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Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 2.

Wreathe not the Bowl.

Wreathe not the bowl with garlands fair,
Nor twine the song while nectar's flowing,
To quench in hearts the fire of prayer,
That once had been so brightly glowing.
Oh! wreathe it not with roses bright
But rather dim its flood with weeping;
For oh! beneath that nectar light,
A fiery serpent lingers sleeping.

Wreathe not the bowl—why should the rose—
O'er ruins there be fragrance throwing?
For buried in those depths are woes—
And sin and death are in its flowing.
Oh! wreathe it not to lure the young
To death more dread than tongue hath spoken.
Oh! siren leave thy song unsung,
Nor strew the sea with fond hearts broken!

Oh! the bowl! The sparkling bowl!
They say it stills the spirit's aching,
That laving in its waves the soul
May live in joy though hearts are breaking!
Ah! count not thus a phantom power,
Nor mind the song the siren's singing;
But fly, dear youth, th' enchanting bower,
Ere sin and death are round thee clinging.

The sun may wreathe upon the wave
Its brightest light to lure us over;
But oh! beneath we find a grave
Of terrors that the sunlight cover.
So doth the sparkling wine within
The bowl entice the heart still nearer,
Till wrecked at last on waves of sin,
It sinks to depths of misery drearer.

Ah! poets, then, why twine the song
Around that cup with merry flowing;
Oh! while to ye those powers belong,
Show the grief hid 'neath its flowing.
Sing no more the mocking strain—
Requiem o'er hopes you've blighted—
Wreathe not that bowl of woe and pain—
Quench the death-fires you have lighted!

H. M.

The Middle Ages.

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

BY M. B. B.

[CONCLUDED.]

VII.—AGRICULTURE.

On this subject I have little to say, except candidly to admit that during the Middle Ages agriculture was extremely imperfect, and almost entirely neglected. The spirit of invention had not, as yet, placed in the hands of the laborer those implements which now render the cultivation of the soil so easy and so profitable; the confusion and turbulence of the times; the constant quarrels between the warlike and proud feudal lords, constantly interrupted the labors of the husbandman, and exposed the fruits of his toil to that destruction which ever follows in the path of war. Add to this the fact that in those ages of petit wars and strife, when martial fame was the highest object of

human ambition, the peaceful cultivation of the soil was looked upon as fit only for slaves and cowards, and we will not be surprised that this department of industry was studiously avoided whenever it was possible to do so. Yet a few bright spots, even in this respect, appear upon the chequered horizon of the Middle Ages.

The so-called lazy monks, to whom we owe so much in every respect, actuated either by that spirit of mortification and self-denial which prompted them to devote their time and energy to the cultivation of the soil, simply because it was considered degrading, or by a more or less clear perception of its importance to society, gave examples of industry in this department which not only contributed largely to their own prosperity, but also opened the eyes of the people generally to the superior advantages of agriculture, and, finally, effected a complete revolution in the views of the age, rendering the quiet occupation of the husbandman both important and honorable.

A beautiful example of the successful industry of the monks, is furnished in the transformation of the forests of Molesme, the deserts of Cîteaux, and the marshes of Absinthea, afterwards called Clair-veaux, or beautiful valley, into delightful gardens of beauty and fruitfulness. I cannot, here, enter into a detailed account of the almost incredible labors required to operate this change; but those who may desire it will find such a description in the History of the Life and Times of St. Bernard, by Ratisbone—pages 54 to 85. This instance, however, is only one of many that might be cited to show that agriculture, although imperfect, and pursued under great disadvantages, was not entirely neglected in those ages of great confusion and mighty deeds.

VIII.—MANUFACTURES.

We have now come to the last subject which I proposed to consider in reference to the Middle Ages; namely, manufactures; or, the practical application of the arts and sciences to the useful purposes of life. In this department the Middle Ages gave evidence of energy and thrift, though unaided by steam-engines and the elaborate machinery of modern times.

The manufacture of glass was carried on extensively during the whole period of those ages, and was used in windows as far back as the third century.

As early as 552, silk was manufactured in Italy, and was thence introduced into the rest of Europe, in the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century the manufactories of Italy, France and Flanders, had attained a high degree of prosperity, which continued to increase in the subsequent centuries.

The manufacture of parchment and paper was carried on during the same period with much energy, as is evident from the abundant supply of these materials, furnished for the writing, transcription and subsequent printing and binding of books.

In the convents of the Middle Ages, the nuns were employed in the manufacture of various kinds of cloth, and from these precious hives of industry, nearly all Europe obtained its supplies of this important article. But the labors of those devoted

women were not confined to the simple manufacture of cloth, as is evident from the elegant and rich embroidery that issued from their cloistered abodes. The strong-minded women of our day would confer a greater benefit upon society by following the example of these nuns, than by holding conventions for the purpose of securing rights to which they have no right, or by usurping the place of men, to the neglect of their own proper duty.

The beautiful carvings, in wood and stone, still to be seen in the existing monuments of mediæval architecture, sufficiently attest the fact that the manufacture of iron and steel was not unknown in that period; for it is only by implements of these metals that such works could be accomplished.

The casting of metals was known in the Middle Ages, as we justly infer from the fact that cannons were employed in the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, towards the close of the fourteenth century. Indeed there is scarcely an article of any general importance now in use, that did not exist in some shape or other in those ages. Modern progress has, of course, greatly improved upon the originals; immensely augmented their utility, and extended their application by new and varied constructions, and ingenious combinations; yet a careful analysis would show that a great proportion of modern inventions, are but the natural result of the progressive development of elements known and employed during the Middle Ages, in their germ state. Thus the shot-gun, the rifle, the pistol, and a host of other shot-propelling engines, as varied in style and structure, as was the frock of Joseph in color, are but modifications of the cannon invented in the Middle Ages.

The thousand and one combinations and constructions of the cogged wheel, which gives such magic power and productiveness to our manufactories and work-shops, are but modifications and new applications of the simple mechanism of the clock which owes its origin to the Middle Ages. So we might reduce most of our modern developments back to the egg which was laid in the Middle Ages, though hatched by modern progress.

I would not have you suppose that I lack appreciation of modern genius and industry, or that I wish to detract from the well-merited glory which they have won by the rapid advancement in science, art and general prosperity, of which they have been the instruments. Far from that: I heartily join in the chorus of praise which is daily sung to the NINETEENTH CENTURY, and thank God that I live in this age. I freely accord to modern energy the full merit of having hatched the fruitful egg—and done it well; but I would also have modern vanity cease to abuse the productive hen that laid that egg, and even did a considerable share of the hatching.

I have now concluded my rapid, and, consequently, imperfect survey of the Middle Ages, endeavoring to point out, from time to time, the influence which preserved society from utter disorganization under the action of those multiplied causes of degeneracy which deluged Europe during that period. Yet, though I fear I have taxed your patience to an unreasonable extent, I am, at the

same time, conscious that I have said but a very small portion of what might be said in praise of those calumniated ages, and in their justification from the grievous charges made against them by men who have never taken the trouble to examine the true state of the case in their regard, or who did so under the influence of prejudice or passion. However, the detached facts which I have endeavored to link into a connected whole, may serve to give you a general idea of the Middle Ages, and form a basis on which to rest your future enquiries. They also, I think, justify the conclusion, that, if we remove the indiscriminate and gratuitous abuse heaped upon those calumniated ages, we will find, notwithstanding all their crimes and vices, all their ignorance and immorality, all their turbulence and confusion, they still possess enough of real merit and true glory to establish their claim to our gratitude and admiration, while the Church, both directly, by the inculcation of the true principles of morality, and indirectly, through those invaluable institutions to which she gave birth, stands forth as the bulwark—the real savior of society in the Middle Ages, although in spite of her lofty principles and her earnest efforts to enforce them, a startling degree of dissoluteness prevailed for a long time. Yet, let it not be said of us, in our judgment of the Church of the Middle Ages, as it was said of justice, by the author of *Hudibras*:

"Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes."

Reason and Faith.

The relative connection between reason and faith is often confounded. Infidels and Protestants not unfrequently accuse Catholics of having a "blind faith," and of subverting their intelligence, in accepting the mysteries of their holy religion. We have ever thought and claimed, however, that there was no incompatibility; on the contrary, perfect accord and harmony between the two; that both have their relative sphere of action, and when in full exercise constitute the true man—the Christian. Hence we have read with edification the address of Father Ryan to Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, upon his recent return home from Rome, but more particularly that portion relating to the above topic. He says:

"We know, from the reiterated teaching of the same Pontiff, that the Catholic Church is the guardian, not the destroyer, of the dignity of the human reason, and that she asks it to pay 'the homage of the understanding' to God alone. Far dearer to you, and to every true man, than was Isaac to Abraham, is that reason, the distinguishing gift of the Supreme Being that elevates man above the brute creation. This reason can never be offered up except on 'the mountain of God,' and in obedience to the divine behest, most certainly ascertained. And even then, like the only son of the patriarch, it is offered but never slain, for God preserves it by affording the very highest rational arguments, founded on His own divine veracity, and thus reason triumphs in her own submission to essential truth. Thus we behold in act that wonderful principle of Catholic unity, that perfect compatibility of intellectual liberty with simple docile obedience, which can exist in an infallible Church alone."

"If you do not close that window, waiter, I shall die from the draught," said a lady at dinner.
"And if you do close it, I shall die from the heat, in this hot weather," exclaimed a stouter lady.

Then there was a giggle among the boarders at the dilemma of the waiter, when a gentleman present said:

"My good fellow, your duty is clear—close the window and kill one lady, and then open it and kill the other."

Richard Crashaw.

It is a sweet thing for one when he is tired of skimming over the multitude of books which come hot from the teeming press of the day, or after he has tired his mind with study and hard labor, to pick up some of the works of the minor poets who flourished in that great epoch in the literature of England extending through the reigns of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I—an epoch equal in magnificence to the ages of Pericles, Augustus, Leo X or Louis XIV. These are the times when the works of those poets,

"Whose distant footfalls echo
Through the corridors of time,"

fail to satisfy that craving after, I will not call it the beautiful, but a something that may be called the delicious. It is at these times that the lyrical Herrick, the quaint Quarles, the pious Herbert, the enthusiastic Wither, the martyr Southwell, the religious and mystical Crashaw, and the other worthies of that age are taken up with that gusto which comes to the ardent lover of the English undefiled.

Richard Crashaw, of whom his friend Cowley, the poet, a Protestant, wrote:

"Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven."

* * * * *
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
Where joined with so much piety as his;

* * * * *
And I, myself, a Catholic will be
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee"

was born some time about the year 1617, in London. He was a son of a clergyman who officiated at the Temple Church in that city. But little is known of his early life, but we do know that he took his bachelor's degree in 1633, and that he became a fellow at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, in 1637.

From his very youth he was of a religious disposition, and, after he became a fellow of the college, he spent most of his time engaged in religious offices, and writing devotional poetry, or, as we are told in the preface to his works, living "like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day." He had the reputation in those days of being an eloquent and effective preacher. He, however, lost his fellowship because of his not complying with the rules of the Parliamentary army. After his ejection from his fellowship, he removed to Paris, where he became a Catholic. Here he met his friend Cowley, who obtained for him the notice of Henrietta-Maria. She in turn recommended him to persons of influence at Rome. On his removal to Rome, he became Secretary to Cardinal Palotta, and afterwards was made a canon of the church of Loretto. He died at Loretto in the year 1650.

While still a fellow at Cambridge, he published his *Poemata Latina* and *Epigrammata sacra*. In these occurs the famous verse relating to the miracle which occurred at the wedding-feast in Cana in Galilee: *Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit*, which Dryden thus translated: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

Crashaw was an accomplished scholar. He translated much from the Latin and Italian. Many passages of his translation of the *Sospetto d'Herode* of Marino, are worthy of Milton and it is asserted that this great poet made use of it in his writings.

In 1646 he published his English works, "Steps to the Temple," "The Delights of the Muses," and *Carmen Deo Nostro*. Crashaw was naturally of an enthusiastic and religious temperament. After his conversion to Catholicity, he became familiar with the writings of the great Saint Theresa, to whom he had great devotion, and her writings had a great effect upon his mind. The greater part of his English poems are of a religious nature in which occur

fervent and loving addresses to our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalene. Often does he take flights as it were into the third heaven and there "with all his garlands and singing robes around him," he glories in

"An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the Divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name."

Crashaw is never dull or tedious: He fell, it is true into exaggerations and conceits, but these pervaded all the poetry of his time. He had a copious and varied imagination and, as Colridge remarks, had a power and opulence of invention, while his versification was musical to a high degree. Had he lived, that riper years might have refined his taste and judgment, he would have surpassed all his contemporaries even his friend Cowley.

Living at the famous shrine of the Madonna, Loretto, he, no doubt, realized his own sweet lines:

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

We will give but a few selections from the poetry of Crashaw; we would like to give more, but did we follow our likes in this case we would give his poems complete.

Speaking of St. Theresa, he says:

"What soul soe'er, in any language, can
Speak Heaven like hers, is my soul's countryman."
Could ought be sweeter?

Then "On Hope" he says:

"Dear Hope! Earth's dowry and Heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet,"

We have seen the following attributed to some famous man, we think it was to one of the celebrated English Bishops. However, it was written by Crashaw, on the fly-leaf of "a prayer-book, sent to Mrs. M. R.:"

"Lo, here a little volume, but great book!
It is, in one choice handful, heaven and all
Heaven's royal host encamped thus small,
To prove that true schools used to tell
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is an armory of light;
Let constant use, but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts."

In his "Hymn to the name of Jesus," he says:

Fair flowery name! in none but thee,
And thy nectaral fragraney,
Hourly there meets
A universal synod of all sweets."

And again in the same hymn he says:

"Sweet name! in thy each syllable,
A thousand blest Arabias dwell."

With his motto we shall close our quotations from this sweet poet. It is:

"Live, Jesus, live, and let it be
My life to die for love of Thee."

In addition to his merits as a poet, and these Pope acknowledged, for from them is drawn most of the fire in his "Eloisa and Abelard," Crashaw was an accomplished musician and painter, while we have already seen that he was, what is far better—a religious man. C.

HAVE you noticed an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean the icicle sparkled brightly in the sun; if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure or wrong, there will be a final deformity and wretchedness.

Thoughts on Reading.

Reading to the mind is what food is to the body. It is not, however, what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned; as it is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. A great reader is not necessarily a great thinker. Anyone who has read Dickens will never read Ruskin. Let a young man read a dozen such books as Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, and he will consider even Prescott prosy.

Now-a-days everyone seems to read for amusement. Standard books have a small sale, and are always the cleanest in the library. Great authors are often poor in purse, and their works and talents not appreciated. But those literary machines (you cannot call them authors) that grind out books and pamphlets by the bushel, are always popular and wealthy.

A new poem by Longfellow, or an essay by Emerson, attracts little notice, except in the select literary circle which is always small; but the announcement of a new novel by Mrs. Wood or A. S. Roe is hailed with delight. Every newspaper contains a long and favorable notice, flaming advertisements in large type are posted in every conceivable place, and everybody asks, "have you read the new novel?" and the excitement is intense.

There is perhaps nothing, which has greater influence in the formation of character, than reading. A glance over the shelves of his library will give you an idea of the character of the owner, because you see with whom he associates.

One who reads good books can hardly help being good, and he who reads bad books cannot help being bad. Taste in reading, as in everything else, is easily vitiated and hard to be improved.

The drunkard may become temperate, the opium-eater may reform, but the continued *novel-reader* is generally a castle-builder and a visionary till his death.

Let us remember how short life is, and in everything let prudence be the guide. Let us select instructive and edifying books, and read, as Bacon says, "to learn and improve;" not forgetting the advice of the great Rodriguez: "In reading, do as birds, who when they drink take different draughts, and at every draught lift up their eyes to heaven."

The Goose.

This bird is a noble animal. I have found by observation that she is more devoted to aquatic than to terrestrial enjoyments. Generally speaking, this beautiful bird is either a goose or a gander, according as the female or the male qualities predominate in her early training. She has two feet which she uses as stilts, for purposes of locomotion, when she walks on dry land; and as oars, for purposes of propulsion, when she sails on wet water. On either side of her royal head, she has one eye wherewith she gazes alternately into the blue sky, and feasts her aspiring vision on the objects that cross the path of her ocular observation. The oldest inhabitant cannot say that she is conversant with the use of the telescope in her celestial investigations. I think she has no leaning towards the sciences, although Darwin and other learned men, like him, insist upon dragging her into the development of species, and then proving that she belongs to the feathery tribes. They ought to leave her in peace. Her head, which is partly between her eyes, terminates in what is called a beak. This beak is furnished with, or rather is composed of two parts, namely, one above and one below. These two parts are entirely under her control, and she never uses them except for the ingress of her food, or for the egress of the sound of her melodious voice. Her head is connected with her body by means of an instrument called a neck. On either side of her body is a wing which she uses for flying, or for ap-

plauding herself when she sings, or for slapping flies in the face when they trouble her repose. Her body is covered with feathers, and the back end of it terminates in a tail which she unfolds or contracts to suit her fancy. In size, she is larger than the hen, and smaller than the turkey. In musical acquirements she rivals the duck, but her sonorous tones are less soft and less fascinating, I think, than are those of the nightingale. Some people disagree with this opinion. I don't. Once our old goose had a flock of young ones that she got out of eggs, and when I went to admire them in a puddle of water, she gave me a flap of her wing which set me yelling. On hearing me she began to yell too. We were both yelling at the same time, and the dog, wondering what the matter could be, came rushing out to see. He met me at the door, when he made a dash between my legs, and sent me on my head into the entry. My unexpected arrival, in that particular manner, threw the dozing old cat into fits, and she skipped through the window, without waiting to see if it was open, so quickly that she threw my grandmother into hysterics, and me into the prospects of an extra cuffing. I realized the prospects sooner than I could have wished, but I didn't go back to see the goslings. One day the old goose lay down to die; it was her last lay, and she died. This is all I know about geese.

S. J. S.

Correspondence.

Here is a letter from one who saw Notre Dame in its first days, and to whom the old College has ever been dear. We hoped to have a visit from him some time in December last, and had he come he would have received from us the warmest corner of our Sanctum as he has already one of the warmest corners of our heart.

We are happy to inform him that Bro. Vincent bears his many years with more vigor than many a younger man can sustain *his* few score of summers, and that the venerable white head of the good Brother is an object of respect to all, from Father General down to the littlest Minim.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, DEC. 28, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: You can scarcely realize how anxiously an old student like myself looks for the mail that is expected to bring the SCHOLASTIC. I shall long regret that I was not aware of its existence, until last "Commencement day," had I been, I would, most assuredly have had it since the day it was christened. Suffice to state, that the moment I saw its pretty form and well filled corpus, I became a life subscriber, and now feel more than half tempted to become a "life contributor,"—*permissu Editorum-orum*, of course.

Could you not, Mr. Editor, devise some plan to induce a few more of the old students, who reside *extra muros Collegii*, to take one or both of the foregoing resolutions, at the beginning of the present year. Every old student, worthy of the name, must feel a certain interest in all, or much of what transpires within the hallowed precincts of his *Alma Mater* and in the adventures, *per mare, per terras* of those, with whom, in days of yore, he shared the joys and sorrows of College life.

Professors, tutors, prefects, brothers, one and all, together with the Seniors, Juniors, aye, and the little Minims too, will be only too glad to hear through the SCHOLASTIC, of our wanderings and ponderings, and out o' the way loiterings on the world's high-way.

Come, rouse ye! ye old fogies who anxiously wait for each coming number of the SCHOLASTIC and who never dream of penning a line for it; let us hear of your whereabouts! Heretofore your communications, with one or two exceptions, have appeared *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. It is high time to make up for past carelessness—to repair the broken links of "friendship's chain." Where

are you? What doing? How have you been treated by Madame Fortune, since last you supped with us on "College commons?"

In the days when we used to feed the eagle and chase the bear (rather the bear used to chase us) paddle the light canoe and "play shinny on your own side," with oaken sticks, we had no SCHOLASTIC to chronicle passing events—but we had, I dare say, as much fun and frolic then, as your Thespians, Stars of the west and Juanitas have now. It is for us to write up that chapter in the College archives. It is for us to tell of the time when the sainted Baden and Cointet, assisted by Father's Shawe and Ivers—taught us how to think, act, and reason. Nor must we forget Professors Girac, Jones, Hacket, Moriarty, Mahony, O'Leary, and last though not least, that wonderfully fitted and eccentric genius, Bro. Gatian. Father Baden used to say of him, "*Il a de l'esprit comme quatre*."

Among our earliest prefects were "Steber," "Dooner," Bro's Francis de Sales, Gatian, Stephen, and the present venerable Bro. Benoit. Father Letourneau's brother, afterwards a worthy priest, and Father Gouesse, were our first prefects of discipline. In those early days the present Father General used occasionally play a game of marbles with us, and he was a capital shot at "knuckle down." Father Granger's knowledge of the English language, did not go much beyond the monosyllables, yes, and no. Bro. X. was then chief trader of the establishment, and, unless report did him injustice, could ask a neighbor how he felt, and give the reply to himself, unconscious of any breach of etiquette, thus: "How do you do, sir? I am pretty well thank you," all in one breath, sparing the astonished hoosier the trouble of saying anything.

Good old Bro. Vincent, than whom I never knew a better man, (I wonder if he is still living) was, after Father Sorin, the soul of the institution; he frequently acted as *chef de cuisine*, whilst dear old Bro. Patrick did the "agreeable" in the refectory. Father Weinzeplen, on the "Island," was the spiritual director of most of the students. Monsieur Gouesse, was director of the choir, assisted by Brother "Gus," who used to *boo! hoo!* with one or two other Bros. on ophicleides at certain parts of the service. Fathers Baden and Shawe were the preachers. The price of board and tuition at the University in those primitive days was not quite up to the present figure. But more anon. I have only scrawled down these few lines for absent College "chums," in the hope of drawing out in detail some reminiscences of our early days at Notre Dame.

GENERAL THOMAS' VIEW OF A BATTLE.—What battle was to General Thomas is portrayed in Garfield's oration as follows:

"To him a battle was neither an earthquake nor a volcano, nor a chaos of brave men and frantic horses involved in vast explosions of gunpowder. It was rather a calm, rational concentration of force vs. force. It was a question of lines and positions; of weight of metal and strength of battalions. He knew that the elements and forces which bring victory are not created on the battlefield, but must surely be patiently elaborated in the quiet of the camp, by the perfect organization and outfit of his army. His remark to a captain of artillery, while inspecting a battery, is worth remembering, for it exhibits the theory of success: 'Keep everything in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or linchpin.' He understood so thoroughly the condition of his army, and its equipment, that when the hour for trial came, he knew how great a pressure it could withstand, and how hard a blow it could strike."

An old lady in Holland, whose sole occupation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

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The Scholastic for the Second Term, and for Vacation, 1871.

The first number of the SCHOLASTIC for the second term will appear on the 11th of February, and will be the eleventh number of the volume. Fifteen numbers will be printed during the second session and the following long vacation. Our friends who have not yet subscribed would do well to commence with No. 11, as it will begin a new series, for we intend to have no continued articles running over from No. 10. No. 11 will prove of great interest to our friends, as it will contain the result of the January examination.

We will furnish the fifteen numbers of the SCHOLASTIC for 75 cents.

Elocution.

We must admit that there was some good in the men of "the ancient times of old antiquity," and though it be with reluctance that we of this enlightened age admit the fact, still it must be done, and, as it must be done, we may as well do it gracefully, and go farther—so far as to set them up as shining examples that ought in some respects to be imitated. There was one old gentleman, for instance, who used to speak with pebbles in his mouth, and to go down by the sea-shore, to spout to the rolling billows,—in fact, he put himself to considerable inconvenience, the result of all of which was that he made an orator of himself.

Though we do not advise young men to invest at once in a gravel bank, or to seek the far-off sea, in order to follow the above shining example, we do insist that they should take some pains to drill themselves so as to become good speakers. It is painful to see the awkwardness exhibited not only by school boys and college students, but also by men whose duty it is to speak in public. This awkwardness is the result of a want of training, whether this want comes from the lack of opportunity, or from their not having taken advantage of opportunities offered. At the College, here, there is no lack of opportunity, and if any one finishes his course without being a finished speaker, it is because he has failed to take advantage of the means presented to him, and almost forced upon him. We have already spoken about this matter, for we think it of the greatest importance. We are all called upon at one time or another to speak in public; and though it is not possible for all to become great orators, yet every one who has had the advantage of studying in a college should not only know how to write a speech, but also how to deliver it. The fact, however, is that those who are best capable of writing a speech are the very ones who are least capable of delivering it well. This should not be, and we strongly urge those who have not yet begun to follow the course of elocutionary exercises given by Prof. Corby to give in their names at once, and to follow the course diligently.

Snow fell on the 7th and renewed the sleighing.

A THAW on the 10th put a stop to all rational sleighing.

REV. FATHER COLOVIN, of St. Laurent, Canada, preached on New Year's day.

On Sunday last Rev. Father P. Lauth preached an excellent sermon on the Gospel of the day.

VERY REV. FATHER VILLANDRE, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in Canada has been spending several days with us. He officiated on the Epiphany.

REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL returned on the 2nd inst., after an absence of several weeks, during which time he visited Cincinnati and New York, and stayed a day in Cleveland. We are rejoiced to see that the trip has been beneficial to his general health.

We had not the pleasure of being home on Christmas and New Year's, and consequently had not the chance of coming in for the good things which grow on the Juniors' Christmas tree, and which these generous Juniors distribute with lavish hand to all present, both students and professors.

LAPORTE has an establishment for manufacturing corn-cobs into fire kindling material.—*Union*.

On reading this Zeph. remarked that the corn crop yields all that is necessary to make life comfortable,—food, fuel and fun,—in the shape of corn cake, kindling and fusil whiskey. We apprehend from this remark that Zeph. had not been using the corn crop in the shape of kindling—nor cake either.

THE special mail bag which contains the important correspondence of the citizens of a flourishing city on the Michigan Southern Railway is taken by a worthy German from the office to the train, and conversely. One day the train being behind time barely stopped, and moved on immediately. The mail agent on the train not having the fear of Prussia before his eyes, and utterly regardless of the fact that the mail carrier might have "fit mit Siegel," flung the mail bag at him, almost knocked him down, and hallooed out, "How's that for high!" Next day the carrier was at the station "on time," and as the mail train slackened up, he slammed the bag into the car, upset the agent, and cried out, "How high is dat?"

ABOUT as pleasant companions for a short trip as one could desire are four or five Juniors on their way to spend the holidays. The anticipation of the pleasure and fun they are going to enjoy raises their spirits to an effervescing pitch, and they spontaneously overrun with sparkling wit, and enjoy all jokes, even the dullest, immensely. Some half a dozen were in the evening train to Chicago, on the Friday before Christmas, and they enjoyed themselves in spite of the baby whose mother put a stop to any loud demonstrations. In spite, however, of the embargo laid upon their mirth, the merry laugh of Reub. would occasionally echo through the car, loud enough not only to wake a baby, but to rouse up the whole of the Seven Sleepers.

AMONG our exchanges *Our Holiday Visitor* keeps its place as one of the best juvenile papers.

The Young Crusader is finely illustrated and should be in the hands of every little one. We are sure many among the Juniors would like it if they only knew how many stories there are in it.

The Young Catholic's Guide has always been not only a safe, but also an interesting leader of the young, and this year puts on more smiles than ever to keep the young in the path of duty and amuse them in it.

The Guardian Angel has not made its appearance in our sanctum this year. It is not only the oldest, but also, in our opinion, the most ably conducted juvenile paper that comes this way.

The Catholic for January doubles the amount of nice reading it at first gave to its readers.

A FRIEND of ours has a very wicked tongue, and he uses it. For instance, he told us that a young gentleman of his acquaintance, who was not "smart as a matter of course," used sometimes to call upon a young lady, a graduate lively and intelligent, and residing with her father on a farm. The young man passed the time very pleasantly to himself talking of horses and plows and kindred agricultural subjects, which, however, were not so agreeable to the young lady graduate. One day she asked him if he had ever read "Les Misérables," and as he had not, she lent it to him. When he took back the book, the young lady hoping to have a more lively subject of conversation than horses and cows, began to talk of the book, speculating upon the motives the author had in writing it, and putting several metaphysico-literary questions to him. He left early, and having met our friend, told him about the book and remarked sententiously, "I'm not going there any more and allow her to make a — fool of me."

Our belief is that young ladies do not exaggerate. It is said they are much given to use superlatives and intensives when speaking of subjects in common conversation; but if that is so, we presume they do so merely to render the conversation more lively, which, without such adjuncts, would be as dull and prosy as that of any twain of Seniors talking mathematics or chopping logic. But get them—the young ladies—on an important subject, and you may rely upon their word. This being our conviction—upon which during a long life we have acted—we were astonished, not to say somewhat taken aback, and, to use a sea term in a strictly metaphorical sense, thrown on our beam ends, at hearing a young lady tell of the intense cold in the State of Minnesota. We stood without a shiver an enormous number of degrees to which the mercury falls below zero in that blessed land of ice and rosy cheeks; we were not overwhelmed by the tremendous falls of snow, nor did we slip up on the smooth ice which in that region attains a thickness and consequent hardness that must prove fatal to the luckless skater who should happen to fall upon it, unless his head were of corresponding density; but when she spoke of frost on the windows to us sitting in a warm room, and told us how thick that frost was by holding up two pretty hands before us, and keeping them—we won't tell how many—inches apart, our ears tingled, and the blood came nigh freezing in our veins at the very thought. We had always had a great desire to go to that State; but if we were to receive such a frosty reception as the distance between those hands indicated we should be likely to realize, we think our stay would be but short; and though in a purely scientific point of view it might be a pleasure to know experimentally how thick Jack Frost himself can lay it on, still, we have concluded to defer our trip until summer.

PROF. HOWARD lectured on history last Wednesday.

REV. FATHER CARRIER will deliver his 2d scientific lecture Wednesday, 18th inst.

THE rooms of the literary societies have been beautifully grained and improved generally.

THE secretaries of literary societies are requested to send in their semi-annual report to the prefect of studies.

THE certificates for conduct and improvement in class which could not be awarded before Christmas, will be given at the end of the present month.

THE classes taught during the session are divided as follows: Theology 2; Philosophy 1; Law 2; Anatomy 1; Chemistry 1; Natural Philosophy 1; Physiology 1; Zoology 1; Geology 1; Mineralogy 1; History 1; Logic 1; Greek 4; Latin 8; English

Literature 1; Rhetoric 1; Trigonometry 1; Geometry 2; Algebra 3; Book-keeping 4; Arithmetic 10; Grammar 10; Reading 4; Elocution 1; Orthography 6; Penmanship 3; Geography and United States History 2; Christian Doctrine 4; French 3; German 6. One hundred students have taken music lessons.

WE hope that more interest will be taken in rendering the weekly Mass of the students what we would call interesting. We know that there are in the house hundreds of beautiful canticles, that are especially intended for the glory of God, and nothing warms the heart of a Christian like giving due praise to God—especially when the Church is somewhat cold and piety scarcely waked up. Now let an effort be made by those whose duty it is to make it. Let students be trained to praise God, and let that indifferent way of doing or not doing what should be done, and is expected to be done, be at an end. This is an earnest prayer from one who looks for some better things. An improvement is needed and, therefore, must needs be.

Semi-Annual Examination.

This very important College exercise will take place in a short time; scarcely two weeks will have elapsed before it will have begun. Therefore, earnest preparations are being made in all the classes to pass successfully through the test, and each honest student deems it his duty to do his best under the circumstances.

It is useless to say that the examination will be as thorough as possible, and that each student will have an opportunity to display his ability and give evidence of his progress during the session. At the same time, it is well to say that the childish fear that some may entertain with regard to the examination is entirely out of place and without the least cause. Let each student do the best he can, in a frank, upright way, without ostentation and without fear, and his part will be done. His notes will be assigned faithfully and scrupulously, and should he have the good fortune of deserving excellent notes, which we doubt not, let him be grateful to God who blessed his labors, and in the approbation of his professors and of his own conscience, let him derive a new impetus, a new courage to strive on forward till he reaches the bright goal which awaits the earnest student.

The written examination will take place on the 26th and 27th insts., and will be carried on as in former years. The oral examination will take place on the 28th, 30th, 31st insts. All the classes, without exception, will pass an oral examination.

The lists of order, of standing or excellence in class, should be prepared immediately and handed in to the Prefect of studies before the 22d inst.

Arrivals.

E. Cavanaugh,	Lowell, Ind.
C. Connorton,	New York, N. Y.
M. Frain,	Lowell, Ind.
E. Greave,	Columbus, Ind.
Cicero McKinnon,	Chicago, Ill.
U. S. Gill,	Denver, Col.
Thos. Haley,	Chicago, Ill.
J. McDermott,	" "
M. Roach,	Lowell, Ind.
E. Sorin Forrester,	Laporte, Ind.
Frank McOsker,	Elgin, Ill.
Frank L. Reeves,	" "
W. H. Smith,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Harrie Hulburt,	" "
F. J. Peterson,	Coldwater, Mich.
J. Langderfer,	Toledo, Ohio.
C. Hanna,	Loveland, Ohio.
J. B. Crummev,	St. Paul, Minn.
G. W. Crummev,	" "
Oliver Hoham,	Plymouth, Ind.
A. L. McIntosh,	Hardford, Wis.

Annual Christmas Exhibition.

MR. EDITOR: In your absence during the holidays, your substitute (editorial), forgetting his usual caution, inadvertently admitted into the columns of the SCHOLASTIC a very imperfect notice of the Christmas exhibition, given by the young gentlemen of the college. Only part of the programme was acknowledged, and the entertainment was announced as having taken place on Friday evening, whereas it really took place on Saturday.

However, this inaccuracy in regard to time is of little practical importance, especially as it occurred during the Christmas holidays, when even the sedate are privileged to forget themselves a little, and we would not call attention to it, were it not for the fact that we wish to be precise in all our public and private statements.

Mr. Editor, pardon the use of the *we*; for old habits are difficult to overcome, and in our younger days, before the snows of so many winters had silvered our once jetty locks, we wielded an editorial pen, and, of course, assumed to ourselves all the rights and privileges of our responsible position.

Taking for granted that we have made a fair start, and effectually removed all cause of misunderstanding, we proceed with our report of the late exhibition; presenting first the programme (in full), after which we shall offer our views as to the manner in which it was carried out, with some critical remarks for the benefit of the young performers.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Entrance March.....	N. D. U. Brass Band
Address from the Senior Department.....	J. Zahm
Song—(The Bridge).....	K. Staley
Address from the Junior Department.....	M. C. Hunter
Song—(Come back to Erin).....	R. Staley
Address from the Minim Department.....	Willie Byrnes
Music.....	N. D. U. Brass Band
Music.....	Orchestra

The White Horse of the Peppers.

Gerald Pepper.....	T. Dillon
Old Pepper.....	A. Riopelle
Hans Mansfeldt.....	J. D. Evans
Col. Chesham.....	M. Spellacy
Darby Donaghue.....	Jas. Wilson
Rafferty.....	J. O'Rourke
Portreeve.....	Geo. Darr
Phelim.....	A. G. Brown
Bryan.....	G. Riopelle
Villagers.....	E. McGee
	J. Zimmer

Music by the band and orchestra between acts.

The Banker Sold.

Mr. N. Brown—Banker.....	J. D. Evans
Jim—Negro servant.....	J. O'Rourke
Exeter—Friend to Brown.....	Geo. Darr
Captain Jones.....	Jas. Wilson
Bob Smith.....	A. G. Brown
Paddy Maguire.....	T. Dillon
Jake—Newsboy.....	J. Zimmer
Remarks.....	
March for retiring.....	N. D. U. Brass Band

The programme above given was carried out in every particular, and with far more skill and ability than we expected, from the fact that many of those who took parts in it appeared for the first time before an audience on that occasion.

The music by the band and orchestra was, as usual, very fine. The illness of Mr. Lilly, leader of the Band, indeed, deprived that organization of one very important instrument, yet under the temporary leadership of Brother Basil, the defect was so covered up by skilful management, that to ordinary listeners it was imperceptible.

The addresses to Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, the principal guest of the evening and rightful representative of Notre Dame, were well written and very well read. Simple in style, and free from that fulsome praise, which is at once distasteful to the truly deserving, and unworthy of those who sincerely admire real merit, they were

well calculated to express the sentiments universally entertained, at Notre Dame, for him to whom they were presented.

The first song by Master Staley, "The Bridge," (Miss Lindsay's arrangement) was exceedingly well done. Our young vocalist's conception of the song was perfectly natural, and the execution sweet and musical. Indeed, Master Staley never appeared to better advantage as a singer. He was not quite so happy, however, in his second song. He did not enter so thoroughly into the spirit of the piece, and left the impression on his hearers, that he was somewhat careless in the execution. Besides, we think this song was too long, that is, there were too many stanzas given; for, however fine the composition may be, it is always the same musical ideas that occur with each succeeding stanza, and this constant recurrence of the same ideas, after the second or third repetition, naturally becomes monotonous. This should be borne in mind, especially in an entertainment, in which music is but one feature.

The "White Horse of the Peppers" was very well presented, though it is not probable that any of the actors would have eclipsed Booth or Fritz, nor is such excellence to be expected in students, who play for amusement, and for the cultivation which the stage affords. But, remembering that those who entertained us so handsomely are students, it is no exaggeration to say that they did their parts exceedingly well.

It is not our intention to criticise the acting of each, but we cannot refrain from commending particularly the acting of Messrs. Evans and Dillon, both of whom did remarkably well, while Mr. Darr gave evidence of possessing a clear, sonorous voice, which, with cultivation and his own natural ability, will render him a good and pleasing speaker.

The play itself we should feel inclined to criticise somewhat severely, did we not know that the audience were too sensible to take offence, where only amusement was intended. But on principle we are opposed to any play, or other manifestation, calculated to wound the national sympathies of anyone, and, under ordinary circumstances, the presentation of such a play would have been in bad taste. However, for the obvious reason that no one present, on the occasion of which we speak, was inclined to take offence, the introduction of such a play may be excused, especially as it is so very difficult to find plays that are altogether unobjectionable.

The "Banker Sold," though very well rendered by the young gentlemen, who personated the different characters, was even more open to objection, in this respect, than the play preceding it, but may be excused on similar grounds.

We do not object to the representation of national peculiarities in a proper way. But if play writers would present rather the noble traits of different nationalities, with just enough of their less commendable qualities, to render the play natural, they would not only give equal amusement, but also help very materially to render the stage a source of real benefit, which, in general, it is not at present.

The plays with which we are now specially concerned, are, by no means, the worst of their class, yet they are not entirely blameless, and we would prefer something of a different character.

At the close of the entertainment, Rev. Father Colovin, of St. Laurent, Canada, on invitation of Very Rev. Father General, arose and addressed the young gentlemen in a manner which showed that he not only could enjoy an entertainment, such as we had witnessed, but also that he had well-formed and practical views of College exhibitions, and the advantage which may be derived from them, when judiciously managed.

Very Rev. Father General then thanked the young gentlemen for the kind sentiments which they had addressed to him personally. He said

that he accepted them chiefly as the representative of the parents of those who had offered them, and hoped that all the young men there present would continue during life to manifest to their parents, on all suitable occasions, that same respect and affection which they had expressed for him that evening in their addresses.

Thus closed the very pleasant evening of Saturday, the last day of the week, the last day of the month, the last day of the old year, 1870, and the last day of the decade, and we all retired from Washington Hall well disposed to celebrate in a becoming manner, the dawning of the New Year on the morrow.

OBSERVER.

Juniors' Christmas Tree.

Christmas time, with its numerous pleasures and amusements, celebrations and happy assemblages of dear friends and relatives, has passed fleetly by; not, however, without leaving pleasant recollections stamped indelibly upon the minds of many.

Very few of those aware of the joyful event we celebrate, at this season, who do not experience inward joy, and feel the heart swelling, as greetings of a "Merry Christmas" reach their ears from all sides, or "Happy New Year" salutations are extended to them. How happily then do these great holidays make their appearance, to break the monotony of college routine and release the weary student from necessary restraint.

Many of them, of course, prefer to enjoy the holiday season amongst the dear ones at home; still others, and, perhaps, the majority, must content themselves with joining the family circle only in spirit. This year, more than preceding ones, were the students made to feel at home; many of the rules were suspended, for the time being, and each one endeavored to improve the opportunity as much as possible. One feature, in particular, we intend to notice: it is the two large and beautiful Christmas trees of the Juniors, and the pleasant entertainment that accompanied the disburdening of their boughs on New Year's evening.

Few, very few, were there at Notre Dame, not present, so generous and widely extended was the invitation of the worthy Junior prefect, Bro. Aloysius. Priests, Brothers, Seminarians, Professors and all the students were there, and profited by the Brother's kindness that evening.

As one after another was called to receive each little souvenir, we wondered whence came all these presents, so great was the number present; still each person was remembered. Indeed, truly emblematic of the generosity manifested, were the numerous large hearts disposed of; we, for one, at least, will keep our's in pleasing remembrance (if it does not melt).

We must not, however, confine ourselves to the mere description of the Christmas trees and their fruits, although they were the primary object of entertainment, for, besides, there was the very excellent music of our orchestra, whose strains were more charming than usual. We are not informed as to the several pieces done, still must we say that often and long could we listen to such music.

Master Robert Staley, ever on hand to favor us with his sweet singing, was not among the missing this evening; yet some, perhaps may be led to believe the contrary in regard to spirit, at least, as he did not enter fully into the spirit of the songs he sang. He alone bore the *onus* of all the singing, the rest of our Junior singers being absent.

Upon the conclusion of the entertainment, Rev. Father Colovin, S.S.C., of St. Laurent, Canada, being requested to make a few remarks, arose, and, with his usual grace, made a highly complimentary little address to the students of the Junior Department. He instituted a very happy comparison between the Christmas tree and the tree of knowl-

edge,—the latter he made our *Alma Mater*, and hoped that all would appropriate to themselves the fruits of the latter in the same manner they had this evening the fruits of the former. When he had finished, Father Quinn, a novice of Holy Cross, being called upon, responded in a very felicitous manner. His remarks were highly appreciated.

In conclusion, we can add very little; for we have already fully expressed our sentiments. We sincerely hope, nevertheless, that Bro. Aloysius may long live to render happy the Juniors entrusted to his care; and that they, in turn, will profit by his kind direction and example. C. A. D.

An Old Idea in a New Form.

EDITOR OF NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.—*Dear Sir*: Some time ago it was proposed to establish a society, to be called the Academic Association, which should represent the talent of the University, forming, as it were, the literary and scientific centre to which the best ability of the University should gravitate, and constitute the standard of excellence in the various branches of knowledge.

Some steps were actually taken to that end, but for some reasons which I could never clearly see, the project was never carried out. Perhaps it was because things were not then sufficiently ripe for such an undertaking; or it may be that there was some essential defect in the original plan. This question I will not attempt to decide. But at present I believe they are fully ripe for such a movement, and I desire to propose, through your columns, the following plan which, I think, is eminently calculated to succeed.

First, I would have the society thus established, under the entire control of a board composed of the following ten members of the Faculty of the University: 1. The Prof. of Moral Philosophy; 2, the Prof. of the first class of Latin; 3, the Prof. of the first class of Greek; 4, the Prof. of Eng. Literature; 5, the chief Prof. of Mathematics; 6, the Prof. of Natural Sciences; 7, the Prof. of Chemistry and Physics; 8, the chief Prof. of Modern Languages; 9, the Prof. of Civil Law; 10, the chief Prof. of the Commercial branches. I limit the number to ten, for reasons which will presently appear.

This board should have for Chairman or President, either the President of the University, or the Director of Studies, as they should determine themselves.

This board should constitute the legislative and executive body of the proposed society. They should determine the standard of talent and proficiency, according to which students of the University may be admitted as members, fixing it at such a point that those who possess real ability may have an opportunity of entering, while those of a different character should be excluded.

This board should have full control of the admission and dismissal of members, in order that they may be able to render this association the characteristic society of the University. Meetings of the board should be held at least once a month for the transaction of business, and to examine the applications for membership.

Literary meetings should be held once a week, and be presided over by a member of the board, chosen by vote (of the board itself). The order of exercises at these literary meetings, to be determined by the board.

Besides their legislative and executive office, the members of the board should in turn deliver a lecture each month, before the society, each taking a subject belonging specially to his particular branch. The number of members being ten, would require just one lecture from each member during each scholastic year.

Besides the many advantages resulting to the members, individually, this society would consti-

tute the chief source of literary and scientific matter for the the SCHOLASTIC, which, being already a first-class college paper, justifies some extra efforts to make it the leading college paper in the country.

This, Mr. Editor, will give a sufficiently clear idea of the plan which has been hatching itself in my mind for nearly two years. To develop it fully requires a mutual interchange of ideas between all of those who, in our plan, would be immediately interested in the government of the society itself, and the foregoing suggestions are offered with a view simply to bring the matter once more under consideration.

M. B. B.

Philodemic.

MR. EDITOR: The second regular meeting of the Philodemic Association for the present year was held in their room, on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst.

The President being unavoidably absent, the Director, Very Rev. Father Corby, kindly consented to preside, and the meeting was called to order with quite a full attendance of the active members.

The miscellaneous business, which, by the way, was very long, being concluded satisfactorily, the regular debate for the evening, being next in order, was called for.

The first gentleman on the affirmative being absent, Mr. Gearin volunteered in his place and opened the debate, the question being:

Resolved, That the Neutral Powers of Europe should interfere in the impending struggle between France and Prussia.

Mr. Gearin was ably assisted by his colleague, Mr. Wilson; and the negative side of the question was advocated by Messrs. Spellacy and McGinnis with an energy and eloquence that did honor to themselves and to the society.

The Chairman, after summing up the arguments on both sides, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

After the debate the Chairman read an invitation from the St. Edward's Literary Association, requesting the co-operation of the Philodemics in presenting a public literary entertainment.

For want of time the society was forced to postpone the consideration of the subject till next meeting. It is to be hoped that the entertainment will come off, as all who witnessed the last one given by the two societies look forward with pleasure to a repetition of the same.

The Philodemics never were in a more prosperous condition than at present, and display an energy and perseverance which never fails in accomplishing its object. They open the new year with a large number of members, and express their determination to maintain an honorable position among the societies of Notre Dame.

STONEWALL.

"JOINING IN THE CRY WITHOUT KNOWING WHY."—There was a disturbance in the kennel; a hound had had a bad dream, or a sudden twinge, and he began to bark, then eyes opened, heads rose, ears pricked up, and the chorus increased till every throat in the pack helped in it, except an old hound that lay at the end.

He watched and listened a while, till his neighbor, noticing him, cried, in great excitement, "Why don't you bark?"

"What are you barking at?" he asked in reply.

"At—at—I don't know; every one else is barking," said the other.

"Just what I suspected," said the old dog; "ask up the kennel what it is for, and if you can find out, and it's worth barking for, let me know; it'll be time enough for me to bark then!"

MUSICAL MORALITY—an upright piano.

CHEEK-GO-LANG, a heathen Chinese Ambassador, has, we understand, been deputed to learn how Billings would like to go to China and be their Josh.—*Cincinnati Leader*.

A BARREL of flour weighs 196 pounds, a barrel of pork 200 pounds, a barrel of rice 600 pounds, a keg of powder 25 pounds, a firkin of butter 56 pounds, a tub of butter 84 pounds.

THE *Mother's Friend* says: "Never reprove a child harshly for chewing, or smoking, or swearing." No, never reprove him harshly. The only way to cure him is to thrash him within an inch of his life.—*Louisville Journal*.

NURSE—"I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant."

MASTER ALFRED—"It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

IN Switzerland a milk-maid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because, under the influence of music, cows "give down" better and give more milk. An Orange county farmer is trying to hire Nillson and Parepa Rosa to sing 'round his pump.

A BOY was sent by his mother to saw some stove-wood out of railroad ties. Going out of doors shortly after, she saw the youth sitting on a saw-horse, with head down. The mother asked her young, hopeful son why he didn't keep at his work. The boy replied thus:

"My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* sets itself up as a model in correctness of diction and accuracy of expression. Describing an Alpine accident, it says of some guides who escaped, that "the rope snapped just below them, and a couple of eminent members of the club, an earnest American, three guides, and four porters were hurried into eternity, carrying with them rope-ladders, ice-axes, and provisions."

The resources of even Charon's ferry-boat would have been sorely taxed to find room for so many, plus their goods and chattels.

COUNSELOR GRADY, on a late trial in Ireland, said that he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge, who was known by the name of the "hanging judge," and was never seen to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the "Beggars' Opera," when Macbeth got a reprieve. It was the same judge between whom and Mr. Curran the following pass of wit took place at table: "Pray, Mr. Curran," said the judge, "is that hung beef beside you? if it is, I will try it." "If you try it, my lord," replied Mr. Curran, "it is sure to be hung."

"My dear Juliana," said Alphonso, the first day of their housekeeping, very tenderly, as he arose to do his first marketing, "what shall we have for our dinner?"

He laid much stress on the "our."

"I think, my love," replied she, "that as our appetites are not very great, a quarter of beef will be sufficient."

"A quarter of beef!" shrieked he.

"A quarter of a pound, I meant, my love," she said, kissing him on his nose, and Alphonso went out like a lamb to the slaughter-house.

MR. C. was in the habit of asking his children to repeat the text, on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One Sabbath the text was:

"Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee."

Charles came home, and was asked the text. He

hesitated a moment, as it just came to him after much thought, he said:

"What are you standin' 'round here, doin' nothin' for? Go into my barnyard, and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

ONE of the most complex family relations is that described as follows by Dan Bryant:

"I married a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter. My father, shortly after, married the step-daughter. My wife was, therefore, the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law of my father; I am the step-father of my mother-in-law, and my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother. Well, my step-mother—that is to say, my father's wife and my wife's daughter—had a son. He is my step-brother, of course; but, being the son of my wife's step-daughter, my wife is, of course, his grandmother, and I am his grandfather as well as his step-brother. My wife also had a boy. My step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son, and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, who is the son of my step-mother. I am my mother's brother-in-law; my wife is the aunt of her own son; my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

A CERTAIN king, it is said, sent to another king, saying: "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—." The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied: "I have not got one; and if I had—." On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about preliminaries of peace. Before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?'" "Why, some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying: 'I have not got one; and if I had—?'" "Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it;" an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

WE give some extracts from letters which the Reverend President of the College has kindly handed to us. They are from students who were in the college last year, and who have been prevented from coming back this term. Others have expressed similar sentiments to those contained in the above; but want of space prevents us from giving their letters this week.

The first is from one who had been many years here, and with whom we were well acquainted. We are glad to hear from him even indirectly.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER: I received your very kind letter, and was truly rejoiced to hear from you, as it proved to me that I was not forgotten by my very worthy President. Before proceeding farther permit me to congratulate you upon your promotion to the Provincialate. My felicitations are rather tardy, but no less sincere. It is my prayer that God may long permit you to occupy this position, for which you are so eminently qualified. Father has frequent attacks of the rheumatism, consequently I am kept busy during the day-time, driving him around town, as he has considerable business to attend to. He is building, and has more to see to than usual. Evening we have company, or are out at some party or amusement. This, with reading, is all that I do from week to week. I have been absent from home about two months since I left the College. A day never passes without my thoughts centering upon dear Notre Dame and the many cherished friends it contains. Indeed I would be an ingrate if I did not remember the kind Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross who have bestowed so many favors on me. Thanking you most sincerely for the interest you take in me,
I am, &c.

The writer of the following will find many of the

"old familiar faces" to welcome him if he favor us with a visit next commencement.

REV. W. CORBY, S. S. C.—*Rev. and Dear Sir*: Your very kind and welcome note was received by me a few days since; and I confess it was quite as much of a surprise as a pleasure to me to have this assurance of remembrance from one from whom I had no reason to expect a thought. Let me say, therefore, in return that it shall ever awaken sentiments of the liveliest character to fix my thoughts on Notre Dame, and especially on him who reigns there, *supreme*.

It is with regret that I tell you I never expect to return to Notre Dame as a student, though I hope at no distant day to be able to pay you a visit, and see again all the dear old faces that have become so familiar to me. Yet there are many, I understand, of those dear friends who, like myself, have gone to return no more.

I want also to see the fine new church edifice which I see is represented on the envelop you sent me. It awakens the liveliest interest within me to note the grand front, with its spacious windows and its tall steeples towering toward the heavens. I can almost conceive myself standing before it, wrapt in admiration of those who can accomplish so much, who have the will and determination to do.

I trust you will give my respects to those old students whom I know, and remember me kindly to my professors. Also, my regards to dear Father Spillard, who, I understood, resides in town, and to Rev. Father Lemonier likewise.

Keep for yourself an assurance of earnest gratitude and respect from one who will always delight to consider you his friend and benefactor; and, at the same time feels a secret pride in being allowed to subscribe himself
Yours truly.

Though not intimate with the writers of the following letters, we know that they were highly esteemed during their stay in College:

REV. DEAR SIR: I received your letter of the 30th inst., and it was with pleasure that I read its contents. But I regret to say that my College days are past. Happy, happy days! I fear I shall never have any hereafter so happy.

A new era presents itself. I have stepped upon the stage of life, those stern realities, present themselves to view. Yes, the battle has commenced, but who can say the victory will be mine?

You may not perhaps be uninterested when I tell you that, though I am scarcely twenty-one years old, yet the voice of the people has called me to fill not an unimportant office in my district.

Now, Father, before I close, I will say that though my stay was but short at the University, yet it has left an indelible impression on my memory, and it will leave the same on every student there, if they will only profit by their stay, and in after years they will bless their noble *Alma Mater*. My earnest desire and wish is that Notre Dame may prosper; and may the bright fame which she has acquired go down to posterity without a blot to mar its brilliancy.

We sincerely hope that the writer of the following may find it possible to come next term:

W. CORBY, S.S.C.—*Dear Sir*: I received your letter some few days since, and was very glad to know you had not forgotten me.

I should like very much to return to school this year, but find it impossible, on account of my father's poor health. He was very sick in the summer time, and although his health is better now, he is not able to be around, and as we have a very large farm, needing some one of us around constantly, father thinks he cannot spare me this winter. Hoping you will write to me occasionally, I remain, etc.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return their sincere thanks to Prof. A. A. Griffith, Ypsilanti, Michigan, for his generous donation to their library.

C. DODGE,
S. ASHTON,
M. MAHONY,
J. MCGUIRE,
R. STALEY. } Committee.

Full report of the last two meetings of this Association in our next.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
JANUARY 10, 1871. }

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our friends we'll inform, that in study and classes,
Time at St. Mary's swiftly now passes;
The pupils returning with promptness and haste,
Determined not even a moment to waste.
The idea now is study with great animation,
For soon will commence the examination.
The absentees lose in more ways than one,
And will pay rather dear for their holiday fun;
For 'tis an evident fact, that the work of reviewing
Profits a student, by quickly renewing
The memory of lessons, once puzzling and hard,
Now clear and easy. A glorious reward
For studious girls. We hope the next train
Will bring all the pupils, who at home still remain;
For each one should have a wise emulation,
To compete with her classmates at examination.

Yours, STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Alice Montgomery, Chicago, Ill.
" Josephine Langduffer, Toledo, Ohio.
" Cornelia Angle, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
" Mary Lacey, Lockport, Ill.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

Dec. 19th, 1870.—Misses A. Cornish, M. Dillon,
G. Hurst, M. Toberty, H. Tinsley, K. Brown, D.
Greene, M. Ford, E. Price, F. Murphy, I. Bounell,
E. Ray.

Jan. 9th.—Misses A. Casey, R. Fox, L. Ogden,
L. Duffield, R. Leoni, E. Hendricks, E. Greenleaf,
J. Millis, K. Boyd, C. Creveling, M. Roberts, E.
Birney.

HONORABLE MENTIONS—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses H. Niel, A. Sturgis,
A. Radin, M. Kirwan, N. Moriarty, K. Young, A.
Locke, B. O'Neill, A. Milliard, C. Foote, A. Rhine-
hart.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Shirland, M. Kel-
logg, E. Marshall, J. Hogue, A. Clarke, K. Parks,
J. Forbes, A. Borup, K. Robinson, M. Shanks, K.
McMahon.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Lassen,
L. Hogue, F. Butters, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, S.
O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Haymond, E. Finley, A.
Shea, A. Todd.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, A.
Mast, L. Dooley, K. Powell, L. Duffield, L. Ogden,
M. Ward, S. Hoove, E. Dickerhoff, M. Finley, E.
Hendricks, J. Millis, R. Spiers, J. and R. Leoni,
M. Heath, A. Minnick.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Letourneau, E.
McFarlane, I. Wilder, R. Nelson, E. Wood, J. Fal-
vey, F. Sammons, B. Cable, C. Woods, S. Spillard,
M. Wicker, K. Boyd.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses R. Devoto,
E. Greenleaf, M. McIntyre, E. Boyland, A. Lloyd,
M. Prince, A. Emmonds, L. and M. Weire, H. Mc-
Mahon, H. Stephenson.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses S. Klasser, A.
Frazier, N. Duggan, C. Creveling, M. Roberts, N.
Dobson.

FRENCH.

Third Class—Miss M. Letourneau.

Fourth Class—Misses M. Radin, M. Wicker, M.
Shanks, A. Sturgis, A. Radin, J. Tucker, M. Kel-
logg, L. Ogden, C. Foote.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses C. Foote, J. Hynds, M. Kir-
wan.

Second Division—Miss K. McMahon.

Second Class—Misses A. Stephenson, K. Parks,
G. McDougall, M. Kellogg, A. E. Borup, A. Carmody.

Second Division—Misses G. Hurst, R. Spiers, A.
Cornish.

Third Class—Misses A. Todd, A. Reynolds, A.
Sturgis, M. Ward.

Fourth Class—Misses L. Duffield, B. Cable, M.
Toberty.

Fifth Class—Misses M. Kearney, J. Kearney, A.
Clarke, A. Shea, R. Fox, E. Wood, M. Quan, A.
Byrnes, L. McFarland, A. Wood, A. Mast, A. Ra-
din, M. Bucklin, E. Greenleaf.

Sixth Class—Misses M. Gitty, J. Millis, A. Rob-
son, M. Heth, M. Wicker, N. Gross, R. Leoni, M.
Hoover.

Seventh Class—Misses L. Dooley, S. Spillard, R.
Devoto, L. Wier, R. Dobson, L. Sutherland, K.
Boyd.

Eighth Class—Misses F. Loyd, L. Tinsley, A.
Loyd.

Ninth Class—Misses L. Harrison, A. DeHaven,
A. Rose.

Tenth Class—Misses M. and H. Ely.

HARP.

Miss M. Shirland.

GUITAR.

Miss M. Weire.

HARMONY.

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

THEORETICAL CLASSES.

Misses A. Rhinehart, G. Hurst, M. Kirwan, M.
Kellogg, A. E. Borup, R. Spiers, G. McDougall, H.
Niel, A. Cornish, A. Reynolds, A. Sturgis, J.
Forbes, K. Haymond, L. Marshall, L. Ogden, M.
Lange, A. Mast, L. Dooley, M. Dillon, S. Klassen,
E. Hendricks, J. Mellis.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

Jan. 4th, 1871.—Misses C. Stauffer, L. Harrison,
F. Price, A. Byrnes, A. Garrity, L. Wood, M.
Sweeney, M. Price, L. McKinnon, M. Hildreth.

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEP'T.

Third Senior Class—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel,
N. Gross, L. Jones.

First Preparatory Class—Miss J. Kearney.

Second Preparatory Class—Miss L. Tinsley.

Third Preparatory Class—Miss Grace Darling.

First Junior Class—Misses H. Ely, M. Reynolds,
M. Gall.

Second Junior Class—Misses M. Ely, M. Garrity,
M. Gall.

Errata.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Mr. Typo, kind Typo, our patience you try,
You have given our "genii" only one i;
You have printed a "Program" without putting "me"
In the "Programme" at all, now this should not be;
The pupils you landed "softly." Did you mean
In the snow? for no grass, nor mud could be seen;
"Landed safe" is more true. Do please inspect
Your work more closely; and when a defect,
In "Stylus' style," you chance to detect,
Kindly, and patiently, those blunders correct.
Classes "will commence" last year!! we are told—
On the "2d of January." Now don't think us bold;
But surely your head was bewildered with holiday fun,
Or you would have printed "2d of January, '71."

We have borne with great patience many an error,
But now we commence to feel a great terror,
Lest some sentence heretical be laid to our charge,
When in measure poetical we chance to enlarge;
For in the "Rhyming Chronicle," of four weeks ago,
We can several errors typographical show;
And much did our heart with sorrow then grieve,
To see of our friends we had taken "French" leave.
On the face of a skeptic you put a "bold mark,"
One might know it was "mask," did they read it in
the dark;

For with all due respect, let me earnestly ask,
How could you make "dark" rhyme right with "task"?
"On the 29th and 20th," what a queer way to date—
'Twas "29th and 30th" when we read. "On the eight
Of this month," e-i-g-h-t-h, if you please.
Now we think such mistakes would really tease
Anyone but a saint.

Don't defend your *typography* by blaming *chirography*,
For we write just as plain as "Greely" or "Choate,"
And they are persons of learning and note.

Mr. Typo, kind Typo, now please do refrain

From giving your humble correspondent such pain;
But send us a "proof" of your kindly intention,
And the wrongs of last year we will nevermore mention.
Yours most afflictedly,
STYLUS.

[We sympathize with Stylus, and hope no fur-
ther occasion of complaint will be given. However,
as in all other important questions, there are two
sides to this one, as will be seen by the following
lines.—Ed.]

Typo to Stylus.

I've been some time in this office,
And have had 'n occasional spat,
But never since I have handled type
Have I been "wiped out" like that.
My business is to set up type
And "follow copy close,"
Correcting of course bad spelling—
Of which we have a dose
Once in a while, dear Stylus,
From those you'd scarce suspect—
And correct the punctuation;
Now really can you expect
I'd risk my reputation
By putting me in your program,
When usage which would freely admit
A difference between "dam" and "demme"
Says it's a matter of no consequence
Whether you write "gram" or "gramme."
And as to putting more than one i
In any one single genius,
Is a matter I could never do,
Deeming it a fault quite heinous
For anyone of that genus
To have more i's than one,
A fact that is very well known this way
By every mother's son.
As for the other typographical errors
Which you enumerate,
It is *yourself* and not *myself*
Who can easily obviate
All such like in the future.
Just set to work and learn to write
A legible hand, and really
That will be doing much better than
To imitate Choate and Greeley.

OLD, RELIABLE & POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near
Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

Day Express, (except Sundays,)..... 9:15 a.m.
Connects at Dwight with Trains on Western Division.
Joliet Accommodation, (except Sundays,).... 4:00 p.m.
Night Express,..... 5:30 p.m.
Daily, but lays over at Bloomington Saturday Nights, until 1:55
A.M. Monday Morning.
Lightning Ex., (ex'pt Saturdays and Sundays,) 9:00 p.m.

General Ticket Office,

55 Dearborn St., Chicago, where Passage
and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased, and all desired in-
formation as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully fur-
nished.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't.
A. NEWMAN, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Winter Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend	9:35 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4:10 a. m.
" "	12:17 p. m.	" "	4:10 a. m.
" "	9:15 p. m.	" "	2:00 p. m.
" "	12:37 a. m.	" "	5:50 p. m.
Way Freight,	3:40 p. m.	" "	6:50 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend	5:10 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8:20 p. m.
" "	3:08 a. m.	" "	6:50 a. m.
" "	5:07 a. m.	" "	8:20 a. m.
" "	6:30 p. m.	" "	10:10 p. m.
Way Freight,	9:35 a. m.	" "	9:50 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.