

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME IV.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

NUMBER 6.

Down the O-hi-o.

ATLANTA, Georgia, }
Nov. 11, 1870. }

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—It was on the "Silver Lake" that we floated down the Ohio River. This is no jest, whatever it may seem; for the "Silver Lake" is a stern wheeler, and the trifling of the punster would not be in harmony with her dignity. I never knew before why the crowded domicile of the peasant and the spacious parlor of a steamboat should both receive the same name; but I understood it very well when

We were crowded in the "cabin,"
And every soul was scared from sleep;
While 'twas midnight on the waters,
But ne'er a storm upon the deep.

However, we had a jolly Jack Tarr on board, who finally made everything so agreeable for us that none of our recollections are more pleasant than those we have of Capt. John Tarr and his gentlemanly officers and faithful men.

Next morning we found ourselves tied up at Evan's Landing, taking on cabbage—oh! so much cabbage, enough to make one forever more disgusted with cold slaugh and sour crout. 'Tis a huge, weighty vegetable. We also found it a very slow vegetable, being, from its heavy bulkiness, slow to load, and, after it is loaded, "slowing" the motion of the boat; even as, from its stringiness, it is slow to eat, and, after it is eaten, slow to digest. It is, indeed, the real "thief of time;" and hence, in common parlance, to "cabbage" means to steal.

While time was thus a cabbaging, some of our party turned their attention to better things—from this gross food of the body to the more ethereal nutriment of the spirit. From the hurricane deck the finest river scenery greeted the eye: long winding ways of the beautiful river, sloping banks and inland stretches, and the bold wooded bluff that stood 1,400 feet right up against the sky, a miniature mountain. But many were not content to sit or stand on deck and look at these things from a distance, but clambered up the banks, and some thence on up to the summit of the bluff, where brave men waved their hats, and fair women their handkerchiefs, in token of their exultation.

The bankers brought back to the shippers loads of things which they had found; among the rest, sure sign of our progress south—behold branches of the mysterious mistletoe, with its rich, dark green leaves and its berries of pearl. This parasite, as is well known, sends its roots, not into the ground, but into the body of a living tree. It is even particular as to the kind of tree, choosing some, as the oak, and rejecting others, as the pine. Pages of romance concerning Druids, lovers, *et ceteris*, are suggested by this viscous evergreen; but I forbear.

Just above Westport, Ky., we passed the mouth of the famous Salt River, the dread of all defeated politicians, who are supposed to row continually up this stream until the popular tide turns in their favor, when, of course, they come sailing down again with flying colors. The tradition is that two Kentuckians, a Whig and a Democrat, candidates for the same office, that of constable, made an

agreement that which ever should be defeated should row up this turbid river of salt, until his party should be strong enough to elect him. Now, it so happened that the Whig party ceased to exist a short time after that, and accordingly the defeated Whig candidate for constable is still rowing up Salt River. Hence the political proverb: "He's gone up Salt River!"

On this first day's voyage we also passed Brandenburg, Ky. The town stands picturesquely on a steep bluff, the court house being seen far up the river. Here, in July, 1863, Morgan crossed the river on his raid through Indiana and Ohio. This was, therefore, the first war spot on our journey; but war has left no mark of his presence. A noticeable green patch, half way up the bluff, was made out to be a field of second growth, or sucker tobacco; surely a soothing and peaceful sight. The shore on either side is here of massive rock, sandstone and limestone, now in Indiana and now in old Kentucky. How insignificant seem the greatest works of man in presence of this magnificence of nature! Miles and miles of huge masonry, hundreds of feet above us; and our stately vessel shrinks to a toy ship with which a child is amused for an hour.

Our first accident this evening,—strike a sandbar and off flies our coal barge. But we back out gracefully, while the runaway is towed back disgracefully. When nearing one of these sandbars it is interesting, though sometimes thrilling enough to listen to the lead man crying out, or rather chanting, the depth of the water—"eight feet, seven and hā-i-ālf, seven feet lūrge, seven feet, seven feet scant," and so on down to three feet," which was sure to strike us, as our boat carried three feet of water. We often also, and always with a sigh of relief, heard the now famous "mark twain," that is, *two* fathoms, or twelve feet, and "quarter less twain," or nine feet. As two fathoms is safe water, the humorist, undoubtedly, thought it a safe thing to choose Mark Twain as his pseudonym, when embarking on the sea of literature—may he never strike a sandbar.

Passed some very fine farms above Newberg, Ind. Reached Evansville on Friday. This, city, said to be the second in the state, has improved wonderfully since I saw it eight years ago. I gazed long and wistfully at the old Marine Hospital as we swept swiftly past it on a grand curve of the river. Every door and window was familiar, for there a weary soldier lay two months, slowly recovering from his wounds. The war is happily past, may it never return.

At Hendersonville, Ky., we failed to distinguish *les enfants de Notre Dame*; and at Shawneetown, Ill., I saw not the honest face of William Hall. A few miles below Shawneetown, half way up the perpendicular rocks, certain dark holes were pointed out to us as the mouths of caves, once dreaded habitations of river pirates. While I tried in vain to peer into the deep recesses, I thought of Captain Abraham Lincoln, on his flatboat, with beating heart and watchful eye, cautiously poling his awkward craft beneath these very dens of crime. Wonder if afterwards even the cares of State pressed more heavily upon him.

But though these dangers are past, others remain. At low water the Ohio is full of shoals, bars, and even rocks. Bars we often struck; and once, off the mouth of the Cumberland, stuck so fast that we had to pry off with the "nigger." This "nigger," be it known, is a contrivance of pulleys, ropes, and beams, by which the boat, as it were, puts one foot out upon the bar and pushes herself off, like a boy lifting himself up by his boot-legs. We also had the pleasure of striking a rock, which "shivered our timbers," one morning at breakfast; but it did not break our fast. In addition to these accidents of our own, we were shown, for our further consolation, the wreck of a steamer blown up a few months ago; so that we came at least in sight of every accident known to river men.

The guiding of the boat through these dangers is a mystery to all hands. Now the pilot steers down the middle of the stream, now near this bank, and now right across to the other. What guides his eye? Not the knowledge of where the channel used to be, for it sometimes changes within a few hours. He follows the *color of the water*; and, when in doubt, calls for the lead man to sound the depth. On the ocean a pilot is needed only to bring a vessel into harbor, but on the river he is always needed.

Some of our party volunteered, at times, to assist the lead man, in repeating to the pilot his cry from the depths; and though they did not quite catch the tone, they were more fortunate with the words, unlike another volunteer, of whom the mate told us, who, intending to chant "seven en-da hā-i-ālf," cried out, instead, "half-past seven." "This," said the mate, "reminds me of the negro, who, buying a pair of boots, said he generally wore elevens, but this time he thought he would take half-past twelves."

Speaking of negroes, I must mention the amusements which they furnished us in singing their monotonous solos with full chorus, and in dancing the universal "juler," to the music of hand-patting on the knees. The singing, as heard from the prow below, was very pleasing; but the dancing being long-continued and in the midst of a crowd, you may scent the consequence.

But I must close. Saturday morning we passed Paducah and the mouth of the Tennessee, and that evening passed Mound City and arrived at Cairo, whence we sailed down the Father of waters to Columbus, Ky. Cairo is muddy when wet, and dusty when dry, so it is never pleasant. But it is no worse than Chicago was once, and I wish to record my conviction that Cairo will certainly be one of the principal cities of the Mississippi valley. With this muddy sentiment and three great States in sight, we bid adieu to the "Silver Lake," and its agreeable officers and men, averring, however, that with all their ease, poetry and romance, steamboats, like accommodation trains, though very well for short trips, are altogether too slow for long journeys.

H.

Two boys near Madison, killed 252 quails in one day.—*Exchange*.

Can any son of a gun about here beat that?

The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST.
EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,
MARCH 15, 1869.

BY M. B. B.

[CONTINUED.]

II.—LAWS AND GOVERNMENT.

On this point I will be very brief, as it is, I believe, generally admitted that Christianity introduced a more perfect system of laws, and laid the foundation of a more just and equitable mode of government than that which existed in ancient times. I will therefore merely show, by a few simple facts and their logical consequences, how the Church, which, we must not forget, was and is the representative of Christianity, brought about this beneficial change.

The ancient system of laws, as you all know, was founded on the principle that the prosperity of the state was the *summum bonum* to which all legislation and government should tend. With a pagan ignorance of God as the true source of all authority; of the origin and object of society, and, consequently, of man's true social relations, it is easy to see what abuses must naturally arise from such a principle. We are not surprised to find in the system based on such a principle, that the individual possessed no positive rights, and was utterly ignored, except in so far as he could be made useful to the state, while personal accountability was never thought of. Indeed, we are but little surprised to find that, by legal sanction, the father possessed the power of life and death over his children—the master over his slave. Another horrid consequence, growing out of that same principle under the influence of pagan ideas, was the social and individual degradation of woman, the foulest blot on ancient civilization. The fatal effects of a system which produced such fruit, were clearly manifested in the capricious licentiousness and reckless disorder which led to the downfall of Roman domination, and brought forth the confusion which followed.

In contrast with this self-annihilating principle, place the Christian principles of government. She recognized the natural equality of all men, and consequently acknowledged the possession of positive rights by the individual; she recognized, in the prince, only a delegated power, for the exercise of which he is strictly accountable to God from whom it is derived. By these two principles, of natural equality and accountability, she restored the individual to his proper place and dignity in society, placed a check on arbitrary legislation, and thus built up a more just and rational system of laws and government.

But this stupendous change, which involved an entire revolution in the civil polity of the times, was not effected all at once. Like all great improvements, it proceeded gradually. At first, in her General Councils and particular synods, the Church framed canons, or rules of conduct, in which these principles were always kept in view. In accordance with these canons, the various, particular churches were governed, and the intrinsic superiority of this code of laws was made manifest everywhere by the civilizing and refining influence which their application exercised upon the people. She favored and encouraged the growth of the monastic institution, whose government was in accordance with these same principles, and the canons based on them. By these two means she gradually brought these principles to the notice of the civil rulers and enlisted their sympathy and co-operation in this department of social reform. But the Church did not rest satisfied with merely developing these principles in her own government

and institutions, and calling the attention of civil rulers to them; she labored earnestly and incessantly to instill them into the minds of the people, and thus prepare society for the permanent introduction of Christian legislation. Accordingly, as early as the sixth century, she established, through the instrumentality of her bishops, and the Abbots of the various monasteries, what are commonly known as the cathedral and monastic schools,* in which canon law formed a regular branch of instruction. Thus the people, at large were taught the principles of Christian justice and morality, and prepared by degrees to accept the new legislation. When the public mind had been thoroughly impregnated with these lofty principles, the study of the civil code of the ancient Romans was joined to that of canon law. The first move in this direction was made in the University of Bologna, where Irnarius, or Werner, in the beginning of the twelfth century, explained the Pandects of Justinian, by the light of Christian morality. Thus the reform in legislation continued to progress, under the patronage and by the labors of the Church, till, in the thirteenth century, the spirit of equity developed itself in the *Magna Charta* of England, and the foundation of modern polity and political freedom was firmly laid.

III.—SCHOOLS, ETC.

We now pass to the subject of schools, one of the chief glories of the Middle Ages. Christian schools date their origin from the very earliest times. Among those which had attained a high degree of celebrity, as early as the third century, we may mention, as most considerable, those of Rome, Alexandria, Milan, Carthage, and Nisibis. Who has not read of the numbers of Christian youth that flocked to the schools of Alexandria, despite the storms of persecution, to drink in the wisdom that flowed from the eloquent lips of Origen? And who is ignorant of the glory shed upon the schools of Rome and Carthage, in the fifth century, by that illustrious Doctor, St. Augustin? From the middle of the fifth to the middle of the eighth century, the schools of Ireland were celebrated throughout the world and thousands of youth from England and other parts of Europe, flocked to this nursery of sacred and polite learning, while enthusiastic Irishmen went forth to plant the seeds of learning in almost every country of Europe, as they have since carried the seed of the Gospel to every quarter of the world. Among the schools of Ireland, at that period, the most conspicuous were those of Louth, Clonard, Lismore, Ross and Bangor. The monastery of Bangor alone numbered, at one time during that period, three thousand monks, besides an immense number of scholars. I mention this fact, as it is well known that the monasteries of the Middle Ages were also the schools. Indeed Conringius, a learned Jurist and historian, of Germany, in the seventeenth century, assures us that, in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, there could scarcely be found in the whole Western Church, the name of one person who had written a book, that had not dwelt, or, at least, been educated in a monastery.

The crowning glory of these mediæval schools was that they were free and open to all, of every age and clime, who desired entering them; and that the Church was chiefly instrumental in developing this feature also is evident from the canons and enactments of the various Councils of the period. Thus, in the Council of Mayence,† in 803, it was ordained that the clergy admonish the parents under their charge, to send their children to the schools established "either in monasteries, or in the houses of the parochial clergy." The synod of Orleans, in 800, ordered the parochial clergy to erect schools in towns and villages, in which chil-

dren should be taught the elements of learning. The Council adds:* "Let them receive and teach these little children with the utmost charity. * * * Let them receive no remuneration from their schools, unless what the parents, through charity, may voluntarily offer." One more citation, and I shall pass to other matters. In the third Council of Latern, convened by Alexander III, in 1179, the following canon was passed, which admirably portrays the spirit of the Church in reference to education: "Since the Church of God, like a tender mother, is bound to provide for the poor, both in those things which appertain to the aid of the body, and in those which belong to the advancement of the soul; lest the opportunity for such improvement (*agendi et proficiendi*) should be wanting to those poor persons who cannot be aided by the wealth of their parents, let a competent benefice be assigned in each cathedral church to a teacher, whose duty it shall be to teach the clerks and poor scholars of the same church *gratuitously*, by which means the necessity of the teacher may be relieved, and the way to instruction be opened to learners. Let this practice be also restored in other churches and monasteries, if, in times past, anything was set apart in them for this purpose. But let no one exact a price for granting permission to teach."† Innocent III, in 1215, renewed this decree, and extended the law to parochial schools. Honorius III, and other Pontiffs, did in like manner.

With such direct and substantial encouragement from the Church, and by the aid which she secured by her influence with the civil rulers, schools multiplied in number and grew in importance till, at the close of the eighth century, we find them developing into Universities. Conspicuous among the Universities of the Middle Ages, we may mention, first, the University of Paris, founded by Charlemagne, in the year 800; secondly, the University of Oxford, founded by Alfred the Great, in 886. Such was the prosperity of this institution, that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century it comprised five halls and twelve Colleges, and we are assured by Anthony Wood, a Protestant historian, that, at one time, in the thirteenth century, the number of students at Oxford was thirty thousand.‡ Thirdly, Cambridge University, founded in 915, and comprising, at the opening of the sixteenth century twelve Colleges; fourthly, the Universities of Rome, Bologna, Padua, Perugia, Pavia and Pisa, founded at various periods, had reached a high degree of celebrity in the twelfth century. At one time, in the fifteenth century, the University of Padua alone numbered eighteen thousand students, among whom were Christopher Columbus and Americus Vesputii, whose names are forever and gloriously associated with our own land. Fifthly, in Spain, we see the Universities of Salamanca, Alcalá and Valedolid; besides twenty independent Colleges, all of which contributed their share of glory and advantage in the latter part of the Middle Ages. In connection with the Universities we might also mention the celebrated medical school of Salerno, founded in the eleventh century, and the not less flourishing medical schools of Paris and Montpellier, established in the twelfth century. These are but a few of the institutions of learning that flourished during the so-called *Dark Ages*.

It must, of course, be admitted that the lack of those facilities which render modern education comparatively easy; the scarcity of books, which could then be multiplied only by the slow process of copying by hand; the turbulence of the times, which distracted the minds of men and turned their attention more to the art of war than to the cultivation of letters, tended very much to contract the influence and efficiency of these schools; yet the

* Canon xx.

† See Cabassutius, *Notitia Concil. ad locum*.

‡ Athenae Oxonienses.

* See Hallam, *Lit. M. A.*, Intro., i, 27.

† Canon x.

prosperity and success which they did meet with, reflects all the more credit on those through whose influence they were established and operated, while they, at the same time, show how great must have been the love for learning at that period, to contend so successfully against all these obstacles. This same spirit of intellectual energy manifested in connection with these more considerable schools, also justifies the inference that hundreds of others, less important in themselves, though still powerful as auxiliaries to those which attracted public attention, flourished in obscurity, and produced a beneficial effect upon the age, though their names and their labors have not found a place in the history of the period.

In education, then, the Middle Ages evidently did a noble and extensive work, in spite of the many and serious disadvantages under which they labored; and hence it is both ungenerous and unjust to heap upon them that wholesale abuse so common in the mouths and in the writings of modern scholars; if, indeed, we can accord that title to men who allow themselves to be governed by that prejudice which arises from a narrow minded egotism that would condemn, as utterly worthless, whatever does not come up to the ideal standard which it has formed by the light of modern progress.

Our Family.

I think the fashionable custom of our age consists in tracing the genealogical virtues of our own family. I think the more fashionable custom of our age consists in tracing the genealogical virtues of other people's families. Antique folk lay claim to the first one; godly folk lay claim to the second one. Whether or not the latter is the progeny of a laudable humility to keep themselves in the low places that they may be exalted, or of a charitable desire to exalt others that they may be brought low, I am diffident about deciding, lest an untrue gloss be given to my motives. Many a time before, my motives have been untruly glossed. More than one time, I have been deeply injured in that respect; and if the adage, that misery loves to have many companions like its unseemly self, be true, I reckon that I'm one of the most fortunate men alive, for I never find one who has not, at some period or other of his or her checkered life, felt aggrieved, beyond expression, on this same point. This knowledge consoles me, and gives me courage to face and fight the legions of affliction which I find, lying in wait for me, at every corner or lonely spot on the road of life. Maybe you think me selfish. I think differently. If the world expects to have a dip in the dish of my joys, why should it make wry faces when I ask it to have a sup from the cup of my woes? Do you think that unfair? I think it generous. Generosity is one of my prominent virtues. I tell all the world all I know about all the world's faults; and all the world tells all the world all it knows about my faults. To that extent, then, the beam of our scales is so nicely balanced that the weight of a hair would make a perceptible change in the position, and I think that both parties could, appropriately enough, sustain the double character of Plaintiff and Defendant in—to use a law term—a *qui tam* action, before a court of justice. I guess you understand me. I know two things: all the world says what it does not, and all the world does what it says not. I know two other things: all the world is constantly injured, and all the world is constantly injuring. From this I perceive that all the world is innocent, and from this I perceive that all the world is guilty; and, because all the world is made up of all the world, I find, by combining both perceptions, that there is no repugnance in my proposition concerning the two-fold nature of its character. Whenever, therefore, I want a little balm for this well-known species of human affliction, I have

but to stop the first one I meet, and presently both of us succeed in restoring our united grievances to the shoulders of their cause, who, no doubt, is after making a vacant place by a similar operation with somebody else. We separate, overwhelmed with mutual admiration of our boundless magnanimity, and conclude that we are, at once, the most innocent and the most injured pair in the world, and that Providence must have committed an oversight in placing two such spotless beings on this sinful earth. The next one I meet, and the next one, and, in fact, all I meet, and myself, feel exactly alike on this question. I conclude, then, that every one of us is a saint, and that every one else of us is a sinner. How do I prove all this? I prove all this by all this, and *vice versa*. Now, you may call this a vicious circle. I don't call this a vicious circle, and there is where we disagree. I pride myself on being candid. Candor is one of my prominent virtues, and, hence, I like to tell a man, right up to his face, where he and I disagree. Indeed, I believe every one of us is candid, and every one else of us is uncandid. This explains the reason why there is so much honesty among all the people in the world, and so much dishonesty among all the other people in the world. I do love candor. Instances are now fresh in my mind where I have spent entire Sunday evenings listening to, and relating the shortcomings of other people that I might get and give the means of being able to dash, candidly, these things straight into their faces when the opportunity should occur. I don't know why it is, but still it seems to be a fact that the backs of all the people in the world are much more tender than the backs of all the other people in the world, for while everybody seems to deprecate back-biting every other body, nobody seems to care a straw how much he disfigures the face of everybody. I guess it is because the skin of one's back can't stand so much pounding as the brass of one's face.

When I commenced, it was my intention to say several other things before coming to the main question, but my aunt—of whom more anon—and black Tom—the family cat—have just now got into such a warm contest about the remains of a dissected goose in the pantry, that they have scared everything out of my head. My aunt has a broomstick in her hand, and Tom has a wing in his mouth. I suppose he intends it as a provision against a contingent flight. I never knew anything, since I came to know anything, that didn't fly before that hand and that broomstick. I know both well. My shoulders and they are old acquaintances. There! I knew that Tom would get the worst of it. He is gone screaming through the window, and the victorious screams of my aunt are gone after him. I don't think that the neighbors have ever yet been able, often as they have heard both, to declare which were my aunt's screams, and which were Tom's screams. I can't do it myself, unless I have my eyes fixed on the mouth from which the screams are coming. But maybe, dear reader, I'm wasting your time and taxing your patience too much in asking you to listen so long to our family troubles. So I'll gratify your curiosity by the relation of some secrets that I don't want you to tell to any one else. I beg your pardon for applying *curiosity* to you, for I'm sure you're not curious. You know we all detest that. It's all the rest of us that don't detest that. I like to make and to be made a confidant, because it gives me a double opportunity of weakening the faults of the wicked sinners by whom I am everywhere surrounded. In reading the lives of famous generals, like Alexander the Great, and our own greater Washington, I find that they always made it a point to weaken the enemy by dividing or scattering his forces. On the same principle, my compassion for misfortune leads me to weaken, if I can't entirely destroy, the failings of all I know by giving a confidential portion of

them to all the others I know. I think that's logical. You see, if you tell me something about everybody else, and I tell you something about everybody else, you take a portion of my everybody else's failings, and I take a portion of your everybody else's failings, and there is the double good result of making and of being made a confidant. I think that's clear. With this mutual understanding, let me proceed to our family.

In the first place, then, that you may have an idea of the dignity and the elevated ancestry to which I can lay claim, we were all, every one of us, born on Plymouth Rock, and have continued to be born there since the landing of the Mayflower. My father is great on comparisons and cognomens, so he often compares the Mayflower landing on Plymouth Rock, to Noah's ark resting on Mount Ararat, and takes a special pride in calling us all the Noachadae. Those versed in patronymic analysis can understand this; those not versed in patronymic analysis can't understand this. I suppose it is needless to explain it for either, since the one class knows it, and the other class doesn't know it, and I'm sure I never could see any sense in telling one man what he does know, and in telling another man what he doesn't know. It isn't for want of civility that I don't do this. Civility is one of my prominent virtues; but for all that I'm too much of a philosopher not to see that what people don't know does them no harm. I'm great on philosophy. Philosophy is one of my prominent virtues. I dare say, by this time, you understand that our family is a pious family. So it is. Piety is a prominent virtue in our family. My father is so pious that he makes us stay in bed every Sunday for fear we might break the Sabbath by putting on our clothes. Putting on one's clothes, you know, requires manual labor, and the Bible forbids manual labor on the Sabbath. I often feel that it would be more satisfactory to myself if I could eat instead of sleep my dinner, but my father lectures me on the impropriety and wickedness of yielding to the carnal temptations of the cupboard. Yielding to the carnal temptations of the cupboard is one of my prominent virtues.

I believe things are growing clearer and more confidential, so I proceed to be clearer and more confidential. I say, then, my father has a great leaning towards the Bible. All my father's family had a great leaning towards the Bible. This being our disposition, we all have Scriptural names. My own, for example, are Solomon and Job, which, being followed by the family name, present me to the world as Solomon Job Snobsaw. I never could understand this Jewish tendency of a people who wish to stand before the world as model Christians. I think Christians ought to have Christian names. One thing I know is that my father's Mosaic handiwork made me the butt of my schoolmates when he sent me to school among the Gentiles. This suggestion brings to my mind one or two incidents, which I think I'll stop to tell you. The first time I went to school, the teacher, Mr. Lamentable, hauled me up before all the boys and girls and asked me when did I wash my face and black my boots. When the scholars heard that, they all roared out, and some said: "How are you, dirty face?" I told him that washing my face and blacking my boots were not one of my prominent virtues. He then asked me my name—just to vex me, for he knew it well enough—and when the scholars heard that, they roared out a good deal louder than before, and several voices said: "How are you, Sal?" "Sal" was a corrupted contraction of Solomon, but I had to bear with it, and answer to it, until they saw fit to baptize me anew. The new baptism brought Solomon, Job, down to the monosyllable "Sob," and then, during recreation, it was nothing but "Sob Snobsaw!" here, and "Sob Snobsaw!" there. In the course of time they grew tired of repeating the three syllables to which they had reduced my name, and

began to salute me on every occasion as, "Sob." I don't know exactly why they called me "Sob," for they couldn't make me cry no matter how they might try. Still they christened me Sob, and Sob I remained, until the genius of Mr. Jeremiah Lam-entable brought Sob Snobsaw out of the poetical Jordan, and presented him to the Muses, as: "Al-literation." The last nominal distinction came to me in this way: When the teacher was showing me and the other boys how to make poetry—poetry is one of my prominent virtues—he used to take great delight in expatiating on the superior beau-ties of what he called Alexandrine alliteration, and when the other boys couldn't understand it that way, not being acquainted with Alexander, he al-ways succeeded in making them understand it by appealing to my name, because they were ac-quainted with me. The scholars, at last, became so familiar with this illustrative example, that they never called me anything but *Alliteration*. I don't like nicknames, even poetical ones. So that cir-cumstance often got me into a fight; but, as fight-ing is not one of my prominent virtues, I can't re-collect ever being victorious, except once, when I had just succeeded in knocking the chip off my friend's shoulder—I like to use polite terms, it is one of my prominent virtues—the, for me, timely arrival and intervention of Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson but an end to the impending battle. Putting an and to impending battles was one of Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson's prominent virtues. Whenever Mr. Ahuzzah Sampson attempted to get up a battle for family edification, Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson had a wonderful knack at putting an end to that, too. I believe there wasn't one of either gender, in all our neighborhood, unless, and I say it with pride, Miss Misgab Snobsaw, my aunt, who would not have made terms with the undertaker, before en-tering into a trial of pugnacious ability with Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson. Pugnacity was one of Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson's prominent virtues. But may-be you think I want to digress. I won't digress. I come back, therefore, to our family, which con-sists of five persons: my aunt, whom I mention first, because she is the most prominent member of the family; next, my father, because he is a dea-con, and sits at the head of the table, and holds that the privilege of primogeniture entitles him to the biggest potato on the dish; next, my two un-cles, because they sit, one on my right hand, and one on my left hand, and keep my right hand and my left hand so busily employed in handing them everything during meals, that my own knife and fork seldom need washing or scouring; next, and last, myself, because I can't get any other place. Getting the last place, is one of my prominent virtues. My father always tells the congregation, when he gets a call to preach, that those who put themselves last, shall be put first, and that those who put themselves first, shall be put last. How far the congregation practise this doctrine, I can't say. It is one of the prominent virtues of congre-gations not to practise what they are taught. I often think, however, that my father carries his humility to extremes, for as I always find him in the first place, I naturally infer that he must al-ways have put himself in the last place. My father's happiest efforts at eulogizing the virtues of sobriety are always in the moments of his inspira-tion; and his severest condemnation of inebriety takes place when the inspiration has gone. In his discourses on the latter subject, I notice that he is chiefly indebted to my aunt Misgab for the most striking points. Maybe you think I want to digress. I won't digress. So I return to repeat that our family has a great leaning to Scriptural names. My own, and my aunt's, you know. My mother's name was Jerusalem before successive contractions brought it down to *Rue*. She died when I was three weeks old, so I don't remember anything about her. I learned from confidential folk, how-ever, that my father was solely responsible for the

authorship of the last edition. From other hints dropped by this same candid class, I'm enabled to inform you that there was more vinegar than honey in the connubial cup of my parents. This is about all the light I can throw on my father's motives for applying such an endearing epithet to my mother. Now about my aunt Misgab, of whom you know something already, I have to add that no earthly inducement has ever been able to prevail upon her to adopt the title of "Mrs.," although she has al-ready seen the suns of forty winters, and of as many summers, envelop with their morning and evening glories the summit of Plymouth Rock. Never to submit to the tyranny of man is one of my aunt's prominent virtues. With all her inde-pendence, she has her own troubles. I say her *own*, because so far as I could see, I never knew anyone else willing to claim relationship with them. And truly, I believe she has a special and exclusive right to them, if there be such a thing as an exclusive right to one's own exclusive productions. In her state of single blessedness, I think she could have had more contentment if the neighbors had been less given to punning on names. I don't believe that she has been the whole cause of the constant annoyances to which she has been subjected in this respect. Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson was at the head of her enemies, and so surely as day succeeded day, so surely day after day would the post-boy bring my aunt Misgab a letter addressed: "Miss Gab Snobsaw"—instead of: "Miss Misgab Snob-saw." Sometimes the inside was a blank, but oft-ener a provoking pun on the Snobsaws. My aunt retorted by drawing outlandish caricatures of a gigantic Dutch Hussar, with a brandy bottle for a sword, and then sending them in her letters to: "Mrs. Hussar Sam's son." This state of things continued until Mrs. Ahuzzah Sampson, and Mr. Ahuzzah Sampson went to the West, and, my aunt Misgab being now mistress of the situation, peace is restored.

I have now to speak of my two uncles. They also have Scriptural names. All our family had. My uncle Sanhedrim Snobsaw is fifty-five years of age; and my uncle Sheshack Snobsaw is fifty-five years of age. They are twins: that's the reason why they are both the same age. My uncle San-hedrim is an old bachelor, and my uncle Sheshack is an old bachelor. My uncle Sanhedrim thinks that all the girls around here are in love with him. I think it's because they're old bachelors that they have so much trouble about these subjects. Maybe you think I want to digress. I won't digress. As regards our position at table, you know it. My aunt Misgab never sits down with us, but, when my father has said family grace, she takes her stand behind my back, with the broomstick in her hand, to see that there's no foul play at dividing the col-lops. When meals are finished, my father says family grace, and my aunt Misgab sweeps us all out of the dining-room. Sweeping us all out of the dining room, is one of my aunt's prominent virtues. My uncle Sheshack has an old hurdy-gurdy, on which one of our family played the fu-neral march of Philip, Sachem of the Wampanoags, and from sheer dint of keeping it in tune, he some-times forgets himself at table, and makes his knife and elbow go through all the musical evolutions on the strings of a piece of meat. My aunt beats time with the broomstick, and that keeps my uncle Sheshack in order. Keeping my uncle Sheshack in order is one of my aunt's prominent virtues. My uncle Sanhedrim always uses the back of his hand or the sleeve of his coat for a pocket hand-kerchief. Using these things in this way is one of his prominent virtues. My uncle Sheshack can't be got to chew tobacco, so, to satisfy the family, he chews toast. My uncle Sanhedrim can't be got to use snuff, so when he gets his head stopped with a cold, he twists a piece of paper in the form of a corkscrew, and worms it up his left nostril to make himself sneeze. My— But I won't tell you any more on this subject at present. S. J. S.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PUBLISHED AT

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

TERMS:

One year..... \$1 00
Copies of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Protest of the President and Faculty of the University of Notre Dame Against the Invasion of Rome.

In union with all true Catholics the world over, we protest against the cowardly treason which has deprived our Holy Father Pius IX of his temporal power. We hold it to be the duty of every Catho-lic to protest against the invasion of the Eternal City by Victor Emanuel instigated and inspired by the devil in the commission of this most iniqui-tous and foul crime, and in the completion of which he has been the instrument and the tool of secret societies whose lives and aspirations have ever been devoted to the dishonor of our holy religion, and to the destruction of social order, genuine liberty and true government. We protest against this in-vasion because it is a violation of honor, truth, and justice; and because we hold and declare it to be the foulest treachery, and the most gigantic sacri-lege yet perpetrated, since Judas Iscariot received the thirty pieces of silver for betraying the Saviour of the world.

We protest against this invasion, because it is an insult to ALL Catholics, and because it is the mo-mentary triumph of anarchy over order; wrong over right; vice over virtue; falsehood over truth; of the goddess of Reason over the Religion of Christ, and of usurping despotism over legitimate authority.

We protest against this invasion of the Eternal City; because we hold and maintain that all Cath-olics are interested in the existence of the Tem-poral Power of the Popes, that their wishes and feelings ought to be consulted in whatever con-cerns its existence, and that neither kings nor em-perors, nor secret societies, can rightfully change, diminish, or take it away, without the combined approval of the Catholic Church, and the Catholic world. We hold that not even the Italian people can dispose of the Temporal Power of the Popes, without the consent and approval of the entire Catholic world, because it is a question which deeply concerns all the children of the Church.

For these reasons, then, and for many others, equally obvious, we readily and willingly join with our Catholic brethren throughout the world, in protesting against this lawless invasion of the sacred rights of the Holy See, and we denounce it as an act of wickedness, of treachery and of infamy, without a precedent, or a parallel in the history of mankind!

THE Brass Band has given us good music of late, and through the energetic efforts of its leader, Mr. E. Lilly, bids well to equal and—we think—to sur-pass the bands of former years. Of all our musical societies the band takes the lead in spirit and en-terprise.

Our thanks are due to the publishers of the *Catholic Sentinel* for a pamphlet containing the Pastoral letter of the Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon City, concerning the two first dogmatic constitutions of the Ecumenical Vatican Council.

The Debating Societies.

The discussion that took place last week between some members of the two Senior Societies is, we hope, but the first of a long series of debates to be carried on in the same manner. Apart from the intellectual culture attained by such discussions, there is a great advantage presented to the debaters in the opportunities they have of avoiding the use of injudicious terms when warmed up by the discussion, and of keeping their temper when, peradventure, an opponent may so far forget himself as to use provoking language. To a keen debater, especially if he be a student full of wit, animal spirits and mischief, there is a temptation scarcely to be resisted in a chance to say a witty thing, even though he knows it will wound his opponent,—and if "mischief" predominate in him he will say it because it does wound him. But in the long run, that kind of thing does not pay. One bad effect first resulting from it is, that the debate soon ceases to be a serious discussion of the subject, and fizzles down to a mere interchange of personalities. Though this may amuse the audience for a short time, it will soon disgust them. We admit that at times it is very hard to refrain making a "good hit" in order to raise a laugh. We say to a debater: make as many "good hits" as you please, but not one that would wound your opponent's feelings. It is more difficult, perhaps, to accustom yourself to keeping your temper when provoked. Yet let that be your great aim. Always keep cool. If you give not away to anger or irritation you are safe. Encase yourself in a consciousness of your dignity as a man, of your rights as a debater, and then the more unparliamentary be the language of your opponent and the more vulgar the conduct of the audience, the faster hold you will have on your temper—the more easily will you keep it.

In reference to the debate of last week, we owe it to the young gentlemen to testify that we were well pleased, and they have reason to be satisfied with their first discussion this year. We do not mean that they cannot do better; on the contrary, quite the reverse. We feel assured that they will do a great deal better. One great evil in Debating Societies is the want of preparation on the part of the debaters. We do not allude now to the debaters whom we had the pleasure of listening to last week, for they were all better prepared than debaters usually are, and two of them had evidently given the attention and study that were due to the subject and the audience. No matter from what cause the want of preparation arises—whether from want of time, or from indolence, or from inability to grasp the subject so as to treat it well—the evil is there. We know full well that a young man following the complete course has very little spare time to devote to his societies; this should determine him to undertake but few regular debates, and never appear in public without having fully prepared himself. Otherwise he does justice neither to himself nor the subject, nor to his hearers.

The Essays that were read the same evening we cannot say much of, because we would not like to do injustice to the essayists. Reading essays, like life, is a serious thing. Young men should bear this in mind. It is not enough to scratch off some crude thoughts, or put together some loose facts. Many thoughts that are new and fresh to the essayist are old acquaintances of the audience, and when these old acquaintances are presented in a slovenly or shabby dress by the essayist, the effect cannot be pleasing. Great care should therefore be taken in writing the essay. We recently saw it stated that Macaulay, the most brilliant writer of his day, wrote his essays, or whatever else he intended to publish, on widely lined paper. He first wrote without regard to the wording of the phrases and sentences, and then going over his pages a second

and third time, perhaps oftener, he moulded and remoulded each sentence and phrase, until he gave it that polish and brilliancy which characterize his writings. A pity it is, we may be allowed to say in passing, that he gave so much attention to polish and so little to truth. Having made this remark to his blame, we make another to his credit, which is this: after bestowing so much pains on his manuscript, it may easily be imagined that the pages must have been a mass of erasures, and it would have been next to impossible for anyone but himself, who had the clue, to get through the inky labyrinth of words erased and restored, and again blotted out to give place to others.—Now mark it well to his everlasting praise! *He never sent his manuscript in that state to the printer.* No, my Christian friend, he made a clean, legible copy and sent it to the printer. Do thou likewise, and printers will bless thee, and not thy eyes!

If the essay be for publication you have nothing more to do than to send it to the editor, and if well written—as it will be if you follow Lord Macaulay's plan—and if it be on a suitable subject, you will have the satisfaction of seeing yourself in type, as in a mirror, and you can read yourself over and over, like a vain young man—or old one—studying himself in a looking-glass. But if you intend to read it, your task is but begun. We like music; music, you know, like the members of the College Orchestra give us whenever they play—or like the singing at St. Mary's—or some of the solos in the "Gloria" and "Credo"—and yet we say it sincerely, though our reputation as a musician may suffer thereby, we can listen with as much pleasure to a well read essay as to one of Beethoven's Symphonies—and we think the pleasure is the same in kind. Of course, there is an intellectual pleasure added in case the essay be on a subject we are particularly interested in; but much of the pleasure consists in the gratification given to the sense of hearing. Consequently, no matter how good the production may be in a literary point of view, all pleasure is lost when it is badly read. Nay, more, the better the essay is the greater the disappointment. In connection with this we cannot refrain from giving a word of commendation to one essayist, although we had determined to adhere to our determination of making only general remarks. The essay on "Columbus," was well written, and very well read. We cannot, however, agree with the essayist in his admitting as true the stigma of immorality cast on the fair fame of our great benefactor by some who could not understand his nobleness of soul.

Besides essays and debates there were some declamations. We did not like them, simply because we did not think them in place, or in good taste. That young men in their society meetings exercise themselves in elocution by declaiming the composition of others is commendable; but when they appear in public they should apply the elocutionary effects they have learned to productions of their own. We do not like to see the means taken for the end. We are always pleased to hear the Juniors declaim. They should all declaim—the few who have greater gifts should not monopolize the business—but all should have a chance. We have always been in favor of "plays" and declamations, for they enable the bashful lad—boys are more bashful than the girls—to quiet down his nerves when standing before the eyes of an audience—he obtains confidence in himself, gets rid of a great deal of his awkwardness, and knows what to do with his arms. We like, then, to hear the Juniors declaim in public, because they are making use of a means to attain a good object. They are not expected to write profound essays and grand orations, and it is a pleasure to see them throw themselves into the part they take for the nonce. But do you think those Juniors, when they grow up and study up to be Seniors, will be satisfied to declaim the

words of others? We think not. They—or those at least who are "genuine" and not "make-believes"—will deliver their own essays, their own speeches, with all the grace and pathos and expression and *rim* with which they throw you off "Spartacus" or "Meet me by moonlight alone," or any other of their favorite pieces. And that is what all young men should do, as many of the Seniors now do do.

We do not condemn elocutionary exercises for young men. Elocution is too much neglected, and all have seen the proofs of this neglect, in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the stump. We in America will never adopt the English fashion of standing stock still and letting the words run out of the mouth monotonously like water from a pump, with the single pump handle gesture. Yet, from the want of attention given to elocution, we might conclude that the officers and faculty of our college think that it is to be studied only by those destined for the stage. We do not, however, believe they take such an erroneous view of the matter. We would insist that the correct view of the matter be enforced, and more attention be given to elocution. But for public meetings of senior societies let the result be shown, not in declaiming other men's words, but in expressing the thoughts of the debater or essayist. We insist on this the more because we have reason to think that the few who merely declaimed on Tuesday evening are well able to write in a manner worthy of their elocution, and that is saying a great deal, for they declaimed admirably well.

And for this reason also we insist more emphatically—because they did declaim admirably well, there is reason to fear both for themselves and for others. For themselves it is to be feared that enchanted by the applause and beguiled by the comparative easy means of obtaining it they will fail to attempt anything better, or, still worse, imagining they are incipient Booths and Keanes, destined to be bright stars, they may add to the number of third rate actors who can never aspire to anything higher than the role of walking gentlemen in a stock company. For others, there is danger that they may be deluded into the same way of thinking by the applause they hear given to the rounded periods well rolled out.

Gentlemen of the Senior Societies, in returning you thanks for your invitation to your literary *séance*, and for the pleasure you afforded us, we say we are proud of you. If we have not given you fulsome praise from beginning to end of our remarks, it is because we believe you sensible young men. If we have given you some hard knocks it is because we know you are fully able to bear them, and that you have many good qualities to counterbalance any deficiencies that may have been observed. These are the result of want of experience, which is soon remedied. Your good qualities are your own, and under the guidance of your excellent presidents and by your own study and toil they will be improved.

We have been promised a report of the meeting, which, at the present writing, has not reached us.

We said nothing of the music of the College orchestra when speaking of the literary *séance* of last week. We know so little about music that we we no not whether the musicians who compose the orchestra will take as complimentary or otherwise the statement of the fact that the music charmed us. There was a drawback in the place, however, for music can never sound its best in a room filled up as the big parlor is, especially when you pack it with a large audience, let on the steam and keep the windows closed. We would defy any violin to twang—no, vibrate—its best in such an atmosphere, and verily believe it must have been heavy pulling even for the bass viol to do justice to itself. Air, gentlemen, air, and plenty of it, pure.

NOTRE DAME is to have an artesian well.

PROF. HOWARD gave his second lecture on History, Wednesday, 23d ult.

OUR orchestra is seldom heard or seen now. It has a marked vocation for a cloister life.

BOTH the *Register* and *Union* contain letters descriptive of the late Editorial Excursion.

THE best draughtsmen in Prof. C. B. Von Weller's drawing class are N. Mitchell, J. McGahan and C. Ortwayer.

THE best pianist at Notre Dame is S. Dum; the best violinist, J. Rumely; the best clarinet player, C. Dodge; the biggest flute player, D. Hogan.

THE *Enterprise*, in the hands of Mr. Montgomery, has taken a fresh start, and is not only considerably enlarged, but puts on quite a city paper appearance.

THE Junior orchestra played for the dancers in the Junior playroom last Thursday. We do not hear that the Senior orchestra has made its first public appearance.

SOME eighty students attend the book-keeping classes of Prof. L. G. Tong. This is the largest number yet attained in the commercial department. The question arises: How many will graduate in February and June?

THE plays written for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will soon be published. They will form a beautiful book of some 300 pages, the introduction included, which will contain appropriate directions and the rules of elocution.

WE hope the good old game of foot-ball will soon be the passion. [We had written fashion, but the printer has put passion, and we let passion stand. *He knows.*] If not so scientific as base-ball, it kills less and gives enjoyment to a greater number.

WE go to press with much grief, and would tear our hair, if we had the privilege of wearing a chignon. Not having the privilege, nor hair either to any alarming extent, we refrain from tearing—yes, we drop a tear. Where art thou, last letter of alas?

PROF. BELEKE, of Chicago lectured in Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th. Mr. Beleke's well known reputation as a linguist and philologist led all to expect a profound dissertation on the origin of language, and their expectations were fully realized. We hope to hear him again before he leaves the College.

WE hope to have soon the pleasure of listening to some new music from our choir. Prof. Girac seems to have made during his life such an excellent choice of sacred music, that nothing has since been found worthy of refreshing the monotonous sameness of the old repertory. We will gladly notice some improvement in that direction.

H. B. KEELER is engaged in business in St. Mary's, Kansas, where he has established a real estate agency. With Mr. R. R. Bertrand he attends to the multitudinous wants of those who are bothered with property. Abstracts of deeds he will furnish you, buy and sell real estate, pay taxes, examine titles, make collections anywhere in Kansas. We would be glad to hear often from him.

PROF. CORBY's penmanship classes sent in their first monthly composition last week to the Director of Studies. The great majority of these compositions were very neat and handsomely written, and reflected great credit on the Professor and his pupils. The best signs of systematic teaching and earnest application could be evinced from the uniformity of the hand-writing in all the compositions. Among the best were those of Messrs. A. Riopelle, T. Dundon, C. M. Johnson, J. L. McGahn, T. Dillon, W. Wilstach, C. Dodge, B. J. Goesse, F. Mc-

Donald, Wm. Dodge, James Ward, H. Ackoff, L. Roth, T. Foley and others, whose specimens were only deficient in the injudicious use of shading.

WE are happy to add to the list of our exchanges the *Kendallville Standard* and the *Whitney County Commercial*, both of them live papers, ably edited, and published in live localities. Our grief was great at not being able to attend the Editorial Excursion to the sunny south, and our grief increased in intensity upon reading the graphic description, not only by "H," but also by other excursionists whose letters appeared in several of our exchanges. But even if we had not that selfish sorrow upon our minds we would regret our staying at home because we were thereby prevented from forming the personal acquaintance of Mr. C. O. Myers, editor of the *Standard*, and Mr. J. W. Baker, editor of the *Commercial*, and a host of others who do battle for the good cause in Northern Indiana.

WE were highly pleased to receive a sign of life—and a good palpable sign—from an old friend and former student of Notre Dame, W. P. Cotter, who sends us the *Logan Gazette* of which he is proprietor and editor. We feel a sort of predilection for all those of our old students who are connected with the press and pen. We have kept up correspondence with some of them, but there must be more, battling through life with pen in hand, of whom we have lost sight, simply because they throw none of their rays towards the SCHOLASTIC. The *Gazette* will always be the first read paper the day of its arrival, except—of course, always excepting—our own peculiar Daily. We congratulate the typos of the *Gazette* office, for ye editor not only writes excellent articles but, if our memory serves us right, puts ink on paper as legible as print and as graceful as—as—well say the Grecian bend ought to be.

Book Notices.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, The Relations between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece and the Positive Teachings of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Prof. of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers. 1870.

In an age when so many talented writers, actuated rather by their own perverted, or at best, misguided fancies, than by an appreciative love of truth, are seeking to stifle the noblest of man's aspirations, it is cheering to see a few, who in natural ability are not at all inferior, and in uprightness and candor of mind are far superior, to these, asserting boldly those sublime truths which, apart from their intrinsic grandeur, give dignity to human thought, and not only asserting them, but supporting them by arguments so convincing and evidences so clear that the truth-loving mind not only accepts them, but rejoices in the brightness of their evidence.

Such an intellectual pleasure has the author of the book before us placed within the reach of every candid reader, in regard to some of the most important truths that can occupy the mind of man. The chief object of the author, throughout this volume of over five hundred pages, is, in his own words, (pref. vi.) to show "that the necessary ideas and laws of the reason, and the native instincts of the human heart, originally implanted by God, are the primal and germinal forces of history; and that these have been developed under conditions which were first ordained, and have been continually supervised by the providence of God." To those who have not read the book, the second part of this sentence might appear objectionable, from the fact that it declares that the conditions, under which these necessary ideas and instincts were developed, were from the beginning ordained by God; which assertion is apparently capable of an absolute predes-

tinarian sense, but a careful reading of the author's book, will show that this is not his meaning; for by the "conditions," he evidently means the natural and social surroundings of man; which, so far from necessarily producing any of the moral or intellectual deficiencies of man, on the contrary, in spite of the deficiencies, which are the result of man's free acts, serve under the guidance of divine Providence, to develop those ideas and instincts which tend to raise man up to his Creator. In this sense, the proposition is altogether unobjectionable.

In developing this leading thought of his book, the author brings out in the clear light of overwhelming evidence several truths of primary importance. First, the existence of God, as the supreme ruler of the universe, is established beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt, upon the authority of reason—the validity of the arguments from reason being based on the testimony of universal consciousness, as manifested by the instinctive tendency of all men, at all times and in all places, to pay divine honors to some superior being, and to acknowledge their dependence upon such a being. The merit of this proof does not, indeed, consist in its novelty, but in the clear and forcible manner in which it is developed, making the truth so evident to reason, that the mind would be obliged to do violence to itself to reject it.

Another truth of vital importance irrefutably established by the author is the necessity of religion. His chief arguments in support of this truth, are likewise based on the testimony of universal consciousness, as manifested by the universal custom amongst men of paying religious worship to the supreme being, and the evidences which he adduces in support of his various proofs of this truth, founded upon facts and their necessary connection with the point in question, are presented to the reader in so clear and convincing a style, that he cannot consistently with candor refuse to accept them.

Besides these two fundamental truths, the author has, incidentally and as a consequence of his line of argument, brought out in its proper light another truth which, though not of primary moment, still has a close connection with the dignity of human reason. I refer to the fact of Pagan idol worship. He has shown most clearly that the fundamental principle of idol worship, was a belief in the true God, although the weakness of this belief, in consequence of man's obscure idea of God, gave to the senses a correspondingly greater influence, which naturally led men, in their worship, to attend more to the visible image than to the invisible Being whom they strove to represent. He does not deny that the Pagans actually paid divine worship to mere idols, but he claims, and justly, that the invention of idols was, originally, an effort merely to represent God under a sensible form, and the divine honors subsequently paid to the image itself were prompted by a superstitious belief that God united Himself in a special manner to this image. Hence, the worship paid to the image or idol was directed, at least according to the primitive institution of Paganism, to the supposed indwelling deity, though the distinction may have been practically lost sight of by the ignorant, who formed the great mass of the people at the time.

The limited space allowed me in the SCHOLASTIC, will not permit me to make a review of this work, and I have only instanced these three points as the most prominent. In conclusion we would say that this book is one that cannot be read without profit by any person of candor; while a second or third perusal would be amply repaid.

The author announces, in his preface, another work, still in preparation, on "Christianity and Modern Thought." I cannot, of course, predict what the merit of this work will be, but in such hands it ought to be considerable. No doubt his own particular religious belief, will give character to the work; for he is no longer to deal with past

systems, at which we can look calmly, but with present systems in which we are personally interested, and, unfortunately, in a great many different, and even opposite, ways. I hope that one, who has proved so clearly the necessity of religion, and the unity of the principle, from which all religion proceeds, will consider seriously the necessary consequence: that, supposing this principle to be consistent, only one form of religion can possibly be in conformity with it at the same time. A mind, like that of the learned author, needs but do justice to itself to discover, among the countless systems now existing, which one is in conformity with the one divine principle—or God.

M. B. B.

THE CATHOLIC CRUSOE; ADVENTURES OF OWEN PYANS
Navy Surgeon's Mate, set ashore on a desolate Island in the Caribbean seas, A. D. 1739. Given from the original MS. by W. H. Anderson, D. D.: New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers.

An interesting narrative of the adventures of several men who were treacherously left by the captain of their ship on an uninhabited island. It is excellent reading both for young and old. Messrs Benzigers have published the American edition of this work in good style.

MITCHELL'S NEW REFERENCE ATLAS FOR THE USE OF
Colleges, Libraries, Families and Counting-Houses, in a series of fifty-six copperplate maps, exhibiting the several Countries, Empires, Kingdoms and States in the modern and ancient world. Compiled from the latest authorities. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

Arrivals.

Thos. Kelly,	Portsmouth, Ohio.
Chas. W. Hughes,	Hamilton, Ohio.
Edward Keating,	South Bend, Ind.
Michael Coyle,	Joliet, Ill.
James Martin	Kelly's Island, Ohio.
Henry Gooley,	Notre Dame, Ind.
R. J. Curran,	Buchanan, Mich.
Martin O'Day,	Kilgub, Ind.
William Fitzgerald,	St. Louis, Mo.
William Delahanty,	Chicago, Ill.
James Dwyer,	Ottawa Ill.
Richard Costello,	South Bend, Ind.
James Clark,	Lafayette, Ind.
William P. Hughes,	Chicago, Ill.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

November 18th—J. Zahm, J. Shannahan, J. McGinnity, W. Roberts, J. Rourke, T. Murphy, E. Jamison, P. Scott, J. McGlynn, W. Crenshaw.

November 25th—J. Gearin, R. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, B. Shephard, J. Wilson, D. Harding, N. Atkins, P. O'Connell, H. Wooster, F. Langan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

November 18th—C. Dodge, W. Dodge, H. Potter, C. Berdel, B. Roberts, N. Moriarty, J. Rumley, E. Davis, J. Ireland, J. Spillard, P. Reilly.

November 25th—V. Hackmann, J. Ward, T. Foley, M. Winegar, B. Luhn, L. Hibben, J. Heintz, E. Howland, A. Ransom, L. McOsker, L. Roth.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

Honorable Mention.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

T. Johnson, J. A. Zahm, R. McCarthy, J. McHugh, E. B. Gambee, T. Ireland, M. Keely, J. E. Shannahan, J. C. Heine, T. O'Mahony.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

J. M. Gearin, J. A. Fox, N. Mitchell, A. Howe, B. McGinnis, T. Murphy, C. C. Smith, F. B. Shephard, J. Willson, S. Dum.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

P. Coakley, R. Crenshaw, F. Dundon, C. Duffy, G. Darr, R. Finley, D. Harding, J. A. Loranger, J. Murnane, P. Murphy, J. McGahan, P. O'Connell, J. Rourke, A. P. Rogers, C. Swenk, W. Roberts, M. J. Spellacy, H. Ackoff, J. Antoine, S. Ashton, W. Dum, P. Foley, J. McGuire, M. Moriarty, P. Finnegan, P. Federspiel, E. B. Jamison, E. Mullarky, J. Walsh, C. Wheeler, J. Buchler, C. Berdel, H. Breckneg, H. Kinkead, R. Lange, B. Luhn, L. McOsker, Joseph Rumley, C. Shirberg, E. Shuster, J. Ward.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

William Clarke, W. Crenshaw, A. Riopelle, J. McGinnity, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, C. Hutchings, J. Ireland, D. McGinnis, C. Ortmyer, P. Reilly, E. Sheehan, H. Taylor, J. Taylor, W. Wilstach, A. J. Brown, T. T. Hurley, F. Langan, H. Bourdon, W. Fletcher, E. Gregg, W. Gross, J. Heinz, G. Hoffman, L. Hibben, A. Hoerber, E. Howland, C. Jevne, H. Jones, G. Lyons, F. McDonald, W. Myers, P. McDonnell, J. Quill, H. E. Potter, W. Woltring, L. Roth, J. Ruddiman, A. Sharai, T. Selby, C. Vinson, B. Vogt, M. Winegar, J. Wuest, W. S. Atkins, L. Batson, G. Ludington, E. Myers, S. Meyers, G. Riopelle, E. Sweeney, D. Snider, F. Arantz, J. Campbell, M. Cummings, A. Dickarhoff, J. Dixon, J. Drake, R. Dooley, J. Dunne, E. Davis, G. Greene, H. Krueger, J. Graham, S. Hoover, John Hoffman, H. Hunt, E. Haydel, F. Joseph, F. Livingstone, C. H. Lenhard, V. McKinnon, M. McCormack, J. McCormack, John McMannus, J. McGinnis, J. Murphy, E. Newton, P. O'Brien, P. Smith, M. Shiel, C. Solit, M. Welton, F. Whitney H. Waldhauser.

PROMOTIONS.

The following students of the First English Grammar were allowed to discontinue, and joined the Rhetoric Class: M. Spellacy, P. O'Connell, O. Bell, W. G. Smith, J. McGinnity, J. A. Loranger, T. Murphy, S. Ashton, A. Riopelle, M. Carr, J. Antoine, C. Dodge.

W. Crenshaw and P. Finnegan were promoted to First Grammar.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

ORTHOGRAPHY AND READING.

W. Morris, Geo. J. Gross, J. G. Ewing, H. Quan, E. DeGroot, W. Byrne, O. Tong, C. Tarble, C. A. Campeau, E. Raymond, W. Haney, S. W. Hopkins, T. H. O'Brien, L. Montedonico, T. Nelson, H. Deehan, C. Clarke, J. Cordano, A. Morton, F. Huck, F. Hoover, J. Deehan, F. Whitney, C. Ellison, S. McCoy, W. Cunningham, C. O'Meara.

Literary Entertainment

By the St. Aloysius' Philodemic, and St. Edward's Literary Associations, on Tuesday, November 22.

PROGRAMME.

Music,.....Orchestra
Essay—Truth,.....John Zahm
Essay—Humbugs,.....Rufus McCarty
Declamation—The Murderer's Confession,....J. C. Heine
Essay—Columbus,.....B. J. McGinniss
Essay—Washington,.....J. McGahan
Declamation—The Artist and the Captive, M. J. Moriarty
Music,.....Orchestra
Debate—Question....Resolved—"That the total Abolition of the sale of Liquor is Justifiable."

Affirmative,.....{ Michael Carr
 { J. D. Evans
Negative,.....{ J. E. Shannahan
 { T. H. Johnson
Remarks,.....
Music,.....Orchestra

Above is given the programme of one of the finest intellectual entertainments ever given at Notre Dame. This is saying very much; but, though of course there were faults, it is not saying too much. The entertainment was conducted in the large College parlor, which was admirably fitted up for the

occasion. The orchestra discoursed most beautiful music in the intervals, and the various parts were otherwise so interchanged as to give pleasure without monotony.

Mr. Zahm's eloquent essay, so well fitted to introduce such an entertainment, was, like himself, quiet, scholarly and correct. Indeed the style of thought and composition, suitable to essay writing, seems well adapted to his taste and genius.

Mr. McCarty's "Humbugs," was not a humbug, as he called it, but a very humorous production. However, as I profess to be an impartial critic, I must say that the introduction seemed rather long for the body of the discourse, making the whole rather top-heavy; but as this was an essential part of the humor, perhaps my criticism, and not the essay, must topple over.

Mr. Heine's declamation, which, by the way, I should call a recitation, seemed to me, in both voice and action, to be admirably rendered. To recite properly, such intricately rhymed and passionate poetry is no slight task. The point is to express, without ranting, the intensity of feeling, and yet not lose command of the measured smoothness of the verse. It is not given to many to do this. Of Mr. Heine's rendition of this piece, I will only say that it satisfied and pleased me.

One would think it a hard matter for a young writer to compose an essay on so trite a subject as that of Columbus; but Mr. McGinnis entered with such zest into the spirit of the great navigator and of his times that the hearer's enthusiasm was irresistibly aroused. Mr. McGinnis seems to have a fine talent for painting character in a life-like manner. The "one fault" ascribed to Columbus has been called in question, as Mr. McGinnis will learn by consulting recent authorities.

Mr. McGahan's essay on Washington, was written in a smooth style; but the subject is too trite to admit of any but the most animated or original treatment. He would be a genius, indeed, who could say anything new of Washington.

Mr. Moriarty's ability in declamation is so well known, that I need scarcely more than allude to his success on this occasion. His presence and his voice are both impressive. For the selection, however, I cannot say so much. "Parahassius and the Captive" is as morbid in sentiment as it is improbable in fact. Only a sickly fancy, such as that of Willis, would have conceived this horrible picture.

After the choice strains of the orchestra had ceased, the debate of the evening was taken up, and continued with spirit and unflagging interest to the close. Criticising a debate is ticklish business, as each party is sure to think you have taken sides with the other; so I shall try to slip over this portion of my communication with as few words as possible.

Some one made the observation that, in this debate, the affirmative had the eloquence, and the negative the argument; but I would say, that to me Mr. Carr seemed the orator, Mr. Evans the polished speaker, Mr. Shannahan the cool reasoner, and Mr. Johnson the wit. In this classification, perhaps, the shrewd reader will see both the praise and the blame of each.

Very Rev. Father General, who graced the occasion with his presence, when called upon to decide the question, did something much better, that is, gave his young hearers an excellent advice suggested by the able debate to which he had listened and the memories it recalled of his own observations through life. For the young, and especially for the weak, the rule is, "Touch not, taste not!"

In my character of critic, I would say that the question was not worded with sufficient care. As it stands, the affirmative kept much closer to the question than the negative, except, indeed, the wit, who boldly denied the resolution *in toto*. But as the question stands between temperance men and their opponents, it should read, *Resolved*—"That

the sale of spirituous Liquors, except for the Medicinal and Mechanical purposes, should be prohibited." This is a debatable question; but the other leaves too many loop-holes for both sides.

Considering the excellence of the debate, as well as of the whole entertainment, it may be thought that there is too much criticism in this review; but it is exactly because the entertainment was so good, that I feel justified in criticising. The young gentlemen who conducted the exercises of this evening can bear criticism. That is their best praise; and it is my earnest desire, as it was that expressed by Very Rev. Father General, that these entertainments should be repeated. Dramatic entertainments throughout the year are delightful sources of recreation and profit, which I would by no means abridge; yet, in my view, this evening's more intellectual treat was worth them all.

INVITATUS.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The ninth regular meeting was held November 6th. Master S. Ashton read an essay entitled, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Master R. Staley came next with a composition on "France." It was well composed, but contained too many quotations for the amount of original matter. Quotations should never form the main portion of any essay. Master Staley will become a good essayist by practice in writing, much reading and thought. C. Peterson delivered "Spartacus to the Gladiators," with a pretty well modulated voice and becoming gesture. Though he has not the strong frame and great strength of Spartacus, (it may be well for some that he hasn't), yet, according to the testimony of the Professor of the First Geometry, he has a good mind, which is better. Master M. Mahony gave "The Soldiers of the Irish Brigade" in good style, though his voice was not as good as usual. Master C. Dodge's declamation on the "Patriot" was all that could be expected. L. Roth favored us again with one of his laughable personations, which "brought down the house" without injuring the ceiling. Master McHugh convulsed us with his laugh-provoking "Eccentricities." Master C. Burdell appeared to very good advantage in one of his choice selections; his voice was better than ever before. This over, Rev. Father Graham, whose presence at the exercises was a source of great delight and honor to the members, arose and expressed himself highly delighted with the entertainment. You can scarcely now realize, he said, the advantages you enjoy in belonging to associations of this kind; you will see the day when you will fully appreciate these privileges, whether your calling be to the learned professions, or to political life, or in whatever station of life you may be placed; you will be required, some time or other, to express your sentiments and opinions, and if you be able to do so intelligently you will look back, with fond remembrance, to the happy days of college life—to those literary associations, which were the main springs in stimulating you on in your literary career. He gave several illustrations, in his usual happy way, of persons failing in addressing an audience on public occasions, either from want of practice, or depending too much on their natural abilities, etc. The members of the association will not soon forget this discourse, a synopsis of which is barely attempted here; and they hope that, they may have the pleasure of listening to the reverend gentleman soon again. They return their sincere thanks to him for this favor, and several others, during his short stay at the University.

The tenth regular meeting came off November 12.

S. ASHTON, Cor. Sec.

The eleventh regular meeting took place November 19. M. Moriarty read, in a clear voice, a composition on "The Use of the Tongue;" after him Peter Reilly read a good composition entitled "Life;" on the merits of which compositions they were unanimously elected members. The President then made some important remarks on the last exhibition, and concluded by saying that those who had done well should be promoted. Accordingly, the following members deserved offices: Master C. Burdell, formerly Vice-President of the Dramatic Branch, was elected general Vice-President of the association, *vice* M. Mahony retiring. Master Scott Ashton, formerly Recording Secretary, to the Vice-Presidency of the Dramatic Branch. Master C. Dodge was elected Recording Secretary; J. McHugh, Monitor; S. Dum, Censor; C. Morgan, Assistant Monitor; L. Hayes, Corresponding Secretary, *pro tem*.

The Association return their sincere thanks to D. J. Wile for his generous donation to the library.

L. HAYES, Cor. Sec. *pro tem*.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
NOVEMBER 29, 1870. }

The past two weeks have been weeks of close application to studies. "Thanksgiving Day" was celebrated in an appropriate manner. The pupils assisted at the Mass celebrated by Very Rev. Father General, who gave them a beautiful instruction on the obligation of all rational beings to show their gratitude to God, for His fatherly care over His dependent creatures.

During the day the pupils enjoyed themselves playing croquet, the beautifully mild weather rendering outdoor exercise delightfully exhilarating. Dinner was, of course, a truly orthodox repast: Turkey, with cranberry sauce, mince-pie and cider. The young ladies invited Very Rev. Father General to honor them by his presence at dinner; he kindly accepted their invitation, and to the delight of all, presided at the table of honor in the Senior refectory. At the close of the repast, the Rev. Father rose and made some pleasant remarks, thanking the young ladies for their kind invitation, inviting them to invite him to the next Thanksgiving dinner at the Academy.

In the evening the young ladies had a lively dance, and thus closed the national festival of Thanksgiving Day.

On last Wednesday evening, Rev. Father Carrier delivered, before the Faculty of St. Mary's and the graduating and first Senior classes, the first of a course of Scientific lectures. All were delighted with the happy manner in which he introduced the subject of "The Record of the Bible and the Record of the Rocks." The purpose of the Rev. lecturer is to prove that these records do not, as some skeptics assert, contradict each other. His defence of the sacred Scripture, against the flippancy sneers of infidel writers, found a ready response in the hearts and minds of his hearers.

[We must correct a few typographical errors, made in our last letter to the SCHOLASTIC. The subscription of Mrs. Phelan, to the Church of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, should be \$3000; that of Mrs. Mulhall, \$500.]

Respectfully yours, STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss C. Creviling,	St. Louis, Mo.
" Hannah McMahon,	Chicago, Ill.
" Nora McMahon,	" "
" Georgia McDougal,	" "
" Clara Staffer,	" "

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

November 20.—Misses S. O'Brien, J. Forbes, A. Borup, K. Robinson, A. Reynolds, M. Letourneau, F. Murphy, K. Boyd, L. Ritchie, A. Woods, M. Heath, E. Hendricks.

November 27.—Misses S. Hoover, A. Frazer, A. Hunt, L. Sutherland, J. Tucker, M. Prince, C. Woods, M. Ford, M. Wicker, E. McFarland, I. Wilder, R. Nelson.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T

Graduating Class—Misses H. Niell, A. Sturgis, A. Radin, M. Kirwan, H. Moriarty, K. Young, A. Locke, B. O'Niell, A. Millard, C. Foote, A. Rhinehart.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Toberty, M. Dillon, M. Shirland, M. Kellogg, E. Marshall, J. Hogue, A. Clarke, K. Park, B. Randall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, A. Cornish, K. Robinson, M. Shanks.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Lassen, E. Hoyt, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, S. O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Haymond, A. Frost, K. Brown, E. Finley, E. Rry A. Reynolds, A. Shea, A. Todd.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, A. Mast, L. Dooley, K. Powell, L. Duffield, L. Ogden, M. Ward, E. Dickerhoff, M. Finley, E. Hendricks, R. Snood, M. Getty, J. Millis, R. Spiers, J. Lioni, R. Lioni, M. Heth, A. Woods, F. Lincoln, A. Mimick.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Letourneau, E. Wood, J. Falvey, F. Sammons, L. Ritchie, B. Cable, E. Price, S. Spillard, K. Boyd, L. Clancy, M. Quan, J. Kreutzer, A. Robson.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses R. Dovoto, F. Murphy, Z. Ozbourne, E. Greenleaf, M. McIntyre, E. Callahan, A. Lloyd, E. Boyland, L. Weire, M. Weire, I. Bounel, L. Tinsley, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses S. Klassen, E. Birney, C. Crevaling, F. Lloyd, M. Sweeney.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

November 23.—Misses A. Robson, M. Sweeney, A. Byrne, A. Rose, L. Harrison, N. Price, M. Cummings, E. Horgan, M. DeLong, G. DeHaven.

First Junior Class—L. Wood, M. Hildebreth, H. Ely.

Second Junior Class—Misses K. Lloyd, M. Ely.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses J. Hynds, K. Young, M. Kirwan.

Second Class—Misses A. Borup, K. Parks. Second Division—Misses A. Cornish, M. Kellogg, R. Spiers, H. Niel, A. Clarke.

Third Class—Misses G. Hurst, M. Lassen, A. Reynolds, A. Rhinehart, B. Randall, A. Locke, B. O'Neill, M. Ward. Second Division—Miss A. Sturgis.

Fourth Class—Misses J. Forbes, D. Greene, L. Ogden, J. Hogue, J. Wilder, F. Lincoln, L. Duffield.

Fifth Class—Misses A. Shea, S. Hoover, E. Wood, S. Clancey, L. McFarland, A. Emmonds, J. Tucker, A. Mast.

Sixth Class—Misses M. Heth, S. Cummings, J. Millis, M. Nash, R. Fox, M. Weire.

Seventh Class—Misses F. Prince, L. McKinnon, L. Weire, S. Chassen, E. Hendricks, R. Nilson, S. Honeyman.

Eighth Class—Misses L. Harrison, S. Tinsley, F. Lloyd, L. Woods, A. Lloyd.

Ninth Class—Misses A. Rose, A. DeHaven, M. Hildreth.

Harp—Miss M. Shirland.

Guitar—Miss M. Weire.

Hammony—Misses A. Carmody, M. Shirland, K. Young.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses S. Hoover, H. Heth, F. Lincoln, K. Zell, M. Lange, R. Spiers, M. Getty, M. Shanks, R. Devoto, J. Millis.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses N. Milliard, H. Niel, K. Young, N. Moriarty, A. Locke, B. O'Neill.

Second Class—Misses G. Hurst, A. Borup, H. Tinsley, M. Quan, M. Cochrane, N. Gross.

Third Class—Misses M. Letourneau, K. Haymond.

GERMAN.

First Class—Misses E. Dickerhoff, K. Zell, M. Lange.

Second Class—Misses K. Brown, S. Hoover, M. Dillon, A. Rose.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Spring Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 11 32 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4 10 a. m.
" " 2 33 p. m.	" " 4 10 a. m.
" " 9 05 p. m.	" " 1 50 p. m.
" " 12 37 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
Accommodation 7 43 p. m.	Arrive at Elkhart 8 20 p. m.
Way Freight, 4 34 p. m.	

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 1 36 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 4 20 p. m.
" " 3 06 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 14 20 a. m.	" " 7 20 a. m.
" " 4 34 p. m.	" " 8 10 p. m.
Accommodation 6 35 a. m.	" " 10 30 a. m.
Way Freight, 12 15 p. m.	

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Toledo.

C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

HIRAM BROWN, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4 20 a. m., and 7 30 p. m.

Freight, 4 05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11 13 a. m., and 6 20 p. m.

Freight, 4 50 a. m.