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## How David Copperfield Learned Short-hand.

The first subject on which I had to consult Traddles was this. I had heard that many men, distinguished in various pursuits, had begun life by reporting the debates in Parliament. Traddles having mentioned newspapers to me as one of his hopes, I had put the two things together, and told him in my letter that I wished to know how I could qualify myself for this pursuit. Traddles now informed me, as the result of his inquiries, that the mere mechanical acquisition necessary, except in rare cases, for thorough excellence in it,—that is to say a perfect and entire command of the mystery of short-hand writing and reading,—was about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages; and that it might perhaps be attained, by dint of perseverance, in the course of a few years. Traddles reasonably supposed that this would settle the business; but I, only feeling that here indeed were a few tall trees to be hewn down, immediately resolved to work my way on to Dora through this thicket, ax in hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Traddles!" said I. "I'll begin to-morrow." Traddles looked astonished, as he well might; but he had no notion as yet of my rapturous condition.

"I'll buy a book," said I, "with a good scheme of this art in it; I'll work at it at the Commons, where I haven't half enough to do; I'll take down the speeches in our court for practice;—Traddles, my dear fellow, I'll master it!"

"Dear me," said Traddles, opening his eyes, "I had no idea you were such a determined character, Copperfield!"

I did not allow my resolution, with respect to the Parliamentary Debates, to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot, and hammered at with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of Stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence) and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction.

The changes that were wrung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in the wrong place; not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian Temple in itself, then there appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cob-web meant expectation, and that a pen-and-ink skyrocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot

them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

It might have been quite heart-breaking but for Dora, who was the stay and anchor of my tempest-driven bark. Every scratch in the scheme was a gnarled oak in the forest of difficulty, and I went on cutting them down, one after another, with such vigor that in three or four months I was in a condition to make an experiment on one of our crack speakers in the Commons. Shall I ever forget how the crack speaker walked off from me before I began, and left my imbecile pencil staggering about the paper as if it were in a fit!

This would not do, it was quite clear. I was flying too high, and should never get on; so I resorted to Traddles for advice, who suggested that he should dictate speeches to me at a pace, and with occasional stoppages, adapted to my weakness. Very grateful for this friendly aid, I accepted the proposal; and night after night, almost every night, for a long time, we had a sort of private Parliament in Buckingham street, after I came home from the Doctor's.

I should like to see such a Parliament anywhere else? My aunt and Mr. Dick represented the Government, or the Opposition (as the case might be), and Traddles, with the assistance of Enfield's Speaker, or a volume of Parliamentary Orations, thundered astonishing invectives against them. Standing by the table, with his finger in the page to keep the place, and his right arm flourishing above his head, Traddles, as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Burke, Lord Castle-reagh, Viscount Sidmouth, or Daniel O'Connell, would work himself into the most violent heats, and deliver the most withering denunciations of the profligacy and corruption of my aunt and Mr. Dick; while I used to sit at a little distance with my note-book on my knee, fagging after him with all my might and main. The inconsistency and recklessness of Traddles were not to be exceeded by any real politician. He was for any description of policy, in the compass of a week; and nailed all sorts of colors to every denomination of mast. My aunt, looking very much like an immovable Chancellor of the Exchequer, would occasionally throw in an interruption or two, as "Hear!" or "No!" or "Oh!" when the text seemed to require it, which was always a sequel to Mr. Dick (a perfect country gentleman) to follow lustily with the same cry. But Mr. Dick got taxed with such things in the course of his Parliamentary career, and was made responsible for such awful consequences, that he became uncomfortable in his mind sometimes. I believe he actually began to be afraid he really had been doing something tending to the annihilation of the British Constitution and the ruin of the country.

Often and often we pursued these debates until the clock pointed to midnight, and the candles were burning down. The result of so much good practice was, that by-and-by I began to keep pace with Traddles pretty well, and should have

been quite triumphant if I had had the least idea what my notes were about. But as to reading them after I had got them, I might as well have copied the Chinese inscriptions on an immense collection of tea-chests, or the golden characters on all the great red and green bottles in the chemists' shops!

There was nothing for it but to turn back and begin all over again. It was very hard; but I turned back, though with a heavy heart, and began laboriously and methodically to plod over the same tedious ground at a snail's pace, stopping to examine minutely every speck in the way on all sides, and making the most desperate efforts to know these illusive characters by sight wherever I met them, and really did work; as the common expression is, like a cart-horse!

... I have tamed that savage short-hand myself. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper. Night after night I record predictions that never come to pass; professions that are never fulfilled; explanations that are only meant to mystify. I wallow in words. Britania, that unfortunate female, is always before me like a trussed fowl, skewered through and through with office-pens, and bound hand and foot with red tape. I am sufficiently behind the scenes to know the worth of political life. I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted.

My dear Traddles has tried his hand at the same pursuit, but it is not in Traddles' way. He is perfectly good-humored about his failure, and reminds me that he always did consider himself slow.—*Dickens.*

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

## Common-Sense and Short-Hand.

There is probably no subject of equal importance and that is so frequently brought to the attention of the public, about which so much popular ignorance and misapprehension exists, as that of Stenography or Short-hand; the prevalent belief being that it is a system of writing in which an innumerable number of brief arbitrary characters are used,—one, in fact, being assigned to each word in the language, as well as to each phrase or group of words that may be of frequent recurrence. And so it is commonly supposed, too, that a Stenographer, or Short-hand writer, is a person endowed with peculiar natural gifts and possessed of a prodigious memory and a most dogged and persistent perseverance, who has, after years of frightful toil, mastered this mass of hieroglyphics, and got them at his very finger's ends.\* And this notion, absurd as it is when made a matter of reflection, has even found its

\* In proof of which, read the sketch by Dickens.

way into all our dictionaries, where they have given us definitions of these words that are not only inaccurate but wholly and radically false. The system of short-hand that has been, we may say, universally adopted in this country, is Phonography, and therefore we need mention no other while speaking of the general subject of Short-hand. To show how far from the truth this accepted idea of Stenography is, we have only to give a general statement of its *real* nature.

Phonography, instead of being an incomprehensible, arbitrary system, is really much more entitled to be called *alphabetic* than the common long-hand; because, being entirely phonetic, it does perfectly and fully that which is attempted to be performed by the ordinary long-hand alphabet, but which it fails to do from not having enough signs, characters, or letters—it matters not what you call them—namely, the representing of each of the forty sounds of the language by a sign of its own, so that writing shall be to the eye exactly what speech is to the ear.

In the English language there are twenty-four consonant sounds; so Phonography represents them with twenty-four signs, instead of eighteen, as in the long-hand alphabet—omitting the duplicate letters, c, g, and x. There are also some twelve distinct simple vowel-sounds, and four diphthongs or double vowels; and for each of these sixteen, too, Phonography has a distinct representative, instead of cruelly torturing the miserable little quintet, *a e i o u*, into performing the entire service.

The public seem to be in a pretty general muddle about these simple facts, and the meaning of the terms "phonetic," "phonographic," "sound-writing," "writing by sound," etc. And even that distinguished gentleman, our present U. S. Attorney-General, appears to have fallen into the ordinary errors on the subject, as is shown by his examination of the stenographers who were called on the trial to swear to their reports of certain of President Johnson's speeches. On the cross-examination, the printed official report shows the following questions and answers to have been given:

Q. You have produced a note-book of an original stenographic report of a speech of the President?

A. Yes sir.

Q. By what method of stenographic reporting did you proceed on that occasion?

A. Phonography.

Q. Which is, as I understand, reporting by sound, and not by sense?

A. We report the sense by the sound.

Q. I understand you report by sound wholly?

A. Signs.

Q. And not by memory of, or attention to sense?

A. No good reporter can report, unless he always pays attention and understands the sense of what he is reporting.

Q. That is the very point I wish to arrive at; whether you are attending to the sound and setting it down in your notation, or whether you are attending to the sense and setting it down from your memory or attention to the sense?

A. Both.

Q. Both at the same time?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Your characters are arbitrary, are they not; that is, they are peculiar to your art?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. They are not letters?

A. No, sir.

Q. Nor words?

A. We have word-signs.

Q. But generally sound-signs?

A. We have signs for sounds, just as the letters of the alphabet represent sounds.

Now, we believe that if Mr. Evarts were called upon to explain what he meant by these questions, he would be very much puzzled to give an answer. If he meant anything, he meant that, according to his understanding of the subject, it makes no difference to a phonographic reporter whether he is taking notes of a Chinese gong, a clap of thunder, the noise of a park of artillery, an Indian 'pow-wow, a discourse in Arabic, or a speech of Webster! Had the learned counsel shown such a want of knowledge of the principles of chemistry or of mechanics, as he did of short-hand, he never would have heard the last of it. We should be a little careful how we talk of the "Dark Ages," or smile at, and pity the ignorance of our ancestors because they could not read, and made their marks with their sword-pommels; for we, too, may need a little indulgence from our posterity. Once it was fashionable to know nothing of long-hand; now it does not injure\* a man's reputation for learning, to be ignorant of short-hand.—*Munson*.

The best book from which to learn Phonography is Munson's "Complete Phonographer;" price \$2 00 post paid, from R. L. Dugdale, 270 Bleeker St., New York. Coz.

\* Though it should!—Coz.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

#### A Pen-and-Ink Picture.

On the floor was baby lying,  
Tired of laughing, tired of crying,—  
Tired of playthings, one and all,  
Rattle, bugle, drum and ball.  
Hark! a voice he knows full well,  
Whose lisping accents haste to tell  
Of "gooddy" for Ma's darling boy,  
Who hails the news with eager joy.  
He tries to stand, the little elf!  
And walk, and talk, and help himself!  
While by his looks he seems to say:  
"I'll not require Ma's aid to-day."  
Ma reads the book, as mothers can,—  
Already sees her boy a man;  
Gives freely up both spoon and cup,  
And sits apart to watch him sup.  
Now Tab and Tip sat crouching by,  
And watched him with a wat'ry eye—  
Craving, we may suppose, a share  
Of lucky baby's dainty fare.  
Miss Tab was hungry, thirsty Tip,  
And hank'ring both for bit or sip.  
Bold Tip determines to advance,  
While Pussy calmly waits her chance  
To capture and devour the game  
While others struggle for the same.  
Our "cherub's" eyes were opened wide  
And kept strict watch on every side,  
In fix'd resolve, as heroes say,  
To lose his life or win the day!  
Full soon a comic scene ensues  
Well worthy of the tragic (?) Muse.  
O'er-anxious for the coming test  
The babe with teeth together press'd,  
His prize with firmer grasp doth hold  
Than miser clutches shining gold.  
Thus on the floor the baby sat,  
With Master Dog and Mistress Cat  
Waiting a chance to show their skill  
At ancient game of "Jack and Jill."  
With flashing eye and brandished spoon,  
Fully determined to bring down  
Upon the head of dog or cat  
A blow as stunning and as pat  
As smith's upon the anvil, or  
Those struck by sword in bloody war,  
The young Goliath stood at bay  
Till Tip, advancing to the fray,  
Received a snout-destroying blow;  
While cautious Tab, being far from slow,  
To profit by poor Tip's ill luck,  
Made straightway for the baby's cup,  
Plunged in her head quite to the ears,  
Regardless of his cries and tears,  
And struggles to regain the cup.  
The fight results in dashing up  
The bread-and-milk-and-jugared mess

Of "gooddy" into baby's face!  
Bang goes the cup and spoon, like *that*,  
Fast followed by the dog and cat.  
As Ma sat laughing at her boy  
Her mirth gave way to tears of joy,  
While from his face and curly head  
She washes off the milk and bread,  
With soothing words of "Darling boy!  
Papa's fond pet and Mamma's joy!"

JOSEPH.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

#### Equality.

Essay read before the Philodemic Association of Notre Dame University, March 29th, 1870.

All men are created equal.—*Declaration of Independence*.

Cum omnes homines sint naturā æquales.—*Manier, Ethics*.

Quia omnes homines naturā sunt pares.—*Boylesee*.

The truth thus uttered by these respectable authorities has been familiar to us all from our earliest years. It is one of our principles of thought and speech, as well as of action, and some appear to consider it the fundamental rock on which our whole social edifice is built. Might it not be now an agreeable novelty to take a view of the other side?—to consider for a moment those things in which men are unequal? This will perhaps be found not merely an amusing mental exercise, but may aid in developing some useful principles, and may put us on our guard against building too much on one foundation, unquestionably solid though it be.

Modern science is analytic. Let us take an analytic view of man, and consider him separately: is to his body; as to his soul; as to the union subsisting between them; as to his social character; and finally as he stands under the workings of human law and government.

In the corporeal view of humanity, we can find little ground for the assertion that all men are equal. Taking any two men at random, they will be found unequal:—in size, in weight, in height, in strength, in health, in symmetry of form, and in everything that can be the subject of comparison. This fact is so obvious and undeniable that no one ever pretends to place the seat of human equality in the body, and we should not advert to it at all, but that it is the outward symbol of the inequality which exists in the soul.

Yes; it is inequality in the spiritual essence that makes the difference between man and man. The very schoolboy recognizes superiority of intellect in his comrade, and reverences it in him. He admires in one the excellent memory that enables him to commit whole pages while another would be learning a single paragraph. In another he admires the judgment and tact that has surpassed all others in the solution of some difficult problem. In another, the imagination that enables him to excel in composition. Or in some favored one the combination of faculties which has rendered him conspicuous as the head of the whole school. To tell him that all men are equal in mind, would be to tell him a more glaring untruth than that they are all equal in body.

Let us recall to our thoughts the image of those men, some of them by birth in the humblest social grade—Homer—Euclid—Socrates—Aristotle—who flourished ages ago, and whose minds have yet left an impress on the world's history that can never be forgotten.

Some pretend to say that all minds would be equal, if education were equally distributed. Why, it is precisely education that develops this unequal-

ity and renders it conspicuous. Among a race of savages, there may at first sight be some apparent equality of mind, where all are equally besotted and degraded. But let their children be educated, and inequalities of mind will at once show themselves, and these will increase as education advances. The "drawing out" of education is never more conspicuous than in this. Two pieces of elastic band, while they be unstretched, may appear of equal length, but draw them out and you make their inequality evident.

There are some who would make a distinction between mind and soul, and who would say that if minds are unequal, souls at least are equal. Without speaking of divine grace, the true life of the soul, it is evident that some souls are by nature much more ready to receive grace than others. Some we see like St. Martin, giving the half of their cloak to a needy neighbor, even before receiving the sacrament of regeneration; others, like St. Augustine, appear to resist divine grace and parental tenderness for years. As for the future state of the soul, we cannot expect equality there. Perfect contentment—perfect freedom from jealousy or rivalry; but no equality. As star differeth from star in glory so shall it be with the souls of the just. A fair attention to the subject, and the use of the ample means which modern science has placed within our reach, will convince any observer that no two stars are exactly alike in size, color, or splendor. This inequality of souls and of eternal destinies must have been increased by the coming of our Saviour. When the breath of heaven moves upon the sea, the even surface is broken into ripples, waves and crested surges; but when the whirlwind raises a column of water to meet a descending column from heaven above, the inequality is much more evident. The immaculate soul which forms the summit of the ascending column, not only rises herself, but draws a mountain of other souls above the sea level, some higher, some lower down, as they are nearer or farther from the summit. But, not to dwell longer on so high a theme, let it suffice to say that those who look for equality in the spiritual part of man, will look for it in vain.

Though man consist of soul and body, a soul and a body, even though they belong to the same person, do not necessarily constitute the whole of man. To illustrate this, imagine yourself in a lonely dungeon, a prey to all the horrors of solitary darksome confinement. The company, were it only of a young child or of a harmless idiot, would afford you a certain amount of relief, but the presence of a corpse would only aggravate your tortures, and the certainty that the disembodied spirit was hovering near would scarcely alleviate them. The union, then, of body and soul, is necessary to complete the man. Let us see if in this union there is perfect equality. Let us see whether all men possess it in an equal degree. What must we think of the perfect command of muscle and of nerve which some possess, to the extent that no action of theirs seems involuntary, compared with the half-alive state, or absent-mindedness, of others? And whence arises the superior vitality of some men, and the valetudinarian state in which others pass their lives? The longevity of some and the early death of others? Are all men equal in any of these things?

Besides the intrinsic qualities of the soul and body, there is an exterior by which the social man is known to his fellows. Supposing two men equally capable of writing a learned philosophical work, and that only one of them actually writes the work, this one it is who is the philosopher before the world, while the other may live and die unknown to fame. Supposing on the other hand, two men equally capable of committing murder,

while to one only is the occasion presented; this one is known as the murderer, while the other lives and dies unsuspected, and perhaps even unsuspecting the iniquity of his own heart. It is our outward acts that reveal to us what we are as well as to our fellows. Sometimes a single act—when it is one either of great heroism or of great enormity—stamps a man with the character by which he is known to society. Ordinarily, however, a continued succession of acts, forming what is called a habit, is required. But is this social character, whether formed by a single exploit or by a habit, or habits, equal in all men? Is it even equal in any two men?

It has been said that all men are equal before the law. Let us suppose that the law were all that it could be desired to be; and that its administrators were men of perfect impartiality. Our idea of impartiality is that each crime be visited with an assigned punishment, irrespective of the person committing the crime. Let us suppose two young men convicted of the same crime, and sentenced alike to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. One of these young men is of idle and disorderly habits. He has squandered the time of his youth without doing or learning anything profitable. He has no object in life beyond the mere pleasure of the hour, and nothing before him but a dishonorable and lonely old age. What will be the effect of the punishment on this man? He will learn a useful trade, and have practical experience of what is meant by regular habits. He may profit by this and when his term of punishment has expired, become a useful member of society. At all events, he will lose nothing, for he has nothing to lose; and he may gain a great deal. Let us suppose that the other young man, condemned to the same penalty, is at the opening of a promising career, possessed of a good and liberal education, surrounded by honorable friends, engaged in a useful and noble calling, and already occupying a respectable standing in society. See him obliged to leave all this, cut off from all intellectual and refined pleasure, forced to occupy himself in some uncongenial manual labor, and galled by a constant sense that when he returns to the world his former brilliant career will be forever closed against him. What demons of despair and agony must be the companions of his lonely hours! And yet you would say that the punishment of these two young men is equal—can be equal—that the law can be impartial! Think a little, and you will see that no two punishments are exactly equal, that no two crimes are exactly equal, and that human law, impartial as it can be made and necessary as it undoubtedly is, must be ever imperfect, for it cannot reach that which He who created the human heart only knows.

Here are five respects in which men are all unequal. In what sense are they equal? The answer is upon every tongue. We are all equal before God.

(Conclusion next issue.)

SOME years ago an emigrant ship arrived off the Battery in New York harbor, and anchored near by the old North Carolina, which punctually fired off a gun at sunset each day. On hearing the report of the gun, for the first time, an Irishman on board the emigrant vessel turned to a sailor, and said in astonishment:

"Arrah! thin what's that?"

"That's sunset, you greeny," said the sailor.

"Great Moses!" exclaimed Paddy, "an' diz the sun go down with such a clap as that in this country!"

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### A Poem with a Long Preface.

BY LARRY DOOLAN.

I look upon poetry as one of the greatest inventions of modern science. The facility with which everybody writes poetry, in this age of enlightenment and progress, is only equaled by the amount which everybody writes. The consumption of poetry must have been very limited among the ancients, for I notice that they never employed more than "nine" persons, called Muses, in the most prosperous manufacturing establishments of this article; while, on the contrary, in modern times nine times nine Muses couldn't supply enough for the quantity used up in one volume of the smallest college-paper I ever saw. This is encouraging. Now I am a humble individual, and a single one, too; and hence it seems to me, as I can't mend the Constitution, I ought to make a poem. I feel as if I had a mission to do something. I was born at an early age, and when my venerable grandmother saw me, for the first time, she said I had a strong resemblance, and was destined to do something. When I was a year in this world, she told me that it was customary to make presents on one's birth-day, so she gave me a spanking. I never liked such customs. From the time of my first birth-day to the present, I have continued to exhibit decided symptoms of my prophesied ability to do something. Doing something was always one of my prominent virtues. The first thing of note I did was to put the old cat into the stove-oven. There was a turkey roasting in it at the same time, but oddly enough old Tom didn't seem to like it. I always heard that cats liked fowl. I think now that there may be circumstances under which they wouldn't eat turkey. The next remarkable thing I did was to fill a coffee-pot with fire crackers, and tie it to the dog's tail, and then set them off. Jerusalem! how the dog, the fire crackers, and the coffee-pot did fly through the house from basement to garret, and upset the cook's calculations for a grand dinner on that Fourth of July! How my grandmother stared over her spectacles, and said that I'd never die until I'd do something! About this time they began to find out that I had a tendency to literature, because I literally devoured my books. "He's a genius," says my grandfather. "He's worse than that, and he'll never die till he does something," says my grandmother. They all held a council, and concluded the best thing they could do would be to hand me over to the care of a distant relation equally famed for his piety and learning. He was a Deacon, and never preached but on set occasions, as at the marriages, or the deaths of rich people. To preserve the dignity of religion, he always made it a point that no persons unless those who dwelt on the fashionable avenues in the city, or who came in carriages, should be allowed to see him. "Beloved Brethren," he would say in his sermons, "you see before you a prince in the House." This was to give us all a proper idea of his personal dignity. Having a proper idea of his personal dignity is one of my prominent virtues. His favorite text was: "Owe no man anything." This he carried out to the letter when any man owed himself; but when it was the other way he thought it was a special prerogative of a "prince in Israel" to reverse the text, especially in the case of a poor man, and let him wait for pay in the world to come! I have sometimes thought that the world to come shall have pretty large accounts to settle in the name of a few of its "princes in the House." His theoretic sermons on Poverty, which he always qualified with the adjective holy, were positively heart-melting. "You see me," he would say, "riding in a magnificent

carriage bearing a lordly coat of arms, yet all these luxuries in which you see me indulge, I regard as the veriest trifles, and use them to show my contempt for them!" On private and confidential occasions he would say to me: "My dear Larry, how happy you must feel to be poor! I know you complain because I don't pay you that little trifle of twelve hundred dollars I owe you, and for which you certainly worked very hard; but then I keep it from you for your good, for if you got it your vanity might prompt you to spend it in purchasing gold chains, and gold studs for your shirts, in the same way that I am compelled to purchase and wear these things myself and live luxuriously for the sheer sake of poverty and humility. The world, moreover, doesn't take notice of the like of you, while it requires of me, in support of my dignity to spend thousands of dollars in visiting fashionable watering-places, and in going to Europe. Besides, when you come right down to the point, I think you are positively impudent in making any demand at all, for wasn't it my agents who employed you to do the very work on which your contemptible claim rests, and therefore I do not really owe you this sum? I can't deny, of course, that you rendered those services on my premises, but my agents ought to pay you, if they be honest men, for don't they know that defrauding the laborer of his wages is one of the sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance?"

Now, I suppose this logic is all right if a fellow could only understand it, but I'll be blessed if I ever could get it into my head, nor into that of any other ordinary person. I tried it on my tailor, on my boot-maker, and on my boarding mistress, but they shook their heads mournfully, and seriously thought of having me committed to the paternal branch of Chancery, which deals with "persons of unsound mind." Greenbacks they wanted, and greenbacks they would have in spite of the reasoning of my distant relation, famed for his piety and learning. Maybe it's because they were ignorant they acted so. Sure enough, it often puzzles myself to comprehend the princely way which the Deacon had of humbling my vanity, and of keeping his own poverty and humility within bounds. His way of paying his debts though, beats the dickens! It has certainly beaten me.

All this is supposed to be a preface to my new poem. There's a great advantage in a preface. It serves as a key to open the door to the author's meaning. This is often necessary: for a great many persons frequently write what a great many persons cannot understand without explanation. I feel that I was born to be a sentimental poet, and therefore I have chosen for my subject a description of *Le Petit Maître*, as my French teacher, Monsieur McFinnigan, used to say when wallowing me for humming the *Irish Jaunting-car* at the wrong time, in school. He took a great pride in showing off his Parisian accent, and therefore he would say with great dignity, when I was doing nothing at all: "*Mounseer Doolan*, its phisthlin' the Jauntin'-car you are again, is it?" To admit, or deny, was all the same, so I'd say nothing, and take a thrashing. This is the end of my preface. What follows is my poem as translated from the French by an Irishman:

#### THE MODERN POP.

Of all the things this wond'ring world has seen,  
None can compare with modern fops, I ween.  
In human forms they mingle with the throng,  
And with the human current roll along;  
Their phantom forms with flimsy fashions change,  
And, Nature's laws, a tailor's hands derange!  
Apparent men, with pillar'd thoughts they talk,  
And boldly dare with *real* men to walk.  
Pan's self, capricious god, would laugh to see  
A flock so odd, or frightened from them flee:  
His sylvan fauns would all but die from fear,

And distant dwell, nor in their sight appear.  
While he of old, whose sides with laughter shook,  
Would, o'er such forms, with tears convulse a brook;  
And that moist eye, whose never ending wave  
In pity gushed, man's many stains to lave,  
Would close its flooding fount and flame with joy  
To see such beings—neither man nor boy!  
What nondescripts! Not pen nor word can tell  
From what chaotic primal source they fell.  
What fear hath op'd that womb! What omens dread!  
Whence they have nameless, brainless, formless fled!  
Astounded reason seeks, but seeks in vain,  
To find a parent for this mongrel train.  
All nature's works we learn by special name;  
But these, by long descriptions, how they came.  
Now as I know, so shall I one describe;  
From one know all: I mean no jest nor jibe.  
(One must describe the things he can't define;  
For shadows, though not men, have still a line.)  
Think not, dear reader, I mean this for you,—  
The absent one, for him it is a clue.  
Just seize the mystic thread, and follow out;  
Soon shall it free your mind from mazy doubt:  
But should you chance to find him hence,—point not,  
Lest by my signs yourself, as one, be caught.  
Around his finger plays a slender cane,  
While dainty dallies dances in his brain;  
And all so vast the void in fashion's trim,  
His head scarce bears a "plug" without a brim.  
A massive chain of counterfeited gold  
Adorns and decks his breeches' vacant fold,  
Which laps around, and laps and laps again,  
An art-made form, of nothing, primly vain.  
His parted locks are plumed with daily care,  
Till nature's red is turned to raven hair,  
And geese are killed to grease the gosling's head,  
Whence all, alas! but feathers, long have fled.  
His tiny digits bend with monstrous rings  
Presenting forms of oddly wondrous things:  
Long bushy curls conceal a lifeless eye,  
Or dare, in learned tufts, the distant sky.  
His optic glass displays his stock of lore,  
As windows oft contain the merchant's store.  
His feet so long, in boots so pinching short,  
That these, in wearing, ever those distort.  
He's but a walking sign for every trade,  
From tailor's goose to barber's tongs and blade.

P. S.—As I was about to make four more lines for this poem, I received a dispatch from Washington informing me that I was appointed an *attaché* of our embassy at Peking, and that I must repair thither without delay. Before departing, however, I wish to say that if any one will take this, my poetic picture, and pass up or down Broadway, he shall experience little difficulty in recognizing "The Modern Pop," on any fine day, on that famous thoroughfare. The picture was taken from life, and was exhibited, minus a few late touches, about six years ago in that most excellent weekly paper, the *New York Tablet*. During my absence, which may be forever, Mr. Solomon Job Snobsaw will take my place on the editorial staff of the SCHOLASTIC. He is rather lazy, and, I think, won't do much. He is envious of the justly-acquired popularity of "My room and something else," and therefore wishes me to announce that he will make his editorial *début* with: "Our family and nothing else." Very well, Mr. Snobsaw, if my distant relation, the Deacon, or his agents, only pay me that trifle of twelve hundred dollars, I won't care a cuss for you, or your family. Mind that, now! Unless prevented by press of official duties, I'll write *interesting* letters to the SCHOLASTIC about Chinese manners and politics, and especially about their world-famed association known everywhere as "The Celestial Fraternity of Growlers." In the mean time let all communications—except those of my creditors, which won't be noticed—be addressed: "To the Hon. Larry Doolan, first *attaché* of U. S. Legation, Hotel of the Nine Moons, Peking, in the Celestial Empire of China."

THE opening of the month of May was appropriately celebrated to-day; particulars of the ceremony will appear in our next issue.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL returned Friday, 29th inst., from Cincinnati, where he attended the ceremonies of the consecration of Right Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

#### "Our Boys" Again!

If travelers do not lie, as they are said to do occasionally, on the borders of the Dead Sea, and near the site of "the accursed city of the Plain," is found a peculiar specimen of the "genus" apple; fair and pleasing to the eye, it is hastily plucked by the eager hand, and quickly transferred to the mouth, whence, Bah! it is as quickly ejected, a mingled mass of gall and ashes: such is the physical apple; now for the figurative—

PATER has a son, the hope of his house and the prop of his declining years, whom he fondly loves, for whom alone he lives and toils, and for whose happiness he would gladly lay down his life and die; that he may be learned, wise, and good, Pater sends him to college, paying out fabulous piles of "greenbacks" for his schooling, books and clothing:—years pass, and Filius, owing to his well-cultivated pride, conceit and laziness, returns—a dunce! "Ah-ple! ah-ple!" poor Pater!

SKOLAS has a jolly time of it, reading patent Dime Novels, dozing, dreaming, building lofty castles in the air, and frittering away his time in severely doing—nothing; while those whom he styles "plodding fools" are toiling at their daily tasks; vacation draws near—the examinations take place—the exhibition is over—the "plodders" issue from the contest victorious, and return to their homes laden with premiums, while Skolas is disgraced, and returns to the paternal mansion empty-handed, scowling like a tiger and sadly sighing to himself, "Home-ah?" yes, and alas, "Pom-a! pom-a!"

NIMROD, with gun in hand, and "thoughts on duck intent," creeps through bushes and briars with stealthy step—the lake gleams before him, and on its placid surface thousands of "canvasbacks" are holding high carnival. Hush! with finger on lips and look of caution to his companions, he advances—silence, he is going to fire; bang! the gun goes off—ducks, ditto—and Nimrod lies kicking in the mud, while a merry shout rings through his ears of "Apples! apples!"

COZ mounts his Pegasus, and flies through air to high Parnassus' top—hills and dales, and waving woods, and sunny plains, and cities and hamlets, and rivers and lakes, and mighty oceans, and men and "Boys" look up with wonder—he casts a pitying gaze upon earth and earthly things in general, when, lo! in the very act of turning up his poetic nose, he loses his seat, and comes tumbling down, plump into the marl-pit behind the college, where he sticks fast, sputtering mud and water from his mouth, and muttering—not loud, but deep, "Ex-e mal-ah!"

The above is a short flight of fancy; now to descend to sober facts—and the Printer!

In my treatise on "Boys," in number fifteen of the SCHOLASTIC, the "gentle reader" will please make the following changes (*and improvements!*) if he would read the article as originally written, and afterwards corrected (*in vain!*) by the author:

- Line 29: for *titled*, read "titled."
- " 30: insert comma after "virtue."
- " 41: for *learning*, read "larnin'."
- " 58: insert comma after "Greek."
- " 64: for *had*, read "hear."
- " 72: for *their*, read "the."
- " 91: for *friendship's*, read "friendless."
- " 94: for *chime*, read "chimes."

Dear (or "gentle") reader! by following the above clear and precise directions, you will greatly oblige me, correct a few glaring typographical errors, enlighten your understanding, have a better opinion of "Our Boys," and know my sentiments on the whole subject,

"*Ab-oh-oh usque ad mal-ah!*"

Coz.



## NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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

A NEW INVENTION WANTED.—Will somebody invent a plan of printing in layers? A discovery of this kind would be invaluable for editors, because it would enable them to accommodate all their contributors in each issue of their papers. Just think how nice it would look to see a three, a five, or a ten-story column of learned, profound, and thunderingly long articles on the living topics of the day, each headed off this way: "Jones, on Cosmogony;" "Smith, on the Frogs of the Nile;" "Green, on the Antiquity of the Pyramids;" "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, on Knight Errantry;" "Historicus, on the Number of Strings in Nero's Fiddle;" "Antiquarian, on Pre-Adamite and Pre-Historic Time;" "Philomaticus, on the Atomic and Diametric Dimensions of the Archimedean Lever;" "Philanthropicus, on Cruelty to Animals as Illustrated by the Life, Death, and Last Moments of Domitian's Fly;" &c., &c. Here is an opportunity for genius! It seem to us the thing can be done, if the press will only go to work in an earnest way. Let a handsome reward be offered, right off, for such a discovery. To make a beginning, we hereby offer to make an assignment of all, and each, and every of our insolvent claims, to the successful inventor. We may possibly add a glass of beer and a toothpick!

QUERY.—If three thirds of an article be written in *italics*, in what sort of type should the Printer set up the balance? We offer a cigar for a proper solution of this puzzle!

## Presentation Address

OF THE STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR DEPARTMENT  
TO THE REV. W. CORBY, PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNIVERSITY.

[When our Reverend President returned to the University, after his late visit to the various houses of his Order in the West, the Senior students presented him with a beautiful telescope. The gift was accompanied with an address, which was read by William Waldo in the name of his fellow students. All who heard Father Corby's reply on this occasion, speak of it in such high terms that we regret none of our friends have furnished us with even a synopsis of it.—Eds.]

REV. FATHER CORBY:—We, the Students of the Senior Department of the University of Notre Dame, considering the paternal care which you have always manifested towards us, have thought it but just that we should show in an outward manner the gratitude and respect with which you are regarded.

Although we know that it would be more pleasing to you to show this gratitude by due obedience to the regulations of the University and by attention to salutary admonitions, yet this demonstration would be only temporary, and would soon be forgotten—we desire something more enduring and more defying, to the ravages of Time; something which may attest to posterity our appreciation of merit.

It is with the most sacred regard for truth that we say, that under your presidency the Uni-

versity has approached the highest degree of greatness in the West. When four years ago you assumed the arduous duties of President, the University had not yet realized the glorious position which, in the decrees of Eternal Providence, had been reserved for the talents, industry, and integrity of her founders.

Under you, the germ sown by the Very Rev. Founder has developed and grown into the tall and stately edifice in whose protective classic halls we are now assembled; under you, the name of the University of Notre Dame has become renowned throughout the Americas and Europe; and in the Eternal City it is better known than many colleges whose origin is lost in the dimness of memory.

We, as students, feel proud of the high position which our *Alma Mater* has attained; and more so, as it was entirely through her own exertions without either state or individual endowment. In consideration, then, of the dignity which the University has attained under your presidency, and in return for the interest manifested in our personal welfare, we, the Students of the Senior Department, resolved to present as a token of our esteem, a telescope, imported from the "Green Isle of the Ocean," which had received all the finish that art was capable of bestowing.

To carry out this resolution we agreed to avail ourselves of the experience of our worthy friend, Brother Peter, whose assistance was found to be a *sine qua non* to the importation. This has been done, and we are now most happy, Rev. Father, to present for your acceptance a beautiful astronomical telescope, mounted on a metallic stand. It is three feet and a half long, with an achromatic field-glass three inches in diameter, with a rack and pinion to arrange the focus, and changing eye-pieces to suit all purposes. We believe it equal, if not superior, to any other glass of its size ever imported.

Hoping, Rev. Father, that Almighty God will spare you many years of happy life to fill the position of President, for which you are so eminently qualified, and to enjoy this memorial of our esteem and affection,

We remain dutifully and respectfully,  
THE STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

## College of St. Laurent C. E.

We have received the most flattering reports from the College of St. Laurent. In *La Minerve* of March 28th was published an interesting correspondence from that prosperous institution, which, like Notre Dame, is under the management of the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross. The two anniversary festivals of St. Patrick and St. Joseph were duly celebrated at St. Laurent, and from the programme of the Literary and Musical Societies which held forth on those occasions, we judge that nothing was wanting to make the entertainment highly interesting to the numerous friends and visitors who attended them.

The College of St. Laurent is not surpassed in thoroughness of teaching or number of students by any college in Lower Canada. The attendance this year averaged three hundred and fifty. New buildings have been lately erected. A fine addition to the grounds, containing nearly ten acres, has been purchased on the eastern slope of the mountain of Montreal, at the *Côte des Neiges* and a whole department of the college of St. Laurent has been transferred there. We see with pleasure the rapid strides which St. Laurent is making towards excellency, and sincerely wish its worthy President and the efficient members of its Faculty the realization of their hopes.

## Remarks.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Now, you needn't think that I'm going to say anything, because I address you thus. I am not going to say or to write, but I'm going to remark. First, I remark that I'm a Junior. Don't raise your eyebrows because I remark this, but just "take it cool." Of course you think it presumptuous for a Junior to write for the *SCHOLASTIC*, but before you become absolutely certain of this, just allow me to make a few remarks. I'm a St. Cecilian, I'm a Philomathean, though I never was distinguished on account of any great affection for knowledge. I'm one of the "elite of the Junior Collegiate Department." I've got *six* classes—just think of that when you start to sneer at me—and I can keep up with everyone of them *in cornu*. After supper, since I have abundance of time—but, by the way, I don't believe in studying after supper,—I prepare for my classes. I'm, I'm, I'm,—not a *mamamouchi*; if I were, then I'd have no hesitation in asking you to print my remarks. But I'll tell you what, I've got as good a right to the columns of the press as Larry Doolan, if he is a Senior. He isn't any smarter than I am—except at the table.

Having established my right to remark, I shall proceed. I'm dissatisfied. I want to remark in the *SCHOLASTIC*. I don't want to have anything to do with the *SCHOLASTIC*. Well, I believe I will after all. What shall I do? Shall I write my biography. If I did, there'd be a fine series of remarks. Besides it would be so *plain* that everybody would know whose it was. I'm scratching my brow now like—*Thunder!* I forgot, "*Excelsior!*" says you musn't use slang phrases. It's no use to scratch—I'll have to write my biography. When I came here, I was—well, I wasn't accustomed to being amongst such a crowd. I hadn't much idea of discipline. I've got a very good idea of it now.

There are many more things that I wasn't, and many that I was, but let me proceed with my remarks. Amongst other things that I began to study about this(?) time was Latin.

I might here remark that I began the study of biography at the same time, because that book that I commenced Latin in just keeps telling about somebody all the time. The first thing a fellow had to do was to commit to memory—just as though I wanted to memorize anything—some rules and a vocabulary. May the shades of *corona* and *laudare* pursue the man that invented the vocabulary. May he be *mamamouchied*. May he engage in a Turkish dance. These remarks I now make about the vocabularies were of course extorted from me at the time spoken of above, and are mentioned for the especial benefit and consolation of those now luxuriating in those regions where "Servius (the) government administers." After the first and second vocabularies were *disposed* of—I was put in detention but twice during this time—I found out by reading what comes afterwards that a man by the name of Balbus was building a wall. When he began it, why he was building it, and when he expected to finish it, are things I never found out. The last trace of the man Balbus is that he was building a wall. "That's what's the matter."

Now right here, by way of digression, I'd just like to ask Larry Doolan, that big Senior that says he'll answer all questions, whether Balbus is building that wall yet or not, and if Caius, the next individual whose biography I studied, has begun the wall he was going to build. After reading something about these two men, Caius and Balbus, I concluded that it would not be safe to study the biography of everybody mentioned in this precious book, but to take notice of a few of the more prominent characters. A boy is mentioned as dancing. Now, personally I haven't got any ob-

jections to dancing. I like a dance, especially a Turkish one. But in looking through a Latin grammar I found the following sentence "*Nemo sobrius saltat.*"—*Cic.* After delving into a dictionary for some time, I deciphered this sentence as follows:—"No sober man dances when he's sick." I thought to myself that he was a gander if he did. But, having consulted with a member of the Third Latin about the sentence, he informed me that "*Cic.*" stood for Cicero, some heathen or other. After this I concluded that that boy who danced must have been drunk, and that he was not a good boy; so I dropped him. About the fourth day I was in the Latin class, the professor asked me to translate the following sentence: "*Balbus jurabit.*" Some way or other I had the letters *y* and *j* confused in my mind, so forgetting all about the vocabulary, I boldly said,—I didn't remark then, but I was remarked afterwards—"Balbus you rabbit." The other boys laughed, the professor frowned and then smiled; I wilted! When I went back to the study-room, I vowed that I would, from that moment, cease to observe the actions of Balbus; hence my biography of Balbus must cease. As for Caius and the boy, they can go to Turkey for what I care.

I've written my biography, haven't I?

In closing this communication, and there's no telling how many others I'll write, I just want to ask Mr. Doolan of the Senior Department a few more questions. Now Larry, don't get angry, for I'm a Junior, "Collegiate" its true, but still a Junior. 1st. If you were *studying* Latin, Greek, German, English, Mathematics and Music, and besides were preparing for an exhibition and a debate, what would you do? Would you go crazy or go to the Infirmary?

#### A Card.

To the "South Bend Register":

DEAR MR. "REGISTER:" During my absence from Notre Dame a piece of Bayard Taylor's appeared by mistake in the "SCHOLASTIC" under my *nom de plume*; having no need to "Cozen" the ideas of others, nor desire to act the part of "a literary hyena," I make this explanation, hoping that it will free me from all *seeming* blame in the matter.

Respectfully,  
"Coz."

#### Twelfth Annual Summer Entertainment.

—BY THE—

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,

—OF THE—

Junior Collegiate Department,

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,

Tuesday Evening, April 26, 1870.

Time-honored nursery lore informs us of the important fact that "All work and no play made Jack a dull boy." This is a very truthful remark, as many firmly believe, among whom we are happy to rank those "skillful archers," the kind-hearted President and officers of Notre Dame University, who, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," long since discovered that the bow which is always bent soon loses its elasticity, and becomes worthless—and hence it is that from time to time they wisely throw wide open the histrionic doors of Washington Hall, and permit the well-taxed energies of their numerous and talented pupils to *unbend* a "wee bit."

These remarks we make, not by way of apology—for where none is needed none *should* be made—though we are well aware that some few narrow-minded, straight-faced and ignorant fools may raise their hands and roll their pious eye-

balls in holy horror at the mere thought of the awful sinfulness and unutterable iniquity of allowing boys to "dance, sing songs, play plays, and *sich*"—avaunt, ye hypocrites!

The ignorant guide of youth administers formal doses of severe morality to the reluctant mind of the unfortunate urchin, as quacks do their nauseous, odious, poisonous pills for the cure of his fleshly ills,

"With solemn face, and words of learned length,"

while the *true* teacher knows, with the poet, that

"Virtue charms us by her lovely mien,  
While vice is hated if she be but seen!"

The St. Cecilia ranks first among the many Societies of the University, embracing, as it does, the choicest talent and ripest experience of the Junior Department. As, according to the immortal Burdell, "all is poetry that is not prose," we take the liberty of translating into verse the symbolic language of the Society's seal—

"Excelsior!" in deed and word;  
"The pen is mightier than the sword;"



"Wouldst thou receive the 'starry crown'?"  
In *tuneful* contests seek renown;—  
"United for eternity!"  
CECILIAN, such our motto be!

That these ambitious aspirations might not prove, like the high resolves of many a would-be-great man, "*vox, et proterea nil*," they, after consultation with Rev. Father Lemonnier, the time-honored and experienced director of the Association, determined, after mature deliberation and seasonable preparation, to give their 12th Annual Exhibition, primarily for the laudable purpose of testifying their respect for the many Christian virtues of the venerable and well-beloved Very Rev. Father Granger, S. S. C., Provincial, and secondly, to instruct, as well as entertain and amuse their many friends and fellow students; and those ends, they thought, might best be attained by means of addresses, songs, speeches, plays, and "*sich*."

But, "*ut experientia docet*,"—as sad experience teaches many, "to resolve is one thing, to perform, another;" and having ended the first, how were they to begin the second? "*Voila!*" 1st, The talented and obliging Professor Stace was to write a play—bran new, mind you; 2d, The members of the association were to learn it by heart, (as they did, "*con amore!*") and personify its numerous "*Dramatis Personæ*;" 3d, Their able (and willing!) president, Professor Lyons, was to carry out the programme; 4th, The "pick" of the society were to speak, sing, dance, fence, philosophize, orate, prate, recreate, and predicate, while the classical orchestra under Professor Von Weller, and the ever patriotic band under Professor Boyne's skillful management were to *time* their every motion, preserving well-balanced harmony, and

"Order, heaven's first law!"

the necessary and inevitable consequence of which proceeding would be that the hall would be soon filled with the "*élite*" of Notre Dame, South Bend and—Chicago!

The silvery chimes had sung their vesper song, the big bell solemnly tolled seven, an aged owl perched on a leafless old oak was dolefully hoot-

ing, and the twinkling stars were lovingly gazing down into the depths of the placid, moon-lit lake, on whose banks we were meditatively strolling, while from the rich, deep mud and marshy reeds arose upon the evening air the hoarse notes of myriad frogs in tuneful chorus sounding, when the blazing of lights from the windows of Washington Hall, and the soft strains of distant music, whispered the glad tidings that the long-expected hour had come!

Crushing our hat well down upon our ears, and gathering up our ample coat-tails, we fled—no, sped—at a 2:40 pace, a regular hand-gallop, to the center of attraction—reached it—not a second too soon, for the throng was tremendous—received a prologue from the obliging "*Maitre de ceremoni*," our good friend Rev. Father Spillard—made for a front seat—secured it—wiped our heated face—pulled out and mounted our spectacles—rubbed our hands for very glee—produced note-book and pencil—coughed, and—now for *their* play and *our* work—"but, hold! practice what you preach—order! order! order! read the

#### PROGRAMME.

##### Part First.

Grand Entrance March, (Isle of Beauty,) N. D. U. Band  
Overture—La Sonnambula, (Bellini,) Orchestra  
Song—"Silvery Midnight Moon,"

Messrs J. Rumely, R. Staley G. and A. Riopelle  
Address—To Very Rev. Father Granger, Provincial,

Speech—Angels of Buena Vista, W. B. Clarke  
Song—"Autumn leaves are falling," C. Burdell

R. Staley, J. Rumely, A. Riopelle, G. Riopelle  
Speech—(New England style,) R. Staley

Song—"Let us Rejoice," R. Staley, C. Hutchings,

J. Rumely, M. Mahony, D. Egan, T. Foley  
Discourse on a Western Epidemic, M. Mahony

Song—A Medley, R. Staley  
Grand Duchesse Waltz, (Musgrave,) Orchestra

Song—"Daughter of St. Mark," (Balfe,) Orchestra  
Music—Wood-up Quickstep, N. D. U. Band

"One—two—threes!" the *baton* slowly rises—hangs a moment suspended in mid-air—descends! twang—toot—crash—bang—and away they go! cheeks swell—mouths open wide as furnaces—fingers fly—elbows bend—drumsticks rattle, and "Music, heavenly Maid," asserts her sway with a—nay, with ten thousand vengeances!



In song, Staley still proves, as he ever did, his undoubted right to the envied title of one of the first vocalists of Notre Dame.

Clarke's address was simple, hearty, and wonderfully appropriate; Burdell's "*Angel of Buena Vista*" was angelic; Staley's "*Yankee Speech*" well delivered, though overdone as a caricature, and noted, as a literary production, for nothing but its well woven web and woof of the most unmitigated nonsense—"that's what's the matter!" Mahony's medico scientific lecture on the "*Fever-an-Ager*" made our teeth rattle, so forcibly and naturally withal were the horrors of that fell disease depicted, while the slight "*brogue*," which characterized his pronunciation touched a tender chord in our sympathetic Celtic heart, and made it thrill with many a sweet, sad reminiscence of the days of our childhood, and the ever-loved land of our birth,

"Green Erin, the Island of Saints!"

Professor Corby's rendition of "*The Daughter of*

*St. Mark* was, like the rest of his efforts, masterly; and being loudly "encored" by the delighted and appreciative audience, he returned and sang with wonderful humor and sufficient pathos the sad mishaps of "Le pauvre commis-saire"—"*mais, allons!*" What saith the programme?

Part Second.

## "THE UPSTART."

A Comedy in Three Acts.

Translated from the French by a member of the Faculty.

Mr. Jordan, the Upstart,	B. Burdell
Old Mr. Jordan, his Father,	S. Ashton
Cleon, in love with Mr. Jordan's daughter,	T. Foley
Corvielle, a Valet to Cleon,	W. B. Clarke
Doranto, a Count,	F. P. Dwyer
Dorimenes, a Marquis,	B. Roberts
Signore Profundo, Professor of Philosophy,	J. Nash
Signore Bassilio, Music Teacher,	R. Staley
Fiorello, his Pupil,	J. Rumely
Figaro, Dancing Master,	C. Hutchings
Jeronimo, Fencing Master,	P. Cochrane
Nicholas, a privileged servant of Mr. Jordan's,	M. Mahony
Ali Bey, the Mufli,	J. McGuire
Signor Crispino a Tailor,	D. Brown
Giacomo, Paolo,	J. Doherty, C. Forrestal
Beppo, Pedro,	J. Thomson, C. Morgan
Baptista 1st Footman,	J. Kilcoin
Carlo, 2d Footman,	C. Ortmyer
Pasquella, Rigoletto,	D. Egan, J. Kinkade
Filippo, Polluto,	H. O'Neill, G. Hoffman
Prestolo, Alvina,	C. English, J. Christy
Rigolo, Francesco,	Lewis Hayes, E. Shea
Boum, Fennil, Bachi-	L. McOsker, S. Dnm, L. Roth
said, Kamyi, Fand Bob,	H. Ackhoff, H. Luhn, J. Han-
Haroun Seltai,	naher, Walter Wiltstach
Abdelkish, { The Dervises,	F. C. Randall
Alra'hid, {	J. Antoine
Pompey, { "Culled Pussuns,"	J. Goodhue
Cuffy, {	S. Shanks

Grand Turkish Dance. CLOSING REMARKS.  
MARCH FOR RETIRING—Voltigeur, N. D. U. Band

If ever a *real* Upstart appeared upon our boards and showed, amid peals of laughter, mingled with some few sighs of pity, the folly of his entire race, that upstart was, *pro tem.*, C. Burdell! From being the natural-born big fool that nature made him, the Upstart made himself a greater one by trying to become a big "bug," a great personage, "un Grand Monsieur," and wound up by, figuring as a, if not *the* Grand Turk! He will have something to answer for in so mercilessly shaking our sides with laughter, and filling our eyes with tears! Would that many of our shoddyites, our "*nouveaux riches*," our *coddish* aristocracy, our leaders of fashion, our self-conceited members of "Bon Ton" were present—(as, alas, they were not!) to learn a lesson of wisdom, and

"See themselves as others see them!"

Burdell's acting was inimitable, and he was ably seconded by Messrs. Ashton, Foley, Dwyer, Roberts, Nash, Rumely, Hutchings, Cochrane, and others.

We had often read and heard of Moors, but never had the pleasure of seeing any "*in propria persona*" till last night, when two small specimens of simon-pure "cullud pussuns" suddenly burst like two black clouds of personified ugliness upon our astonished gaze. Colored? Shades of Othello, how dark they were! As black as ink, as night, as Erebus,—as—as—"certainly they were!" How graceful and fair-faced young Shanks became transmogrified into a crooked, grinning little imp of darkness, as hideous as sin and the—satan combined; and how handsome Goodhue, cameleon like, so suddenly and completely changed his hue to "*nigrissimus*" from fairest "circassian white," will ever remain the profoundest of mysteries to us! They seemed somewhat ashamed of parading their unearthly ugliness, and visibly trembled before the storm of hoots, hisses, yells and merry shouts that greeted every roll of their ghastly eyes and smirk of their ebony phizes whenever they emerged from the dark corners in which they loved to lurk. They acted their parts

like dutiful pages, however, and should feel consoled by the reflection that

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,"  
Act well your part; there ALL the merit lies."

We were pleased to see many old hands in the Band, and in the Orchestra some new—*elbows!* Distance doth lend enchantment to the ear as well as to the eye, and we would respectfully remind our esteemed friend, Prof. Boyne, that what is happily wanting in his modest face may easily be found in his Band,—brass! Truly his "boys" know how to *blow*, and the pale-visaged demon of consumption must gaze upon their stalwart forms with looks of anger,—many of them could send a whole trumpet-full of notes whistling from here to—Halifax, in a horn—while the pugilistic little chap who beats so unmercifully the big drum, might, if so disposed, bring down his fist upon one's "*caput*" with an effect equalling that of a blow from Prof. McLaughlin's biggest and heaviest war-club!

The Band would please much more if stationed on the gallery, from which distance its music would fall more softly on the ear.

Prof. Stace richly deserves, and will no doubt receive, the thanks of *all* for the moral, entertaining, and amusing play which he so ably translated from Moliere, and which fully realized the hope that he had in writing, and the Association in acting it;—that

"By knowledge we may learn ourselves to know;  
And what to man, and what to God we owe!"



The last act ended, and the last word spoken, all sat expectant, and then Very Rev. Father Provincial, rising, replied in a few kind and fatherly words to the filial and beautiful address made him—warmly congratulated the members of the Association upon their rapid progress in science and art; hoping that they would ever bear in mind, while acting their respective parts through life, the lessons they themselves so ably taught in their beautiful play,—that sound, common sense ever characterizes the words and actions of the truly great, as folly does those of the merely *would-be* great; and that in a free republic like this, no character is so contemptible as that of the "Upstart." He ended, and the curtain fell.

Thus ended, too soon,—far too soon for us,—one of the most agreeable reunions ever held in Washington Hall. The entertainment, taken all in all, was a perfect success; and we, in common with all who had the happiness of being present, congratulate and return our thanks to each and every one of the many bright boys and talented young men who helped to render it such! One, a host in himself, whom we would most gladly hail on such an occasion, and whose absence all regretted, sickness detained at home—Mr. D. J. Wile, of Laporte, Ind.

Fresher and abler writers crowding the literary field "armed and equipped," as the law directs, with pen, ink, and paper, and many a goodly "round" of bright ideas,—we cheerfully yield our "post" to them, appearing now for the last time before the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, all of whom, in general, and in particular our dear friends, the students of Notre Dame, we

warmly thank for "patiently listening," on many a past occasion, when we troubled them with trifles, in prose or in verse.

But we cannot close without a final word to the genial Cecilians—*Macte virtute esto!* "Long may you flourish;" continue in your present noble cause, encouraging others to worthily follow in your footsteps, teaching them both by word and example how to be wise, good, and learned; and long, long may your imitators' successors merit, as you have done, the applause of all, and thus confer pleasure and well-deserved honor upon your loved and living *Alma Mater*, where

By fairy lake, and leafy grave and dell,  
In classic halls enchain'd by sacred spell,—  
May Science, innocence, and true Religion dwell!

As some evil-minded person basely insinuated upon a former occasion, for ends of his own, that I am an "*ornary*" member of the St. Cecilia Association,—and hence my "*flattery*" of it,—I take this opportunity of publicly stating that I am a member of *no* Association or Society in the University; *never* flatter, and, moreover, praise only on the honorable principle of "*Palmam qui meruit ferat!*" Farewell! "Coz."

The following is from the *St. Joseph Valley Register*:

"The twelfth annual summer entertainment of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was given at Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, and we have rarely attended an entertainment from which we derived so much pleasure and satisfaction as from this one. The performers, some thirty-eight in number, are members of the Junior Collegiate Department of Notre Dame, most of them, we should judge, under sixteen years of age. All of them displayed more than ordinary merit. The performances consisted of speeches, songs, and a comedy translated from the French by Prof. A. J. Stace, entitled the "Upstart." The main interest of the evening was, of course, centered in the comedy, which was put upon the stage with all the excellencies of appropriate scenery, rich wardrobes, and a fidelity to every minute detail of tasteful and picturesque effect—the latter showing a quick perception on the part of the performers of what is required to make a play successful. Such success could not be attained where either the power of impression, on the one hand, or a teachable, tractable spirit, on the other, was wanting. The parts assumed by Messrs. C. Burdell, C. Hutchings and J. R. Staley were, in our opinion, the best sustained. The last named is an excellent singer, whose quality of voice is unusually rich, and whose management of it is skilled in an exceptional degree. But we did not intend to offer an elaborate criticism, and will only say that great praise is due all concerned in the execution of the best programme yet offered by the Philomatheans."

THE corner stone of the new church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame will be blessed with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st of May, Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and 5th anniversary of the college dedication. Several Right Rev. Bishops are expected on this occasion.

THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT will take place on Wednesday, June 22d, instead of June 29th. The general demand of the students and other important considerations have led the authorities of the University to advance by one week the day of the Exhibition.

Several eminent prelates have promised to be present on this occasion.

**St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.**

The eighteenth regular meeting of this Association was held Tuesday evening, March 29th.

Instead of the usual literary exercises of the evening, the members of the Association and quite a number of invited guests assembled to listen to a lecture on "Equality," by Professor A. J. Stace, A. M. As we hope to have the pleasure of seeing the lecture published as soon as circumstances will permit, we will not attempt to give even a synopsis of the Professor's effort. All who know him will agree with us in saying that Prof. Stace is one of the most original thinkers of whom the University can boast, and this "Essay," as the Professor called it, fully sustains his reputation. It was replete with solid sense and illumined here and there with flashes of that keen wit for which he has already become notable.

The members of the Association take this, their first, opportunity of heartily thanking Prof. Stace for the great profit, as well as pleasure, which they derived from his lecture; and sincerely hope that, amid his many duties as Professor, he will still find leisure moments to devote to the preparation of essays which must be productive of great good to all who are endeavoring to store their minds with real practical knowledge.

About this time of the year the interest in Societies begins to flag; but anyone who heard the two last debates which took place in the Philodemic Association, would certainly change his opinion. The manner in which Messrs. Gearin, Hibbard, Finley, and Moriarty discussed the question of "State Sovereignty," on the evening of the 19th inst., made us think that there were among us incipient Websters, Calhouns, and Douglasses, and we are sure time will verify our surmises.

In consequence of the religious exercises of the month of May, the regular meetings of the Association will be held at 8 o'clock on Wednesday mornings.

REPORTER.

[The Essay of Prof. Stace shall be found in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. But for an unaccountable oversight, it would have been published long before.—EDS. SCHOLASTIC.]

[For the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

**Baseball.**

The first regular meeting of the Excelsior Baseball Club was held on the 16th of March. After a few satisfactory remarks by the president the meeting then adjourned. The following officers were elected.

President—M. Moriarty.  
Vice-President—L. McOsker.  
Secretary—B. Vogt.  
Treasurer—J. Taylor.

Censor—A. Trentman.  
Field Captain of First Nine—J. Taylor.  
Field Captain of Second Nine—E. Sheehan.

On the 18th of April we defeated the Star of the East Baseball Club. The following is the score:

EXCELSIOR.	O	R	STAR OF THE EAST.	O	R
Taylor, c.	4	1	Boyes, c.	2	4
Taylor, p.	3	4	McCollister, p.	4	2
Hutchings, s. s.	3	5	Armstrong, s. s.	5	0
Manning, 1st b.	3	5	Murphy, 1st b.	2	2
Trentman, 2d b.	3	5	Mitchel, 2d b.	3	3
McOsker, 3d b.	4	3	Peebles, 3d b.	4	0
Hutchings, l. f.	3	4	Estir, l. f.	3	4
Healy, c. f.	2	5	McCarthy, c. f.	0	2
Moriarty, r. f.	3	4	Fahey, r. f.	4	2
Total,	27	35	Total,	27	17

Fly Catches—Excelsior, 5; Star of the East, 7.

Fly muffs—Excelsior, 1; Star of the East, 5.

Foul catches—Excelsior, 6; Star of the East, 5.

Foul muffs—Excelsior, 0; Star of the East, 2.

Pass balls—Excelsior, 1; Star of the East, 6.

Umpire—Mr. —.

Scorer—Mr. A. Mulhall.

Time of game—2 hours.

A. TRENTMAN, Cor. Sec'y.

MR. EDITOR.—The first match game of the season in the Senior department, was played on the grounds of the Juanita Baseball

Club, between the second nines of the Juanita and Star of the East Baseball Clubs. Although the weather was exceedingly disagreeable, a strong wind frequently enveloping the players in clouds of dust, yet despite this disadvantage the game between the two nines was well played, and proved quite interesting to a large number of spectators, as was shown towards the close of the game, by numerous shouts of disapprobation or applause whenever a good or bad play was made. Those who deserve special mention for good playing are Messrs. Gibson and Gambee of the Star of the East, and Messrs. Murphy, Gearin and Crenshaw of the Juanita. We must not neglect to mention a splendid fly ball caught by Mr. Goddard the second baseman. Mr. Fox, the short stop, also caught several fine flies during the game. The results of the game is shown by the appended score.

STAR OF THE EAST.	O	R	JUANITA.	O	R
Sullivan, c.	3	1	Gearin, c.	2	1
Webb, p.	3	1	Crenshaw, r. f.	1	4
Bell, s. s.	2	2	Dillon, 1st b.	1	4
Gambee, 1st b.	2	2	Goddard, 2d b.	3	0
Barlow, 2d b.	2	2	Looby, 3d b.	4	1
Sweeney, 3d b.	2	2	Campbell, l. f.	6	0
Gibson, l. f.	0	2	Murphy, p.	0	4
Jamison, c. f.	2	2	McLaughlin, c. f.	2	3
McCollister, r. f.	4	0	Fox, s. s.	2	1
Total,	21	14	Total,	21	10

Umpire—Brother Paul.

Scorers—L. Wilson, of the Juanita Baseball Club; T. Murphy of the Star of the East.

Time of game—5½ hours.

J. B. BORD, Cor. Sec'y.

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—OF THE—

**University of Notre Dame.**

—OF—

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**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**

[Correspondence of the "Notre Dame Scholastic."]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, April 26, 1870.

The bright spring weather and joyous paschal season create such a spirit of innocent gayety that all the pupils cheerfully perform their allotted tasks; for the relaxation afforded by outdoor amusements gives elasticity to mind and body.

The most noticeable event (since our last communication) is the visit of the Corps Editorial to St. Mary's. The ladies and gentlemen who formed the visiting party expressed themselves very kindly and seemed to enjoy the musical entertainment given by the Senior pupils, and also to appreciate the efforts of the little Juniors to interest and amuse them.

We hope that our Editorial friends find themselves much refreshed by their happy reunion and tour of observation. It is well for those who are engaged in the diffusion of knowledge to visit public institutions; for personal observation is generally necessary to form accurate ideas.

**ARRIVALS.**

Miss F. Sammons, Adrian, Michigan; Miss A. Bates, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**TABLE OF HONOR, SR. DEP'T.**

Misses H. Niel, K. Parks, A. Borup, J. Walker, B. Brandal, J. Spencer, E. Shay, E. Henry, J. Brown, A. Locke, K. Young.

**HONORABLE MENTION.**

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

First Class: Misses E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, H. Niel, G. Sturgis, F. Messmore, M. Kirwan, B. O'Neil, A. Locke, K. Young, M. Moriarty, E. Welber, J. Brown, M. Shanks, L. Chamberlain, M. Edwards, A. Rhinehart.

Second Class: Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, E. Henry, M. Tuberty, K. Parks, M. Murphy, B. Gardner, S. O'Brien, N. Thompson, A. Clark, L. Ingersoll.

Third Class: Misses A. Mast, K. Bell, M. Foote, M. Doty, J. Kinsella, J. Walker, M. Lange, G. Hurst, M. Bucklin, B. Randall, C. Eason, E. and L. Conaty, A. Borup, M. Bahm.

First Preparatory: Misses J. and V. Leoni, A. Montgomery, F. Smith, F. and C. Sharp, L. Dooly, A. Holman, M. Stocker, M. Burridge, M. Ford, E. Shea.

Second Preparatory: Misses M. Letourneau, M. Carpenter, M. Wilder, F. and R. Fox, E. Price, C. Connaty, J. Falvey, M. McBreen, I. Wilder, A. Hays, M. Lacy, L. Pierce, M. Walker, L. Bishop M. McCall.

Third Preparatory: Misses J. Hoerber, M. Coffey, M. O'Meara, L. Beaupre, L. Curran, C. Woods.

ST. MARY'S, April 24th, 1870.

**HONORABLE MENTION.**

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

First Class: Misses E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, B. O'Neil, A. Rhinehart, M. Shanks, N. Moriarty, M. Kirwan.

Second Class: Misses M. Dillon, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, M. Murphy, S. Hurst, J. Forbes, A. Clarke.

Third Class: Misses K. Zell, M. Quaily, J. Kinsella, M. Langes, G. Hurst, E. Conaty, L. Conaty, M. Bahm.

First Preparatory: Misses V. and J. Leoni, S. Curver, F. Smith, L. Dooly, A. Holman, M. Burridge, M. Ford.

Second Preparatory: Misses M. Letourneau, E. Price, M. McBreen, I. Wilder, A. Hayes, M. Lacy, M. Walker, L. Bishop.

Third Preparatory: Misses M. Coffey, J. Hoerber, L. Curran, C. Woods, L. Beaupre.

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