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## Tales by the Camp-Fire.

### NUMBER TWO.

#### THE TRANSITMAN'S STORY.

"I don't know," said the Transitman, "that anything will suit the emergency—as far as I feel myself equal to it—better than an incident that happened to me when about seventeen years old:

"I was then living on a farm in my native State. The country west of the Mississippi was much wilder than it is now, and the Indians, though they could scarcely be reckoned among the regular inhabitants of the country, made frequent incursions, predatory and malicious, robbing or else destroying whatever came in their way.

"Accompanied by a comrade—William, or, as he was commonly called, Bill Dingall,—I set out for the river to spend some days in fishing. We intended to camp out, and we brought along a nigger—Sam—to cook for us and take care of our horses; for as the distance was above twenty miles from home, we went on horseback.

"We soon found a spot that promised good sport, and throwing in our lines, were assured of the wisdom of our selection by the speedy and bountiful captures that ensued. There were no saw-mills then to poison our streams with saw-dust, and fish were plentiful.

"Bill Dingall was a year or two older than I, and had a great deal more experience in hunting and fishing. He was by nature fitted for frontier life, and could relate interesting adventures with bears, and wolves and Indians by the hour. Poor fellow!"—and here the Transitman paid the tribute of a sigh to the memory of his friend—"he perished during the late civil war.

"You may easily suppose that the time passed rapidly on. Although fishing was the main object of our expedition, yet we carried our rifles with us, and frequently made a variety in our fish diet, by bringing down some of the game with which the country was then teeming. Sam was an excellent cook, and as we always brought to our meals that healthy hunger, which the ancient philosophers used to say was the best sauce, we had nothing to complain of in regard to our eating and drinking. In fact, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

"The banks of the river, being well wooded, did not afford much pasture for our horses. It was Sam's custom, every morning after breakfast, to take the horses out to the prairie, about a mile and a quarter distant, and let them graze awhile. While they were grazing he would cut a quantity of the rich prairie grass with a scythe he had brought along, and bring it back in his light wagon to our camp for the use of the horses during the rest of the day. As we had brought plenty of corn and oats, there was no danger of running short of fodder.

"About the third day of our stay, as we walked back to our dinner, laughing and joking by the way, and bearing our strings of fish, which it would take Sam a good part of the afternoon to clean and salt down—for we intended to preserve

most of them for winter use—we saw with some surprise that no appearance of smoke indicated that Sam had been making any preparation for dinner. As we came nearer, no horses were visible; and on making a search around the premises, it became sufficiently evident that Sam also had disappeared.

"Not for a moment did we doubt Sam's faithfulness. Born on my father's plantation in Carolina, he had emigrated West with him when a young man, and during the forty years of his life, had manifested unwavering attachment and fidelity. Besides, in those times, if a nigger were to run away with stolen horses he could never expect to reach a market for them with safety to himself and his booty.

"Accordingly, Bill and I, after snatching a hasty lunch, started out in quest of Sam and the horses. We took with us our loaded rifles, not knowing what might be the emergency, and Bill had also a revolver—a new toy at that time in the West,—also loaded, stuck in his belt. We followed the track, which the frequent use of the horses had already made a tolerable road. The undergrowth was rich and thick—the broad foliage of the hickory and papaw cutting off the view on all sides. As we neared the prairie, the oak took the place of all other timber; the view became more open, and patches of grass began to diversify the scene. The soil, so rich and damp by the river bank, was here dry and rocky. We had more difficulty in finding our way, especially as we had never been out to the prairie with Sam. Bill went first as the most experienced woodsman, and I followed at but a few paces behind. Walking thus slowly and cautiously, and peering among the surrounding underbrush on all sides, we had seen nothing since we left the river that could excite our suspicions. We had already come out upon the broad expanse of prairie, and were noting the tracks that bore the marks of Sam's scythe, when a loud Indian war-whoop awoke the echoes of the forest. I felt a sharp blow on the back of my head, and fell insensible to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—The New York steamboat men are struggling with a knotty problem. Gen. Belknap said, before the close of the Government investigation of the Westfield disaster, that it was the duty of every boiler inspector to go inside the boiler under examination and test the inner plates and braces. Mr. Matthews, one of the inspectors, is a Falstaff, and the end of the boiler would have to be knocked off to enable him to get into it; and he couldn't do it then unless it was a large boiler and well greased on the inside. Now the question is whether large boilers are to be made, or Matthews is to be dieted and rubbed down until he can get into the present ones.

AN old bachelor having been laughed at by a bevy of pretty girls, told them that they were small potatoes. "We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

## The Mysticism of Numbers.

### PART I.—CONTINUED.

#### Numbers Evolved from Unity.

##### § 3.—THE NUMBERS SEVEN AND TWELVE.

If what has been said concerning the numbers three and four is correct, it is evident that the Church of Christ should be marked by each—by three, as the depository of divine mysteries; and by four, as the especial kingdom of Christ. Or it may be marked by both combined.

Now three and four can be combined in two different ways:

By addition, forming seven; and more copiously and bountifully, by multiplication, forming twelve.

Opening now the Apocalypse of St. John, observe how the numbers seven and twelve predominate over all others therein: seven belonging to the Church militant, and to the scourges inflicted on her enemies, and twelve to the glories of the Church triumphant.

There are the seven spirits standing before the throne. The seven lamps, the seven stars that are the seven angels of the seven Churches of Asia. The book of the seven seals, opened by the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes. The seven trumpets and seven vials of the wrath of God.

Besides what we find in this book, the Church applies God's grace to us by seven Sacraments; in one of which, Holy Orders, the fountain-head of the rest, there are seven degrees, where seven is evidently four *plus* three. She receives from the Holy Ghost seven gifts; teaches us to perform seven works of mercy corporal, and seven spiritual; to contemplate the seven words of Christ upon the Cross, the seven sorrows and seven joys of His blessed Mother; to impetrate the Throne of Grace by seven petitions of the Pater Noster, and to express contrition by seven penitential psalms.

It may be said that seven is found also among the enemies of the Church, for the Beast of the Apocalypse hath seven heads. But these heads are explained of the seven deadly sins. Now, these deadly sins are no more than human passions indulged to an inordinate degree, and these seven passions may be restrained by seven practical virtues, which form the chief characteristics of the worthy Christian. Now as we should rather deem vices to be permitted for the exercise of virtues, than virtues to be instituted for the overthrow of vices, it is evident that the number seven is shown in the heads of this Beast, merely because the Church is provided with seven weapons which need exercise.

We see the number seven also in nature, in the seven prismatic colors, and seven notes of the musical scale. Mankind, likewise, wonderfully concur in keeping the week of seven days.

As for twelve, we see it in the twelve thousand signed of each of the twelve tribes. In the twelve foundations and twelve gates (which are twelve pearls) of the heavenly city. In the twelve Apostles, sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes. In the twelve stars that crown the "woman

clothed with the sun." Twelve fruits there are of the tree of life, and twelve of the Holy Ghost.

Mankind, sensible of the perfection of this number, reckon their hours from one to twelve, and divide the year into twelve months, corresponding to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Its perfection is also acknowledged by mathematicians, who have sought to numerate by twelves instead of by tens. This would simplify all tables in which there are circulating fractions, since four of the aliquot parts of twelve are whole numbers (2, 3, 4 and 6), whereas, ten has only two (2 and 5). But the voluminous tables already calculated to the scale of ten preclude the convenience of this. Still, articles sold by counting are generally sold by the dozen, and the number appears in most tables of weight and measure.

To observe the geometrical symmetry of these numbers, first, for seven, describe a circle, and around this circle, six other equal circles on the same plane, tangent to it, and each to two of the others besides. These seven circles will show the symmetry of the number seven.

For twelve take the twelve edges of a cube, which form the skeleton of a cube, as the three circles form that of a sphere. (§1.)

Or take the same skeleton of a sphere and draw it taut from all the points of intersection, keeping the angles equal. The twelve quadrants thus becoming twelve straight lines, it will be the skeleton of an octohedron. S.

### Shingle Your Own House.

SCENE—Bar-room.

TIME—Midnight.

Wife—"I wish that man would go home if he has got one to go to."

Landlord—"Hush! Hush! He'll call for something directly."

Wife—"I wish he would make haste about it then, for it's time every honest man was in bed."

Landlord—"He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this time James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes and stretching himself, as if he had just awoke, saying, "I believe I will go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"O yes, I must go," said James, and he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord met and accosted him with "Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why," said James, "I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it."

The astonished tavern-keeper went home to tell his wife about it, and James has ever since let rum alone, and attended to his own business.

He is now a happy man and his wife and children are happy too.

Young man, whose house are you shingling?

We had some very fine cherries on the table one day this summer. After surveying them a moment, Uncle Ned remarked that they beat anything he ever saw—and then there was a pause—"that is around here."

"Uncle Ned," said I, "you never saw a cherry in California larger than those."

"Well, perhaps I didn't."

"Why," said I, "how large are they in California, and how do they sell them?"

"Well, he replied, with all the gravity of a judge, "that depends something on the season of the year. They vary in size as well as in price. They sell them by the pound; and if you only want a few pounds, they generally charge about twenty-five cents a pound; but if you want a whole cherry, they will let you have it for about fifteen cents a pound."

[SELECTED.]

## ERIC; or, Little by Little.

### A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,  
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

## PART FIRST.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BULLYING.

Give to the morn of life its natural blessedness.

—Wordsworth.

Why is it that new boys are almost invariably ill-treated? I have often fancied that there must be in boyhood a pseudo-instinctive cruelty, a sort of "wild trick of the ancestral savage," which no amount of civilization can entirely repress. Certain it is, that to most boys the first term is a trying ordeal. They are being tested and weighed. Their place in the general estimation is not yet fixed, and the slightest circumstances are seized upon to settle the category under which the boy is to be classed. A few apparently trivial accidents of his first few weeks at school often decide his position in the general regard for the remainder of his boyhood. And yet these are *not* accidents; they are the slight indications which give an unerring proof of the general tendencies of his character and training. Hence much of the apparent cruelty with which new boys are treated is not exactly intentional. At first, of course, as they can have no friends worth speaking of, there are always plenty of coarse and brutal minds that take a pleasure in their torment, particularly if they at once recognize any innate superiority to themselves. Of this class was Barker. He hated Eric at first sight, simply because his feeble mind could only realize one idea about him, and that was the new boy's striking contrast with his own imperfections. Hence he left no means untried to vent on Eric his low and mean jealousy. He shewed undisguised pleasure when he fell in form, and signs of disgust when he rose; he fomented every little source of disapproval or quarrelling which happened to arise against him; he never looked at him without a frown or a sneer; he waited for him to kick and annoy him as he came out of, or went in to, the school-room. In fact, he did his very best to make the boy's life miserable, and the occupation of hating him seemed in some measure to fill up the vacuity of an ill-conditioned and degraded mind.

Hatred is a most mysterious and painful phenomenon to the unhappy person who is the object of it, and more especially if he have incurred it by no one assignable reason. Why it happens that no heart can be so generous, no life so self-denying, no intentions so honorable and pure, as to shield a man from the enmity of his fellows, must remain a dark question forever. But certain it is, that to bear the undeserved malignity of the evil-minded, to hear unmoved the sneers of the proud and the calumnies of the base, is one of the hardest lessons in life. And to Eric this opposition was peculiarly painful; he was utterly unprepared for it. In his bright joyous life at Fairholm, in the little he saw of the boys at the Latin school, he had met with nothing but kindness and caresses, and the generous nobleness of his character had seemed to claim them as a natural element. "And now, why," he asked impatiently, "should this bull-dog sort of fellow have set his whole aim to annoy, vex, and hurt me?" Incapable himself of so mean a spirit of jealousy at superior excellence, he could not make it out; but such was the fact, and the very mysteriousness of it made it more intolerable to bear.

But it must be admitted that he made matters worse by his own bursts of passion. His was not the temper to turn the other cheek; but, brave and spirited as he was, he felt how utterly hopeless

would be any attempt on his part to repel force by force. He would have tried some slight conciliation, but it was really impossible with such a boy as his enemy. Barker never gave him even so much as an indifferent look, much less a civil word. Eric loathed him, and the only good and happy part of the matter to his own mind was, that conscientiously his only desire was to get rid of him, and be left alone, while he never cherished a particle of revenge.

While every day Eric was getting on better in form, and winning himself a very good position with the other boys, who liked his frankness, his mirth, his spirit, and cleverness, he felt this feud with Barker like a dark background to all his enjoyment. He even had to manœuvre daily how to escape him, and violent scenes were of constant occurrence between them. Eric could not, and would not, brook his bullying with silence. His resentment was loud and stinging, and, Ishmaelite as Barker was, even his phlegmatic temperament took fire when Eric shouted his fierce and uncompromising retorts in the hearing of the others.

Meanwhile Eric was on the best of terms with the rest of the form, and such of the other boys as he knew, although, at first, his position as a home-boarder prevented his knowing many. Besides Russell, there were three whom he liked best, and respected most—Duncan, Montagu, and Owen. They were very different boys, but all of them had qualities which well deserved his esteem. Duncan was the most boyish of boys, intensely full of fun, good nature, and vigor; with fair abilities; he never got on well, because he could not be still for two minutes; and even, if in some fit of sudden ambition, he got up high in the form, he was sure to be put to the bottom again before the day was over, for trifling or talking. But out of school he was the soul of every game; whatever he took up was sure to be done pleasantly, and no party of amusement was ever planned without endeavoring to secure him as one of the number.

Montagu's chief merit was, that he was such a thorough little gentleman; "such a jolly little fellow," every one said of him. Without being clever or athletic, he managed to do very fairly both at work and at the games, and while he was too exclusive to make many *intimate* friends, everybody liked walking about or talking with him.

Even Barker, blackguard as he was, seemed to be a little uneasy when confronted with Montagu's naturally noble and chivalrous bearing. In nearly all respects his influence was thoroughly good, and few boys were more generally popular.

Owen, again, was a very different boy. His merit was a ceaseless diligence, in which it was doubtful whether ambition or conscientiousness had the greatest share. Reserved and thoughtful, unfitted for or indifferent to most games, he was anything but a favorite with the rest, and Eric rather respected than liked him. When he first came he had been one of the most natural butts for Barker's craving ill-nature, and for a time he had been tremendously bullied. But gradually his mental superiority asserted itself. He took everything without tears and without passion, and this diminished the pleasure of annoying him. One day when Barker had given him an unprovoked kick, he quietly said:

"Barker, next time you do that I'll tell Mr. Gordon."

"Sneak! do it if you dare." And he kicked him again; but the moment after he was sorry for it, for there was a dark look in Owen's eyes, as he turned instantly into the door of the master's room, and laid a formal complaint against Barker for bullying.

Mr. Gordon didn't like "telling," and he said so to Owen, without reserve. An ordinary boy would have broken into a flood of explanations and palliations, but Owen simply bowed, and said nothing.

"He stood there for justice," and he had counted the cost. Strong-minded and clear-headed, he calculated correctly that the momentary dislike of his school-fellows, with whom he well knew that he never could be popular, would be less unbearable than Barker's villainous insults. The consequence was that Barker was caned soundly, although, with some injustice, Mr. Gordon made no attempt to conceal that he did it unwillingly.

Of course the fellows were very indignant with Owen for sneaking, as they called it, and for a week or two he had the keen mortification of seeing "Owen is a sneak," written up all about the walls. But he was too proud or too cold to make any defence till called upon, and bore it in silence. Barker threatened eternal vengeance, and the very day after had seized Owen with the avowed intention of "half murdering him." But before he could once strike him, Owen said in the most chill tone, "Barker, if you touch me, I shall go straight to Dr. Rowlands." The bully well knew that Owen never broke his word, but he could not govern his rage, and first giving Owen a violent shake, he proceeded to thrash him without limit or remorse.

Pale but unmoved, Owen got away, and walked straight to Dr. Rowlands' door. The thing was unheard of, and the boys were amazed at his temerity, for the Doctor was to all their imaginations a regular *Deus ex machina*. That afternoon, again, Barker was publicly caned, with the threat, that the next offence would be followed by instant and public expulsion. This punishment he particularly dreaded, because he was intended for the army, and he well knew that it might ruin his prospects. The consequence was, that Owen never suffered from him again although he daily received a shower of oaths and curses, which he passed over with silent contempt.

My dear boy-reader, don't suppose that I want you to imitate Owen in this matter. I despise a boy who "tells" as much as you do, and it is a far better and braver thing to bear bullying with such a mixture of spirit and good humor, as in time to disarm it. But Owen was a peculiar boy, and remember he had no redress. He bore for a time, until he felt that he *must* have the justice and defence, without which it would have been impossible for him to continue at Roslyn School.

But why, you ask, didn't he tell the monitors? Unfortunately at Roslyn the monitorial system was not established. Although it was a school of 250 boys, the sixth form, with all their privileges, had no prerogative of authority. They hadn't the least right to interfere, because no such power had been delegated to them, and therefore they felt themselves merely on a par with the rest, except for such eminence as their intellectual superiority gave them. The consequence was, that any interference from them would have been of a simply individual nature, and was exerted very rarely. It would have done Owen no more good to tell a sixth-form boy, than to tell any other boy; and as he was not a favorite, he was not likely to find any champion to fight his battles or maintain his just rights.

All this had happened before Eric's time, and he heard it from his best friend Russell. His heart clave to that boy. They became friends at once by a kind of electric sympathy; the first glance of each at the other's face prepared the friendship, and every day of acquaintance more firmly cemented it. Eric could not have had a better friend; not so clever as himself, not so diligent as Owen, not so athletic as Duncan, nor so fascinating as Montagu. Russell combined the best qualities of them all. And, above all, he acted invariably from the highest principle; he presented that noblest of all noble spectacles—one so rare that many think it impossible—the spectacle of an honorable, pure-hearted, happy boy, who, as his early years speed by, is ever growing in wisdom, and stature, and favor with God and man.

"Did that brute Barker ever bully you as he bullies me?" said Eric, one day, as he walked on the sea-shore with his friend.

"Yes," said Russell; "I slept in his dormitory when I first came, and he has often made me so wretched that I have flung myself on my knees at night in pretence of prayer, but really to get a little quiet time to cry like a child."

"And when was it he left off at last?"

"Why, you know, Upton in the fifth is my cousin, and very fond of me; he heard of it, though I didn't say anything about it, and told Barker that if ever he caught him at it, he would thrash him within an inch of his life; and that frightened him for one thing. Besides, Duncan, Montagu, and other friends of mine, began to cut him in consequence, so he thought it best to leave off."

"How is it, Russell, that fellows stand by and let him do it?"

"You see, Williams," said Russell, "Barker is an enormously strong fellow, and that makes the younger chaps, whom he fags, look up to him as a great hero. And there isn't one in our part of the school who can thrash him. Besides people never do interfere, you know—at least not often. I remember once seeing a street-row in London, at which twenty people stood by, and let a drunken beast of a husband strike his wife without ever stirring to defend her."

"Well," sighed Eric, "I hope my day of deliverance will come soon, for I can't stand it much longer, and 'tell' I won't, whatever Owen may do."

Eric's deliverance came very soon. It was afternoon; the boys were playing at different games in the green play-ground, and he was waiting for his turn at rounders. At this moment Barker lounged up, and calmly snatching off Eric's cap, shied it over Dr. Rowlands' garden wall. "There, go and fetch that."

"You blackguard," said Eric, standing irresolutely for a few minutes; and then with tears in his eyes began to climb the wall. It was not very high, but boys were peremptorily forbidden to get over it under any circumstances, and Eric broke the rule not without trepidation. However, he dropped down on one of Mrs. Rowlands' flower-beds, got his cap in a hurry, and clambered back undiscovered.

He thought this would have satisfied his tormentor for one day; but Barker was in a mischievous mood, so he again came up to Eric, and calling out, "Who'll have a game at football?" again snatched the cap, and gave it a kick; Eric tried to recover it, but every time he came up, Barker gave it a fresh kick, and finally kicked it into a puddle.

Eric stood still, trembling with rage, while his eyes lightened with scorn and indignation. "You hulking, stupid, cowardly bully"—here Barker seized him, and every word brought a tremendous blow on the head; but blind with passion Eric went on—"You despicable bully, I won't touch that cap again; you shall pick it up yourself. Duncan, Russell, here! do help me against this intolerable brute."

Several boys ran up, but they were all weaker than Barker, who besides was now in a towering fury, and kicked Eric unmercifully.

"Leave him alone," shouted Duncan, seizing Barker's arm; "what a confounded bully you are—always plaguing some one."

"I shall do as I like; mind your own business," growled Barker, roughly shaking himself free from Duncan's hand.

"Barker, I'll never speak to you again from this day," said Montagu, turning on his heel, with a look of withering contempt.

"What do I care? puppy, you want taking down too," was the reply, and some more kicks at Eric followed.

"Barker, I won't stand this any longer," said

Russell, "so look out;" and grasping Barker by the collar, he dealt him a swinging blow on the face.

The bully stood in amazement, and dropped Eric, who fell on the turf nearly fainting, and bleeding at the nose. But now Russell's turn came, and in a moment Barker, who was twice his weight, had tripped him up,—when he found himself collared in an iron grasp.

There had been an unobserved spectator of the whole scene, in the person of Mr. Williams himself, and it was his strong hand that now gripped Barker's shoulder. He was greatly respected by the boys, who all knew his tall handsome figure by sight, and he frequently stood a quiet and pleased observer of their games. The boys in the play-ground came crowding round, and Barker in vain struggled to escape. Mr. Williams held him firmly, and said in a calm voice, "I have just seen you treat one of your schoolfellows with the grossest violence. It makes me blush for you, Roslyn boys, he continued, turning to the group that surrounded him, "that you can even for a moment stand by unmoved, and see such things done. You know that you despise any one who tells a master, yet you allow this bullying to go on, and that too without any provocation. Now, mark; it makes no difference that the boy hurt is my own son; I would have punished this scoundrel whoever it had been, and I shall punish him now." With these words, he lifted the riding-whip which he happened to be carrying, and gave Barker one of the most satisfactory castigations he had ever undergone; the boys declared that Dr. Rowlands' "switchings" were nothing to it. Mr. Williams saw that the offender was a tough subject, and determined that he should not soon forget the punishment he then received. He had never heard from Eric how this boy had been treating him, but he had heard it from Russell, and now he had seen one of the worst specimens of it with his own eyes. He therefore belabored him till his sullen obstinacy gave way to a roar for mercy, and promises never so to offend again.

At this crisis he flung the boy from him with a "phew" of disgust, and said, "I give nothing for your word; but if ever you do bully in this way again, and I see or hear of it, your present punishment shall be a trifle to what I shall then administer. At present, thank me for not informing your master." So saying, he made Barker pick up the cap, and turning away, walked home with Eric leaning on his arm.

Barker, too, carried himself off with the best grace he could; but it certainly didn't mend matters when he heard numbers of fellows, even little boys, say openly, "I'm so glad; serves you right."

From that day Eric was never troubled with personal violence from Barker or any other boy. But rancor smouldered deep in the mind of the baffled tyrant, and, as we shall see hereafter, there are subtler means of making an enemy wretched than striking or kicking him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATEST ON HORACE GREELEY.—It is reported that Horace Greeley got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on the culture of tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserted that fine-cut would not ripen well unless the tinfoil was stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked by hand. This the Texas editor said was nonsense, and Mr. Greeley challenged him.

"Now, my little boys and girls, said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a minute all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

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## Visit of Hon. Salmon P. Chase to Notre Dame.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., at a quarter before ten in the evening, Chief-Justice Chase with his escort, which consisted of his private secretary, Mr. J. W. Schuckers, Col. Richard Dunbar and lady, arrived at Notre Dame by the L. S. & M. S. R.R. As the hour was late and the students had retired, no demonstration was made to manifest the high esteem in which Mr. Chase is held at Notre Dame, both for his social virtues and for his unimpeachable integrity as a public functionary. So, after a quiet but hearty welcome from Very Rev. Father Corby, President of the University, and a light refectio, rendered desirable by the fatigues of the journey from Waukesha, Wisconsin, the Chief-Justice retired to the apartments prepared for his reception—the other members of the party followed his example, and all was quiet.

Next morning our Hon. guest was up at an early hour, and after breakfast took a walk about the premises in company with his secretary, Mr. Schuckers, Rev. Father Lemonnier and Professor Baasen. His step was firm and elastic, and his tall figure erect and vigorous.

Thus the time passed quietly and agreeably till ten o'clock, when the bells announced the hour of divine service. The Chief-Justice, though not a Catholic, cheerfully accepted an invitation to be present at the High Mass, and his manner during the entire service was highly edifying, and showed, evidently, that he entertains none of that unreasonable prejudice or religious animosity which betrays the narrow-minded uncharitableness of so many professing Christians of our day. When all men, though following their own conscientious views in matters of religion, learn thus to respect the equally conscientious views or convictions of others, Christianity will be nearer what its Divine Founder intended it should be than it is at present.

After Mass and a substantial College dinner, the Chief-Justice, accompanied by his own immediate escort, together with Very Rev. Father Corby and others from Notre Dame, paid a visit to St. Mary's Academy, returning to the College about five in the evening. We leave it to "Stylus" to inform our readers of what transpired during the visit to St. Mary's.

The evening was spent in the College parlor, where the members of the Faculty had the honor and advantage of conversing freely with the Chief-Justice, and all felt at once that superior intellectual power which, well employed, has rendered Mr. Chase a national benefactor, and that overflowing goodness of heart, which invariably wins the confidence and warmest affection of all who approach him. During the evening Mr. Chase appeared to take a special interest in informing himself of the system of teaching at Notre Dame and the manner in which that system is carried out, and did not hesitate to express the favorable impression which he received from this inquiry. About half-past eight the Chief-Justice retired to his apartments, and the company broke up, all

feeling that we had indeed been conversing familiarly with a truly great man.

On Monday morning the Chief-Justice, with a select party, enjoyed the exhilarating pleasure of a row on St. Joseph's Lake, and returned to the College about half-past nine, feeling much refreshed. At ten all the students assembled in the Senior Study-Hall, whither, on invitation of Very Rev. Father Corby, the Chief-Justice repaired to receive their welcome, which, owing to circumstances, had been deferred to this moment, and speak to them some words of encouragement and advice.

When he had taken his seat on an elevated platform, Mr. T. O'Mahony came forward and read the following address of welcome:

"MR. CHIEF-JUSTICE: We take great pleasure in addressing you to-day, as the illustrious guest of our *Alma Mater*, and in adding our sincere welcome to that of the Officers and Faculty of the University. Notre Dame has been honored by the presence of many distinguished personages within her halls, but never until now has she enjoyed the singular felicity of extending her hospitalities to the head of one of the co-ordinate departments of the National Government.

"Daily adding new luster to the Bench once graced by Marshall and Taney, you may, like Cicero from his Curule chair, look back upon your life as a pathway of glory. Whether as Governor of your own great State, as a leader in the Senate, as presiding over the Treasury in the most trying period of our history, and giving to the whole Republic one uniform currency, or, finally, in your present position, defining and interpreting the laws of the land and the Constitution itself, everywhere we, as young Americans, find in you a noble example of what we should strive to be,—pure in character and always seeking the welfare of the Union.

"We have thus, sir, good reason to be proud of the honor which you have conferred upon us this day; and we feel gratified to know that neither the magnetism of Michigan, nor the minerals of Wisconsin have been able to keep you away from the springs of human kindness which flow for you here in Indiana.

"We trust that your trip through the Northwest may be productive of much benefit as well as pleasure to you, and that you may long live to adorn with your great wisdom, learning and experience, your place at the head of the most august Court in the civilized world. Very Respectfully,

"THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME."

When Mr. O'Mahony had retired, Master C. Dodge appeared on behalf of the Students of the Junior Department and read the following:

"HONORED SIR: We unite with our fellow-Students in welcoming you to Notre Dame. A man whose very portraits—especially those with a green background—are everywhere so joyfully received, cannot fail to meet with popular enthusiasm wherever he appears in person. But in sober earnest, sir, we are proud to see a man whose name cannot escape history. Linked with those of Corwin and Ewing, it will adorn the annals of the Buckeye State, and with those of Grant, Sherman, and Lincoln, it will shine in those of the United States, as the name of one whose labors contributed to save our country in the period of her most terrible crisis. Long may you live, dear sir, to enjoy the laurels that crown your honored years, and may you ever hear around you the appreciative testimony of grateful posterity, such as is now offered by your friends,

"THE JUNIORS OF NOTRE DAME."

When the addresses were concluded the Chief-Justice arose and expressed his acknowledgments in the following terms, so far as we can remember:

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN: I thank you for the

words, of welcome, and for the sentiments of affection and esteem which you have just expressed for me; and, although I am conscious that I do not deserve the praises which you bestow upon me, and a due modesty should prompt me to decline them, yet we are seldom as modest as we ought to be, and are apt to be pleased at hearing our own praises even while we know that we do not merit them; hence, I thank you also for your words of praise, believing that they are well intended.

"I see around me here young men from my own State—young men from many States of the Union, seeking the advantages of a solid education; and I rejoice to see you here. I have examined with pleasure the catalogue of this institution, and find the system of instruction admirable, the course of studies thorough, and I am convinced that, with diligence on your part, you can learn as much here as you could anywhere in the world.

"I remember well when I was as one of you—as one of these Juniors whom I see before me—pursuing my studies in the preparatory school of a college, and my greatest regret ever since has been that I did not employ my time as diligently as I might have done. I saw afterwards how much I lost by negligence and inattention, and I know how hard I had to labor afterwards to make up for what I then lost. I hope this will not be the case with you, but that you will work faithfully and diligently, and reap all the advantages which your present superior facilities afford.

"I will not detain you longer from your studies, but leave you now with my best wishes for your present and future welfare, hoping that you may be prosperous in the present life, and in the life to come happy and glorious."

The Chief Justice, bowing graciously to the youthful throng around him, descended from his elevated seat amid the hearty applause of three hundred delighted students. All regretted that he had not spoken at greater length, and he probably would have done so, had he not been so deeply affected by the scene around him, and the recollections of other days which it called to his mind, that he even experienced some difficulty in saying as much as he did.

Returning to the parlor the Chief-Justice was received by a large portion of the Faculty, and Prof. T. E. Howard, in the name of that body, addressed our illustrious guest in a brief speech, expressive of the pleasure and gratification which his visit to Notre Dame afforded to all, and especially the members of the Faculty, and the sentiments of respect and esteem which his personal qualities and public deeds inspired in every breast.

To this address, the Chief-Justice replied in terms of the most perfect cordiality, assuring all that his visit to Notre Dame had been a source of the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to him, and expressing his sincere wish that the institution may continue to grow in prosperity and importance and so fulfil its high mission.

After a few moments of general conversation, the carriage was announced which was to bear our illustrious guest to the depot at South Bend, whence he was to take his departure for the East. Bidding farewell to each one of the officers and Faculty individually, he entered the carriage and in a few moments was out of sight; but not out of mind. The visit of Chief-Justice Chase will be long remembered at Notre Dame, not only on account of the exalted position which he occupies in the nation, but also, and especially, on account of that true nobility of mind and heart which he unconsciously displayed in his whole manner and conversation while amongst us.

May his life be prolonged for many years to come, and may the example of his upright life have its due influence upon the nation, in whose affairs he has for many years acted, and, we trust, is still destined to act a prominent part.



We announce with pleasure the return of Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, after an absence of more than two months in Europe. He arrived here on Wednesday, and is looking well as usual. May he long continue to enjoy that vigorous health so necessary to the efficient discharge of his present onerous duties.

We were glad to see our old friends, Col. Richard Dunbar and lady, who formed part of Chief-Justice Chase's escort from the Bethesda Springs at Waukesha, to Notre Dame. Col. Dunbar is the proprietor of the Bethesda Springs and had the gratification of seeing their waters restore the Chief-Justice to health and vigor.

MR. J. W. SCHUCKERS, Secretary to Chief-Justice Chase, paid a visit to this office on Monday. He appeared quite familiar with all the business of a printing office, and seemed to enjoy the click of the type as under the nimble management of our compositors, they leaped thick and fast into the "sticks."

NUBIE, the colored servant of the Chief-Justice, speaks French, German and Italian with remarkable fluency and correctness. When asked if he spoke Irish, he was very much amused and declared he hadn't got that far yet. Nubie is a genius.

STUDENTS should take off their hats when they enter any room, especially a private room, and keep them off while they remain.

THE reports of Honorable Mentions in class will be published regularly, commencing next week.

### Visit to St. Vincent's

It is a splendid renovator, after a journey, to meet a warm-hearted, hospitable friend when you are far away from home, and under the doleful expectation of being obliged to submit yourself to be snubbed by a hotel clerk, and then, like a whipped spaniel, meekly follow a waiter who dashes up flights of stairs, dodges around corners, and gallops along narrow corridors, until he comes to 1,001, to which he consigns you with ruthless cruelty to solitary confinement.

Such has often been our pleasant experience—to meet a friend, not to be superciliously looked down upon by the clerk, etc.—and we found it particularly agreeable when in vacation we found ourselves the welcome guest of the Administrator.

All who know him will at once appreciate the agreeableness of our stay with him, the many calls we made, and the unobtrusive kindness of our host; but we can dwell only on one of his acts of kindness, and that was manifested when we expressed a wish to visit the Academy, which is about six miles distant from the city. He not only accompanied us, but he drove, and a magnificent driver he proved to be. We would give him a diploma without winking.

Those six miles were taken in by the team in a remarkably short space of time, and soon we came in sight of the Academy and the parsonage; when we relaxed speed, in order the more fully to enjoy the scene.

To our right, situated on a rising ground, was the Academy, a large brick building, three stories high, with basement above ground, situated about a quarter of a mile from the road. A broad way led from the road, with rather a steep ascent, broken at intervals with terraces, to the front door of the Academy. Flowers adorned the sides and the *parterres*, as you neared the building. In the rear of the building was a dark background of

forest; beyond, near the road, were a saw-mill and the miller's cottage in real rustic style. Further on, the road ran up a hill and lost itself, as far as we were concerned, in the forest.

To the left of the road, some yards back, exactly in front of the Academy, stood a rural church, built in a composite style, with a steeple, and a clock in the steeple. By the side of the Church, still further from the road, was the pastoral residence. The scene was well worth looking at after a drive of six miles, and only required living objects to make it charming. As we neared the house living objects came in view. The handsome countenance of Rev. Father Frère was seen, glowing with outbursting feeling of welcome and hospitality, that welled up from his generous heart, overspread his delightful visage, and sparkled from his speaking eyes. To say that our welcome was *empressé*, is but using feeble words. Frère François soon appeared upon the scene. We entered the precincts of the presbytery, and having consigned our team to the care of Frère François, we meandered through the winding walks of the garden, and, reaching a little paddock, received a kind salutation from the Pony, who seemed to recognize in us an old acquaintance. Stopping a moment to pat Pony on the head, which end of him we liked much better than the other, as we had a wholesome dread of his heels—for we were not old acquaintances—out rushed two specimens of the canine species, barking a harmonious duo in C ♯. They probably mistook us for A ♯, and came at us with open jaws and upright tails; but finding they were mistaken in their first appreciation of the case, they ceased barking, wagged their tails in amity, and would have proceeded to further manifestations to assure us that they were jolly dogs. We however were disgusted with our first impressions, and, disregarding them, continued to stroke the head of the Pony; whereupon the dogs turned their wrath against the equine, and, vaulting over the fence, made a furious onslaught upon him. Pony said to us with a twinkle of his eyes, and a slight depression of the ears backwards: "Now you are going to see some fun," and quickly turning around he lowered his head and "went for" the dogs. They turned tail and scattered suddenly, and one making a successful *détour*, reached the rear of the enemy, and grabbed the end of his long tail, to which he held like grim death, growling and tugging, while Pony, not wishing to hurt the dog, on the contrary highly enjoyed the fun, kicked first to the right and then to the left, leaving the little dog in ecstasies of glory over his own successful manœuvre. The other little dog, though still barking lustily, was evidently envious of the high achievement of his companion, and gradually ceased hostile demonstrations on his part. Pony, too, thought that it had lasted long enough, so with a twitch of his tail he nearly dislocated the neck of the other dog, and came near extracting his dogship's front teeth free of charge, upon which we continued our way to the house.

We cannot, in the short space allotted to us, do justice to the reception tendered to our party. The refreshments bountifully offered us, and partaken of abundantly, the fragrant cigars, and above all the musical entertainment, consisting both of artistic instrumentation and exquisite vocalization, must be passed over without our doing them the justice they deserve, and which our heart prompts us to give. But the printer is inexorable. Before dinner our party visited the Academy, where we were welcomed by the accomplished lady-Superior, and by her shown over the building. It was still vacation time, but classes were soon to begin, and every thing was in perfect "apple-pie" order. It seemed as if they had been keeping the Academy in a band-box all vacation—so spruce and neat it appeared—and that they had just taken

it out to give it a little airing. We shall not go into the details of Dining-Room, Study-Hall, Class-Rooms, &c., which make up an Academy, all of which were well arranged, and, as we before said, in perfect order, but will take our position at the third story front window, and look at the view from it: In front, in peaceful repose, are the church and presbytery; beyond, is a rolling land, in some places hilly, over which runs a road at right angles to the one we came, and which leads down to the Saginaw & Ft. Wayne railroad, and which, two miles further, cuts the Grand Rapids & Ft. Wayne railroad. By the former road easy access can be had to the Academy.

We now began to feel hungry, and, declining a pressing invitation to dine at the Academy, we returned to the presbytery where, we knew, Frère François was putting the whole formidable array of his *cuisine* in full blast to give us an excellent dinner although it was a *jour maigre*. And Frère François was a decided success: such appetizing dishes, such sauces and especially such *lentilles*, to which we paid our respects several times, and such omelettes, were never gotten up by one ignorant of the art and mystery of *la cuisine française*.

After dinner we had a little more music and many last words, and finally we bade farewell, or rather *au revoir*, to generous, kind-hearted Father Frère and Frère François with a full determination to put ourselves in the way of again participating in the pleasures of their rural abode.

### Our Exchanges.

The *College Courant* comes to us this week full as usual with interesting matter. Among its many able articles we would call attention to the two following: "A Century of Chemistry and Medicine," and the "Magic Needle."

The *Yale Courant*, sprightly and spicy as usual, has also made its appearance this week, and is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

These are the first of our College Exchanges that have reached us thus far.

Among our outside exchanges, we have received regularly the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, the *National Union*, the *New York Central Catholic*, the *Catholic Vindicator*, the *Guardian Angel*, the *Young Catholics' Guide*, the *St. Louis Dispatch*, and the *Vindicator*, all of which are welcome, and their visits will be promptly returned by the SCHOLASTIC.

### Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

J. Walsh,	Greenfield, Ind.
W. N. Bercaw,	Ripley, Ohio.
J. Pratt,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
W. Kane,	Peoria, Ill.
J. M. Brown,	Dubuque, Iowa.
E. Newton,	Mackinaw, Mich.
W. J. Fletcher,	St. Louis, Mo.
F. J. Obert,	Reading, Pa.
M. Carr,	Toledo, Ohio.
W. Morgan,	Memphis, Tenn.
C. Bardsher,	Castalia, Ohio.
A. J. Dickerhoff,	Plymouth, Ind.
M. Keeley,	Beloit, Wis.
T. Selby,	Peoria, Ill.
H. Beckman,	Cleveland, Ohio.
J. Noonan,	Cleveland, Ohio.
W. H. Smith,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
E. Schuster,	Henry, Ill.
E. Sweeney,	Erie, Pa.
G. Riopelle,	Detroit, Mich.
C. Williams,	Sandusky, Ohio.
W. Gross,	Jerseyville, Ill.
H. A. Shepherd,	Jerseyville, Ill.
B. W. Drake,	Willow Springs, Ill.
P. Cochrane,	Chicago, Ill.

## Tables of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 15.—N. Mitchell, J. Shanahan, T. Dundon, P. O'Connell, T. O'Mahony, W. Clarke, T. Ireland, J. McGlynn, J. Rourke, G. Darr.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 15.—P. Reilly, J. Ward, J. Crummev, L. McOske, L. Hayes, J. Rumely, M. Mahony, J. Taylor, B. Luhn, J. Quill, F. Arantz.

D. A. C., Sec.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

September 17.—E. DeGroot, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, E. Raymond, G. Volker.

## Classes and Professors.

After a week's Examination, the classes have been finally organized, and now every Department may be said to be ready for thorough work. In all the classes, from the highest to the lowest, the regular routine of College duties has been resumed. The attendance, if not yet as large as it will be in a few more weeks, is nevertheless already sufficient to insure interest in the class-room to both Professors and Students. Some of the old members have not yet made an appearance, but their procrastinating dispositions must now yield very soon, else they may fall back to the rear rank and expiate by extra labors the luxury of a too long *far niente*. Now then that all is ready for the report announced in last week's SCHOLASTIC, we discharge the pleasant task of letting our friends know our present status. It will be of some interest to parents and guardians, who will thereby become acquainted with the names of the Professors and teachers under whose care their sons or wards are being instructed. The old Students, already familiar with the Faculty, will be glad to learn that very few changes have taken place among its members, and that some important additions have been made.

The Class of Dogmatic Theology is taught by Rev. M. B. Brown, S.S.C.

Rev. T. Vagnier, S.S.C., has been appointed Professor of Moral Theology.

### CLASSICS.

#### COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

Moral and Mental Philosophy—Rev. M. B. Brown, S.S.C.

First Class of Greek—Rev. J. O'Connell, S.S.C.

Second Greek—Rev. Jacob Lauth, S.S.C.

Third Greek—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.

Fourth Greek—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A. M.

First Class of Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.

Second Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Third Latin—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Fourth Latin—Mr. J. Garrity, S.S.C.

#### PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Fifth Greek—Mr. J. Garrity, S.S.C.

Fifth Latin—Rev. John Lauth, S.S.C.

Sixth Latin—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.

Seventh Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.

Eighth Latin—Prof. W. T. Ivers, A. M.

### LITERATURE.

English Literature—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

First Class of Rhetoric—Rev. M. Calovin, S.S.C.

Second Rhetoric—Mr. F. Bigelow, S.S.C.

### MATHEMATICS.

Astronomy—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Chemistry and Physics—Rev. T. Vagnier, S.S.C.

Trigonometry—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Analytical Geometry—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.

First Geometry—Prof. W. T. Ivers, A. M.

Second Geometry—Prof. D. A. Clarke, S. B.

First Algebra—Prof. W. T. Ivers.

Second Algebra—Prof. A. J. Stace.

Third Algebra—Prof. D. A. Clarke.

### NATURAL SCIENCES.

Physiology,  
Geology,  
Natural History,  
Botany,  
Mineralogy,

Rev. J. C. Carrier, S.S.C.

### HISTORY.

Ancient History,  
Modern History,

Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

U. S. History,

Bro. Benjamin,  
Prof. D. A. Clarke.

### ARITHMETIC.

First Class, Senior Dep't—Prof. W. J. Ivers.

Second Class, Senior Dep't—Prof. A. J. Stace.

Third Class, Senior Dep't—Prof. D. A. Clarke.

Fourth Class, Senior Dep't—Bro. Marcellinus.

First Class, Junior Dep't—Prof. W. J. Ivers.

Second Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.

Third Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Emmanuel.

Fourth Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Marcellinus.

### GRAMMAR.

First Class, Grammar and Composition, Senior Dep't—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second Class, Senior Dep't—Prof. A. J. Stace.

Third Class, Senior Dep't—Bro. Camillus.

First Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.

Second Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.

Third Class, Junior Dep't—

### BOOK-KEEPING.

First Class,

Second Class,

Third Class,

Prof. L. G. Tong, LL. B.

### ORTHOGRAPHY.

First Class, Senior Dep't—

First Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.

Second Division—

Second Class—Bro. Emanuel.

Third Class—Bro. Vincent.

### READING.

First Class, Senior Dep't—

First Class, Junior Dep't—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second Class—Bro. Benjamin.

Third Class—Bro. Albert.

### GEOGRAPHY.

First Class, Senior Dep't—Prof. D. A. Clark.

First Class, Junior Dep't—Bro. Benjamin.

Second Class—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen.

### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Evidences of Christianity—Rev. M. Calovin.

First Class—Mr. F. C. Bigelow, S.S.C.

Second Class—Mr. D. Tighe, S.S.C.

### LANGUAGES.

#### FRENCH.

First Class,

Second Class,

Third Class,

Rev. M. Calovin, S.S.C.

#### GERMAN.

First Class—Rev. John Lauth, S.S.C.

Second Class, Senior Dep't—Rev. Jacob Lauth.

Third Class—Rev. Jacob Lauth, S.S.C.

Second Class, Junior Dep't—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen.

Third Class—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen.

Painting—Prof. DeBleye.

Drawing—Bro. Albert.

Vocal Music—Prof. Regniers.

Instrumental Music—Bro. Basil, Rev. E. Lilly, Bro. Leopold, Prof. Regniers.

### MUSIC.

Our musicians have already set to work in earnest, and have prepared some excellent pieces with which the ears of an appreciative audience will be soon regaled. Singers and other artists should not lose sight of the musical programme of the year, which promises a large number of public musical soirees.

The piano Students, who have had experience on the venerable instrument which graced inharmoniously No 9 of the Music Department, will not regret to hear that a fine piano has taken its place, and that the old relic is held in reserve for

the most desperate cases. Twelve pianos, all perfect instruments, are used now in the Music Department.

From the latest report the number of Students who take music lessons is as follows: Piano, 40; Violin, 23; Guitar, 3; Flute, 2; Vocal Music, 8.

The Brass Band, which should be now in full blast, has not yet given sign of existence.

The Drawing class opens with ten Students. It should have fifty.

### LANGUAGES.

The French language has only seven Students.

The German language shows a long list of sixty-five names. Quite a good beginning. We hope that before two months have elapsed, forty more Students will have joined the German classes.

Latin is studied at the beginning of the session by fifty Students, and Greek by some twenty-five.

### BOOK-KEEPING.

Book-keeping draws, as usual, the largest attendance, and shows a list of sixty members at present. A serious mistake, which is equivalent to a real misfortune, is often made in regard to Book-keeping by a large number of Students. We mean that many devote too soon their time and attention to Book-keeping to the detriment of their more important studies, viz.: Grammar, Arithmetic, Orthography, Geography, History, Penmanship, etc. Hence it happens every year that aspirants to Commercial Diplomas are rejected by the Examination Board for being deficient in one of the above elementary studies. The result is that if they wish to graduate in the Commercial Course, they will have to study during the following Session the branches in which they are deficient, and once more fall back to the benches of the spelling class. This course of action is certainly not very sensible; yet, owing to the impatience of youth, the dazzle peculiar to Book-keeping here, and occasionally the injudicious wish of parents, young Students are led to begin too soon the study of Book-keeping.

When a young man knows for certain the time during which he is to remain at school, the last year is the best year for studying Book-keeping and Commercial Law.

## Obituary.

Died at Notre Dame, Indiana, Sept. 11, 1871, Mr. JEAN BAPTISTE VAGNIER, aged nearly seventy-five years.

Jean Baptiste Vagnier was born at Foug, in the Commune of Foug, Arrondissement of Toul, Department of Meurthe, on the 5th of January, 1797, or, according to the civil record of those revolutionary times, on the 16th Nivôse of the 5th year of the Republic. His boyhood and youth were passed in his native place, but owing to the turbulence of the times, those years of his life were not the most quiet. He witnessed the invasion of the allies, and the horrible depredations of the Cossacks, and, in common with many of his fellow-citizens, suffered severely from the terrible disasters which resulted to France from these disturbances of peace and industry.

In 1821 he married and settled in his native place, where he continued to reside till 1832. During that time three children blessed his happy marriage; two of them, however, died young, bringing sorrow to his home at that early period of his life.

In 1832 Mr. Vagnier emigrated to the United States. After a short stay at Buffalo, N. Y., he removed to Indiana, and purchasing a farm in the vicinity of Fort Wayne, set vigorously to work to make a home for himself and family in the then far West. Here Heaven bestowed upon him two other children, a son and daughter, to fill the places of those who had gone to a better world. But soon a new anxiety came to trouble his mind.

His little family were growing up, and, at that time, there were no educational facilities in that part of the country, and scarcely an opportunity for the practice of his religion. He knew the importance of both these to his rising family, and began to think seriously of the means of meeting the difficulty.

About this time he heard of the religious institution just founded at Notre Dame, by Father Sorin, and after eleven or twelve years of energetic labor, in clearing and cultivating his farm, he resolved to move to this place, with the double object of giving his children a solid Catholic education, and of securing for himself the advantages of religion, while laboring for the benefit of the Community which received him, and into whose hands he resigned his farm and other property.

This arrangement was made in 1844, and the remaining twenty-seven years of his life he spent here, unobtrusively, laboring as constantly and faithfully as if his livelihood depended upon his daily work, until he was prostrated by the disease which finally terminated his life. His favorite occupation was the cultivation of the vine.

Mr. Vagner was a man of deep religious convictions, and sincere, unostentatious piety. He never began his day's work without having first assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and offered to God the homage of gratitude and love, and the sincerity of his piety was evident in the quiet, unassuming cheerfulness which always characterized him, even in the midst of his infirmities.

But it was during the last days of his life that his solid faith and piety shone most brilliantly. His sufferings were at times intense; but he bore them with a patience which edified all who were in attendance upon him, and his resignation to the will of God was complete and unreserved. A day before he died, his son, Rev. Father Vagner, told him he would say Mass for him on the following morning; he thanked him, but said he did not wish him to pray for his recovery—he had lived long enough, and wished now only to die and go to heaven. His wishes were granted, and at nine o'clock on Monday evening, the 11th inst., after a week of great suffering, he calmly passed from this life to the life which shall never end, and for which he had waited so long. May he rest in peace!

WITH the deepest sorrow we record the death of Joseph Healy, a graduate of Notre Dame, and subsequently a successful lawyer at Elgin, Illinois. A more extended notice will appear in our next.

### Boat Club.

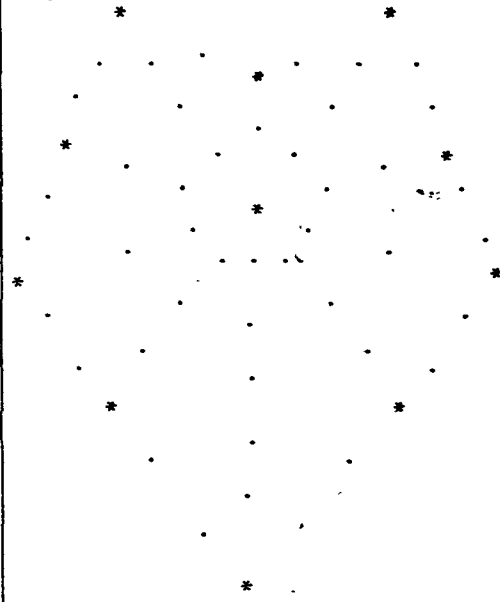
Two splendid sets of oars were received by the Boat Club a few days ago, from T. Bagley of Chicago. The Club has not yet been fully reorganized, but by the accession of new members, hope may be entertained that its success this year will be equal to that of the preceding years. The boats have been nicely painted by Mr. T. Renshaw, and the boat house repaired and generally overhauled. Chief-Justice Chase honored the Boat Club with his company aboard one of their boats and handled the stroke oar, against Colonel Dunbar, bow oar. We must confess that as pilot, the Chief-Justice did himself much more credit than as stroke oar. Pilot, he may win,—stroke oar, he will not.

B. C.—us has discovered that the answer to the Arithmetical puzzle in last week's SCHOLASTIC is 10—the number in the mind of the puzzler being 75. The following is the verification of his answer:

$$\begin{array}{r} (1) \quad (2) \quad (3) \quad (4) \quad (5) \\ 5 \quad 15 \quad 15 \quad 15 \quad 15 \\ 20 \quad 10 \quad 12 \quad 18 \quad 15 \end{array}$$

Of what trade are bees? They are comb-makers.

THE following disposition of the eleven trees in eleven rows, with three trees in a row, was handed in by B. C.—ne:



### Sodality of the Holy Angels.

At the first meeting of this Sodality for the ensuing year, held September 20, 1871, the following officers were elected:

President—Rev. A. Granger, S.S.C.  
Vice-President—W. Meyers.  
Director—F. Bigelow, S.S.C.  
Secretary—F. Egan.  
Treasurer—M. McCormack.  
Censor—J. McGinnis.  
1st Librarian—H. Hunt.  
2nd Librarian—G. Crummev.

J. CRUMMEY, Sec. pro tem.

### Thespian Association.

#### First Regular Meeting.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1871.

EDITORS SCHOLASTIC:—Having reason to believe that you are favorably disposed to the culture of all that is noble and of a beneficial nature, more especially in the minds of the youth by which you are daily surrounded, we submit to your consideration the following account of a meeting of the "Thespians," which took place on the evening of September 13th, adding to the same the result of an election of officers for the first session of the scholastic year 1871-72.

At this meeting but four representative members were present, viz.: Joseph Zimmer, Thomas L. Watson, George W. Darr, and your correspondent. Rev. A. Lemonnier, a former Director, occupied the chair.

The office of Dramatic Instructor being vacant by the absence of Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M.—who held that office during the course of the last scholastic year, and whose able Directorial administration of the Society during previous years was a source of unmistakable success and resulted profitably to those concerned—a committee was appointed to wait on Rev. M. B. Brown for the purpose of requesting him to occupy the office. The committee, we are happy to say, were successful in obtaining his consent to occupy this difficult position in the Society.

Preparatory to the election of officers, it was deemed necessary, owing to the limited number of members present, to elect the following named gentlemen as members of the Association, they having previously applied for admission and satisfactorily filled the necessary obligations: Thomas O'Mahony, E. J. Nugent, W. C. Fiedeldy, H. L.

Coffey, T. A. Ireland, and T. E. Dechant. Owing to a mistake on the part of a committee, appointed for the purpose of notifying the above-named gentlemen of their election, Mr. O'Mahony was not present at the meeting, the Society thus losing his valuable services in several respects very essential to its welfare.

The election of officers being next in order, the Society proceeded to balloting for the same, with the following result:

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier.  
Dramatic Instructor—Rev. M. B. Brown.  
President—Thomas L. Watson.  
Vice-President—George W. Darr.  
Corresponding Secretary—Marcus J. Moriarty.  
Recording Secretary—Thomas A. Ireland.  
Treasurer—Joseph J. Zimmer.  
Stage Managers—{ H. L. Coffey.  
E. J. Nugent.  
Censor—T. E. Dechant.

In conclusion, we will make a few remarks on the benefits arising to members by being connected with the Association, and for the information of parents whose sons are connected with the same. The Society is one of the oldest in the University, and, since its organization, its career has been marked with the most brilliant results. Being composed exclusively of Senior Students, the highest elocutionary abilities possible among the Students of this department are deemed requisite for membership; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, that, under the critical judgment of our two leading officers, those abilities are brought to a higher degree of perfection. Many Students of the University, whose success as able speakers in practical life has been a theme of comment, will agree with us in saying—that to the Thespian Association of Notre Dame they are indebted for those faculties. That the Student is benefited by the moral, patriotic, and intellectual influence of dramas characteristic of such traits, is undeniable; that the current of sympathy with which refinement endows us, will make them cling still more closely to truthfulness, honesty, and detest deception, and all those minor points that follow in its train, and prompt the Student to a closer application to study, is unquestionable. While the effects of this useful study stimulates to wholesome efforts, it holds in check the vagaries, the youthful impulses, that need restraint and proper cultivation. The Student acquires a profound and appreciative taste for all that is beautiful in classical learning, and will soon be able to distinguish the power of good by contrast with its comparative force of evil. Suffice to say, that in the Thespian Society, direction is given, encouragement offered, and, by close application, the qualifications of a profound thinker, fluent conversationalist, and graceful elocutionist are acquired.

MARCUS J. MORIARTY,  
Cor. Sec.

A PERSON in high life once went to Sir Eardly Wilmot, at the time Lord Chief Justice of the British Court of Common Pleas, under a feeling of great wrath and indignation, at a real injury which he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was determined to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardly if he did not think it would be manly to resent it? "Yes" said the eminent man. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be God-like to forgive it."

APPROPRIATE NAMES: For a printer's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Sept. 25, 1871.

On the 17th inst. the pupils at St. Mary's had the honor of receiving a visit from Chief-Justice Chase. He was accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Schuckers, and Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, of Brooklyn, New York. The young ladies of the Senior Department, represented by Miss Niel of St. Louis, presented the Chief-Justice a poetical testimonial of their great satisfaction at receiving a visit from so distinguished a personage. The Juniors also, in their own simple way, addressed the honorable gentleman, wishing him many blessings and themselves the happiness of again meeting him at St. Mary's.

To these expressions of satisfaction and profound respect from the pupils the venerable Chief-Justice replied in the kindest terms, and with encouraging words urged them to improve their present golden opportunities, that in humble imitation of the Divine Child, Jesus, they, too, might grow in wisdom and grace before God and man.

All present were deeply impressed with the gentle dignity of the illustrious speaker, and his visit will be a pleasing reminiscence in their recollections of St. Mary's.

Respectfully,

STYLUS.

### ARRIVALS.

Miss Anna Clark,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Dora Willy,	Chicago, Illinois.
" J. Luce,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Mary Carlin,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Alice Selby,	Peoria, Illinois.
" Kate Brown,	Dubuque, Iowa.
" Mary Lassen,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Daisy Green,	Topeka, Kansas.
" Jane Heaney,	Sorinville, Indiana.
" Kate Heaney,	Sorinville, Indiana.
" Belle Schmidt,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary A. Sweeney,	Erie, Pennsylvania.
" Julia Millis	Lafayette, Indiana.

### TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

September 13—Misses M. Kearney, J. Kearney, Gross, Niel, Quan, Dunbar, Tinsly, Wile, Lloyd.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Cummings, Gaffney, Honeyman, Garrity.

Second Class—Misses Buchlar, Byrne, Quill, Germain.

Jr. Preparatory Class—Misses Duffield, Lynch, Kelly, Lloyd, Horgan, Harrison, Wood, Faxon, Reynolds.

First Junior Class—Misses Gollhardt, Munn, O'Mara, Fullman, De Long, Wile, Wan, Hildreth, Lloyd, Garrity.

**THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BOY.**—A good joke is told of a little five-year old fellow, who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty—a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while his son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run towards a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend he soon lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the irate father approached, and as he came within arm's reach of the little fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, dropped upon the ground, and with an indescribable cast of countenance, exclaimed: "Papa, that makes a fellow—blow,—don't it?" This "changing of the subject" was so extremely ludicrous that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

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" " 3 13 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 01 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
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