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Sketch of the History of Rome,

FROM CONSTANTINE TO THE FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

[CONCLUDED.]

As soon as Julian had obtained possession of the empire, he resolved to devote his life to two great schemes, one of which was as detestable as the other was glorious—the restoration of idolatry as the religion of the state, and the conquest of Persia and India. If either task could be accomplished, certainly Julian, by his superstition, his cunning and his genius, was the one to do it.

The reformation which he introduced into civil affairs was of the greatest value, and shows what new life and vigor a great ruler may infuse into a decaying state.

But his chief concern was to overthrow Christianity. To this end he surrounded himself, and filled the public offices, as well as the chairs of instruction in the schools, with those who professed to believe in the old gods of Rome and Greece. Christians were everywhere excluded from all offices of trust and favor. The disgusting rites and sacrifices of idolatry were again restored, and everything which the power of the empire could do was done to overthrow Christianity and rebuild the old fabric of polytheism.

His cherished expedient for bringing distrust upon the truth of Christianity was to restore the temple at Jerusalem, which our Lord declared should be utterly destroyed so that a stone should not remain upon a stone. The temple had been demolished three hundred years before by Titus, but the ruins remained. These Julian proposed to clear away, and raise the temple again upon the old foundations. Numbers of workmen, including Jews from all parts of the world, were accordingly sent to Jerusalem, materials were collected, all the rubbish removed, and the impious labor begun. But how vain to work against God! Fearful explosions and balls of fire drove the terrified workmen from the place, and these dreadful sights and sounds returned as often as the workmen recommenced, until both Romans and Jews were forced to abandon the sacrilegious undertaking. Thus the very means taken by Julian to bring discredit upon the truth of Christianity only served to make that truth clear as the noonday in the presence of pagans, Jews and Christians.

Having failed in this malicious enterprise, Julian turned his whole attention to the other darling purpose of his ambition, the conquest of Persia and the Indies. In this expedition his success was such as had attended the greatest captains of Rome or of Greece. Victory attended him in every battle; and, though his army had undergone much suffering, the crown of Persia was almost within his grasp, when a Persian javelin pierced his side, and the Apostate expired, having failed also in this the second object of his ambition. The example of Julian shows how vain is learning, talent and even genius if directed to vicious or useless ends. Had he remained a Christian, and been content to govern the great empire which had fallen to his care,

such was the splendor of his accomplishments that his reign might have been the most brilliant that had ever adorned the annals of the empire. As it was, he is known to us as Julian the Apostate, an impious ruler who failed in all the ends he proposed to himself on ascending the throne of Constantine.

The sudden death of Julian left the throne without a successor, and the army, in a hostile country, without a commander. The army chose Jovian, one of its officers, to fill these important positions. He did not, perhaps, possess the talent of Julian; certainly their characters were quite different. Jovian, far from desiring to pursue the conquests of Julian, gave up those which the latter had made, in order to extricate his soldiers from their perilous position, and returned to the Roman frontiers and thence to Antioch, where he immediately issued a decree repealing all the decrees of Julian in favor of paganism and those of Constantius in favor of Arianism. This prince, yet but little over thirty years of age, promised to be one of the best of the emperors, when he was suddenly, and, as it was supposed, accidentally, stricken with death before he reached Constantinople.

Valentinian, another officer of the army, was now chosen emperor, and soon after associated with himself his brother Valens. Valentinian ruled over the West, and Valens over the East. Milan being the chief seat of the Western Empire as Constantinople was of the Eastern. Valentinian was an able ruler, but Valens a weak one. During the life of Valentinian, which lasted about twelve years after he ascended the throne, the whole empire was well governed, Valens being guided by the wise counsels of his elder brother.

The East seemed unfortunate in its rulers: Valens, like Constantius, adopted the tenets of Arius, and, like him, occupied much of his time that should have been devoted to civil affairs in the persecution of the Catholics and the encouragement of the Arians.

The Goths, perceiving the weak rule of the Eastern Empire, and being provoked by the officers of Valens, crossed the frontiers on the north and pillaged the whole country. After his armies were several times routed, Valens himself attacked the barbarians at the head of a numerous army, but was utterly defeated and slain.

His nephew, Gratian, son and successor of Valentinian, was hastening to his assistance when he heard of the unhappy result of this battle. This seemed to be the moment taken by Providence to call forth from obscurity one of the noblest men in all history, Theodosius the Great, who was selected by Gratian to fill the throne of the East, made vacant by the death of Valens. Spain, the native country of Theodosius, gave to the Roman empire three of its greatest and best emperors—Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius.

The East had especial cause to rejoice at the accession of this monarch. Since the time of Constantine the empire had been afflicted with a series of tyrants, who, except Jovian, were without worth, and, except Julian, without talent. All was made up in the splendid reign of the great and good Theodosius, the finest character, without exception, in

all history, unless it be our own Washington himself.

The Goths, who had threatened to overturn the empire, were repressed at once, while the Persians, who had advanced to revenge their invasion by Julian, were glad to sue for peace; such is the god-like power of a good and great man. He then turned his attention to the reformation of abuses in his unhappy country, and never was such a reform more needed. A new heresy which had sprung up, denying the divinity of the Holy Ghost, was condemned by the second general Council of the Church, held at Constantinople in 381.

The attention of Theodosius was called to the West by a rebellion, by Maximus, who had dethroned and put to death Gratian, the young emperor whose wisdom had called Theodosius to the throne. One short campaign put an end to the rebellion and to the life of Maximus; and the empire of the West was bestowed upon Valentinian II, the young brother of Gratian.

It was not long after this when a fresh rebellion occurred in the West, under the leadership of Arbogastes, a barbarian, who put Valentinian to death and placed a man named Eugenius upon the throne. Theodosius suppressed this rebellion, with great difficulty, after a hotly contested battle. Thus the whole empire came once more under the authority of one emperor. It is to be regretted that Theodosius lived but a few months after his victory, and left the empire in the hands of such unworthy successors as his two sons, Honorius and Arcadius, Arcadius being emperor of the East and Honorius of the West.

Here the two empires finally separated, being never afterwards united under one ruler, with the exception of Justinian, who, as we shall see, conquered a portion of the Western Empire from the Goths. We shall therefore now drop the history of the Eastern Empire, to take it up at another time as the history of the Greek Empire, by which title it soon began to be known in Europe and Asia.

The reign of Honorius in the West is especially remarkable for its disasters. When the reins of power fell from the strong hands of Theodosius the Great, the Gothic hordes, no longer fearing the shadow of Roman greatness, poured into Italy under the leadership of that splendid barbarian, Alaric. They were, however, at first compelled to retire beyond the Alps by Stilico, the able general of Honorius. This renowned chief might probably have destroyed the power of the barbarians, but the weak Honorius was persuaded to put him to death, fearful that his popular general might try to place himself upon the throne of the West. Whether Stilico were in reality plotting the overthrow of Honorius, certain it is that after his death there was no Roman general left who could cope with the great Alaric.

Honorius held his court at Ravenna, near the west coast of Italy, a city built in the midst of a morass, and which could not be approached by any army. Here he enjoyed himself and lived securely while his empire was ravaged by the ruthless Goths. In the year 410 Alaric took and pillaged the venerable city of Rome itself, nearly 1200 years

after its foundation by Romulus. The prestige of the sacred abode of empire was forever destroyed: Rome was never more respected by savage or civilized people, except by her claim to veneration as being the central seat of Christianity. This veneration Alaric himself felt, and accordingly would not suffer the churches to be destroyed, for he and his people had already been partially converted to Christianity.

After remaining in the city a few days he proceeded towards the south, intending to cross the Mediterranean and conquer Africa, but death overtook him before he could put this daring design into execution. His troops buried him in the bed of a river, which they had turned aside temporarily for that purpose, so that his body might not be discovered, and then returned to the north, and passed over into Spain, where they founded the modern Gothic kingdom of that name.

The kingdom of France also dates from the reign of Honorius. The Franks, a German confederation of Freemen, as the name implies, crossed over the Rhine, took possession of some weakly defended Roman provinces, gave their name to the country, and thus laid the foundations of the French monarchy.

The kingdom of England, too, was founded about this time. Honorius was compelled to recall the Roman troops from that country to the defence of Italy, thus leaving the British to govern themselves, and to lay the foundations of the British monarchy. They could not, however, defend themselves from the savage Picts and Scots of the north portion of the island, corresponding to the modern Highlands of Scotland, and were therefore forced to call on the Saxons, a German tribe, to help them. The Saxons routed the Scots, and then subdued the Britons themselves, driving many of them into Wales and Cornwall, and thus established the Saxon kingdom of England. With the Saxons came various German tribes, among them the Angles, who gave their name to the country, which before known as Britain, began to be called Angleland, or, as we pronounce it, England.

Honorius left his shattered throne to his nephew Valentinian III, a weak prince, whose reign was a series of turmoils. The Vandals, a barbarian tribe who had taken possession of a portion of Spain, and from whom the province of Andalusia derives its name, passed over into Africa under their fierce leader, Genseric, and established the Vandal kingdom of Africa. Thus was the Roman territory slipping away piece by piece, until scarcely anything remained of the Western Empire save Italy itself.

In 452 the Huns, under the terrible chief Attila, called the Scourge of God, advanced into Italy, conquering all before them, until they came up to the gates of Rome itself, which was threatened with another pillage such as it had suffered forty years before under Alaric and his Goths. In this extremity, Pope St. Leo went forth to meet the barbarian, and by the sanctity of his presence, no doubt through the influence of Divine Providence, persuaded the haughty chief to retire and leave Italy. Never before nor since has the divine power of religion been more manifest than in this remarkable conquest of the barbaric horde by a simple priest of God.

But the empire was hastening to its close. Valentinian was murdered by a rebel. Genseric and his Vandals were called over from Africa to revenge his murder, and the city was again pillaged.

A few more emperors followed in quick succession: Avitus, Majorian, Severus, Anthemius, Olybrius, Glycerius, Nepos, and finally the last, Romulus Augustulus, who by a strange coincidence was named after the founder of the city and the founder of the empire.

In the year 475, a little over 1200 years from the founding of the city, the empire ended. Odoacer, king of the Heruli, a barbarian tribe, proclaimed himself king of Italy. The Roman empire ceased,

and the modern nations of Europe began. These we shall take up, one by one, tracing their descent from their connection with Rome down to the present time.

The Turning Point of My Life.

One pleasant afternoon in early May, I took a walk in the fields with an educated gentleman from the city, who was then visiting at our house. Thirty long years, with their various ups and downs, have since been carried by on the tide of time; nevertheless, the impressions which I received on this occasion have lost nothing of their original vividness. In divers places, and at sundry times, have I contemplated, with inexpressible delight, some of the most magnificent creations of art which knock at the organ of vision for admission into the soul; of which the impressions have gradually passed away from my recollection, under the constantly increasing pressure of accumulating cares. But the suggestions of my learned friend, drawn from the various natural objects with which we came in contact during our evening ramble, were indelibly stamped on my mind. He taught me a lesson which has exerted a material influence on my life.

As we were walking slowly along the bank of a smooth little stream, whose banks were studded here and there with a majestic elm, or a venerable beech, and enamelled with the richest flowers of the season, I remarked to my companion that I had long been under the influence of an ardent desire of enjoying the ease and luxuries of the city. "Indeed," said I, "city life possesses attractions which I cannot resist; and my soul expands with delight, when I look forward to that happy day on which I shall be permitted to leave this dull, monotonous country, and take up my abode in the busy, ever-changing, delightful city." "My dear young friend," said he, "you are much mistaken. You do not sufficiently appreciate the beauties and comforts of your rural home. You have here around you all that can charm the eye. You are abundantly supplied not only with the necessities, but also with the substantial luxuries of civilized life. You are surrounded by kind friends, who always take pleasure in contributing to your happiness. Your blooming complexion and high spirits prove beyond a doubt that you are in the full enjoyment of good health,—a blessing of inestimable value, because without it there can be no real enjoyment. Besides all these, what more do you desire? That for which your foolish young heart yearns, can afford but a poor compensation for those things which you shall be obliged to leave behind you. What, I ask you, after all, are the attractions of city life! In the city the air is darkened and vitiated with the smoke of a thousand chimneys; in the country, the gentle zephyr diffuses on every side the delicious exhalations of beautiful flowers. There, the puffing of enormous engines, the strokes of hammers, and the intolerable rattling of wagons, are constantly dinning in the ear. Here the silence is sweetly broken by the songs of birds and the murmurs of rivulets. There, you may, indeed, see men and women in gorgeous attire, but here is the beautiful flower, whose breath lends fragrance to the gale, and of which our Divine Saviour has said, 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.'" I fully appreciated the justness of this contrast, and my own folly; I had never before seen the country and city fairly placed in juxtaposition. The few words of my friend on this occasion, changed my future materially; for before our return, I had resolved to remain in my rural home, with my aged father, and from this resolution I have not deviated. Kind friends have since passed away from earth, I trust, to a better world beyond the tomb. My parents died in a good old age, and are now sleep-

ing beneath the wide-spreading branches of the sorrowful willow, down by the river; I, myself, have long since passed the meridian of life, and, I may say, in the words of the poet who knows how to depict men and nature, I have begun "to crown a youth of useful labor with an age of ease." I am happy in the consciousness of having done my duty, and often, from the fulness of a grateful heart, do I invoke the blessings of the most High on him who gave my life this happy turn.

Brief Sayings.

Never attempt to be familiar with your superiors, no matter how affable they may be with you.

It is a sign of bad breeding, and of an uncultivated mind, to address your acquaintances by their given names. It may appear "all right" to yourself, but remember that you cannot fairly make yourself the standard of politeness and good taste for others. Be not surprised if self-defence compels those whom you offend in that way, to insult you when your impertinence has driven their patience to an end.

A malicious truth-teller is frequently more criminal than a professional liar. The first is a snake in your bosom, while the second is a serpent in its natural element. "Lying lips are an abomination," but he who murders his neighbor's character, under a hypocritical pretence of vindicating truth, is a loathsome viper.

Never violate confidence. To do so is treason against truth, treason against honor, and treason against friendship. The way to keep your own secrets is, never to give them away; and the way to keep those of other people is, never to take any from them. If you can't keep your own secrets, you have no business to expect that others will do so for you, and other people have no right to ask you to undertake a burden from which, by the conditions of the gift, they will never relieve you.

Never try to be "witty" at the expense of those whom you have invited to partake of your hospitality. This is both ungenerous and contemptible. If they presume too far on your hospitality, you are not, for that cause, justified in a public exposure of their faults. Such a course is cruelly unnecessary, and yourself, for your deceptive friendship, and not they, for failing to see your deceit, ought to be censured. As light comes from the sun, so "wit" comes from malice.

A superlative blatherskite is he who professes to teach all the world how to practise his own trade or profession. Let no such man be trusted. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. If you are a tailor, stick to your goose; if you are a shoemaker, stick to your last; if you are a compositor, stick to your stick; if you are an editor, stick to your devil; if you are a preacher, stick to your text; if you are a physician, stick to your patients; if you are a lawyer, stick to your clients; if you are a creditor, stick to your debtor, and if—well, if you are anything else, stick to that too. I know of but two things which you can reasonably hope to teach all the world to do as well as yourself, and they are the arts of drinking whisky and chewing tobacco.

The most famous grain-market in the world is Chicago; the most famous hog-market is Cincinnati, and the most prosperous divorce-market is Indiana. If you are in search of a divorce, it won't be the fault of our amiable courts and gentlemanly laws if you don't find one. The latter have been invented with a special view to facilitate the centrifugal aspirations of the victims of Hymen, and to satisfy Jones, or Brown, or Smith, or any other man, that he is always sure of finding his love's labor here, no matter where else he may have lost it.

A rat-trap is a rather ingenious instrument for catching rats. Cats and rats are not exactly what you'd call amicable in their intercourse with each

other. In my opinion, the cat makes a little too free with rats, and though her intentions may be friendly enough, yet I think her acts leave her motives open to a rather ambiguous conclusion.

Washing is an item of expense in an old bachelor's living, and as twelve units make a dozen, it is clear that a collar must cost as much as a shirt, when you pay by the dozen. To avoid this, either wear paper collars, or no collars. No collars are about the cheapest you can wear. The fewer things you wear, the less you have to pay for their washing, and in that way you can save money. There are things in this world less desirable than money.

O. B.

Irish Pronunciation.

In a late number of Mr. Mitchell's *Irish Citizen* there is a caustic scorching of a writer who pretends to give Irish pronunciations of English words, or words which pass for English; and as the article contains useful information as well, we transfer part of it. If any of our readers have seen it once, we advise them to go over it again:

Where is the witness who ever heard an Irishman in Ireland say *kaup* for keep, or *belive* for believe. Of course they do say *baste* or *appruciate*, for the reason that it is the right pronunciation of these latter words; words which the Irish derived, as the English did, from the French, but have not corrupted as the English have. In the same way the Irish say *aise* and *plaise*, not *esse* and *please*, because these are French words. They say *receiv* also, but never *belaise*, because receive is a French word and believe is not. It would, in fact, be a good training in the art of correct pronunciation for these *Henri Brownes* if they studied a while in Irish fairs,—which last word the English have not, we think minced down to *feers*.

This matter of the true pronunciation of vowels in English words has never been duly examined; but it could easily be shown that the modern English have thoroughly corrupted vowel sounds, both in speaking their own language and in reading Latin. Not one single vowel of all the five has now in English its proper power; so that if an Englishman anywhere on the Continent of Europe undertakes to quote a line of Horace, no scholar understands what he is trying to say. In this popularly amusing presentation of Irish talk we can see at least the example of the way in which the English have degraded the very first principles of their language; for most assuredly the Irish way is the right way; and the best writers of English, until about a century ago, knew no other way. Dean Swift, always careful in his rhymes, invariably holds to the pronunciation of the country in which he was born and bred:

How his army so great
Had a total *defuit*.

Defeat being a French word, the Dean does not choose to call it *defect*. Again:

"By nature turned to play the rake well,
As we will show you in the sequel."
"The king of brutes—to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean."
"And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature."

In these and hundreds of other examples the Dean (or, as he called himself, the Daue, for the word is the French *doyen*) declined to give way to the mincing system, and chose to adhere to the true pronunciation. Most of the Irish still choose this; but they do not indiscriminately change the *ee* into *ai*, as our Bowery and Haymarket Irishmen are represented to do. Most English and American humorous writers make us say *sweet*; but no Irishman ever did so; for the word "sweet" is Teutonic, and the Irishman utters it as it came to him, *sweet*. Of course the Irish say *thayaytre* and *tay*, both those words, as well as the things they mean, having

come through France; and in Lover's song the hero very properly sings:

"The piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune."

But no Irishman ever said *dape* for deep, or *strate* for street, or *bafe* for beef; though of course they say *maue* and not mean, *nate* and not neet, *trate* and not treet. Samples of this kind might be multiplied and extended to other vowel sounds; showing that the common Irish-English is a *dialect* of our language, and the purest dialect, modern English being a vulgar corruption. But it would avail nothing to prove this; nor would it deprive one of the humorous satirists of his *sicute* little jokes. The English nation being at present the dominant nation, their speech is dominant too, and every deviation from it is both vulgar and ludicrous.

Gaining Knowledge under Difficulties.

I think it was A. Pope that said:

Know thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

In his infancy he got the name of Alexander, which accounts for his being designated A. Pope instead of a Pope, and happily frees the subscriber from any suspicion of irreverence. This is another illustration of the advantage of a big capital. Only let a man be in a position to use that, and if he's moderately smart it will keep him free from suspicion of any sort.

But there was considerable difference between Mr. Pope's ideas about the study of man and those of the person named Darwin, who devotes himself to the pleasant work of showing that everybody's grandmother was a monkey, or possibly a codfish.

A glance at part of Mr. Darwin's last book has opened to my mind's eye an enormous field for speculation, and I have almost made a lunatic of myself trying to work it.

You see Darwin is not quite sure that our grandmother *was* a monkey. If he felt no doubt on the subject, but was absolutely clear in his head about it, then of course the whole thing would be settled. But he isn't clear. He leaves the matter unsettled, and that's how it comes that my mind has been fearfully tortured in trying to find out what sort of thing the old lady actually was, and whether we are really of animal or vegetable origin.

Any number of hypotheses come up when I am thinking about it, and bother me so much that I tear my hair and stamp around, and run a desperate risk of being ordered out of the house by my landlady, who can't be got to take any more interest in this important subject than if it were an unconscious claim. It is astonishing how indifferent some persons can be to things that absorb the whole intellectual machinery of others.

At the breakfast table, the other day, I brought the subject forward (I had been sitting up for three nights, trying to figure something out of it, and naturally it was uppermost in my head), and the introduction of it came near bringing on a coolness. I got it under consideration in a quiet, ingenious sort of way by saying to Mr. Bullfinch,

"Was any of your ancestors a calf?"

Bullfinch is generally a harmless kind of person, with a tendency to idiocy, but on that occasion he showed spirit. He aimed about half a pound of hash at me, and the consequence was a picturesque-looking map on the wall behind where I sat. It was evident that he did not see the drift of my question, so I said:

"Sir, your conduct is unpardonable; I am making investigations in regard to the origin of the species, and it was solely in the interest of science that I asked the question. I now repeat it, sir, and I beg you to inform me if you know whether any of your ancestors was a calf."

Then he did get mad. I never saw anything like it. He got up and shook out his hair, and pranced around the table, and it took four boarders to hold him till he cooled off. It was no use trying to get any information out of him, so I turned to another boarder, Mr. Woffles.

"Woffles," I said, "it strikes me that you must be of vegetable origin; that hair of yours is what they call *carroty*; your nose is a turn-up affair, and I have heard some speak of you as a beet. Don't you think, now, there might have been some cabbage-heads in the original branch of the family?"

It was interesting to observe Woffles while I was making these observations. It seemed as though some one had put a hot frying-pan under him, he squirmed and moved around so, and made such hideous faces. When I got through he just gave one wild glare at me, and made a dash for the water-pitcher, and as I thought he was threatened with apoplexy, or something of that sort, I grabbed the pitcher first, and let him have the contents over the head. They took him up stairs in a truly shocking condition.

Old Turbot was the subject of my next effort to get at some facts in ethnology. He is a queer-looking chap. Turbot is rather eccentric, and with a mouth very much like a cod-fish. All the boarders make fun of this old man right to his face, just because he is deaf. I have often pointed out to them the sin of making game of a venerable codger like him, but they say they don't; that his name shows that he is game anyway. But I don't agree with them in this. I don't believe that Turbot is a game fish; but it is no use arguing with these ignoramuses about anything.

Well, I yelled at old Turbot:

"Have you read Darwin, sir?"

And the old gentleman said:

"Young man, just let those things alone and pass that butter, if you please."

"What do you think of clams, sir?" I tried to speak about forty-five degrees above zero this time.

"No, sir, I did not say ham—butter."

Moving closer to him, I put my mouth near his ear, and yelled again:

"Do you consider it likely that any portion of the human race is descended from the clam? Now, when we come to weigh different theories and speculations in the scales—"

He burst upon me furiously. "Do you mean to call me scaly? You impudent scoundrel! you unmannerly, outrageous, impertinent rascal. You—you—wh-r-r-r!"

That was as far as he could go. The emotions were too heavy for him, and he broke down. It was unfortunate that the old chap exploded. If he had only been calm and kept his temper I might have got something out of him, for he spends a great deal of his time reading those scientific books, which none but lunatics pretend to understand. But it was not to be. Fate had ordained that I should have difficulty in pursuing my investigations.

Dropping Turbot, I turned to an ancient damsel by the name of Squinks, who wears an intellectual pair of spectacles, and is considered ahead of all the others in the ethics business.

"Madam," I said, "what is your honest opinion about the origin of the species?" Of course, you know what Darwin says, but I want your own opinion. Now, do you think Adam was made of earth, or is it likely that he grew from a potato?"

Miss Squinks looked at a potato on her fork for some seconds, and then answered:

"That man was a poor, weak-minded simpleton, anyways, and if I thought he was descended from a potato I would never eat another. Drat him!"

"Do you mean, Miss Squinks, that you would never eat another man?"

She flew into a passion at once, and I had as much as I could do to get in an explanation of why I had asked the first question.

"You see," I said, "I asked because there are so many persons called potatoes, and it struck me that Adam himself might have grown up from one."

"Persons called potatoes! Why, how in the world did that get into your head? What kind of persons are called potatoes?"

"Oh, I thought you knew—the Murphys!"

The boarders smiled at this, and as they were in good humor again I thought I would try a little further. Holding up a piece of pork, that I fished out of the coffee, and looking at a party by the name of Bacon, I said:

"Here is proof of a connecting link between man and the lower animals. Now, sir, this is pork; you are Bacon; can any one doubt that both are derived from the same source? This is incontestible proof that man is the product of a system or plan of gradual development. You, sir, are an intelligent being, this is only pork, and yet the hog is the root of each. Science proves this, and science may yet establish the fact, impossible though it may appear, that you are in great part a hog still, and—"

"D—n your science!" And with that a chunk of ham hit me between the eyes, and a general misunderstanding ensued. But I have not given up these ethnological investigations yet. Science has always had to encounter ignorance and the hostilities of prejudice. I will not quail.

—*The (N. Y.) World.* CASPER CRANE.

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Not Insincere.

We have heard it remarked that Catholics, as a general thing, deny assertions made against the Church, without proving that the assertions are false; and those who made the remark insinuated or flatly affirmed that such a course on the part of Catholics showed insincerity, or inability to show that the assertions were false.

Now the assertions made against the Church are concerning either facts or the doctrine of the Church.

When they are concerning facts, either historical or relating to the customs and practices of the Church, Catholics are never backward in bringing forward arguments from history or from the testimony of contemporary authority to prove their position. It is true that, as the great majority of non-Catholics confine their reading to such historians and romancers as Gibbon and McCauley and other professed enemies of Catholicity, they are biased in their ideas whenever any reference is made to the Church; and it is further true that when Catholic, or impartial non-Catholic, testimony is put within their reach, they refuse to acknowledge it, and, in some cases, even refuse to read it.

The insinuation that Catholics are insincere comes with very bad grace from such persons, and with still worse from those whom we shall soon mention.

There are certain historical battle grounds upon which Catholic and non-Catholic writers, controversialists and historians have fought with each other time and time again. Sometimes they disagree about the facts themselves; for instance, the

number of martyrs who suffered in the persecutions which the Roman Emperors carried on against the Catholic Church in the first centuries of her existence. Gibbon puts the number much smaller than do Catholic historians. At other times they agree in the main as to the events but differ when attributing the causes that brought them about. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the institution of the Inquisition, and other matters of history, are viewed in a different light by Catholics and non-Catholics. The latter invariably disregard the time in which the events happened, the customs of the people at the time, and attribute whatever there is of crime in the event to the Catholic Church, and make the Church responsible for the acts of all Catholics, even when the Catholics, led by political ambition or swayed by passions condemned by the Church, acted in direct opposition to her teachings. Catholic historians, on the contrary, and Catholic writers in general, when treating of these events, take into consideration the time in which they happen, the manners of the people, the degree of civilization which, through the influence of the Church upon them, they had attained; they attribute the crimes committed, whether by Catholics or Protestants, to their proper cause; and particularly in the case of nations just emerging from barbarism, through the civilizing influence of the Church, they show that the crimes were committed by Catholics who did not act in accordance with the known teachings of the Catholic Church at the time; that the causes of the crimes were the unlawful political ambition of princes, or the excited passions of individuals, and that the causes of these crimes as well as the crimes themselves were condemned by the Church.

Now all this has been written over and over again by Catholic historians; they have not only vindicated the Catholic Church from the false aspersions of its enemies, but have shown in a clear light the influence of the Church on all nations that have professed Catholicity—and have shown it particularly in the advance made in civilization by the hordes of barbarians who overran the old Roman Empire, and who in the fifteenth century formed the nations of Europe, the most enlightened nations of the earth.

When a Catholic sees a misstatement concerning some event of history, relative to the Church, he may, through charity for the one who made the misstatement, or for those who read it, enter into all the details already given by trustworthy historians and not only deny the misstatement but also *prove* it to be false. But if the Catholic considers the influence of the one who made the misstatement as insignificant, that it can make but a slight impression on those who read it, he cannot be judged insincere or unable to disprove the misstatement for simply denying it without repeating proofs which the author of the misstatement, and all who read it, if they be honest and sincere themselves, may find in books, easily attainable.

In reference to doctrine. Catholics frequently limit themselves to denying that certain doctrines are doctrines of the Church. Many Protestants are reckless in attributing their own ignorant guesses at Catholic doctrine to the Catholic Church and to Catholics. Men, who have never opened a Catholic book, but who have read, perhaps, some of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones books written against Popery—will coolly maintain that the Catholic Church teaches many things which Catholics know she does not teach. If a Catholic hearing or reading such false statements of doctrine thinks it would be of some avail not only to deny it but also explain the real doctrine of the Church, he would be doing a good work, no doubt. But he could not be considered insincere, or unable to *prove* that such was not the doctrine of the Church, merely because he limited himself to denying it. In the first place his mere denial is enough, because

he knows what the doctrines of his Church are better than an outsider. Secondly, experience has taught him that his Protestant friends are so deeply prejudiced that they will not listen to a Catholic stating what his faith is; that in spite of all proof they will maintain that they know better than he; and frequently they bring forward the same charge of insincerity when the true doctrine having been explained to them they would have nothing to say against it, and would be obliged in conscience to believe it and join the Catholic Church themselves, if they admitted that the Church taught as the Catholic said it did. Thirdly, Catholics in most cases do their duty fully by merely denying the burlesque doctrines which non-Catholics attribute to the Church to be true. For if non-Catholics wished to know, or cared to know, the true doctrine of the Church, they would read Catholic books. There is no lack of books in which the faith of Catholics is contained.

In writing this we have had in our eye those non-Catholics who directly or by implication accuse Catholics of insincerity. It is they who show themselves insincere, by refusing to read Catholic works in which Catholic doctrine is truly stated. There are other non-Catholics who prove themselves sincere by reading Catholic books when they want to know what the Church teaches, just as they would read the constitution and statutes of Pennsylvania, and not those of Louisiana, if they wanted to know the laws of the Keystone State. Any such a non-Catholic has never had reason to accuse Catholics of backwardness in explaining the Catholic faith, if, when meeting with some difficulty, he asked an explanation, or understanding the true doctrine and not convinced of its truth, he asked the proofs which could be brought forward to show its truth.

Before closing we wish to make a remark and ask a question. We are roundly rated, on the one hand, by some because, say they, we merely deny statements made against the Church, without trying to prove them false. On the other hand, we are severely lectured, sometimes by the very same persons because, say they, we are too zealous, we try to induce persons to become Catholics. How do you reconcile the two charges?

As far as we can learn, everything is very quiet in the college. We do not hear of any soirée, or public debate, or anything else, about to come off. Is Lent the reason? Or is there something grand preparing and kept secret from all outsiders?

THE weather, as we write, is unusually fine. The paths around the lakes and through the groves near the scholastic are slowly measured off by meditative students with book in hand, or rapidly passed over by others bent on a constitutional. The ice has entirely disappeared, even from the corners of the northern lake. Grass is looking up, lilacs and early shrubbery are budding, and should the present mild weather last, the frost will have a chance to do a deal of damage when it comes to pay a farewell visit before leaving *for good*.

THE beautiful monumental tombstone lately erected over the grave of Miss Zella Selby of Memphis, whose death was chronicled last term in the SCHOLASTIC, deserves a special notice. We saw it, and were much pleased with it, but we prefer to leave the description of it to a pen more graphic than our own. Whoever undertakes the description of that fine marble monument should also give a description of the Irish granite monument over the tomb of Miss Dunbar, who, though she died in Washington, is buried at St. Mary's, in compliance with the earnest request she made during her last illness, to be taken to St. Mary's, where she had as a pupil passed so many happy days.

All Sorts.

THE Bulletins were sent home this week.

A FIRST-CLASS pianist from Europe is expected at an early date at Notre Dame.

THE music hall is nearly overcrowded with music students. Good! there is a favorable omen in this!

THAT champion flag will soon be forthcoming—as soon as the pole is raised from its present recumbent position.

THE Senior students, appreciating the advantages and pleasures derived from Prof. Iver's instructions, have commenced a new dancing class.

THE pleasant weather with which we have been favored for the past few days has created a rage for base-ball instead of producing spring fever.

THE ice has rapidly disappeared from St. Joseph's lake, and it is hoped the members of the St. Joseph's Boating Club will soon avail themselves of this fine opportunity.

THE hawk belonging to Father Carrier, which has been living in solitary confinement behind the church, since last September, is enjoying the best kind of health, and sends his regards to all his friends.

THE trimming of the trees along the avenue in front of the college is a good thing. The many branches that were half broken off have been neatly lopped off, and a few weeks of real spring will cover up the havoc made by the heavy storm of wind and sleet.

STUDIES are now energetically pushed on; from all classes there are reports of progress, which prove that the inner life of the college is healthy and vigorous. This season is certainly the most favorable; the cold has nearly subsided, and the heat does not threaten us for a few months more, while the spring-like atmosphere that pervades our classic domain gives us a foretaste of the happy days to come, and cheers every one in the earnest fulfilment of his task. We have, then, all that can make us truly happy: solid study, progress, and a hopeful future. Fortunate are we if we understand well our position and know how to make the most of it by a persevering diligence. Complete reports from all the classes will be handed in for the next number. We hope that no class will fail to report its honorable mentions.

Boating.

THE Notre Dame Boating Club has already reorganized, with a full quota of members. The boats have been overhauled for active service, and some lively time is expected on the lake. A river excursion to Bertrand or Niles is spoken of as to take place during the spring. The route was explored last vacation, and found perfectly safe. The lovers of romantic scenery and duck hunting would be fully repaid for the hard rowing which the swift current would demand on the home run.

The rules of the N. D. B. C., concerning the admission of members, are included in the few following requisites, namely, strength, behavior, and five dollars to boot.

The entrance fee of \$5, once paid, entitles the owner of the membership to the use of the boat belonging to the crew of which he is a member.

No membership is transferable.

An extra fee of fifty cents per session is to be paid by each member for the incidental repairs of the boats, and for other expenses of the club.

Persons who do not belong to the club, either as regular or honorary members, are not expected to take part in the exercises of the club.

Drawing.

A branch of study much neglected is Drawing. It used to be, and is yet, one of the essential requirements for a good education in classic Europe, but in America it is treated much like a stranger whose claims to the intimacy of the family circle are by no means established. Some years ago we were travelling with two young friends through England and France, and, as a matter of course, made it a point to render their journey not only agreeable but profitable. Among other subjects of interest, and not the least striking, was the architecture of the public monuments of London and Paris. Friend E— wished to describe the British Museum and the Parliament House, and friend H— took upon himself the duty of depicting in his diary the Louvre, Luxembourg, and Notre Dame. Now, neither of these two young friends had any idea of linear or architectural drawing—perspective was unknown to them. Landscape and academic drawing were mere words without meaning. They gave up the description of these monuments as a job entirely impossible to them, and their inability to accomplish what they thought the easiest thing in the world marred to a great extent the pleasure of their excursions through London and Paris. To-day, these cities are brought as it were to our own doors by the descriptions which we hear of them, and the pictures which represent their famous monuments. Not only are European cities living museums for the art-loving tourist and student, but even our own American cities are being gradually embellished and enriched with grand structures rivalling in richness of detail and grandeur of proportion the far-famed monuments of ancient Greece. The capitol at Washington stands probably unequalled by any other existing monument in the world, St. Peter's at Rome excepted; each State capital is raising its grand capitol, under whose lofty dome the laws of the State will be enacted and interpreted; all the large cities of America boast of stupendous structures, whose outlines are certainly of large proportions, if not always correct. The correctness of the taste is unfortunately too often disregarded by the architect, to suit the fancy of the owners (often uneducated people), or of city councillors and boards who are entirely controlled by unscrupulous builders. Hence American architecture has had its origin and exists in defiance of the old rules, a strange mixture of Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite, which would make Vignole and Palladio grow pale with anger and disgust. It is not therefore every monumental structure that should be regarded or studied as a model, but in every such structure a student who pretends to have a complete education should be able to point out the faults and beauties, the defects as well as the perfections.

To the Ecclesiastical student the knowledge of architecture is absolutely necessary, because sometime or other its application will be demanded of him, in the erection of a church, school-house or hospital, and woe to the sacredness of traditional rules or the preservation of good taste, if (as is often the case) public or religious buildings should be controlled by persons ignorant of the simplest rules of architecture.

Now we do not wish to insinuate that every college student should study drawing, whether linear or architectural, as if he intended to make that art his profession,—but to study its principles and general rules, and apply them practically under the teacher's guidance, for a few sessions of the collegiate course. Linear and architectural drawing should therefore enter into the regular course, and be rendered obligatory, without extra charge to all the collegiate students.

At Notre Dame the facilities for pursuing such studies are certainly very great—amply sufficient to meet every demand. The collection of models

in all the branches of drawing is abundantly rich and sufficient for the greatest proficiency. What is wanting is perhaps the zeal to undertake the study of a branch whose importance is only revealed long after the opportunity to pursue it has gone. By rendering linear and architectural drawing obligatory to the classical and scientific students, all objection will be obviated on the part of the students, and a proper importance will be given to an art heretofore unjustly neglected.

Arrivals.

Thomas Henry Gibson,	Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.
Justin F. Turnoux,	Louisville, Ohio.
Daniel O'Brien,	Philadelphia, Pa.
James Farrell,	Washington, D. C.
James Deehan,	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Petesch,	Decatur, Wisconsin.
Peter Gall,	Kentland, Indiana.
Charles Butler,	Wayne, Michigan.
John J. Porter,	Cleveland, Ohio.

Publications.

A COMPENDIUM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, from the Creation to the year 1867, with Questions, adapted to the use of Schools; also an Appendix, containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, a Biographical Sketch of Eminent Personages, with a Chronological Table of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, Improvements, etc. By M. J. Kerney, A. M.

The Compendium has been brought down to the present time, and the edition comprises all the important events that have transpired in Europe since the Crimean war, including the recent war between Austria and Prussia; the history of the ephemeral empire of Mexico, and a graphic sketch of the American civil war, written without partiality or bias. The data for this last and important chapter have been carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and from the best narrative of the principal events of the war that can be put in the hands of the young.

These additions have been carefully prepared, and written in conformity with the spirit of impartiality which has made Mr. Kerney's books so popular.

A RHETORICAL READER, for Class Drill and Private Instruction in Elocution. By Prof. Robert Kidd. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

The Rhetorical Reader is an excellent one; the principles of elocution, the rules for giving force and variety to the expression, are well defined, and if followed out by teachers and students cannot fail to make tolerable readers of all, and good readers of the greater number. The selections, as far as we have seen, are good and well calculated to illustrate the rules laid down in the beginning of the book.

THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Sidney A. Norton, A. M. Three hundred and fifty Engravings. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

In the Elements of Natural Philosophy the author has aimed at making the study of the science pleasing to the student by presenting it in a systematic form; and though he does not of course pretend to exhaust the subject, he has presented in this class-book all that is required for a general knowledge of the subject, and to induce the student, if disposed to obtain a deeper knowledge, to have recourse to books in which the subject is treated at greater length.

WHEN base-ball clubs are victorious, of what mountain range should they remind you?
Ans.—Appennines.

Grandpa's Spectacles.

Oh, Mamma, what will Grandpa do?
He's gone away to heaven,
Without the silver spectacles
That Uncle John had given;
How can he read the papers there,
Or find the hickory staff;
He'll put his coat on wrong side out,
And make the people laugh.

And when he takes the Bible down
And wipes the dusty lid;
He'll never find his spectacles
Within its cover hid;
There won't be any little girl
He likes as well as me,
To run and hunt them up for him
And put them on his knee.

Oh dear! he'll never find the place
About "the wicked flea."
And how the bears ate children up,
(That used to frighten me:)
So, mamma, if you'll dress me up
Just like an angel bright,
I'll fix our ladder 'gainst the sky
And take them up to-night.

St. Gregory's Society.

The rehearsals of this society have taken place regularly every Monday and Thursday evenings at the usual place of meeting. The third regular meeting of the society for the transaction of business was held on Monday evening, February 27th, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Quinn, S. S. C., Vice President, in the chair. The following students were admitted to membership, to-wit: Messrs. Carr, Carney, Tourneau and VanCouloubreuke. Remarks explanatory of the offices of the church, have, at the request of the Very Rev. President, been made at the rehearsals by Rev. Dr. Quinn, S. S. C., Mr. J. E. Garrity, S. S. C., Mr. A. A. Brown, S. S. C., and by the Secretary.

The society will on Sunday next, March 12th, make their first appearance as a distinct society of the college, on which occasion the members will appear in cassock and surplice and will sing the *Missa Regia*, harmonized and arranged for four voices, the banner of the society will be blessed, and a procession of the members of the "Sodality of the Holy Angels" and of the "St. Gregory's society" will be made. During the procession the hymn written for the society by Mr. A. A. Brown, S. S. C., will be sung. In the evening there will be a social re-union of the members of the society, and of the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

F. C. BIGELOW, S. S. C.,
Secretary.

St. Aloysius Philodemic Association.

MR. EDITOR: The nineteenth regular meeting of this Association was held on Tuesday evening, February 14th, at which, agreeably to the constitution, the election of officers for the ensuing session took place. The result was as follows:

Director—Very Rev. Wm. Corby, S. S. C.
President—Mr. John A. O'Connell, S. S. C.
Vice-President—John M. Gearin.
Recording Secretary—James J. Wilson.
Corresponding Secretary—John A. Zahm.
Treasurer—Robert Finley.
1st Librarian—P. O'Connell.
2nd Librarian—J. Murnane.
Censor—J. McCarthy.

The library, according to the report of the librarian, contains, besides a large file of papers, pamphlets, magazines, etc., upwards of three hundred volumes of solid reading matter. The most valuable works procured by the society during the past session were "The Modern British Essayists," complete; the works of Dr. Johnson; Warton's

"History of English Poetry;" besides several minor works, also very valuable.

The prospects of the society are unusually encouraging, and from present appearances we would judge that the results of the coming session will compare favorably with those of any preceding year. All manifest a desire to profit by the opportunities offered them for developing their powers of debate and extempore speaking; and also a determination to make the society what it ought to be, a source of pleasure and mutual improvement. Fluency in speaking, and a neat and correct style of writing, can be acquired only by long and continued practice, and a literary society, in which this practice can always be had, must facilitate the acquisition of these attainments.

The twentieth regular meeting took place Tuesday evening, February 28th, at which the following question was debated:

Resolved, "That Public Criticism is beneficial to the improvement and perfection of literature."

The question was very closely contested on both sides, and the President, after summing up the arguments, decided in favor of the affirmative. The exercises of the evening were concluded by the reading of the "Two-Penny Gazette," with which all seemed greatly entertained, as was manifested by their plaudits when the reader left the stand.

J. A. ZAHM, Cor. Sec'y.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

This association held its regular literary session (the seventeenth in number) on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. After the transaction of the regular official business, and a few remarks from the critic concerning the exercises of the previous meeting, Mr. Thos. O'Mahony read a very fine essay entitled "The love of money is the root of all evil." Mr. T. Mahony rendered his subject interesting, using expressive words, unfolding his ideas forcibly and fully rendering his expressions especially harmonious and pleasing. Mr. Duffy read a composition, styled "The necessity of being cheerful." This essay was written in a very fine style, showing that the writer understood his subject well—although justice compels us to say that his production contained rather too many quotations.

CRITIC.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 21st regular meeting took place Saturday, February 25th. At this meeting Master J. Heinz was unanimously elected a member, after having performed what the society requires. After this the semi-annual election of officers took place.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S. S. C.
President—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.
Judge of the Moot Court—Professor P. J. Foote, LL. M.

The result of the election and appointment is as follows:

Vice-President of the Association—Charles Berdel.
2nd Vice-President—M. Mahony.
President Dramatic Branch—Scott Ashton.
Vice-President—C. Dodge.
President Philo-Historic Branch and Critic—D. Egan.
Vice-President Philo-Historic Branch—J. Nash.
President Orpheonic Branch—V. Hackmann.
Vice-President—J. Rumley.
Clerk of the Moot Court—D. Hogan.
Secretary—Robert Staley.
Treasurer—C. Hutchings.
Cor. Secretary—J. McHugh.
Librarian—J. McGuire.
Assistant Librarian—L. McOsker.

Monitor—D. Brown.

Assistant Monitor—C. Morgan.

Pianist—S. Dum.

Directors of Entertainment.—J. Ward, P. Scott, P. Reilly, M. Moriarty.

Censors—B. Roberts, J. Kinkead, J. Shea, C. Ortmayer.

Marshal—T. Foley.

Prompter—W. Dodge.

Sergeant-at-Arms—L. Roth.

This society numbers fifty members. It's library numbers three hundred volumes of choice works, (sixty volumes having been procured this year.) Up to the present time during the scholastic year, its members have displayed their talent in elocution in one hundred choice selections. They have presented over eighty compositions and essays; and have given two grand exhibitions, and have also taken part in the other exhibitions of the year, etc., etc.

The 22nd and 23d regular meetings came off respectively, February 26th and March 4th at which the debate:

Resolved, That public education in a well-regulated institution benefits the citizen more than private,

took place. Those who participated in the debate and acquitted themselves creditably are as follows: Scott Ashton, D. Egan, Philip Scott T. Foley, P. Reilly, C. Peterson, on the affirmative. M. Mahony, C. Berdel, D. Hogan and R. Staley on the negative. J. McHugh and C. Dodge were volunteer speakers for the affirmative, and C. Morgan volunteered on the negative. The President, after reviewing the debate gave his decision in favor of the affirmative, after which the meeting adjourned.

The association beg leave to return their sincere thanks to Brother Aloysius and Brother Celestine for many acts of kindness bestowed on them during the scholastic year.

J. McHUGH.

Corresponding Secretary.

Base Ball

The Star of the West Base Ball Club was re-organized on February 5th. After the meeting was called to order by the Director, the members elected the following officers for the season:

Director.—Bro. Aloysius.
President.—John Nash.
Vice-President.—Samual Dum.
Secretary.—Chas. Berdel.
Treasurer.—John Buehler.
Field Capt. 1st nine.—Scott Ashton.
Field Capt. 2nd nine.—Michael Mahony.
Censor.—Peter Rielly.

The Club retains all the old members with the exception of one or two. The first nine is especially strong this session, and promises to make things lively for the senior clubs.

C. BERDEL, Secretary.

Excelsior Base-Ball Club.

MR. EDITOR: The first regular meeting of the Excelsior B. B. C., was held February 5th, 1871. The officers for the ensuing season were then elected:

Director—Bro. Aloysius.
President—J. McHugh.
Vice-President—L. Hibben.
Treasurer—D. Egan.
Secretary—C. Hutchings.
Field Captain 1st Nine—H. Taylor.
" " 2nd Nine—M. Cummings.
" " 3d Nine—J. Shanks.

Field Directors—J. Goodhue, M. Healy.
Censor—A. Ransom.

The Club is in a flourishing condition at present, better than last year. No more business being on hand the meeting adjourned.

J. McHUGH,
President.

C. HUTCHINGS,
Secretary.

The following are deserving of honorable mention in the Minim Department:

First Grammar—G. Gross, W. Byrnes, E. DeGroot, L. Montedonico, L. McIntosh, W. Morris
Second Grammar—T. Nelson, E. Raymond, E. Forester, A. Morton J. Córdano.

TABLE OF HONOR.

C. Tarble, W. Byrne, F. Huck, L. McIntosh, S. McCoy.

A Rich Grammatical Decision.

The New York *Tribune* decides that the plural of "timouse" is "titmouses," not "titmice." "On the same principle," says another paper, the "plural of a tailor's 'goose' is 'gooses'" as indeed we hold that it is.

This reminds us of an anecdote in regard to a country merchant who wanted two of these tailor's irons several years ago, and ordered them from Messrs. Dunn & Spencer, hardware merchants, then doing business in this city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Thinking this was bad grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Upon reflection, he destroyed this one also, for fear he would receive live geese. He thought over the matter until he was very much worried, and at last, in a fit of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly mailed:

"Messrs. Dunn & Spencer—Please send me one tailor's goose, and d—n it, 'send me another.'" This was the only way he knew of to order two of them; but of course he had not read the above wise decision.—*Petersburg Courier*.

We once knew a merchant who wanted a dozen of the same article, and got over the difficulty by ordering "one tailor's goose," and immediately under it, "eleven ditto."—*N. O. Picayune*.

"Fetch on your Rats!"

Adam Bepler keeps a tavern in Alleghany. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor, a stranger presented himself about bed time, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be youst one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bepler. "I don't like that kind of a customer. I could fill mine house every night mit dat kind, but dat won't help me to run dis house."

"Well," said the stranger, after a pause "have you got any rats here?"

"Yes," replied Adam, "you'd better believe we have. Why, the place is lousy mit dem."

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to-morrow."

"Done," said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises.

So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow melancholy-looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepler took occasion in a very gentle manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.

"What! Kill your rats! Certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"

"Dey are putty dick in the barn-yard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of hoop iron!"

A piece of about fifteen feet long was brought to

the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself satisfied, at length, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepler and quite a party of idlers who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there, the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door and raised his weapon:

"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats!"

How this scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepler began to smell one pretty strongly, at this juncture, and became very angry. One thing was certain, and that is, that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in some other quarter.

THERE is the following curious story connected with the origin of the word "quiz":

"Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings, as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, it is still more strange, says a writer, that not one of our lexicographers, from Bailey to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is obvious; it is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening on a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; betting was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would hear spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, (Sunday,) a word having no meaning, and derived from no known language. Wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word 'quiz,' which they chalked on every door and shop-shutter in town. The shops being shut all next day, everybody going to or coming from the different places of worship saw the word, and everybody repeated it, so that 'quiz' was heard all throughout Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and shutter, caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to pass current, it draws forth the expression, 'You are quizzing me.'"

A WRITER in a musical journal says: "A fair sample of our modern Church music may be derived from the reply of a celebrated divine, who, when asked his opinion of the music in some of our Churches, said: 'I attended a certain fashionable church, where I sat all through the service, wondering how in the world I got in without a ticket!' Speaking also of the usual style of singing by the choir, he takes for example, the reading of the hymn commencing:

Take thy pilgrim to his home, etc.

Which, being rendered artistically, has the following sublime effect: Firstly, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, "Take thy pil—" followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pil,") and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same, "Take thy pil—" they finally unite and repeat together, eventually succeeding in singing, "Take thy pilgrim to his home," etc., greatly to the relief, no doubt, of both minister and people, who must have been alike horrified at the suggestive advice so forcibly promulgated from the "singing seats."

"I 'TOLD' Mr. Smith he got some beans and he 'axed' me no!"

SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and being much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists of a single thing, and that is making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to my mind how small a space I shall soon occupy in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

POOR John chinaman has still rather a hard time of it in San Francisco. From the time of the Flood his ancestors have been in the habit of carrying two baskets suspended from each end of a yoke across the shoulders. Whether out of sheer "cussedness," or for some other reason, the authorities of San Francisco have decreed that nobody shall carry baskets after that duplex fashion. But the words of the ordinance are decidedly ambiguous. It says: "No person shall carry a basket, or baskets, upon any sidewalk suspended or attached to poles, across or upon the shoulders." For violation of this lucid decree, one Ah Wong was hauled before a Justice. "But," said his lawyer "my client hasn't been carrying a sidewalk suspended from or attached to poles." Here was a poser. The learned Judge shook his head and said he would think about it. Perhaps he is thinking about it still.

CERTIFIED CHECKS.—As considerable diversity of opinion has for some time existed in the minds of the commercial community as to the real value of a certified check, the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court at Washington is of importance to the business community generally. The court has decided that the certification of a check by the cashier of a bank is equivalent to an acceptance, and that consequently the bank is responsible for the amount on its face. Nor will this decision be of less importance to the banks themselves, as it will tend to the exercise of greater care on the part of cashiers when issuing certified checks, and hence prevent a considerable amount of litigation.

AT a California fair, several bottles of strained honey were put on exhibition, when a chap put a bottle of castor oil with the rest. Several old ladies sampled it, with the same result. The opinion of all who tried it was, that the bee who laid it was a fraud. One old lady said even the bees had got to cheating now-a-days.

PUNCH has the following capital answer:

Self-made man examining a school, of which he is manager—"Now, boy, what is the capital of 'Olland?"

Boy—"An 'H,' sir."

A YOUNG miss in a recitation in geography, informed her astonished teacher that "the mammoth caravan, in Kentucky, is the greatest living curiosity, and has been exploded ten miles from its mouth."

"I SEE the villain in your face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner.

"May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection."

"Does your knitting-machine make a seam?" inquired an old lady of the proprietor of a knitting-machine.

"It seems not," was the pertinent reply.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S, March 8th, 1871.

On the 21st ult. the pupils at St. Mary's celebrated, by anticipation, our great national festival of the 22d. The recreation-halls resounded with "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," &c. Red, white and blue ribbons were worn as decorations, and everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of the day. Many fine turkeys were immolated at the shrine of patriotism; mince-pies, etc., were consumed in honor of the great Washington, and libations of native American champagne, (commonly called "cider,") were offered to the genius of Liberty. Here let us return thanks to our kind friend, Capt. DeHaven, of Chicago, for the delicious champagne mentioned above.

The afternoon was occupied by the graduates in arranging the programme for the evening. A grand vocal and instrumental concert, to be followed by a ball, was the programme on which they decided.

The large recreation hall was soon converted into a "concert hall"—admission ten cents, reserved seats fifteen cents, Juniors and Minors free, the proceeds to be applied to the remuneration of the professional musicians who would perform at the ball. The dress circle was occupied by the young ladies of the First Senior Class. These young ladies had published in their paper, *The Trumpet*, a humorous programme for the graduates, which the latter just as humorously carried out. In the dress circle, paper fans, paper bouquets, and pasteboard opera-glasses were conspicuously displayed. Powdered hair and classical costume made the dress circle the center of attraction till the curtain rose, and then such a display of artistic grace, and variety of musical instruments! The overture, from "William Tell," was performed with unparaleled perfection, M. K. Young being music leader, Miss H. Niel harpist, Miss A. Locke violinist, Miss B. O'Neill guitarist. When we mention the fact that each of these instruments were minus at least half their complement of strings, you may judge of the excellent skill of the performers, to whom such a deficiency seemed no hindrance to their successful rendering of the grand overture. Miss Kirwan and Miss C. Foote, presided at a grand piano (which was slightly out of tune); Miss N. Millard drew forth exquisite tones from an accordeon that seemed a little out of breath, Miss H. Moriarty performed with pastoral simplicity on the shepherd's fife, Miss A. Sturgis with dignified solemnity on the (mouth) organ. Little Miss Radin, with infantine manner and poetry of motion, presented Starlight Nell. Her tamborine performance was exquisite. The "Mad Scene" from Hamlet, was magnificently rendered by Miss C. Foote, whose successful management of train, a little less than a rod long, would have astonished even Nilsson. Several songs were pathetically sung, with full orchestral accompaniment, by the above-mentioned young ladies. Each one had the privilege of singing in any key she wished, for she was sure to be in harmony with at least, one instrument. The appreciative audience showed there good taste by rapturous applause, repeated encores, and showers of paper bouquets. At eight the concert was over and the dancing commenced: At half-past ten all was quiet. Farewell for awhile to comical entertainments, for on the 22nd commenced the holy season of Lent, during which all extraordinary gayeties are suspended.

On Ash-Wednesday, at seven a. m., the pupils assembled in the chapel. Very Rev. Father General gave an appropriate sermon on the Gospel of the day. The Catholics present received the blessed ashes, with the solemn words, "Dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." The service being over, classes were resumed as usual.

A general Drawing Class is now in successful operation. Every class-day, a half an hour is de-

voted to instruction and practice in the first principles of this art. The pupils take a lively interest in this exercise by which their artistic taste is cultivated and latent genius developed. We hope at a future day to see some of these now incipient artists attain great excellence and fame.

Yours, etc., STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss A. Birney, Toledo, Ohio.
Miss K. McTaggart, Logansport, Ind.
Miss G. McGuire, White Pigeon, Ill.

TABLES OF HONOR.

February 22—Misses Sweeny, M. and J. Kearney, Clarke, Niel, Jones, Hoover, Byrne, Hunt.

February 27—Misses Ogden, L. and A. Duffield, Hoover, Dickerhoff, Hendricks, Millis, McFarlane, Wilder, Wicker, Ford, Bounell.

March 1—Misses Kreutzer, Tinsly, Honeyman, Horgon, Harrison, Cummings, Rush, Prince, Gall, Ely.

March 5—Misses Drake, Falvey, Sammons, Boyd, McTaggart, Devoto, Tucker, Lloyd, Greenleaf, Bay, L. and M. Weir.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

Misses Niel 2,* Sturgis 2, Radin 2, Kirwan 2, Moriarty 2, Young 2, Locke 2, O'Neill 2, Millard 2, Foote 2, Rhinehart 2.

First Senior Class—Misses Tuberty 2, Dillon 2, Sherland 2, Kellogg 2, Marshall 2, Hogue 2, Clarke 2, Forbes 2, Borup 2, Hurst 2, Tinsley 2, Cornish 2, Shanks 2, McMahon 2, McDougall 2.

Second Senior Class—Misses Hoyt 1, Zell 2, Cochran 2, Lange 2, O'Brien 2, Casey 2, Haymond 2, Brown 2, Reynolds 2, Shea 2, Todd 2, Montgomery 2, Mast 1.

Third Senior Class—Misses Shea 2, Dooley 2, A. and L. Duffield 2, Ogden 2, Ward 2, Hoover 2, Finley 2, Hendricks 2, Snood 2, Getty 2, Millis 2, Spiers 2, J. and R. Leoni 2, Heth 2, Minnick 2, Ford 2, Woods 2.

First Preparatory—Misses Letourneau 2, McFarlane 2, Wilder 2, Nelson 1, Wicker 2, Angle 2, Prince 2, Bounell 2, McGuire 2, Devoto 2, McTaggart 2.

Second Preparatory—L. and M. Wier 2, McIntyre 2, Boyland 2, Emmonds 2, McMahon 2, Lacy 2, Duggan 2, Creveling 2.

Third Preparatory—Misses Nash 1, Hunt 1, Klassen 1, Birney 1, Frazer 2, Roberts 1, Conahan 2, Drake 2.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses Sherland, Niel, Marshall, Forbes, Hurst, Tinsley, Quan.

Second Class—Misses Borup, Cochran, Gross, Clarke.

GERMAN.

First Class—Miss K. Zell.

Second Class—Misses Hoover, Frank, Langer, defer.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Kirwan, Hynds, Foote, Young, Sherland.

Second Division—Misses C. Angle and A. Borup.

Second Class—Misses G. McDougall, M. Kellogg, K. Niel.

Second Division—C. Bay, A. Clarke, S. O'Brien.

Third Class—H. McMahon, A. Reynolds, A. Sturgis, M. Shanks, M. Lasson, J. Hogue.

Second Division—M. Tuberty, M. Lange.

Fourth Class—L. Jones, M. Quan, K. Zell, G. Forbes, D. Green, B. Cable.

Second Division—A. Byrnes, H. Seipp, B. Frank.

Fifth Class—M. Letourneau, S. Hoover, A. Shea, J. Kearney, A. Clarke, M. Dillon, J. Millis, A. Wood, J. Tucker.

Sixth Class—M. Cummings, R. and J. Leoni, K.

The figures "1" and "2" indicate that the young lady whose name precedes the figure has received either one or two tickets for exemplary deportment during the previous two weeks.

Haymond, A. Robson, M. Getty, M. Hoover, K. Boyd.

Seventh Class—A. Conahan, J. and N. Duffield, E. Finley, T. Finley, A. Taggart, M. Nash, M. Lacy, M. Creveling.

Eighth Class—M. Hildreth.

Ninth Class—F. Butters, M. Sweeny.

Tenth Class—M. Reynolds, F. Kendall.

Harp—K. McMahon, A. Radin.

Guitar—A. Montgomery, M. Wier.

Harmony—A. Carmody, C. Foote, K. Young.

Theoretical—A. Reynolds, A. Shea, G. Hurst, K. McMahon, J. Hogue, A. Rhinehart, M. Kellogg, A. Todd, M. Ward, A. Borup, A. Sturgis, L. Marshall, C. Bay, A. Cornish, G. McDougall.

Exercises—G. McDougall, M. Kearney, A. Borup, M. Sherland.

In Memoriam.

On the 22nd of February, at 5 o'clock p. m., the mournful tolling of the convent bell announced the death of Sister Mary of the Holy Angels, sister of the Rev. Father Muldoon, of Troy, N. Y. This dear Sister had for many years been a most devoted teacher at St. Mary's Academy and other educational houses of the Order of the Holy Cross. For a period of fifteen months she had been suffering with a most painful pulmonic disease, which prevented her from continuing her zealous labors, but which afforded her a constant opportunity of exercising the heroic virtues of patient submission to the Divine will. The announcement of her death elicited many expressions of affectionate regrets from those to whose education she had so earnestly and successfully devoted her talents, and by whom she is most lovingly remembered. On the day of her funeral the Catholic pupils went to Holy Communion for the dear departed, and all the pupils assisted at her burial service. All seemed deeply impressed with the touching scene, and many heartfelt prayers were offered for the repose of this loved Sister who in the flower of her youth was taken from the midst of those among whom she had so zealously labored. May she rest in peace.

HUMOR AND SARCASM.—It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh.

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, Cleveland.
C. F. LILAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.
H. WATSON, 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.