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## The Road to Fame.

Thrice happy we to live in this progressive age,  
When every duncie may claim to be a sage;  
When ignorance to honor is your pass,  
And merit 's measured by the booby's brass;  
When money'd dullness stalks in rich brocade,  
And proudly says all things for it were made,  
Whose pamper'd frame scarce bears a leaden skull,  
With borrowed pride and breeding more than full.  
Yet why should we with worth encumbered be,  
Since they alone are great, from honor free?  
By weight of pocket, not by depth of mind,  
The world shall judge how far you are refin'd.  
Acquire as best you may of all you can;  
The more you cheat and lie, the better man.  
No guest will ask, How came you to the brass?  
When blindly nodding o'er your flowing glass.  
A broadcloth suit, with shining chain and ring,  
Can make yourself a prince, and sire a king!  
Be dress'd, be great, be rich, no matter how,  
E'en though began your fame a stolen cow.  
Who'd tarry, then, with plodding truth for wealth,  
Or waste, in search of right, his days and health,  
When Crime's colossal stride will waft him fast,  
And place him first where Truth had placed him last?  
Influence and distinction swiftest flow  
When urg'd by Villainy's impelling blow.  
As torrents swell by each acceding stream,  
And heat's increased by every added beam,  
So seas of fraud by daily wrongs increase;  
Who stems their billows wins the Golden Fleece.  
New vice on vice heap mountain high;  
Drink, cheat, extort, blaspheme and lie;  
Be bold and reckless in your course of crime  
Applauding hypocrites will shout, Sublime!  
The crime of Cain is sinless self-defence;  
At most, a year will do for penitence.  
A stolen loaf entails a life of shame,  
And leaves the famished wretch a blighted name!  
At truth and justice scowl; at honor swear:  
Let falsehood be your friend and constant care.  
What care the free for hell, or hell's torments,  
For angry fiends, or future punishments?  
Not keeping, but by breaking God's command,  
The lowly wretch gets foremost in the land.  
The man whose blade oft moved your stubbly chin  
Now condescending bows 'mid deaf'ning din.  
Whom late you saw, with bag and vulture eye,  
From sink to sink his ragged calling ply,  
In style at "two-and-forty" skims the road,  
And winds up drunken brawls by "honor's code!"  
The "merchant tailor" and the whisky snobb  
Salute their betters with familiar "bob;"  
Though patches only fill the former's store  
The last's contains a keg and nothing more.  
Thus, then, with argent spears but fight your way,  
And none shall dare dispute your kingly sway.  
The balm of gold can heal the villain's brand,  
Or change to lily-white the blood-stained hand.  
A cushioned pew groans 'neath the bankrupt's weight;  
But gospel crumbs are cast without the gate,  
By gospel fops, to hung'ring flocks in rags,  
And Truth's proclaimed by apostolic wags!  
Sin, wrapt in silks, goes rustling off to bliss;  
But Virtue, bann'd, is sainted with a hiss.  
The craving wolf, astonished, stands at bay  
To see how well the lowly shepherds slay.  
Who hath two coats, upon the needy one bestow,  
Will never do for us, who better know.  
The thorny road and narrow way to Heaven  
Were good enough to purge the primal leaven,  
When ignorance could find no shorter path

Nor wider route to cheat celestial wrath.  
Has not the sage Colenso meekly tried  
To prove that Moses and the Prophets lied?  
With legal tender such as this supplied,  
Like kings of old your nod commands the tide.  
Expenditure from your great master's chest  
Makes small grow great, and changes bad to best!  
By general laws substruction renders less,  
But yours reverse, and add the more you press.  
Thus have no qualms for want of ways and means;  
Prolific guilt possesses endless schemes,  
No days of grace; its bills are cashed at sight,  
And who has failed depending on its plight?  
Fear not; below you'll find no bankrupt law;  
There Pluto coins, and you have but to draw.  
His current checks are prompt at your demand;  
He'll back your credit with a lavish hand.  
Remember well success can cover all,  
As, frowning death conceals, the ebony pall.  
Enormous deeds enormous praise require,  
And sure, for this, bright gold a world can hire.  
Upon such base our social structure rests,  
The trembling fabric warns the glutton guests.  
When paralytic chains the limbs compass,  
The soundest body falls a helpless mass.  
Surfeited thus by gently nurtur'd fraud,  
We feast the devil, and we banish God.  
Our laws and land are free for all but Him,—  
For Brigham's, Buddha's, and for Allah's whim.  
The richest, proudest shrine for SELF we raise,  
And pay that god divinest, highest praise.  
At morn, at eve, to SELF our lauds ascend,  
And incense with our Pagan orgies blend.  
What wonder, then, if HE confound the Tower  
And leave its wreck to mock at human power!

## Nosology.

"WHO NOSE?"

—Notes and Queer Eyes.

The nose is perhaps the most obtrusive feature that embellishes the human countenance. Nature seems to luxuriate in it; it is one of her pets. Thus we find that she frequently gives it an undue prominence. At other times it seems to suffer from that caprice, of which every pet must occasionally be the victim, since favoritism is but another name for tyranny. Hence, we now and then find it flattened down to the common level of the other features, as if by application to a grindstone.

The nose has often been compared to the gnomon of a dial. We repudiate the gross material sense of the comparison, as abhorrent to good taste, but we cannot deny that there is a subtle simile here involved. For as the gnomon doth indicate the time of day, so doth the nose commonly show "what's o'clock," that is to say, it indicates the character of the individual. The different genera and species of nose are but the external signs of the hidden heart within.

A generic division of noses may be made as thus: (1) The Roman Nose, in which the bridge is convex. (2) The Snub (or shall we call it the *Retroussé* nose, at the risk of appearing as if we wanted to show off our French)—in which the bridge is concave. (3) The Grecian Nose, in which the bridge is straight; and finally (4) The Skew Nose, in which the bridge is of a crooked and miscellaneous description.

Under these generic heads may be ranked the various species somewhat as follows:

### (1) THE ROMAN NOSE.

(1) *The High-Toned Nose*.—This nose is invaluable to the moral well-being of society. It is, however, somewhat aggressive and domineering in its character, and when two noses of this species happen to come to into collision the consequences are serious, not to say fatal. Hence, although one nose of this kind is indispensable in every social circle, two are not to be desired, and three would be ruinous.

(2) *The Blind Hooky, or Parrot-Beak Nose*.—This nose is called "blind" in a purely mental sense. It may be accompanied by optics of ordinary serviceableness, but its perception of things in general is hopelessly blunted. It never sees the point of a joke; and it often imagines that people are joking when they are perfectly in earnest. The mouth beneath is distended by an idiotic grin at a funeral, and wears an expression of hopeless solemnity at a wedding.

(2) *The Literary Acute*.—This species is subdivided into two varieties: (a) *The Long Red* and (b) *The Long Pale*. *The Long Pale Nose* is frequently ornamented by a pink knobby protuberance about the middle of the bridge. This indicates a poetic temperament, and the pinkness is probably caused by the rubbing of the forefinger in the depths of literary musing.

(4) *The delicate Aquiline*.—This nose displays considerable penetration and indicates a mild determination to have its own way. It is conservative in politics, and in controversies is found on the side of public decorum, and *morum bonorum* in general.

(5) *The Bottle Nose*.—This is the effect rather of education than of nature. It is a mere monstrosity of crimson blost.

### (2) THE SNUB, OR RETROUSSE NOSE.

(1) *The Imperturbably Goodnatured Nose*.—This nose is blessed with perpetual cheerfulness. It is apparent on inspection. It goes through the world in peace and kindness, and meets death with a smile.

(2) *The Pugnacious and Muscular Nose*.—This projects from a bullethead between two fiery little eyes, and above a mouth of sullen ferocity. It is the nose of a prize-fighter.

(3) *The Aërial Sublime*.—This is a sharp-pointed artistic sort of nose, generally of a pale dravy parsnip color. It is metaphysical and skeptical—always asking "The Reason Why." It is by no means a practical nose, and should not be cultivated. In politics it is a thorough radical.

(4) *The Sulky*.—Indicates selfishness of a weak and incompetent character. It is the nose of an ill-used man. It turns up, but would like to turn down. It was ill-used by nature in its very origin. Its nostrils are always red with perpetual sniveling. The rest of the nose is blue.

(5) *The Dead Flat*.—This is rather a knob than a nose. It indicates nothing in particular.

### (3) THE GRECIAN NOSE.

(1) *The Statuesque Nose*.—This nose is hard to support, because it leads people to expect so much

behind it. It should not, however, be cut off on that account.

(2) *The Demure Nose*.—This is a very effective nose for a young lady, especially when sitting at needle-work, either plain or embroidery. Plain work—some article of domestic wear—is perhaps the best. Also when pouring out tea. Monosyllables uttered under the sanction of such a nose may carry with them the weight of homilies, and determine the destinies of fellow-creatures.

(3) *The Hopelessly Disconsolate Nose*.—The lachrymal secretions in the neighborhood of this nose are always abundant, and each tear, as it slowly wells forth from the eye, takes a diagonal course towards the point of the nose, whence it drips unless periodically removed by the use of the pocket-handkerchief. A rather useful and money-making nose, if properly applied.

(4) *The Sensitive Nose*.—This nose accompanies small and refined features. It is small itself and very white. It may be known by the incessant working of the nostril and an inevitable tendency to "sniff" at everything, to the no small annoyance of its fellow-creatures. Its usual expression is that of disgust. This style of nose may dazzle for a while but can never retain solid friends.

#### (4) THE SKEW NOSE.

(1) *The Penetratingly Inquisitive Nose*.—The nose would be Roman but for a twist in the bridge which gives it its distinctive character. It is not a very popular nose, as it is always poking into other people's business. What popularity it has, it derives from its facetiousness. This is apt to be of a sarcastic kind. Noses of their species are too liable to indulge in practical jokes.

(2) *The Diabolically Malignant Nose*.—This is the same as the preceding, only developed by the systematic cynicism of a life time. Hence it is never found in childhood or youth. It should be accompanied by a sallow complexion and black mustaches, fleshless lips and white teeth, if any. A chin projecting upwards to meet it would heighten the effect.

(3) *The Vacillating Uneasy Nose*.—Belong to "nervous" people, in the new sense of the word. It is much "blown."

(4) *The Regular Old Snuffy Double Concave*.—I have never met but one specimen of this nose, and oh! I feel it yet. The impression made by it will be lifelong. Happily for mankind, such noses are scarce.

The above are the principal species of noses, but it must be understood that each species is capable of almost endless varieties. No two noses are exactly alike, and in fact the welfare and good order of society is in great measure dependent on this diversity. The best way is for everybody to be content with his own nose, and endeavor to cultivate or restrain those traits of character which it indicates. A nose ring is no longer worn in polite circles. S.

**RULES OF ETIQUETTE**.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you may do it or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology, for the gloves should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady you should do so also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his subject is beneath your notice.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.

A smiling countenance is pleasant, but excessive laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for anyone to suppose himself derided by it. Whispering in company is always offensive, and for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subject of it.

### Total Abstinence.

The man who practices the virtue of total abstinence is not what some are pleased to denominate him, a slave; but on the contrary he is a free man. He stands forth in the broad daylight of God's creation unfettered and untrammelled, free and unrestrained by the oppression of the most relentless and worst of all oppressions, intemperance. The bright sun of prosperity's noonday sky shines upon him in all its brilliancy and beauty. The soft light of happiness and bliss bursts continually upon his soul, surrounding it with enrapturing influences and drowning it in delights ineffable. The calm peacefulness of his every-day life, of his domestic felicity, is like the sweet stillness of the summer's evening after the heat and turmoil of midday has passed away. The total abstinence man is seated upon the throne of the majesty of his manhood with the wand of self-control in his hand, ruling his body, which is a little world in itself; and greater by far, says the wise man, is he who rules himself than he who takes cities. Greater by far, then, is even the least in the ranks of the cold-water army, than any of those great men of ancient or modern times, who in their day achieved great triumphs, but who through the excessive gratification of their appetites for drink, gave it to King Alcohol, to proclaim himself the conqueror of conquerors. The total abstinence man is seated upon the throne of the majesty and the dignity of his manhood, with the wand of supreme power, as regards himself, in his hand, requiring of his passions and evil inclinations subjection and subordination and saying to them what the great Creator once said to the angry waves of ocean: Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, thus much liberty shalt thou have, and positively no more. Noble sentiments! sublime, soul-inspiring and worthy the dignity of any man. And thrice noble, thrice sublime, and thrice commendable the practice which justifies and enables a man to rightly make use of such expressions. We cannot at present, unrecollected, and surrounded as we are by distractions, conceive of the greatness of the blessings attendant upon the practice of this virtue. It is when the noon of life shall have passed, and we are fast approaching its evening, when the sun of our mortal existence shall set forever, that we can form to ourselves an idea of these blessings. It is in the winter of life, when the frosts and snows of old age fall thick and fast about us, when we bend down beneath the heavy weight of infirmities; when the hurrying stream of time bears us fast away to the shores of the dark, dark river that rolls between time and eternity; is it at this most perilous portion of our journey through life, a portion upon which depends the success of all, that we can form a just conception of the extent of these blessings. It is then we can look away back into the distant past and see keeping pace with time's rushing current those days in which we practised the noble virtue of total abstinence. It is then we can look around and see the example which our lives have set for other men, bringing forth fruit a thousand fold. It is such recollections and reflections as these that will gladden our hearts on our passage to eternity; it is such recollections and reflections as these that will enable us to cherish and entertain the hope that the lamp of God's holy faith, which directed and guided us thus safely through life, may, in union with the light of his love, loom up on the distant shores of eternity, and guide and direct us safely into the harbor of bliss, where the total abstinence man is destined, one-day or another, to be more than amply compensated for the sacrifices which he makes here below, in casting aside the cup, and for the good example he daily sets his fellow-men.

Rusticus, in commenting upon the present style of female coiffure, says: "It must be a very poor soil that requires so much top-dressing."

### Idleness.

Of all the bad habits which man acquires, there is none so injurious to everything that is moral or pure as the low, besetting sin of idleness. Persons addicted to this vice do not fully comprehend the many misfortunes to which it will in course of time lead them. This sort of continuous sin grows imperceptibly upon us and consequently requires us to be always on our guard against its seductive influence. Everyone has heard "without labor nothing of importance can be gained," and it is an old proverb. "Idleness is the devil's workshop," we may be sure that virtues are never forged in his satanic majesty's shop. As long as man is on this earth there is always something good to be performed; hence there can be no reason for being idle, and consequently we must consider the idler as one of the most useless of beings, consuming the stores of industry without producing anything—a drone in the hive. Every man is capable of being raised to office, and it is manifest that the the Supreme Being did not create man to live in idleness and leave him destitute of all the blessing which are to be acquired by employing the brain and muscles.

Idleness has always been justly styled the "mother of vice," because from idleness all other vices spring. There is nothing looks so bad as to behold one of God's creatures whom He has endowed with reason, acting as if he had no cares for the future, as if this world were always to be his home, never making the least effort to improve either his spiritual or temporal welfare; but like the brute, contented if the wants of the present day are satisfied, never looking around, beyond or above, but always grovelling in the filthy mire of idleness, feeding the mind on all the impurities that Satan may present to his imagination.

Let us therefore not give ourselves up to idleness; let us not waste the spring-time of life; rather let us plant the seed which will blossom in manhood and bear fruit in old age.

J. M. Rourke.

### St. Cecilian Papers.

THE WINDOW-SILL GARDEN OF AN OLD IRISH WOMAN.

"Yis, it is a great relief to me sometimes when the children are bothersome, and I'm wearin' my brain out how to stretch the wages till Sathurday night, to stick my head out among the laves and blossoms on the window-stool. The wind rustlin' through the laves and the iligant smell, put me in mind of the time whin I was a bare-footed little girl and used to run through the bogs, over the pastures and up the mountain, and bring home my apron-full of lather blossoms, water-lilies, daisies, sweet-briar and the canarwan.

"Does the noise in the street disturb me?" Dear knows I am up so far from it [she lived in a garret] that it don't disturb me in the laste. I just think to myself that is the waterfall in the glin behind my father's house, that used to boom and rattle all day, like ever so many spinnin'-wheels, and thin it only makes me feel better.

"You wouldn't believe but I often thank God for having such a big window-stool: I can put a lot of flowers on it. I was offered a cheaper room only six stories high but I'd rather have this if 'tis seven stories and costs three half-pence more, on account of the window-stool. Why, man, the cat loves it. You'd break your heart laughing to see her settin' on her kurabindies (haunches), her ears cocked, her tail wavin' among the laves, and she watchin the goings on in the street. And, as for the canary, never a bit he'll sing till I hang the cage up among the ivy, and then faith the people in the street stop to hear him chirping.

"You're lookin' at the fern, isn't it fine? It's many and many the day I spent, whin I was a

little girl, sarchin' the ferns on the mountains for the seeds. The ould people us'd to say, if you could find the seed, you could make yourself invisible when you plazed. Ov coorse its nonsense, but then I was a child.

"That's a sweet-briar in the middle; I put it there because the flowers are so tender that the lute little blast of wind scatters them over the window-stool. The butterflies and the bees are a great bother to me, that way. They come bumpin' up agin the blossoms, and skirtin' their big wings about, knock the sweet briar all to pieces. But, like every other country *omadhuen* they never know how to act in the city as they ouget. It's nearly smothered in the clover, but sure that's the way it grows in the meadows. You needn't be laughin' at my sowin clover. Whin the wind blows thir smell in through the window, it's like a breeze from my father's hayfield—God ha' mercy on his sowl.

"No, I havne't forgot the shamrocks. Don't you see them scrougin' aichother for room at the foot of the fern. You may be sure it's I have the crowd at my door every Patrick's Day of youngsters—ay, and ould people, too,—beggin' for a shamrogue.

"What's that? Do a't you smell it? It's mint and lavender.

"And now I ask yourself, *did* you ever see such an iligant curtain as that the ivy makes for me? No; not if you went over the four Provinces. Oh! dear me, I've talked myself out of breath over my garden—ov coorse it isn't grand, but then it reminds me of home.

DANIEL EGAN.

### What I Learned that Night.

I had left my bed and walked along the shore; for my soul was not at rest. The night of sorrow hung about it,—the wind of despair chafed and enraged its waters,—while not a single moon-beam of comforting hope, even tinged the dark waves of its abyss. So the beach and the night suited me. Long since, had the moon sank—even before the sun had set she was past her zenith; nothing was to be seen, but the white foam of the breakers, the blackness of some cliff looming out overhead, and now and then, the gigantic outlines of a cloud shown by the lightning. The rumbling of the surf as it rolled over the strand, or its splash dashing against the rocks, the thunder's unexpected, quick-succeeding peals away up in the night, the whiz and rush of the wind as it drove the pattering rain over the waves its whistle and shriek among the crevices and peaks of the cliffs, filled the darkness. Bitterly I bewailed, the unmerited misfortunes of myself, my family, my country, and my religion, as I crunched over the shells and gravel of the beach. Whence came that clank of chains? Ah, yonder is a deeper shadow! It was a woman seated on a rock, in silence and in chains. "What tyrant has thus loaded you with chains, my poor woman? Can he have had a heart who drove a woman into the night and the storm?"

"Man could not do it. It was God."

"Are you, then, a vile wretch who has lost her womanhood. Surely, you must have trampled on every virtue, to merit such anger of God?"

"Never have I forsaken Truth. When I could not love God in the cathedrals of the city, I offered Him my heart in the wild mountain and in the dangerous infected bog, while my hymns of praise and thanks were echoed by the noble forest-trees or gloomy rocks."

"Blasphemer! Do you then accuse God of injustice?"

"I do not accuse Him. These sufferings are His rewards. And know, O youth, that for each trouble, each wound borne, separates from the believer some part of gross earthiness, leaving only the heaven-born. And why should you call them sufferings? They are but the chippings of the

rough diamond that it may sparkle and illumine the darkness. Thus have my sorrows shown the nobleness, the virtue of my children. God help them!"

"Who are you?"

"Hibernia."

"My country!"

"Your country, and your mother."

The dawn's first faint rays were gliding over the waves; the storm had ceased, and I could see the spirit. Her form might have been elegant, were it not that the rack had unnaturally lengthened the limbs; the face haggard, scarred and branded; her hair floated wildly, but here and there a braid showed there was once care; her green robe was tattered, with here and there a miserable shred of royal gold. Around her lay the shattered remnants of the arts and sciences—torn books, broken tools, defaced pictures, the rotting oars of commerce and the di-jointed machinery of manufactures. Nothing was whole but her chains—and the cross she pressed to her bosom.

"Son, you have wasted your energies in trying to break my chains with your sword. It has made but a great noise—the links are undivided, and your sword is broken. If you would really serve me, unite those pieces at my feet. Make them into beautiful wholes; furnish ships to those useless oars; materials to this machinery,—so that when the day of liberty may dawn I may not stand an unexperienced child among the nations."

I toiled until Freedom's sun's lowest rim having cleared the waves, it melted the chains as if ice. The joy-bells' quick rapturous tones were echoed from the cliffs. Hibernia was free. At last, thank heaven, at last.

### A California Obituary.

The San Francisco *News* letter says:

Boddlepopster is dead! The bare announcement will plunge the city into unspeakable gloom. The death of Boddlepopster was most untimely; he should have died twenty years ago. Probably no man of the day has exercised so peculiar an influence upon society as the deceased. Ever foremost in every good work out of which any thing could be made, and unstinted dispenser of every species of charity that paid a commission to the disburser. Mr. Boddlepopster was a model of generosity, and weighed at the time of his death one hundred and ninety odd pounds.

Originally born in Massachussets but for ten years a resident of California and partially bald, possessing a cosmopolitan nature that loved a York shilling as well, in proportion to its value, as a Mexican dollar, the subject of our memoir was one whom it was an honor to know, and whose close friendship was a luxury that only the affluent could afford. It shall ever be the writer's proudest boast that he enjoyed it at less than half the usual rates. Mr. B. was the founder of the now famous Boddlepopster Institute, and for some years preceding his death suffered severely from a soft corn, which has probably done as much for agriculture as any similar concern in the foothills of our State.

In 1863 he was elected an honorary member of the society for the Prevention of humanity to Mongolians, and but for the loss of an eye in carrying out its principles, would have been one of the handsomest whites that ever resided among us. There is little doubt that he might have aspired to any office in the gift of the people, so universal was the esteem in which he was held by those he voted for. His last words, as he was snuffed out, were characteristic of the man; he remarked. "Fetch me that catnip tea"! The catnip consolation arrived too late to be of any use; he had gone to the devil. Farewell, noble heart, pure soul, bright intellect! We shall meet again.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

**THE HIGHEST NOTE.**—In "The Magic Flute," Christina Nilsson sings *f* above the staff. The youngest of the sisters Sessi, with a compass of three octaves and a half, reached the same note. Catalani had the same wonderful compass, but pitched a third lower. The highest voice on record is that of Lucretia Ajugarl, whom Mozart heard at Parma. With a voice as pure as a flute, she ascended to triple *c*, trilling on the *d* above. A Madame Becker, who astonished St. Petersburg in 1823, reached the same note by accident.

We find, says the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, the above in an exchange; and will add that the highest voice on record is not the one mentioned. Dr. Marx, in his "General Musical Instruction," testifies to having heard a girl of twelve years reach the "triple" or four-lined *c*, the seventh space above the *g* clef—a major third above the *c* mentioned—with clearness and purity of intonation; and her lowest note was the little *c*—fourth space below the *g* clef—making a compass of four octaves.

Jenny Lind's highest note was the three-lined *f*—the same as Nilsson's; and Madame Malibran (Garcia) sang *f* sharp. But it must be remembered that the pitch has risen since the days of those great singers.

**HE DID NOT WANT TO MEDDLE.**—Scene in a public sitting-room. Frenchman of the *sems culotte* order in a corner, smoking a short, dirty pipe. Enter a self-evident Yankee adventurer, with a stupendous shiny stove-pipe towering above his soaplocks, and wrapped in a long-tailed overcoat. He walks up against the hot stove, and a thin but fragrant wreath of smoke curls upward from his coat-tail to the ceiling, whereat the Frenchman replenishes his bowl with tobacco and garlic, and puffs away with the vigor of a locomotive. The column of smoke from the Yankee's coat-tail assumes a darker hue, and the atmosphere of the room becomes redolent of the perfume of tobacco, garlic, and burnt wool. The Yankee glances angrily at French, and profanely exclaims:

"Darn the blasted old pipe!"

The Frenchman placidly removes the stem from his mouth:

"Oui, oui darn ze bust-ed old pipe, and darn ze busted old coat-tail, too. Here you smoke him zees ten, twenty minutes, and he stink! sacre bleu! and I nevaire say one word. I smoke my pipe: you smoke your coat-tail. Boze genteelmen sall smoke zat which sall please him best."

The Yankee gave one hasty glance in the rear and sailed from the room, leaving a trail of stifling smoke behind him.

**MISSPENT EVENINGS.**—The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on a street corner, wastes, in the course of a single year, three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments, at least, of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to the wasting of an hour each evening, he spends five cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for four of the leading magazines of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think how much precious time and good money you are wasting, and for what. The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or by the cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in these practices without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you through life, and grow upon you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off; but the probabilities are that habits thus formed in early life will last you till your dying day. Be cautioned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.

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Copies of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

## Paris News.

Now that the Prussians have left Paris the real struggle between the good and the bad begins. Even when a foreign enemy confronted them, these men showed their want of patriotism by overthrowing a government and showing themselves unable to form a new one. Now when they no longer fear the Prussians they turn their arms against their own countrymen, and show their utter lack of love of country and their thorough wickedness of purpose by opposing all attempts to re-establish government and order in the distracted country. By the cable despatches of the 19th, we learn that President Thiers has issued a proclamation appealing to the reason and patriotism of the citizens of Paris to preserve order. He says he is informed that the malcontents of Montmartre have planted their guns so as to demolish the dwellings of their fellow-citizens. He declares that by such acts as these the republic will be fatally compromised, because a republic accompanied by disorders will be lost. He insists that the present government is really republican, and no friend of the republic should strike at it. The government will take the cannon from those men who, misled by deceiving politicians, seek to inaugurate civil war. He draws a picture of the deplorable results of their doings, showing how the reviving commerce of the city has been stopped and the shops deserted. He continues to say that the government, hoping that the malcontents will return to their duty as good citizens, and obey the laws, still withholds orders to extreme measures to free the country of the new enemy but is determined to act when necessary and deliver the principals over to justice. The government relies on the co-operation of all good citizens. The proclamation concludes: "After this warning, we shall proceed to enforce peace, if necessary, at all hazards."

Following up these instructions the government sent soldiers to guard the streets leading to Montmartre and prevent a concourse of people. They made some 400 prisoners, but next morning the prisoners were released. Many of the soldiers fraternized with the mob, giving away their cartridges and chassepots. As new troops arrived at the scene of disorder the people cried out, "Reverse arms," and the troops obeyed the order.

A lieutenant of the chasseurs trying to extricate himself from the mob, drew his sabre, and was at once torn from his horse and killed. The fight between the mob and chasseurs soon ceased; the soldiers abandoned their posts and mixed with the crowd.

It is reported, and the report confirmed, that two generals—Lecomte and Clement Thomas—the latter formerly Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards, were captured, and after being taken before the central revolutionary committee were condemned to death and shot.

The *Journal des Debats* says: "Yesterday will be considered one of the gloomiest hours in the history of France. Revolution, under the banner of pillage, is mistress of Paris. France will condemn these horrible assassinations, and the odious insurrection, which is without pretext or purpose.

Will the provinces come to our aid, or must the Germans re-enter the capital? This terrible day has wrought more damage to the republic than all the Bonapartes."

By the despatches of the 20th of March we learn that the murders of Lecomte and Thomas were perpetrated by order of Ricciotti Garibaldi, who directs the insurrection. They were shot in a garden of Rue des Rosiers. Thomas resisted vigorously, but Garibaldi ordered him held against a wall while his body was riddled with bullets. Lecomte died with the utmost coolness, smoking his cigar, and refusing to have a bandage over his eyes. Many other executions occurred.

The government has telegraphed for 30,000 men, at Camp Satory, to come to Paris. The Prussians at St. Denis will enter Paris if the garrison is increased beyond 40,000.

If the following explanation of the disorders be true, there is some hope of a stable government being formed; if M. Thiers continue firm in his purpose of espousing and sustaining the cause of the Holy Father:

Private despatches from France state that the revolution in Paris has its origin in an anti-church movement incited by Italians. This accounts for Garibaldi being at the head of the insurgents. It will be remembered that Thiers sent, last week, M. Arago to Florence, apparently to get Victor Emanuel's aid in withdrawing the Garibaldians from France, but really, as is now known, to tell Italy that France, now, as heretofore, intends to protect the Pope. Thiers is strongly in favor of the temporal power, and his views becoming known along with the effect of Arago's mission, has driven the Garibaldians to form an open alliance with the Paris malcontents. The revolution now progressing is really more a war against the Church than against a monarchy.

It is also reported that General Chanzy, upon his arrival at Paris, on the 28th, was arrested at the station by the insurgents, and condemned to be shot the next day.

Later accounts say that General Chanzy was so badly treated by the insurgents that he was obliged to be taken to the hospital. Thiers, Vinoy and Paladine are threatened with death if caught.

## THE INSURGENT PROGRAMME.

"PARIS, MARCH 21.

"The insurgent government announces that the forts will immediately be armed, to insure the defence of the capital. It has also sent an intimation to Thiers, fixing the 23d inst. as the last day for the return of the Assembly to Paris. If they return, they shall have liberty of action. If they refuse, the National Guard will march to Versailles and disperse them."

## Theory vs. Practice.

The following amusing story, told by the author of "The Spark of Genius," is probably designed to illustrate the absurdity to which men sometimes allow "scientific learning" to carry them. It is vouched for as truth, however, and we leave our readers to form their own judgement on the matter.

## DECEIVED BY THE MOMENTUM.

The extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerated professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel. On his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewistown. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke the thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they

came to the first long, steep hill between Lewistown and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said:

"Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horses out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler. It is too much for the horse. Besides being strong, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a life-time."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir, but I know that a horse understands his own business (which is handling a load on a hill) better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me the care of his property. If you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lappel of his coat with his right hand.

"I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing loth to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back and his feet braced—which he had at first adopted, for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run; the carriages were going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook, on each side precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking them both short off; the lashings of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward, breaking the fender, and both vehicles turned over at the bottom of the hill with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola—one of his favorite figures—and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the carriage, and looking around about him, exclaimed:

"Is it possible I could have been so much deceived by the momentum? It was prodigious!"

"I don't know anything about momentum," exclaimed Chandler, "but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse-power he represented.

BRO. POLYCARP deserves the thanks of the N. D. Boating Club for painting their boats, and the interest he has taken in the welfare of the club.

THE Irish class has resumed its studies under Bro. Simeon's direction. It has a larger attendance than during any preceding session.



The following important decision is taken from the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and will, no doubt prove highly interesting to the members of the Law Class:

PROBATE COURT CASE—SOMETHING VERY RICH.  
Before Peter Q. C. Shortman, Surrogate.

First—Titus A. Peep, of Greenflat, Hamilton County, is claimed to have made a will whereby he devised to one John Smith property to the amount of \$20,000, consisting of water lots in Maumee City. Smith comes before Surrogate to prove the will and demand the property devised. Counsel opposing probate show—

1. That Titus A. Peep, the testator, is still living, and in proof of this Peep himself is produced in Court, and testifies he is not dead.
2. That the title to the said water lots was never in said Peep, and that he never had, or pretended to have, any manner of claim on said lots.
3. That the signature to said will is a forgery; and,
4. That there are no witnesses to the will.

#### OPINION OF THE SURROGATE.

The devise of property by will is of great antiquity. Indeed, this method of disposing of one's acquisitions is coeval with the existence of the human race. Wills are still extant (being preserved in the British Museum; see catalogue of that institution,) which are said to have been transmitted from the most ancient nations. These instruments were very common among the antediluvian? Indeed, Blackstone remarks that there is an example in the Book of Genesis, and Blackstone's authority upon that point must be held decisive.

It is to be regretted that the manuscript is lost, but probably the will of Adam is referred to by the learned commentator. Wills are also known to have existed among the first settlers in Scandinavia, Assyria, Greece and Rome. Indeed, the word itself may be traced directly to the Latin tongue. It is derived from *volo*.

Doctor Johnson made some observations on this subject, but as the Court does not attach much weight to his authority, it is deemed advisable to them. Webster's definition of this word should be consulted by all who are desirous of understanding its precise meaning. (See his great dictionary of the English language, which contains thirty thousand more words than any other similar work.)

Every man can make a will who has a disposition to do so; and I can find no authority for requiring that the testator should possess anything to bequeath. This would indeed be making a distinction between the rich and the poor which would be odious to every friend of freedom and equality (See Jefferson's Manual, vol. 9.) The Almighty has not indeed given to all alike in the matter of worldly substance, but the glorious privilege of leaving to his friends whatever he is obliged to leave behind him, belongs certainly to every testator. The following maxim is quoted from a writer of great weight and authority, and is clearly in point:

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

—R. Crusoe's Digest, vol. 7, p. 923.

By right, here, Mr. Crusoe unquestionably means the right of making wills, whether a man has anything to give or not.

The idea of making a will naturally suggests the thought of death, which is by no means pleasant. It is claimed here that by the act of making a will a man contracts to die, and that if he lives, in violation of this implied promise, he is guilty of a fraud, and is estopped to oppose the probate of the will. (See Grotius and Pothier on Estoppel.) For him to do so would be to take advantage of his own wrong, which, as my Lord Mansfield suggests, "is a dodge not sanctioned by the law." I might also quote from Confucius, Solon, Lycurgus, Socra-

tes, Hannibal and other learned Thebans, but for the present I forbear.

I now propose to consider some of the other points raised in this case; and,

First—Is the proof that the testator is living, sufficient to prevent the probate of the will? As has already been intimated, the Court would consider it by no means clear that if the testator were proved to be living, this would defeat the will. For, as my late lamented brother, Judge Story, justly remarks, "In equity that is always considered as done which manifestly ought to have been done." Now, it is clear from the testimony that the testator ought to have been dead years ago. And this being a horse-marine court, with equity jurisdiction to the validity of the will. Besides, the only evidence produced to prove that the testator is still living, is the testimony of Peep himself. He is clearly an interested witness, and therefore incompetent.

So far, then, I find nothing to prevent Mr. Smith's taking the property. But, greatly to my regret, the objection that there were no witnesses, is a fatal one. The statute provides that there should be. John Smith can't have them water lots, and a decree must be entered to that effect.

#### Success of Notre Dame Students.

We have received the pleasing intelligence of Mr. James Finley's elevation to the dignity of City Attorney by his fellow-citizens of Pana, Illinois. It bids well for our friend's future to deserve, on leaving the college halls, this mark of popular favor. We not only feel honored in his elevation, but are extremely gratified to see his sterling qualities appreciated by his townsmen. It is only a few months ago that Mr. James Finley left Notre Dame, carrying with him the best wishes of all his professors and fellow-students. The only objection we have to Mr. Finley's election is that it will defeat all hope of his return and Notre Dame will thereby miss one of her best students, the Law Class a zealous member, the Philodemics an inexhaustible fund of mirth, the Thespians an honest, if not brilliant, actor, and the N. D. B. C., as good a stroke as ever won the prize in a fair race on St. Joseph's lake.

Mr. A. Reilly, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who last year was counted among Notre Dame's best students, and, like Mr. J. Finley, belonged to the Law Department, has been also elected to the dignity of City Attorney by his fellow-citizens. Mr. A. Reilly deserves all the dignities that the city of Fort Dodge can bestow.

Among other students whose career promises to be most brilliant are Hon. T. A. Corcoran, of Cincinnati, graduate of '63, and Ohio State Senator. Hon. L. Hubbard, of South Bend, of the class of '63, Indiana State Senator. Hon. C. Riopelle, of Detroit, of the classes of '62, Michigan State Representative. E. M. Brown, of Sandusky, a graduate of the class of '65, City Attorney for the city of Cleveland, Ohio.

WHEN you see it stated in the papers that Miss Flighty received \$400 for her article in Scribblers Monthly, or that Mr. Voluble, the delightful lecturer, makes \$9,000 a season, the truth of the story will lose naught if you drop a nought from those desirable figures. In the country the people who get overpaid for mediocre things are not numerous, —and they never tell about it.—Every Saturday.

A LADY made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dinner; she said, "I've been to see Mrs. Jones." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy! Well, I think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

#### Feast of St. Gregory the Great.

##### A GALA-DAY AT NOTRE DAME.

The 12th day of March, 1871, the feast-day of St. Gregory the Great, in the Roman Calendar, will be long remembered by the students and by the community at Notre Dame; for on that day the members of St. Gregory's Society made their first appearance as a distinct College Society, and produced at Notre Dame, for the first time, a harmonized Gregorian Mass.

A finer and lovelier day cannot be conceived than that 12th day of March. The air was pure and balmy. The sun seemed to glory and to revel in his own genial shining. Everything and everybody seemed to feel pleased with every other thing and every other body. Was it any wonder that success crowned everything which the young Gregorians undertook that day?

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, with Father Superior as Deacon, and Father Jacob Lauth as Subdeacon. The *Missa Regia*, harmonized and arranged for four voices, was sung by the choristers of St. Gregory's Society. Everybody was delighted with the manner in which it was produced, and persons who went to church with their minds prejudiced against Gregorian music, or plain chant, as they call it, joined in the encomiums passed upon the Society, and admitted that the music possessed beauties of which they had been heretofore entirely ignorant. It is but due to the choristers to say that there were but three general rehearsals of the Mass before it was sung by them in presence of the congregation.

At the end of the Mass the banner of the Society was blessed by the celebrant and presented to the members. The banner is, in its way, a gem. Its colors are white and yellow—the Papal colors. On the front side is a picture of St. Gregory the Great, in cope, with a dove singing at his ear the music of the skies. On the reverse are the Papal arms, an antiphonarium and dove. Surrounding these is the motto of the Society—*Cantate Domino, canticum novum*—painted in fine Gothic letters.

After the blessing of the banner, the Rev. Father Quinn ascended the pulpit, and quoting the motto of the Society for his text, preached an excellent sermon.

At the conclusion of the sermon a procession was formed in the following order:

	Cross-Bearer.	
Acolyte.	Holy Angels' Society.	Acolyte.
Chorister.	Chorister with the	Chorister
	Banner of the St. Gregory's Society.	
	St. Gregory's Society.	
	Clergy.	
Subdeacon.	Celebrant.	Deacon.

In the above order the procession moved through the aisles of the church and returned to the altar. While the procession moved along, the choristers and congregation sang in unison the following hymn, the words and music of which were composed for the occasion by Mr. A. A. Brown, S.S.C.:

A dove, from Salem's bowers,  
Did unto Gregory bring  
Some echoes of the anthems .  
Which choiring Seraphs sing:  
With skilful hand, dear father,  
Thou didst transcribe the song,  
That unto future ages  
It might, for aye, belong.

CHORUS—Courage, weary pilgrims  
Striving in the way,  
After toil, the resting;  
After night, the day.

The Church of Christ, most holy,  
Blessed each celestial tone,  
And in God's holy temples  
No other song doth own;  
Our Saint's inspired music

The Church doth gladly claim,  
She stamps it with her signet  
And calls it by his name.

[CHORUS AS ABOVE.]

O dear and blessed Patron!  
In regions fair, above,  
Thou restest from thy labors  
Of charity and love:  
Whilst we, in arms contending  
Against the mighty foe,  
Poor, sinful, struggling mortals,  
Still linger here below.

[CHORUS.]

On earth are bitter anguish,  
Toil, sorrow, care, and sin;  
Without, are Satan's cohorts,  
And passions strong within:  
The strife is raging fiercer  
And hotter, day by day,  
Oh! aid us, saintly Leader,  
Our swarming foes to slay.

[CHORUS.]

The Cross goes on before us,  
Our standard floats on high,  
The foemen quail and tremble,  
And from us swiftly fly:  
For Jesus Christ is with us,  
To aid us in the fight,  
Against the fiery legions  
Of Hell's eternal night.

[CHORUS.]

Above us Zion's ramparts  
Are gleaming in the light,  
Of Christ, the sun of Justice,  
And there in glory bright,  
Around the crystal ocean,  
Upon the golden shore,  
The son's of God are chanting  
Their pæans evermore.

[CHORUS.]

*At the Return of the Procession, all Kneeling Before the High Altar.*

O, Jesus, Jesus! hear us,  
Poor children of Thy love,  
All longing for the mansions  
Of peace and rest above:  
Hidden 'neath the Symbol  
Of bread thou dwellest here,  
Lord! bring us where, unhidden,  
Thy glory doth appear.

[CHORUS.]

At the conclusion of the procession the banner was carried by the St. Gregory's Society, preceded by the College Band, under their efficient leader, Mr. Lilly, S.S.C., to the College Parlor, where it remained until after the evening exercises.

In the afternoon the members of the choir partook of an excellent repast prepared for them by the good Sisters, Bro. Edward, and others.

After tea the members of the St. Gregory's Society, of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, and the invited guests, assembled in the College Parlor to enjoy, after the work of the day, a social chat and a bit of cake. Bro. Basil and his excellent Orchestra kindly furnished their beautiful music, and amid merry jest and joyous laughter, the hours of the evening passed pleasantly away.

When the Very Rev. Father Provincial had taken his seat at the social party, Mr. John McHugh came forward and said:

*Very Reverend Father Provincial, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen:*

We meet here, this evening, to celebrate the solemn inauguration, of the Society of St. Gregory, at Notre Dame. Never before, in America, has the Feast of this Saint—who was one of the four great Doctors of the Latin Church—been honored with such glad song and imposing ceremonies, in which we were all engaged this day. It is a matter of pride to us that we are the first in this broad land of ours to sing the praises of this glorious Confessor of Christ, whose memory comes down to us from the dim, yet mighty, ages of the past, resplendent with those deeds which can never die. It

is a matter of pride that our University is the first among the great Catholic schools of our country, in which a society has been formed under the especial patronage of St. Gregory; in which a noble effort has been made to give to God the music that is God's; in which a pious endeavor has been made to honor, with an unusual display of sacred rite and holy song, the memory of him, who, at an early age, adorned the See of Peter, with pre-eminent learning, and singular virtues.

We have endeavored, to day, to give a sample of the authorized music of our Holy Mother, the Church,—how we have succeeded, is not for us to say. We trust, however, that at some future day, we will be able to produce many portions of sacred melody, appertaining to our Catholic Liturgy, which will place in its true light the music which should rightly be sung in all our churches.

We thank you for the interest which you have taken in our young, yet vigorous, Association, and welcome you to this, the first "Social" of the St. Gregory's Society.

After a short time had elapsed, Mr. Charles Ortmeier arose and gave to the audience the following happy epigram:

IN DIVUM GREGORIUM—EPIGRAMMA.

En lætas hodie, dedimus de pectore voces,  
Gaudentes animo cantica dum tulimus;  
Scilicet ut superis, sic terris optime Doctor!  
Sublime vestrum nomen honore micet,  
Nos igitur vigiles, semper fac Magne Gregori,  
Et bona pro sociis cuncta precare tuis.

DIE FESTO EJUSDEM SANCTI, 12 MARTII, 1871.

At the conclusion of a very good song by Mr. Staley, Mr. Louis Hayes read the following verses in French:

STROPHE, À ST. GRÉGOIRE.

O père glorieux des saintes harmonies,  
Tu vivais dans les cieux; ton oreille et ton cœur  
S'abreuyaient des accents des sphères infinies,  
Et ta voix fut l'écho de cet immortel chœur.  
Le sublime hosannah qui transportait ton âme,  
Tu nous le traduisais dans tes notes de flamme.  
Simple et grand à la fois, comme l'œuvre de Dieu,  
Tu donnas aux chrétiens ces pures mélodies,  
Qui des parvis divins descendant au saint lieu,  
Remontent vers le ciel par le ciel applaudies.

More music, more jokes, and more merry laughter followed, and then Mr. Robert Staley, rising, recited the legend of Cyron the Chorister. The legend is as follows:

CYRION THE CHORISTER.

*A Legend of the Middle Ages.*

In an old mediæval city, near the Rhine's majestic flow,  
Stood a gray and moss-clad fabric, many centuries ago:  
From the alms of pious Christians it had been erected there,  
Sanctified and blest forever, as God's house of praise and prayer.

Unto Michael the Archangel, dedicated was the fane,  
And to all the Holy Angels who in glory ever reign;  
O'er the altar high was graven, with his falchion raised to smite

Michael's self, beneath his mailed foot, trampling down the prince of night.

'Tween the window's tracery shining, angel forms depicted were,  
Angels stood o'er every doorway, hewn from marble rich and rare,

Cherubim adorned the corbels, carved in costly cedar wood,

Seraphim of gold encircled, and upheld the holy rood.  
Glorious was that old Cathedral, in the saintly days of yore;

And full many a legend hath it, handed down in monkish lore,

Poring o'er some volumes ancient, this I found within their store:

\* \* \* \* \*

Once within that olden city, dwelt a widow and her child,

A gentle lad of fourteen summers, Cyron the boy was styled:

High and noble was his forehead, large his eyes of violet hue,

Whilst his hair in golden masses round his head a glory threw.

In the chair of the Cathedral, Cyron the young boy sang,

And his voice so pure and flutelike, 'neath the sacred pile oft rang:

Wondrous was that voice, melodious as a silver trumpet clear,

Lifting up men's hearts to heaven, as it fell upon the ear.

Oftentimes, as midst the rafters Cyron's sweet notes upward soared,

Mingling with the pealing organ in harmonious accord,  
Murmuring a low "God bless him" from her *prie-dieu*

stationed nigh,  
Cyron's old and widowed mother brushed a tear-drop from her eye.

She loved him for that glorious voice that quivered through the air;

Still more because he served his God in holiness and prayer.

From all this poor world's empty joys, the boy had turned away;

In God's fair temple, Samuel-like, he lingered night and day:

Full many a time, as Cyron sang, he, praying, upwards glanced,

And visions of the angels saw, in ecstasy entranced.

\* \* \* \* \*

Glorious the morning sun shone o'er the waters of the Rhine,

Bright and verdant in the sunbeams rose the spring-leaves of the vine.

'Twas the choirster's great feast-day in that church so old and grey,

Which each returning year with splendor kept they on St. Gregory's day.

Stoled priest and mitred bishop 'fore the golden altar stood,

Acolytes with twinkling tapers, monks in scapular and hood,

Midst the rich tall Gothic pillars, midst the angels carved in stone,

Tinted by the morning sunlight that through painted casements shone,

Clouds of fragrant incense floated to Jehovah's throne above:

Bearing on their shadowy bosoms prayers and praises interwove.

"*Esca, esca angelorum*" through the church's transept rang,

"*Jesu nobis miserere*," Cyron's voice it was that sang,  
And as reverent hands and holy, high the food of angels reared;

Lo! within that vast Cathedral, what a wondrous sight appeared.

Angels clad in sheeny raiment, all arrayed in phalanx bright,

Swift descended to the pavement, filling all the church with light.

Gleaming stars shine on their foreheads, harps of pearl each spirit brings,

Set with sparkling gems of heaven filled with tuneful golden strings.

Unto Cyron approached they, and in sight of each one there,

Stretching out their snowy pinions, they upraise him in the air.

Then their harp-strings loudly striking, all the bright celestial throng,

Join with him their heavenly voices in a new and unknown song.

All the faithful stood amazed, and bewildered in surprise,

But the saintly bishop paused not, in the Holy Sacrifice.

When the Heaven-learned song was ended, lo! the angels winged their flight,

And as swiftly as they entered vanished out of mortal sight;

Silently to earth then floated Cyron the youthful boy,  
All his countenance illumined with a radiant smile of joy,

As he touched the marble pavement, swift his mother to him sped,

Cold and lifeless was the body—Cyron's pure soul had fled:

Fled, along with those bright angels, to the Eden far away,

Fled to the celestial city, there to keep St. Gregory's day.

More music followed this, and then the Very

Rev. Father Provincial, in a few pertinent and happy remarks, complimented the Society on the successful manner in which they had conducted everything during the day and the evening, and thanked them for the pleasure they had given to all persons at Notre Dame. The "social" then broke up, with the members of the Society and the guests in the best of humor.

On Monday evening, March 13th, at a special meeting of the St. Gregory's Society, Mr. John McHugh, after a few introductory remarks, introduced the following resolution, viz.:

"Resolved, That we tender to Rev. Dr. Quinn the heartfelt thanks of the St. Gregory's Society, for the interest which he has everywhere, and on all occasions, manifested in the welfare of the Society, and for the real, downright *hard work* he has performed for it during the week past."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Louis Hayes, and unanimously adopted, with loud applause.

Mr. John A. Zahn proposed that a committee on resolutions, to be composed of Messrs. A. A. Brown, S.S.C., D. E. Hudson, S.S.C., George Darr, Thomas Foley and A. Hoerber, be appointed, and that they report suitable resolutions, thanking those persons who so kindly aided the Society on its festival day.

The committee was appointed. It retired, and a short while afterwards reported the following resolutions, which were, on motion of Mr. Rumley, adopted:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the St. Gregory's Society be tendered to the Very Rev. Father Provincial for kindly celebrating the Mass on our festival day, and for gracing our evening entertainment with his kind presence.

"Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks are due to our very worthy President, who has so graciously interested himself in the welfare of our Society.

"Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Prof. Von-Weller for painting our beautiful banner, so admired by all, which he at much sacrifice of valuable time so artistically executed.

"Resolved, That we cordially thank Bro. Edward and Bro. Francis de Sales for the many favors which they have extended to the Society.

"Resolved, That the good Sisters, both at Notre Dame and at St. Mary's, are entitled to a very large portion of our thanks for the substantial aid they rendered us.

"Resolved, That we thank also the members of the Band and of the Orchestra, who so kindly furnished us with excellent music, both in the morning and at the evening entertainment. And,

"Resolved, That we thank those kind members of the Community who at great inconvenience prepared the cassocks for the members which were worn on our festival day."

(Signed,) A. A. BROWN, S.S.C.  
D. E. HUDSON, S.S.C.  
GEORGE DARR.  
THOMAS FOLEY.  
A. HOERBER.

The next day the above-named committee called on the persons named in the resolutions, and thanked them personally. S. G.

## The Orchestra.

This very popular musical organization is now as prosperous as ever under the skilful leadership of Bro. Basil. Some new overtures are being rehearsed, and rich classical music may soon be expected at some of the soirees. The orchestra is composed as follows:

Leader—Bro. Basil.  
First Violin—Prof. C. B. Von Weller, J. Rumley.  
Second Violin—Bro. Leopold, W. S. Atkins.  
Viola—Bro. Placidus.  
First Clarinet—Mr. E. Lilly.  
Second Clarinet—C. Dodge.  
Cornet—E. Watts.  
French Horns—S. Dum, H. Kinkead.  
Violoncello—Mr. J. A. O'Connell.  
Contra Bass—Prof. W. Ivers.

## Tables of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 17—T. Ireland, P. Finnegan, T. Murphy, T. Dundon, T. O'Mahony, E. Gambee, J. Gearin, J. Rourke, J. McGlynn, J. Hogan.

February 24—W. Crenshaw, F. Shephard, J. Fox, T. Dillon, T. Grier, J. McCormack, J. Mulquinn, J. Shannahan, R. Finley, J. Stinson.

March 3—N. Mitchell, O. Wing, J. Wilson J. Heine, G. Darr, E. Nugent, W. Stillwagen, W. Roberts, J. McGahn P. O'Connell.

March 10—J. Zahn, N. Hulbert, W. Clarke, F. Reeves, M. Atkins, J. McDermott, M. Keely, A. Howe, M. Daly, J. Zimmer.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 17—J. Crummey, J. Taylor, D. Brown, T. Casey, E. Howland, M. Winegar, H. Bourdon, P. Reilly, J. Buehler, J. Nash, L. Roth.

February 24—V. Hackmann, S. Marks, L. Hayes, H. Taylor, W. Ball, F. McOsker, E. Gault, A. Ransom, O. Tong, H. and G. Hug.

March 3—G. Crummey, H. Quan, C. Dodge, M. Moriarty, T. Foley, W. Wiltach, E. Shea, C. Vinson, J. Pumphrey, J. Marks, J. Ewing.

March 10—W. Dodge, E. Sheehan, J. Rumely, H. Potter, J. Spillard, G. Worthling, L. McOsker, F. Livingston, J. Heints, M. McCormack C. Morgan.  
M. A. J. B., Sec.

## Base-Ball.

### STAR OF THE EAST AND JUANITA.

Seldom does the weather on St. Patrick's Day permit the Students of Notre Dame to participate in that game which is so exclusively American. But this year, it was all that could be desired, though the forenoon was chilly and prompted some to put on their overcoats, still in the afternoon the sun shone, and it was quite warm. However it is not for me to speak so much of the day as of the game of base-ball which took place in the afternoon between the first nines of the Star of the East and Juanita base-ball clubs, it being the first game of note this season.

As an inducement to prompt both nines to exert their well-known skill, kind-hearted Bro. Norbert generously offered a barrel of apples to the nine who would be the "champions of the day;" this was something real, worth playing for, and no one hesitated to do his best. As for ourselves we were very much surprised at the result of the game, having heard the Juanitas often spoken of as the stronger nine; but it was evident almost from the very outset that the nine who had been boasted of least would be the victors, and each innings added strength to this conjecture. At no time during the game, after the close of the first innings did the score of the Juanitas exceed or even equal that of their opponents. And now I beg leave to call your attention more especially to the game itself.

The Juanitas won the toss, took the field and allowed the Star of the East but a single run when they came to the bat and retired with a score of two, the Star of the East came to the bat again and ran a score of eight, took the field and "chicagoed" the Juanitas. The game now began to excite the interest of the spectators and a crowd soon gathered around and watched with eagerness the playing of both nines as it was evident that the game would be hotly contested, but this slight advantage which the Star of the East had gained so early seemed to infuse new life into their efforts and they played, from this time to the end, with a determination to keep the lead. Still the Juanitas did not, by any means, play as though they thought the game beyond their skill, nor did they even to the very end despair. The game now stood Star of the East nine, Juanita two. The Star of the East were "whitewashed" in the sixth innings and gave the

Juanitas the same in the seventh when the game stood 36 to 13 in favor of the Star of the East. During the two following innings the Star of the East made but two; and the Juanitas ran their score up to 24. This report would be incomplete should we omit to notice those who more than the others contributed to the success of their nine.

Of the Star of the East:—Mr. Fitzgerald was certainly a *sine qua non* to the success of the club, playing the whole nine innings behind the bat with an endurance seldom witnessed at Notre Dame. Mr. Farrel's left hand pitching seemed to bother the strikers considerably. The second base was held by Mr. Sweeney who played this new position of his in a manner deserving much praise, he also made the best score, seven runs and no outs. Mr. Walsh played well his field and preserved his reputation as a pitcher and as the expression is "by dad" he batted well. There are others who deserve to be mentioned but fearing that my report is already long I must be brief.

Of the Juanitas—Mr. Gearin not only acquitted himself well as captain of the nine, but also did splendidly behind the bat, to say nothing of the whitewash given the Star of the East during the innings in which he pitched, it is also to be noticed that he made the best score, four runs and one out. We too think that the Juanitas received a very important addition in the person of Mr. J. A. Roberts as was evident from the manner in which he played the "center," pitching a greater portion of the game. Mr. Dillon's reputation as a first baseman is too well known to need comment, suffice it to say that he played it with his usual skill. Mr. Wilson "took in" every grounder that chanced to come near second. Mr. Stillwagen put out several on third and played the position as if it was a base with which practice had made him well acquainted. Space will not permit us to notice the playing of the others each of whom "played well his part."

The position of Umpire, certainly the most important as well as the most responsible and tiresome, was filled most creditably by Mr. S. Ashton, of the Star of the West base-ball club, who, during the whole game, gave perfect satisfaction, his decisions being ever prompt and impartial and we are certain that both nines feel under obligations to him for his kindness in performing so satisfactorily a position so important.

### SCORE.

Star of the East.—Dechant, s. s., 2 runs, 6 outs; Fitzgerald, c., 5, 3; Mernane, l. f., 5, 3; Smith, c. f., 2, 6; Walsh, r. f., 6, 2; Farrel, p., 3, 4; Sweeney, 2d b., 7, 0; Shields, 3d b., 3, 2; Gambee, 1st b., 5, 1; total, 38 runs, 27 outs.

Juanita.—Wilson, 2d b., 3 runs, 2 outs; Gearin, c., 4, 1; Roberts, p., 2, 4; Arrington, l. f., 2, 4; Dillon, 1st b., 4, 2; Weld, s. s., 4, 2; Stillwagen, 3d b., 1, 5; Shephard, c. f., 1, 5; Rourke, r. f., 3, 2; total, 24 runs, 27 outs.

SCORERS.—John J. Mulquinn, Star of the East; J. A. Fox, Juanita.

The following is the score by innings:

Star of the East—1, 3, 8, 4, 7, 0, 8, 2, 0—38.

Juanita—2, 0, 1, 5, 3, 2, 0, 8, 3—24.

Called balls—Star of the East, 33; Juanita, 51.

Fly catches—Star of the East, 5; Juanita, 1.

Time of game—3½ hours.

### SAMDADCHIEMBA.

SOMEBODY once said: "Self-praise is no recommendation." That was a long time ago. Somebody told the truth then, and it might be just as well if somebody else now, in this age of enlightenment would be kind enough to remember the fact. Don't imagine that because you get a good chance to praise yourself, or any club or society you may happen to be in, there is any obligation on you to do so. People won't be apt to believe you if you do, and, to fall back on our old wise man, you "show your teeth when you cannot bite."

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

MARCH 22, 1871.

The bright, pleasant days with which we have been favored have afforded the pupils the exhilarating pleasure of long walks and out of doors recreation. Croquet is now the game of the season. The grounds around St. Mary's begin to assume a most cheerful appearance, and the merry voices of the pupils are mingled with the songs and twitterings of the birds.

On St. Patrick's Day, Rev. Dr. Quinn, of Notre Dame, delivered here an eloquent discourse on the "Glories of Ireland." His auditors listened with much pleasure to his learned description of the origin and development of Ireland's glory, and explanation of the causes why St. Patrick is honored in every land.

When it was announced that all extraordinary comicalities were interdicted till Easter, we had forgotten that "St. Patrick's Day" would intervene. This Feast proved to our lively girls a sort of safety-valve for their pent up merriment. It is amusing to see how *very enthusiastic* they are in celebrating any feast that gives them a few hours extra recreation, with the privilege of getting up an entertainment of their own. As the young ladies of the Graduating Class arranged the programme in honor of Washington, it devolved on the First Senior Class to arrange the programme on St. Patrick's Day,—and a very droll programme it was. There is a good-natured competition between the above mentioned classes, and they let no opportunity pass of bantering each other in a polite way.

The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music interlarded with conundrums and Tableaux. In comparing the two entertainments it is the opinion of impartial critics that while the graduates excelled in instrumental music, the first Seniors bore off the palm in the vocal department. The "Last Rose of Summer" was given by Miss A. Cornish with a pathos that might have brought tears to the eyes of a potato. Her graceful apostrophe to that veritable Rose was inimitable. Miss Hogue, as a distinguished traveller, illuminated the audience by her brilliant conversation and sparkling rendition of a classical song. Misses Marshall and Clarke, made the "Merry green fields of Lowland" so attractive that many are determined to emigrate to that poetic region. Miss Tinsley sang the praises of the venerable "Grimes" whose death she most pathetically deplored. Miss Mary Dillon, with fairy like grace sang the "Moon o'er the Lake is beaming." The imaginative powers of the audience were not taxed by this song, for a very faithful representation of the full moon and twinkling stars was placed before us. This certainly heightened the effect. "Three Black Crows" were personated by Misses Forbes, Tuberty and McMahon. The ghost scene in Hamlet was given with appalling fidelity. Misses Hurst and Kellogg sang "Music and her Sister song" themselves being graceful personations of song and music.

One of the most picturesque tableaux was enlivened by the melodious voice of Miss Shirland. Misses Tuberty and McMahon surprised the audience by singing with sublimely tragic gestures "I have sighed to rest thee." "Listen to the Mocking-bird," as an echo song elicited great applause. The responsive tones of the echo mocking-bird were most remarkable, for they were a faithful imitation of the notes of a triumphant pugnacious chanticleer.

Several grand choruses were given with great spirit by the performers. The whole affair was a decided success. Performers and audience retired well satisfied with themselves and the rest of mankind—certainly a most happy frame of mind.

Botanizing and sketching from nature will soon be the order of the day. Then may be seen groups

of young ladies, roaming with their teachers through the woods and groves around St. Mary's, busily engaged in copying nature, or analyzing the beautiful flowers that adorn the fields.

Yours, etc., STYLUS.

## ARRIVALS.

Miss M. Sylvester,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" F. McGuire,	White Pigeon, Mich.
" L. "	" " "
" W. "	" " "
" N. Sullivan,	Detroit, Mich.
" J. Lehmann,	Chicago, Ill.
" L. "	" "

## TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

March 12—Misses C. Creveling, L. Sutherland, G. McGuire, E. Wood, C. Woods, A. Wood, A. Mimick, M. Getty, M. Ward, R. Nelson, M. Heth, R. Spiers.

March 19—Misses M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, Kellogg, J. Forbes, A. Borup, H. Tinsley, G. Hurst, A. Cornish, R. McMahon, K. Brown, A. Shea, A. Todd.

## HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

[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.]

Graduating Class—Misses Niel, Sturgis, Radin, Kirwan, O'Neill, Millard, Foote, each 2; Moriarty, Young, Locke, Rhinehart, each 1.

First Class—Misses Tuberty, Dillon, Shirland, Kellogg, Clarke, Borup, Forbes, Hurst, Tinsley, Cornish McMahon,—2; Marshall, Hogue, Shanks, McDougal—1.

Second Class—Misses Cochrane, O'Brien, Casey, Haymond, Brown, Finley, Shea, Todd, Montgomery, Mast,—2; Zell, Ray, Reynolds—1.

Third Class—Shea, Dooley, N. Duffield, L. Duffield, Ward, Hoover, Finley, Getty, Millis, Spiers, J. Leoni, R. Leoni, Heth, A. Wood, Mimick, Ford, C. Woods,—2; Greene, Ogden, Dickerhoff, Snood, Langerdeffer—1.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Letourneau, Macfarlane, Wilder, Nelson, Wood, Falvey, Sammons, Boyd, Angle, McTaggard, Devoto, Tucker, Lloyd, Prince, Bounell, G. and F. McGuire,—2; Cable, Wicker—1.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses Greenleaf, McIntyre, Boyland, Emmnods, L. and M. Weire, Sutherland, McMahon, Lacy, Bay, Creveling,—2; Sullivan—1.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses Roberts, Frazer, Conahan, Drake,—2; Klassen, Birney—1.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses Hynds, Kellogg, Brown, Frazer, Robson, Heth, Wood, J. and M. Kearney, Tuberty, Hoover, Devoto, Ward, Prince, Millis, Shanks, Shea, Quan, Weire, Getty, Wicker, Spiers, Montgomery, Zell, McMahon, Radin.

## GERMAN.

First Class—Misses Rhinehart, Zell, Kreutzer, Dickerhoff.

Second Class—Misses Brown, Dillon, Hogue.

## TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

March 8.—E. Blum, A. Robson, C. Stanffer, J. Duffield, B. Frank, A. Garrity, L. Wood, M. Gall.

March 16—M. Kearney, L. Neil, L. Jones, N. Gross, A. Clarke, J. Kearney, M. Kreutzer, M. Quan, L. McKinnon, A. DeHaven, K. Lloyd.

Third Senior Class—Kearney, Gross, Clark.

First Preparatory—J. Kearney, Kreutzer, Quan, Frank, Blum, Robson.

Second Preparatory—Cummings, Rush, Honeyman.

Third Preparatory—J. Duffield, M. Sweeny.

Junior Preparatory—Darling, Byrne, Horgon.

First Junior—Harrison, Prince, Garrity, Hildreth, Gall, Ely, Silvester, McGuire.

Second Junior—M. Ely, Kendall, Lloyd.

## FRENCH.

First Class—Misses Shirland, Niel, Millard, Marshall, Forbes Spiers, Hurst, Tinsley, Young, Locke, Quan.

Second Class—Misses Borup, Gross, Clark, Cochran, Hoyt, Sturgis, Foote, Radin.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Foote, Hynds, Shirland, Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses Borup, McMahon, Angle.

Second Class—Misses Kellogg, Niel, Carmody.

Second Division—Misses O'Brien, Clark, O'Neil.

Third Class—Misses Sturgis, McMahon.

Second Division—Misses Brown, Emmonds.

Fourth Class—Misses Green Blum, Jones.

Second Division—Misses Frank, Seipp, Devoto.

Fifth Class—Misses Clark, Kearney, Gross.

Sixth Class—Misses Heath, Cummings.

Second Division—Miss Honeyman.

Seventh Class—Misses Tinsley, Lloyd, Prince.

Eighth Class—Miss Rush.

Ninth Class—Misses Harrison DeHaven.

Tenth Class—Misses H. and M. Ely, Reynolds.

Harp—Miss Shirland.

Guitar—Misses Montgomery, Wier.

Harmony—Misses Carmody, Foote, Young.

Exercises—Misses Kirwan, Shirland, M. and J. Kearney, Borup, McDougall, Spiers, Niel, Todd, O'Brien, Foote, Bay.

OLD Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs," shows the difference between humor and sarcasm. What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart *double entendre* or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

THE EXTENSION OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.—(*Fond mother to visitor*)—"As for Susie, there, my dear, she's so clever! physics her doll regularly with dirt pills, and has just been and amputated one of the dumb thing's legs, and so we are going to make a doctor of her."

## L. S. &amp; 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. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

## CROSSING.

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

Freight, 4:06 p. m.

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

Freight, 4:50 a. m.