surprised, for they always heard him well spoken of during the session; his teachers wonder, and suggest to the examiners that his failure to answer promptly is the result of embarrassment, and the disappointed and disappointing student leaves the examination-hall dissatisfied with himself, yet somewhat consoled by the kind explanation of his teachers. But, reader, this is all a mistake. His confusion was *not* the result of embarrassment. But both his confusion and embarrassment were the result of actual failure as a student. He may not have lost all his time; he may have acquired much useful knowledge that will afterwards be of service to him, but that knowledge is as yet very superficial and needs finishing—yes, almost an entire remodeling. In a word, his studies were a failure because he did not do all, nor nearly all, that he might have done had he labored systematically. So will his life be a failure, if he does not change his plan of operations. He may, it is

true, perform some useful and brilliant deeds during life; his personal friends and immediate acquaintances may consider him remarkably clever; yet his life is really a failure, because he does not do all that he might do, nor rise to that eminence for which his natural *ability* qualified him.

This simple illustration, with what precedes it, is, I think, sufficient to show the real nature of *system*, and its necessity as one of the means of success. I therefore close my little essay, hoping that it may, where needful, awaken in the mind of the reader a love of order and system in all his labors, and thus contribute to his success in life.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Early Contracted Habits.

BY J. R. BOYD.

If it has ever been the pleasure of any who may chance to read this to have contemplated Nature in all her various forms, have they not been deeply interested and forcibly impressed by the manifold lessons she teaches—by their beauty, sublimity, and yet unique simplicity? When we behold opening to the genial rays of the sun the tendrils of the timid plant; when we consider the inability of man to create the minutest portion thereof; when we ponder upon the supreme power which must have been exercised to bring it into existence; then, and not *till* then, can we appreciate the perfection of the things created, and the omnipotence of the Creator.

The works sent forth from the mold of nature, which have not been polluted by the touch of art, exhibit more striking and sublime beauty than the miserable creations of man. Yet, although this be true, we frequently see the wild, fantastic productions of nature fashioned by art to please the fancy of individuals. Trees and smaller shrubbery, for instance, are sometimes trained to grow in a peculiar shape—their primeval irregularity seems to jar upon the tastes of those who thus disfigure them. And when do men commence training such things to grow in a form most in consonance with their ideas of beauty? When the twig is tender and pliant—when, like melted wax, it may be moulded into almost any shape; for "as the twig is bent, so doth the tree incline."

But let us now ascend one step higher in the scale of created things. Contemplating the animate portion of God's handiwork, we are pleased to note the same perfection of the thing created—the same greatness of the Creator. Observe how the winged creatures soar aloft—how they rise, and sing in their aerial flights the ditties God first taught them. Amid the branches of the highest tree or in the low fence, they build their houses. There they watch over their young, guard and protect them in their helpless state; and after the offsprings have arrived at that age when strength enables them to skim the air, how solicitous is the parent bird that the young may learn to search the infinity of space with ease and speed?

And now, since it hath pleased the Almighty to instil into the nature of His irrational beings such an anxiety for their offspring—such a desire to have in them great perfection, and since they choose the miniature season of their being to impart instruction—of how much more importance must it be that rational beings—beings to whom reason, understanding, and a soul are given—that they should guard themselves in their youth, as

watched over and warned against following the broad and seemingly inviting paths of vice?

They should be taught the full significance of "early contracted habits"—should be made acquainted with the many pleasures allotted by Innocence to her followers—and the misery which will surely come to those who perseveringly cling to vice. How few, alas! among the vast number of children and those verging on manhood's estate, are there who are taught these things? How few know what they lose by one mortal sin? But on the other hand there are numbers of those who have long since ceased *trying* to do good—whose hearts have become hardened by vice, and the voice of whose conscience are no longer heard whispering in their bosoms. These unprincipled men encourage wickedness and crime in the young, scoff at virtue, and glory in dragging the innocent and inexperienced from their high position in the favor of God, to a level with themselves.

Those who frequent the great cities of our land know too well the various ways by which the young of our country are seduced. Let us witness one among the many fearful ends which are in store for the votaries of crime. Behold that man in the prime of life and the glory of manhood! See to what an untoward end his guilt hath led him. Yet he was once the pride of his family and the companion of innocence. His board was once covered with plenty—his family's every want was supplied, and luxury, even, was not a stranger to his home. But ere long the destroyer came—the peace of that happy family circle was eternally destroyed. He yielded to the allurements of vice; quietude had no longer charms for him; his daily employment became a burden; he deserted his God and his family, and recklessly gave scope to his baser passions. Let us pass over in silence the few remaining years of his wretched life, and witness the fast and tragic scene of his miserable existence.

We approach the scaffold and stand by that fearful instrument of death. Gazing upon the being who stands upon it, we scarce recognize in his disfigured face and emaciated form the strong and manly person who but a few years since revelled in such plenty. Yet 'tis he—now tottering on the verge of eternity, and who before long will fill a murderer's grave.

We observe standing in mute agony at the foot of the scaffold his forgiving wife, whom he so foully wronged, deserted and left to grovel in the depths of despair. There, too, nestled close to their mother's side are his little ones whom he so fondly loved. They are ignorant of the cause which brings such a vast multitude together; they have yet to learn the frailty of human nature—and indeed the instability of *all* things human. Now, indeed—if never before in his wild career of wickedness and crime he felt a pang of remorse—should he upbraid himself upon beholding those innocent ones whom, in his downfall, he dragged with him.

But the spectacle is too sad for contemplation; let us abandon it and look upon the bright side of human existence. There, is a young man brought up in the holy fear of God. No picture of midnight carousals can entice him from his sense of duty. Men utter his name in connection with all that is good and pure; they exhort their sons to follow in his footsteps. Wherever he goes, no cold greeting is in store for him, but all is warmth all is kindness. His every exertion is rewarded with success, and a golden crown is being woven for him in heaven, which, when his soul shall have been ushered into the presence of

its Judge, will be placed upon his brow by the hands of angels.

Can *anyone* look upon the two sides of the picture and not acknowledge the importance to be attached to "early contracted habits," be they good or bad? When bad, the consequences do not always fall entirely upon the individual himself; but in his downfall others are often dragged. He departs this life honored by none, but abhorred by all. But on the other hand, how wide the contrast. If in the mind of a youth sound principles of right and wrong have been inculcated, he will be respected, honored, and held up by posterity as an example worthy of imitation; and when he is called from his mortal pilgrimage, he will be followed to the tomb and lamented by all who knew him.

It only remains for me now, as best I can, to offer a few suggestions by which old and young who have the interest of their soul at heart should be guided. In the first place, let the watchfulness of the parent be unceasing—let him instruct not by words alone, but by example. And when the youth is capable of choosing for himself, let him select Reason and Religion for his guides; for the precepts of Religion, displayed in the mild light of Reason, will ever guide aright both age and youth. Let him avoid those secret springs of vice—for vice does not always appear in open guise, but "as the hypocrite doth steal the livery of the court of heaven, in which to serve the devil," so doth Vice don the garb of Virtue in which to accomplish its own pernicious ends. Let him, alas! avoid evil companions; for there exists, perhaps, no more fruitful means of corrupting youth than a frequent contact with the votaries of vice.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

[For the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

Words of Mystery.

In a musty, black-letter manuscript, yellow with age, I have just come across the following enigmatical sentences, which, I believe, have never before appeared in print. To one not well versed in the languages of the East, the words might seem to be in a dialect of the ancient Arabic; but I am assured by an orientalist in whose judgment I have the greatest confidence, that they must belong to a more modern, and, perhaps, more western, tongue. Indeed, he is of opinion that they are in a sort of barbarous Latin, or, more probably, an uncouth compound of Greek and Latin, invented by the mediæval alchemists to conceal some of their famous secrets.

The manuscript mentions a tradition, current among the medical men of the age in which it was written (probably toward the close of the thirteenth century), that these strange sentences contain an important secret, which, for some unknown cause, could not be divulged at that early day, and which, if it should ever become known, would be of incalculable benefit to the whole human race, and especially to the individual who might be so fortunate as to decipher the hidden meaning of the mysterious lines. Without further preface I commend them to those curious in such matters.

To-ge, ta-col; dwe-ty-o: urf-e, et-to-ke; ep-i, twe-t'e-ma, ga-in-toc u, re-i-tu-se; so-me-nos: tru-mat-a, pil-la-do-se.

ANTIQUARY.

NOTE—A learned friend who has looked over

the "proof" of the above, thinks the lines in question somewhat resemble the Welsh or Armorican tongue. As the Welsh is a branch of the Celtic, perhaps our friends of the Irish Class may be able to make something out of the "Words of Mystery." A.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

"Is that the Skule-house?"

A few days ago we happened to be an item of bipedal freight in the omnibus from South Bend to Notre Dame, and among the number of similar items, he's and she's, was a promising "raw recruit," under the maternal ægis, from that plague-famed place called Egypt, in a certain pretentious State of this here glorious Union. Now we, who belong to the "regulars," and who for years have learned not to flinch under Professorial fire, always look upon the "raws" with a becoming degree of contempt; and, in addition to this veteran *prestige*, we on that very day had been having a familiar chat with our old friends, Tom and Jerry, and a long conversation with that bosom companion of other days, Viejo Señor Maduro, of Calle del Rey, Havana, and for these, as well as for other promiscuous reasons, we felt more or less glorious, and just in the mood, as we thought, of making a salutary and lasting impression of our veteran dignity on the Egyptian. We called to mind the ocular victories of Mr. Simon Tappertit, and accordingly, at every jolt of the omnibus, our experienced eye sent forth a destructive volley of sovereign contempt right into the countenance of our antagonist. The Battle of the Pyramids, furnished by Napoleon with an applauding audience of forty centuries, wasn't a shoo-fly to this encounter! So we thought. At this particular point of our meditation the omnibus rounded a corner, and crossing the line from Lowell into New Dublin, gave us all a full view of the University in the distance. We were congratulating ourselves on the taming power of our eye over "June bugs," *alias* "raws," when, all at once, to our mortification, the Egyptian broke out: "Is that the skule-house! Pshaw! I kin jump out of its darn third-story winder! Moses! how many churches they've got! One! two!—the deuce!—three!!"

An ounce of snuff applied to the nostrils of a supinely snoring man couldn't have produced a more sudden nervous reaction than did that classic outburst on our self-complacency. We felt extinguished, and began to philosophize over the feasibility of sewing up the first rent in the Suez Canal with a thread from the spool of Vanity in Cleopatra's big needle. Nix.

YOU DON'T SAY!—"Science," says an English review, "walks in silver slippers." Whereupon Harper's magazine, *enthused* over the prospect of a return to specie payment, exclaims: "In silver slippers and golden robes she appears in *The Universe*, or *The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little* (Charles Scribner & Co.)." "She," whoever "she" may be, is rather a dressy "femuell"; but how (even by the aid of a parenthesis) "she" has been able to make "Charles Scribner & Co." the simultaneous representative of the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little, is a silver-slippered problem, solvable by few, perhaps by none except the Harperian admirer of Barnum's "woolly" Pegasus. By the same (parenthetical) genius, Harper & Brothers are turned into a "new edition of the *Favorite Poems of England*," and thence (parenthetically) metamorphosed into "*Greenwood's Wild Sports of the World*."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY
AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

TERMS:

One year	\$2 00
Five months	1 00
Clubs of five, in the University, one year.....	1 00
Single copies	5

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

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 25th—J. E. Garrity, L. Trudell, A. W. Riopelle, J. McGlynn, P. H. Finnegan, A. Randall, E. D. Fisher, J. McCarthy, C. Kuhn, E. Roach.

March 4th—D. A. Clarke, J. C. Eisenman, T. Stratton, T. H. Grier, J. Zahm, R. Finley, H. P. Morancy, H. Gallagher, P. Coakley, J. Sutherland.

March 11th—J. M. Gearin, L. B. Logan, L. F. Wilson, F. Kiser, J. E. McGinnity, E. B. Gambee, W. Waldo, G. W. Reilly, T. Dundon, J. O'Sullivan.

March 18th—D. Tighe, G. H. Ludington, J. A. Fox, R. Power, T. Murphy, W. E. Roberts, A. W. Arrington, M. Joy, C. Connerton, T. Armstrong.

March 26th—A. Mooney, W. Conath, T. Dillon, J. McGlynn, D. B. Mathers, P. O'Connell, G. W. Halman, P. H. Finnegan, O. H. Bell, J. McCarthy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 25th—S. Ashton, D. J. Brown, C. Jevne, C. Forrestal, S. Dum, C. English, J. Hannaher, G. Lyons, A. Hoerber, B. Luhn, C. Morgan.

March 4th—J. Shanks, J. Nash, P. Moran, D. Brown, J. Drozre, J. Kilcoine, D. Egan, F. Raish, J. Antoine.

March 11th—H. Kinkad, J. Thomson, S. Lagauth, L. McOskar, F. Randal, A. Hoerber, W. Myers, H. Jones, W. Odendahl, L. Hibben.

March 18th—F. Dwyer, D. Wile, J. Cassidy, G. Braimgh, J. Kenrick, W. Wilstach, J. Buehler, J. Mulvany, B. Keddea, E. Kelogg, T. Rose.

March 26th—J. Nash, L. Marshal, J. Taylor, J. W. Murphy, J. Doherty, W. Clarke, J. Antoine, C. Ortmayer, E. Shea, C. Hutchings, C. Burdel.

MINDI DEPARTMENT.

February 26th—E. Raymond, M. Wilson, E. Marshall, G. Berry, C. Tarble, L. McKernon.

March 11th—H. Quan, A. Morton, C. Whitney, C. Clarke, J. O'Hara, E. Dwyer.

Honorable Mention.

Moral Philosophy—A. W. Arrington, William Waldo.

English Literature—J. Shannahan, J. Eisenman, T. Johnson, L. B. Logan, H. P. Morancy, E. B. Boyd, D. Tighe, M. Mahony.

First Latin—Discontinued.

Second Latin—Translation: J. Zahm, Jas. A. Dickinson, T. Johnson, M. Mahony. Theme: J. Zahm, J. A. Dickinson, T. Johnson.

Third Latin—H. P. Morancy, J. P. Kane, J. E. Shannahan.

Fourth Latin—D. Egan, R. Staley, F. Dwyer, E. B. Gambee, P. Cochrane, W. B. Clarke.

Fifth Latin—J. C. Eisenman, F. Kaiser, J. M. Gearin, D. A. Clarke, J. Nash.

Sixth Latin—L. B. Logan, M. Nolan, J. Walsh, E. B. Walker, H. Barlow.

Seventh Latin—H. Goddard, S. Dum, E. W. McFarland, C. Marantette.

Eighth Latin—D. Brown, J. B. Boyd, H. Gallagher, L. McLaughlin, Jos. Mulhall, J. W. Wilstach, H. Taylor.

Third Greek—J. Zahm, J. Dickinson, D. Tighe.

Fourth Greek—Discontinued.

Fifth Greek—A. W. Arrington, D. Egan, John Nash, F. Dwyer.

Sixth Greek—C. Hutchings, J. R. Boyd.

Rhetoric—F. Kaiser, D. Egan, H. Goddard, E. B. Gambee, J. Nash, D. Brown, T. A. Dillon, J. A. Fox.

General History—D. A. Clarke, W. Waldo, E. B. Walker.

Physics and Chemistry—D. A. Clarke, William Waldo, H. P. Morancy, A. W. Arrington.

Astronomy—H. P. Morancy, D. A. Clarke.

Calculus—H. P. Morancy, D. A. Clarke, J. W. Gearin.

Surveying—J. M. Gearin, H. P. Morancy, L. B. Logan.

Trigonometry—J. A. Zahm, J. A. Dickinson.

First Geometry—F. Kaiser, J. A. Fox.

Second Geometry—W. C. Hunt, J. Sutherland, D. Harding, J. McCarthy, M. C. Peterson, D. Tighe.

First Algebra—F. Kaiser, L. B. Logan, David Brown.

Second Algebra—J. Sutherland, J. A. Fox, T. M. Grier.

Third Algebra—W. K. Roy, F. B. Shephard, H. Goddard, S. LeGault.

Fourth Algebra—J. McCarthy, J. Staley, W. C. Hunt, D. Harding, R. Crenshaw.

First Arithmetic—J. Leunig, F. B. Shephard, K. I. Espy, S. Dum, T. Stratton, M. Kiely, John Coffey, L. Wilson, W. H. Murphy, S. Ashton.

Second Arithmetic—R. Fahey, D. Harding, N. Shelton, J. McGinnity, G. W. Reilly, G. Breunig, C. Kuhn.

Fourth Arithmetic—P. Davis, H. Beam, R. B. Metzger, W. Peebles, M. Joyce, W. Carson, F. Brown.

Second Arithmetic, Jr.—H. Ackhoff, W. Odendahl, L. Marshall, W. Wilstach, C. Jevne, E. Shea, B. Roberts, W. Kellogg.

Third Arithmetic, Jr.—G. Lyons, E. Lyons, C. Vinson, L. Roth, W. English, G. Hoffman, W. Trussell, M. Melancon, A. Barth, M. Moiller, F. Randell.

First Catechism—M. Moriarty, L. McOsker, E. Sheehan, G. Lyons, E. Shea, J. Walsh, T. Foley, J. Mulvany.

First Penmanship—J. A. Fox, D. Fitzgerald, J. Duffy, T. Dillon, L. Gibson, E. D. Fisher, E. Fitzharris, R. Power, T. H. Grier, J. Campbell, R. Fahey, L. Trudell, G. McCurdy.

Second Penmanship—J. C. Leunig, G. Reilly, J. C. Eisenman, O. Bell, F. Trautman, N. Shelton, C. Clarke.

Jr. Penmanship—J. C. Doherty, C. Berdell, D. J. Brown, J. Antoine, C. Jevne, J. Nash, J. McGuire, C. Hutchings, G. Lyons, M. Nolan, P. Reilly, S. Ashton, C. Vinson, J. Hannaher, J. Thomson, H. Ackhoff, B. Vogt, H. Potter, H. Graves, F. J. Obert.

Book-keeping, Sr.—J. Eisenman, C. Clarke, E. Mullen, E. B. Gambee, T. A. Dillon, T. H. Grier, G. Haleman, J. Orff, N. Shelton, W. E. Roberts, F. P. Shephard, W. Riley, O. Bell, W. H. Murphy, A. Riopelle, C. Suenk, S. Philel, S. Trudell, T. Stratton, W. Hunt, R. Fahey, E. Fitzharris, J. M. Duffy, C. Kuhn, J. Mulhall, A. Mooney, R. Power.

Book-keeping, Jr.—R. J. Espy, S. and W. Dum,

S. Ashton, J. Cassella, J. McGuire, S. LeGault, D. J. Brown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Local Items.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP LUERS arrived at Notre Dame Tuesday, 29th ult. The students were apprized of the Bishop's presence by the joyous peals of the chime-bells, a venerable custom of welcoming Bishops on their coming to Notre Dame. The afternoon of Tuesday—a most delightful one—was spent outdoors in consideration of the honored visitor, and balls and bats had a merry time.

THE CHOIR—The members of the Choir have been rehearsing, for some days past, the new Italian Mass, which they intend to sing at Easter. Our Choir is as full of life as ever, and although we have not heard any new composition since Dr. Girac's death, still it is with pleasure to ourselves and praise to the members of the Choir that we see them keeping their ground and showing no decline from their past efficiency. Brother Leopold has displayed energy in the direction of the Choir, and with a longer experience his arduous task will be rendered easy. We love variety, especially with regard to short pieces, such as *Tantum ergo*, *O Salutaris*; at the same time we do not condemn it in Masses nor in other important compositions. We would therefore suggest the propriety of singing something new now and then, for variety, and even piety's sake.

STATE OF THINGS—We do not think the health of the inmates of Notre Dame has ever been better than now. This may be attributed to the fine weather, and the warm sun that have finally driven away the disagreeable wintry atmosphere of the past months. More outdoor exercises have been generally indulged in by the students, and as fast as the snow has receded so fast also have they extended the limits of their sports. Now the base-ball grounds are in fine condition and invite the players to recreate themselves. Match games no doubt will soon be announced, and the confident Juanitas will see their position contested by their rivals, the Star of the West and the Star of the East. "Young America" has just entered the field, and that with hopeful prospects. Its members are solid youths, who may yet give some trouble to their elders before the sun of June goes down.

We have no report as yet from the Minims, but we suppose that they are not far behind the Seniors or Juniors in go-aheadism. They were somewhat in advance of a Junior club last year. However, old times will not return;—the Minims have no chance against "Young America." *Qui vivra verra.*

THE college grounds are about to be improved and beautified to a very great extent, and nothing will be left undone that can make one forget their past condition—especially that of the Senior yard. Trees in abundance are about to be planted wherever shade is desirable or the appearance of the premises demand it. Some twenty large maple trees, some over twelve inches in diameter, have been already successfully transplanted. Twenty more have their site designated, and with the assistance of the ingenious machine used for that purpose, a whole forest could in the space of a month lend its cool shade to our play-grounds. All around us seems alive with improvements of various kinds. A hot house is again spoken of, and will very probably be erected during the spring. The plans for the new church have at

last arrived, and the digging of the foundations cannot be much longer put off. The lakes are now free from ice and opened to lovers of fishing. By-the-by, some one reports having seen enormous sturgeons in St. Mary's Lake. It is true that some fifteen years ago large sturgeons were put in the lower Lake, but having heard nothing concerning them for a few years past, we thought them swept away by freshets, or reposing in the depths of the Lake. But no; they have appeared again on the surface, and from all indications mean to live a few years longer—that is, until some hook interferes with their sports.

Four beautiful oil-paintings, lately purchased in Rome by Very Rev. Father Sorin, are on their way to Notre Dame. Among these is a painting of Mary Magdalene, which is said to be unsurpassed in beauty.

A statue in *carton pierre* of the Blessed Virgin, exquisitely painted and of extra size, is also about to arrive. The statue is said to be a masterpiece, and cost \$300 in Paris.

We had during last week the agreeable visit of several students from neighboring universities.

The Indian Club Exercises are enjoying a well-deserved popularity, and are participated in by a large class of students, both Senior and Junior—some seventy in number. Mr. John McLaughlin has been very successful with his class, whose members are all proficient in the art of swinging the Indian Club. It is quite useless for us to say that this mode of exercising the body is very effective, without being fatiguing, and that in point of cheapness it is unsurpassed.

We hope to witness, at an early day, an exhibition of the whole class. Those who have been present at some of its evening exercises in Washington Hall have been highly pleased with the sight, and can vouch that an exhibition of this sort would be a great treat to the beholder.

Notes on Exchanges.

We have had occasion more than once to compliment *The Chronicle* on the mental and literary ability which distinguish its articles. We can say candidly that we read that paper with pleasure; and further, in as much as we have no wish to make comparisons, we regard it as in the very front ranks of college papers. It is a credit to the students and an honor to the University of Michigan. It deals fairly and openly with the questions which it treats, and never disgraces its pages with the coarse, insulting bigotry in which some of our contemporaries seem to take delight in displaying their estimate of truth as well as the extent of their literary acquirements.

The Owl, all the way from Santa Clara, California, has made us a second visit. It has grown so large, and improved so much in every respect since its first appearance, that we scarcely knew it. Among all our contemporaries, *The Owl* has undoubtedly made the greatest and the most rapid progress in improvement. We are greatly pleased with its contents, style and appearance, and trust that it will continue its prosperous and prospering career until it occupies the high position to which it is fast approaching in the domain of college literature.

The Yale Literary Magazine, for March, 1870, is an entertaining number of that excellent periodical. The article on "College Morality" hits pretty generally "all around," and while it vindicates the student-world against the exaggerated, and often untruthful, accusations of those who are strangers to college life, it takes no pains

to conceal or to palliate the defects and shortcomings of students. This article is well written. The author of "Platitudes," should either have adopted another name for his article, or else have written another article for his name. It is not usually judicious to select a name, however high-sounding it may be, and then clap it on the shoulders of an article to which it has no significant relation, and where it is about as expressively appropriate as "Papa's hat" enveloping the head of a little "hopeful" just beginning to walk. Productions of this sort usually make one feel like exclaiming: Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated! "Two of Us" is racy, pleasing and entertaining. More than this—it is admirably written, and proves its author to be in the possession of a cultivated and a generous mind. "The Legend of Rome," is, we apprehend, intended for poetry. We give the writer credit for good intentions, but our duty here compels us to remind him that Horace says, *mediocribus esse poetis non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ*. We never could see much legendary nor any other kind of poetry in the antics of Romulus and Remus. "Jacob Vanderheyden's Notable Courtship" is humorously told, but we think the author might have been gallant enough to let poor Jacob have "popped the question" before consigning him to a watery grave. "A Night in a Newspaper Office" shows that the writer thereof knows how to profit by what he observes, and also how to communicate his knowledge in a pleasing and instructive manner to others. "The Ministry" contains some very excellent ideas, and, we make no doubt the writer's view is *comme il faut* from his standpoint. In many essential features, our ideas and his would not harmonize in reference to the kind of qualifications indispensably necessary to those who adopt this high vocation. "Free Trade in Religion" is an odd enough name for a serious subject. Yet we like it, because of its very eccentricity in the premises. The writer is as earnest and as honest as he is bold in condemning the indifference of students to religious instruction. We do not agree with him, however, in all the causes which he assigns for its existence, nor entirely in the remedies which he suggests for its cure. The writer says, substantially, and says most truly, that students are often guilty of acts in the house of God, for the commission of which they would be ashamed in the society of men. It is certainly difficult to understand why it is that young men who are capable of exhibiting, and who really do exhibit and practice so much refinement and politeness in social intercourse, should deem it manly and independent to "make a show of themselves," by an exhibition of all that's rude and animal-like in human nature, in the most solemn and holy of places. The writer of the "Memorabilia" is dreadfully sarcastic on the votaries of the "tuneful nine," for he classes the "Beethoven Concert" under the head of "town shows," and says that the concert was listened to by "an audience of good quality and fair proportions." (Sic!) "Our Book-case" is well filled with plenty of good readable matter. The "Editor's Table" is laden with good things. He has far too low an estimate of his own ability to entertain his guests. No one but a cynic could rise up from the "Table" of this number of the magazine and say that he was not fully satisfied. We endorse all he says—and says most admirably—on the marking system. The morbid sentimentalism of the age about punishment, is leading society to anarchy. Order is the foundation of success in every well-organized community, and coercion of some kind is absolutely necessary to the existence of this order. We don't know any milder form of force than that of the marking system.

With very many people this thing called honor "is a matter of taste," concerning which they hold the maxim, *de gustibus non disputandum est*, and hence it sometimes happens that though students do not love honor less, yet, by a logic peculiar to themselves, they love squandering of time more. We are satisfied that every young man or boy who enters college, does so with an astonishing amount of good intentions carefully packed up in the future tense, but we have heard that there is a country where such packages are in greater demand than is Nicholson pavement. No doubt the spirit is just as willing to do good as the flesh is weak to help it; but in the contest, in nine times out of ten, Weak is ahead of Willing. *Recipe aliquantulum vim* is, as we hold, a salutary and a sanitary precaution in the mental as in the material order. Altogether, the March number of the *Yale Literary Magazine* is equal in point of merit and general excellence to any of its predecessors, and this is saying a great deal in its praise.

"A Jesuit College has just been founded in San Francisco, Cal. This is the first Institution of the Order ever established in this country."—*Vidette*.

Indeed! will our contemporary, which we esteem very highly, be good enough to tell us where, when and how it has made this discovery? In the same issue of our friend, the *Vidette*, we are told that "Camilla Urso's father is professor of music at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y." We grant this, but then St. John's College is a Jesuit College, and was established by that most illustrious Order, in this country, when San Francisco belonged to the descendants of Cortez and Pizarro. The same Order has a college in West 15th street, New York city, and a most excellent and flourishing college it is—St. Francis Xavier's. The College of Georgetown, D. C., is a Jesuit College: it was commenced in 1789, and was raised to the rank of a university, by Congress, in 1815. The same Order has a college at Santa Clara, California. Bless you! brother *Vidette*! the Jesuit Order has a great number of colleges in this here country, so old and so long established that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Eh bien! quo magis nescitur, eo magis admiratur.*

THE DARTMOUTH.—We hail with pleasure the appearance, amongst our exchanges, of this magazine. It is published at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, under the editorial supervision of the graduating class, and furnishes monthly about forty pages of interesting and well written reading matter.

The Union Literary Magazine, conducted by the Literary Societies of Christian University, Missouri, contains good matter, and its "Editor's Table" is interesting. Its list of exchanges, however, might be increased. We welcome this young monthly.

The McKendree Repository, lately added to our list of exchanges, deserves credit for abundance and variety of matter. Its exterior appearance, however, is not quite in keeping with its literary merit.

The College Courant is always a welcome visitor, full of college news and well-written articles.

La Littérature Française Classique and *La Littérature Française Contemporaine*, a work in two volumes, published in New York, by Lepoldt & Holt. We regard this sort of Encyclopedia of the French Literature as one of the best that can be placed in the hands of advanced students. It is used here in the First Class of French.

THE *Chronicle* has our thanks for sending us the Catalogue of the University of Michigan. The number of students attending the University has been, for the year 1869-70, one thousand one

hundred and twelve. The library opened to the students contains 25,000 volumes, exclusively of society libraries. The department of Natural History possesses very extensive collections of Minerals. The Geological, Zoölogical and Botanical collections are very rich in specimens both domestic and foreign. The departments of Fine Arts and History possess a gallery of casts, a gallery of reduction and models, a gallery of engravings and photographic views, medallions and paintings.

THE Catalogue of the University of Virginia shows an attendance of 464 students. The library of the university contains 35,000 volumes. From the catalogue reports the university of Virginia is in thriving condition. Its regulations are nearly similar to ours. Among its officers we notice a proctor and superintendent of grounds and building. This surely is an important office, especially if its occupant is a man of good taste, having some regard for the comfort of others—as no doubt is the case with the officer of the University of Virginia.

WIT.—Wit is the ammunition with which the devil stocks his arsenals. It always wounds, and often kills. The witty man is a moral assassin. Witticism has the relation to humor, that the growl of a bear has to the voice of a nightingale. As a rule, wit kills more from the breech than it wounds from the muzzle; but to be effective it must always be personal, and as personalities are necessarily offensive, they are sure signs of a heartless individual, and of an incurably vulgar mind. The grin of the witty man at the effect of his wit is about as expressive of intelligence as is the grimace of the monkey at the musical sound of its own chattering. "*Harper's Weekly*, a journal of civilization," is witty.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 25th regular meeting of this Association was held March 5th. At this meeting Master Kinkade presented himself as a candidate for admission, and after having read a very well-written composition on "Washington", he was unanimously elected a member. Then Master Dougherty read an essay on "Frugality and Avarice". The other essayists were Masters Foley and C. English. The above named were the principal ones at this meeting. The President then paid a well deserved tribute to the zeal and ability of Mr. D. J. Wile, Vice-President of the Historic Branch, after which the meeting adjourned.

The 26th regular meeting came off March 13th. At this meeting Master C. Burdel delivered a fine selection entitled "The Angles of Buena Vista." It was delivered with much grace and showed that the speaker understood what he was doing. Masters M. Mahony, W. Clarke, Scott Ashton, J. Kinkade, and B. F. Roberts also delivered their selections well. Several compositions were read by other members whose names I cannot remember. After a few remarks by the President, the meeting adjourned.

The 27th meeting (special) was held St. Patrick's evening, for the purpose of giving a chance to some of the members to display their Celtic eloquence. Amongst the members I may mention M. Mahony, who appeared to splendid advantage in two selections, viz.: "The Brigade at Fontenoy," and the "Celtic Tongue." It is unnecessary for me to mention here that Master Mahony possesses in a high degree genuine Celtic fire, and if properly moderated, which only time and experience can do, he will be a brilliant orator. Mr. McLaughlin, teacher of the "Indian Club Exer-

cise," was invited to entertain the Society by singing some very choice songs, which he did in good style, and gained rounds of applause. Mr. Hibbard, formerly an old and prominent member of the Association, was present, and spoke for some time on the advantages of being members of literary associations. He sat down amidst well deserved applause. Master Robert Staley being called on, sang two very choice selections, which were well received. The others who acquitted themselves well were W. Clarke, C. Burdel, B. F. Roberts, Scott Ashton, C. Ortmyer, D. Brown, J. Nash, F. Foley, and C. English. The entertainment seemed to be the most pleasing one of the year, and the members retired, well pleased that they had closed St. Patrick's day in such an agreeable manner.

The 28th regular meeting was held the 20th—Rev. Father Lemonnier presiding. At this meeting Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M., read, to the delight of all the members, a beautiful comedy from the French, entitled "Mr. Jordon", after which the debate—Resolved, that "Ambition is a Virtue"—was ably and warmly discussed—the speakers on the affirmative being Messrs. S. Ashton, J. Nash, C. Hutchings, P. Cochrane, J. Dougherty, M. Mahony, and C. Burdel; those on the negative being, D. Egan, W. C. Clarke, D. Brown, J. Foley, B. Roberts, and C. English. The speakers on either side were well prepared, and acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. Rev. Father Lemonnier then spoke at some length concerning the question of debate, and concluded by saying that Ambition when guided by true Religion, is then, and then only, a virtue. Prof. Stace made a few happy remarks on the subject. The President then summed up the arguments, and gave his decision in favor of the negative, after which the meeting adjourned.

D. EGAN, Cor. Sec.

Star of the West Baseball Club.

At the first regular meeting of this Club for the ensuing session, the following officers were elected:

Director—Brother Florentius.
President—W. B. Clarke.
Vice-President—S. Ashton.
Secretary—D. J. Wile.
Treasurer—C. English.
Censor—M. Nolan.
Field Captain 1st Nine—S. Dumm.
Field Captain 2d Nine—J. Thompson.

The members intend to hold their own this session, and endeavor to be the champions next June. The Club is in fine working condition, and numbers nineteen members.

M. MAHONEY, Sec'y pro tem.

Organization of the Young America Baseball Club.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We are again in the field. A meeting, for the purpose of organizing and re-electing officers, was held on March 27th, 1870, which resulted in the following officers being unanimously elected:

Director—Brother Florentius.
President—J. T. Foley.
Vice-President—C. Morgan.
Secretary—J. Rumely.
Corresponding Secretary—C. Ortmyer.
Treasurer—J. Kilcoin.
Field Captain 1st Nine—J. Kilcoin.
Field Captain 2d Nine—J. T. Foley.
Censor—C. Morgan.
Field Director—C. Ortmyer.

Yours respectfully,

COR. SEC'Y.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 30, 1870.

On the beautiful Feast of the Annunciation the following young ladies were received into the Society of the Children of Mary as full members:

Misses A. Locke, M. Shirland, J. Walker.

Misses M. Wood, M. Letourneau, M. Coffey, N. Moriarty, Z. Selby, as aspirants.

The ceremony took place in the chapel of Loreto, Very Rev. Father-General officiating.

TABLE OF HONOR (SR.)

March 20th: Misses M. Edwards, L. Bishop, L. McFarlane, M. Letourneau, A. Woods, M. McCall, M. Curran, C. Woods, J. Falvey, G. Kinsella, A. Jennings, L. Beaupre.

March 27th: Misses A. Mulhall, E. and A. Ewing, A. Cunnea, G. Arrington, A. Carmody, M. Cook, E. Kirwan, C. Bertrand, E. Price, B. Gardner, S. O'Brien.

The following "Honorable Mentions" were crowded out of the last number of the SCHOLASTIC.

Graduating Class: Misses A. and E. Ewing, A. Cunnea, Mulhall, J. Arrington, N. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, E. Kirwin, C. Davenport.

1st Senior Class: E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, H. Niel, G. Sturgis, B. Bryan, T. Messmore, M. Kirwin, B. O'Neil, A. Locke, K. Young, N. Moriarty, E. Webber, J. Brown, M. Shanks, M. Beam, L. English, M. Edwards.

Second Senior: M. Dillon, L. Marshall, M. Tuberty, J. Hogue, A. Hurst, K. Parks, M. Murphy, B. Gardner, M. Belanger, S. O'Brien, J. Forbes, N. Thompson, M. King.

3d Senior: M. Cochrane, K. Zell, K. O'Toole, M. Lassen, M. Doty, L. Hoyte, J. Kinsella, J. Walker, A. Jennings, M. Lang, M. Bucklin, B. Randall, C. Eason, E. and L. Conaty.

1st Preparatory: V. and J. Leoni, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, L. Dooley, A. Holeman, M. Burridge, E. Shea, E. Tibbitts.

2d Preparatory: M. Landgraff, M. Letourneau, E. Price, M. McBreen, I. Wilder, J. Davis, L. Price, K. Nelson, M. Walker, M. Bishop.

3d Preparatory: M. Coffey, J. Hoerber, M. O'Meara, L. Beaupre, L. Curran.

1st French: E. Ewing, E. Longsdorf, M. Sherland, F. Messmore, J. Brown, K. Carpenter, M. Doty.

2d French: M. Wood, H. Niel, J. Forbes, A. Hunt, M. Quan, B. O'Neil.

3d French: E. Lindsay, L. English, C. Foote, L. Chamberlain, A. Locke, M. Kirwin, K. Zell, A. Woods.

4th French: N. Moriarty, M. Murphy, M. Letourneau, M. and J. Kearney, A. Robson, L. Davis.

2d German: J. Hoerber, M. Lang, A. Jennings.

Penmanship: A. and E. Ewing, K. Young, A. Locke, A. Montgomery, M. Landgraff.

1st Drawing: L. Martin, E. Kerwin, M. Shanks, M. Lassen, A. Robson.

2d Drawing: B. Gardner, L. Marshall, M. Dillon, A. Woods, I. Wilder.

3d Drawing: J. Kearney, A. Byrne, F. Butters, E. Forrestal, M. O'Meara, M. McNamara.

Water Color Painting: K. Young, K. Robinson, L. Martin, E. Kerwan, E. Henry.

Oil Painting: M. Cook, M. Beam, L. Chamberlain, N. Cunnea.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class: Misses A. Mulhall, A. and E. Ewing, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand,

M. Cook, E. Kirwan, C. Davenport, M. Walton, J. Arrington.

1st Senior: Misses E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, H. Niel, F. Messmore, M. Kirwan, B. O'Neil, A. Locke, K. Young, N. Moriarty, E. Webber, J. Brown, M. Shanke, L. Chamberlain, M. Beam, L. English.

2d Senior: Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, E. Henry, M. Toberty, M. Shirland, J. Hoyne, L. Ramsdill, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, L. McMahon, K. Parks, M. Murphy, B. Gardner, S. O'Brien, J. Forbes, N. Thomson, M. King.

3d Senior: Misses A. Mast, K. Zell, M. Foote, K. O'Toole, M. Lasson, M. Cody, L. Quaily, J. Walker, M. Lange, G. Hurst, M. Bucklin, B. Randal, C. Eason, E. and L. Conatz, A. Borup.

1st Preparatory: Misses P. and J. Leoni, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, S. Carver, F. Smith, F. and C. Sharp, L. Dooly, A. Holman, M. Stokes, E. Shea, A. Spencer.

2d Preparatory: Misses M. Landgraff, M. Carpenter, M. Wicker, E. Price, F. and R. Fox, C. Conatz, I. Wilder, J. Davis, A. Hays, M. Lacy, L. Pierce, R. Nelson, M. Walker.

3d Preparatory: Misses M. Coffey, J. Hoerber. March 27th.—Graduating Class: Miss C. Davenport.

1st Senior: Misses E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, H. Neil, F. Sturgis, F. Messmore, M. Kirwan, B. O'Neil, A. Locke, K. Young, N. Moriarty, E. Webber, J. Brown, M. Beam, L. English, M. Edwards, A. Rhinehart.

2d Senior: Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, M. Toberty, M. Shirland, J. Hoyne, M. Kellogg, K. Parks, M. Murphy, J. Forbes, N. Thomson, A. Shanke.

3d Senior: Misses K. Zell, K. and M. O'Toole, M. Lasson, M. Doty, J. D'Arcy, J. Walker, A. Jennings, M. Lange, M. Bucklin, B. Randall, C. Eason, E. and L. Conatz, A. Borup, M. Bahm.

1st Preparatory: Misses J. and P. Leoni, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, F. Smith, F. and C. Sharp, L. Dooly, A. Holman, M. Stocker, M. Ford, F. Shea, G. Spencer.

2d Preparatory: Misses M. Landgraff, M. Letourneau, M. Carpenter, L. McFarlane, R. Fox, C. Conatz, J. Falvey, M. McBreen, I. Wilder, J. Davis, A. Hayes, M. Lacy, L. Bishop, M. McCall.

3d Preparatory: Misses M. Coffey, J. Hoerber, L. Curran.

1st French: Misses E. Landgraff, E. Ewing, J. Brown, M. Doty, A. Mulhall, C. Bertrand, K. Carpenter.

2d French: Misses M. Wood, H. Niel, N. Gross, G. Hurst, A. Hurst, A. Clark, J. Forbes.

3d French: Misses E. Lindsay, J. Hoyne, L. English, A. Rhinehart, M. Kirwan.

4th French: Misses J. Kearney, N. Moriarty, M. Murphy, M. Letourneau.

1st German: Misses L. English, M. Kreutzer. 2d German: Misses J. Hoerber, A. Rhinehart, A. Jennings, M. Lange.

Vocal Music: Misses A. Locke, K. McMahon, M. and J. Kearney, A. Woods, A. Robson, C. Coles, J. Hoyne, A. Carmody, A. Hurst, L. English, C. Bertrand, J. Brown.

Instrumental Music—1st Class: Miss C. Davenport, C. Foote, A. Mulhall.

2d Div.: Misses A. Montgomery, A. Ewing, M. Kirwin, J. Walker.

2d Class: Misses N. Thompson, J. Brown, G. Arrington, M. Walton.

2d Div.: Misses K. Parks, A. Carmody, H. Niel, L. Kellogg.

3d Class: Misses F. Sharp, C. Sharp, J. Hurst, M. Lasson, A. Hurst.

2d Div.: Misses M. Shanks, J. D'Arcy, B. O'Neil, M. Doty.

4th Class: Misses S. Hoyne, E. Lindsay, J. Murphy, A. Sturgis.

2d Div.: Miss J. Kearney, A. Rhinehart, L. Thompson.

5th Class: Misses C. Eason, A. Cunnea, A. Woods, L. McNamara, K. Zell, L. Bishop, M. Kreutzer.

2d Div.: Misses B. Cable, F. Smith, M. Corcoran, L. McFarlane, B. Frensdorf, B. Cable, F. Smith, M. Corcoran.

6th Class: Misses M. Landgraff, E. Conatz, L. Marshall.

2d Div.: Misses M. Quan, R. Fox, R. Leoni, K. Hutchinson, J. Leoni, A. Clark, A. Byrnes, M. Quan.

7th Class: Misses C. Conaty, H. Conaty, A. Hayes, — Beam, R. Nelson, A. Hollman.

8th Class: Misses M. Price, E. Price, S. Clarke, A. McKernan, F. Taylor, H. Hunt.

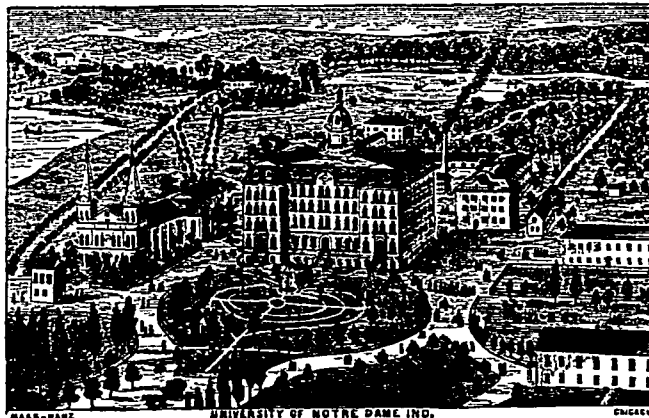
9th Class: Misses N. O'Meara, B. Quan, N. O'Meara, K. Canoth.

Harp: Misses M. Shirland, C. Davenport.

Exercises: Misses M. Kirwan, C. Foote, H. Niel, K. Carpenter, M. Borup, J. Walker, M. Walton, L. Davis, L. Kellogg, M. Lasson, S. O'Brien, L. English, M. Edwards, L. Chamberlain, N. Burridge, A. Carmody, A. Montgomery, C. Foote, M. Shirland.

University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Founded in 1842.
This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.



Chartered in 1844.
Situating near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee.....	\$ 5 00	Use of Piano.....	10 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek included); Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per Session of five months.....	150 00	Use of Violin.....	2 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Irish, each.....	10 00	Drawing.....	15 00
Instrumental Music.....	12 50	Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus.....	5 00
Payments to be made invariably in advance. The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the second on the 1st of February. For further particulars, address		Graduation Fee.... Com'l, \$5; Sc. \$8; Cla. 10 00	
		Students who spend their Summer vacation at the College are charged, extra.....	35 00
		Class Books, Stationery, etc., at current prices.	

Rev. W. COBBY S. S. O., President.

Lake-Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14th, 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.
" "	12.3 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.

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

H. BROWN, Ag't, South Bend.

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

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

DEPOT—Corner Van Buren and Sherman streets. Ticket Office—37 South Clarke street.

Pacific Day Express, 10.00 a. m. b 4.00 p. m. | Penn Accommodation, * 4.30 p. m. * 9.50 a. m.
Pacific Night Express a 11.00 p. m. 7.00 a. m.

An elegant parlor sleeping-car is attached to the 10 A. M. train, running through to Council Bluffs and Omaha.

* Sunday excepted. b Monday excepted. a Saturday excepted.

J. F. TRACY, President.

H. RIDDLE, Gen'l Sup't.

A. M. SMITH, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

Crossing for Lafayette, Indianapolis, and Cincinnati.

GOING SOUTH.

10.46 a. m. 7.30 p. m. Ac. Freight, 4.50 a. m.

GOING NORTH.

3.22 a. m. 7.19 p. m. Ac. Freight, 4.45 p. m.

Trains are five minutes faster than Chicago time.

M. SLOAT, Manager and Gen'l Sup't, New Albany.